



Yvonne M. Nienaber

July 31, 1938 - April 1, 2026

Yvonne M. Nienaber, 87 year old resident of Little Falls, MN, passed away on Wednesday, April 1, 2026 at St. Otto's Care Center in Little Falls. A Memorial Service will be held at 1 PM on Saturday, April 11, 2026 at Grace Covenant Church in Little Falls, with a visitation one hour prior to the service at church. Caring for Yvonne and her family is LeMieur Funeral Home in Little Falls.

Yvonne M. Juve was born on July 31, 1938 in Fosston, MN to the late, Kermit and Adeline (Jacobson) Juve. She was united in marriage to Paul Nienaber on November 2, 1958 at the Fosston Assembly of God church. They lived in various locations due to Paul's employment. Yvonne worked also, in clerical jobs, as an executive secretary, and also selling Mary Kay cosmetics. She enjoyed playing the piano, and playing cards, games, and slot machines. Yvonne and Paul had many adventures together, traveling around the world. Yvonne took many pictures on these trips and then would put together scrapbooks, showcasing these trips. Yvonne also enjoyed shopping, using these excursions as "Retail Therapy."

Yvonne is survived by her sons, Randy of Erskine, MN, Jeff (Chris) of Rockford, IL, and Joey Nienaber of Brooklyn Center, MN; brothers, Marvel, Ronnie, and Tim Juve; 8 grandchildren, 14 great grandchildren, and 5 great great grandchildren.

She was preceded in death by her parents, Kermit and Adeline Juve; husband, Paul Nienaber; and brothers, Duane and Larry Juve.

Cemetery Details

Juve Cemetery

M955 + RW
Olga, MN 56646

Previous Events

Visitation

APR 11. 12:00 PM - 1:00 PM (CT)

Grace Covenant Church
17117 Riverwood Drive
Little Falls, MN 56345

Memorial Service

APR 11. 1:00 PM (CT)

Grace Covenant Church
17117 Riverwood Drive
Little Falls, MN 56345

Tribute Wall

“ Born in 1938 in Fosston, Minnesota, my mom was just three years old when World War II began. Like many children of that age, she carried only minimal memories of those years, yet the era itself quietly framed the beginning of her life.

Looking back, it's easy to question decisions made during the early days of COVID. But the truth is, none of us had clear answers then. We were all doing the best we could with the information we had, guided by love for one another.

During that time, I was deeply afraid for my parents. Fear overwhelmed me, and at times I reacted out of love and panic rather than calm. That response didn't come from nowhere.

When I was very young, I lived through a violent tornado that took my uncle's house and twisted it on its foundation. The tornado aftermath shattered our sense of safety in an instant. Some memories don't stay with us as stories, but as feelings—moments when the world goes dark, the wind rises, and everything familiar suddenly feels at risk. When I feared losing my parents during COVID, that old fear returned. My reaction was imperfect, but it was rooted in love. And my parents, as always, made their choices with care and intention, based on what was known at the time. We were all doing the best we could in an uncertain moment shared by the entire world.

My early years were shaped by circumstances none of us chose. Babysitters were scarce, daycare was unavailable or full, and my mother—only 25 years old, newly off the farm near Fosston—did what she had to do. She carried me with her: in her arms, in the back seat of cars, or perched on counters talking to Janice while a chaotic life unfolded around us.

Because of that closeness, I overheard things no three year old can understand. I saw the aftermath of disaster—the debris, the broken trees, the guarded areas. I heard fragments of adult conversations during cleanup, words that made no sense at the time but stayed with me. I witnessed it all without comprehension, but not without impact.

Looking back now, I understand what I could not then: my mother and father were doing the very best they could at an extraordinarily

difficult moment. They were young. The community was shaken. Childcare was impossible. And still, my mother met it with endurance, love, and strength.

In time, my parents moved in search of stability and a way forward. Life continued, as it always does. I began school carrying more sensitivity than most, though none of us yet had language for what repeated stress and loss can do to a child.

What I remember most clearly now is not my worst moments, but my mother's steadiness. She noticed. She searched. She kept showing up. She didn't always have answers—few parents did at the time—but she had persistence, compassion, and the refusal to give up on her child.

Later in life, I found better tools and clearer language for what I had carried. And in that season, something precious happened: my mother and I talked—often, deeply, and honestly. We came to a shared understanding that people can be shaped by hardship, and that healing is real, even when it comes slowly.

In her own way, my mother practiced what I now understand as mindfulness—centering on what mattered most, one moment at a time. For her, that center was God. I believe that faith steadied her, especially in the final chapters of her life, and brought her peace. Mental illness has long carried misunderstanding and stigma, even though it touches far more people than we often realize. Through experience and reflection, I came to see my mother more clearly: she understood suffering, and she responded with compassion. She listened deeply, learned with humility, and led not with judgment, but with love.

On the day my mother passed, I happened to watch a video titled "Why Life in "The 1970's Was Better" it reflects on once less hurried time—especially in the 1970s. It spoke about doing one thing at a time, without constant interruption or distraction. I realized it was describing mi

DW

“ R I P Yvonne! I enjoyed our visits!



Dee Wielinski - April 10 at 01:00 AM

MF

“ Marvel Juve and Family purchased the Country Basket Blooms for the family of Yvonne M. Nienaber.



Marvel Juve and Family - April 09 at 01:39 PM

MF

“ Marvel Juve and Family planted a [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) in honor of Yvonne M. Nienaber.

Marvel Juve and Family - April 09 at 01:39 PM

VA

“ Virginia Anderson lit a candle in memory of Yvonne M. Nienaber



Virginia Anderson - April 07 at 06:52 PM

VA

“ I have lost a dear friend. Over seventy years ago I met Yvonne as a classmate in high school. We became the best of friends as we studied and celebrated life together as teenagers. After graduation, the two midwestern farm girls moved together to the big city of Minneapolis. We thrived and stayed connected as we raised our families. Yvonne shared her gifts of kindness and devotion to all. She made my world brighter. She was blessed with a long life and a strong spirit, will be deeply missed and lovingly remembered.

Virginia Anderson

Virginia Anderson - April 07 at 06:49 PM

JF

“ Jeanne Juve & her children and families purchased the Full Of Love Bouquet for the family of Yvonne M. Nienaber.



Jeanne Juve & her children and families - April 07 at 06:25 PM

FE

“ Rest in peace Yvonne. Thinking of the family at this difficult time.
Gods peace,
Dan & Connie Fenske



Fenske - April 02 at 01:10 PM