



Arnold Edward "Ed" Jensen

September 29, 1937 - April 23, 2021

Arnold Edward "Ed" Jensen was born on Sep. 29, 1937 in Cambridge, Idaho to Arnold and Irma (Kester) Jensen. He departed this life on April 23, 2021 at the age of 83 years, 6 months, and 25 days.

He married Donna Lynn Martin on July 21, 1957. To this union seven children were born: Christina, Neil, Anthony, Mary, Josie, Eric, and Sara.

He worked hard to provide for his family, his favorite job being a firefighter for the Forest Service.

He and Donna lived in Idaho from the time of their marriage until 1967, when they moved their family to Tulare, CA, they later moved to McKinleyville, CA, then on to Halsey, OR.

He finally settled his family in Brownsville, OR, in 1974, remaining there until 2011, when he moved for a short time to Sweet home, OR, then to Dublin, TX, in 2012, he went to live with his daughter, Christina, in Brownsville, OR, in 2014, he moved to Buffalo, MO, to live with his daughter, Mary, and her family here he lived until he passed on.

He lost his wife Donna on Oct. 8, 1993. He later married Lorena Jane (Northrup) Grier in Dec. 1996. He lost Janie on Oct. 8, 2011.

Arnold was preceded in death by his parents, Arnold, and Irma Kester; wives Donna and Janie; siblings Frieda Martin, Norma Trebilcock, and Marvin Jensen; children Josie, Anthony, Eric, and Neil; grandchildren Anthony Hays and great-grandchildren Syble Rossiter and Oliver Hays.

Arnold is survived by his brother, Albert (Jean) Jensen; daughters Christina

Hays, Mary (Joel) Skinner, and Sara Elliott; grandchildren Wenona (Travis) Rossiter, Alicia Hays, Tisha (Matthew) McManus, Crispin (Cassandra) Hays; Kara, Alyssa, Anna, Joseph, and Benjamin Skinner; Jack and Jacob Elliott; and great-grandchildren Edgar and Melody Rossiter, Eldon and Rex Newport; Corrina and Vanessa Barnes; Christian, Ruby, Anthony, Garrison, Zaccheus, and Kincaid McManus; and Camden Hays; and a host of relatives and friends. He was baptized in Boise, ID in 1950. He was ordained an elder in the General Assembly and Church of the Firstborn in 1974. Cremation rights will be accorded by the Cantlon-Otterness & Viets Funeral Home.

Tribute Wall



“ *Arnold Edward "Ed" Jensen*

October 09, 2023 at 12:27 PM



“ *Arnold Edward "Ed" Jensen*

October 09, 2023 at 04:09 AM



“ *Arnold Edward "Ed" Jensen*

October 05, 2023 at 11:14 PM



“ *Arnold Edward "Ed" Jensen*

October 05, 2023 at 05:41 PM



“ *Arnold Edward "Ed" Jensen*

December 20, 2022 at 10:20 AM



“ *Sis. Catherine Northrup lit a candle in memory of Arnold Edward "Ed" Jensen*



sis. Catherine Northrup - April 28, 2021 at 12:07 PM

SN

“ I have so many memories of Bro Ed. I loved listening to Bro Ed preach God's word. He had such a passion for God's word. You knew Bro Ed truly served God by the way he treated those around him. By the way he served God. Bro Ed was a humble man his light always shined. The memory that shines out for me the most is the day I got baptized in 1977. Bro Ed was one of the Elders who laid his hands on me after I came out of the water, I can still feel the Holy Spirit flow from his fingers from that day. Bro Ed you will truly be missed but you have served your time on earth go rest high on that mountain fly with the angels you've earned your wings.

sis. Catherine Northrup - April 28, 2021 at 12:06 PM

BP

“ Remembering Grandpa

*When I was but a child, his smile could calm a storm,
His love came oh so easy, and it made you feel so warm.
His words of kindness, when he spoke, made all your fears depart,
Those Words of wisdom and thoughts so deep, always filled his
heart.*

*His life with us, was much too short, as the years they quickly
passed,
We knew that God would take him, and we knew it wouldn't last.
The next world for him, will be much better; we can see it just
ahead,
For God will show us, oh so clearly, if we remember what he said.*

*The story is written down my child, and the message was never lost,
The way to heaven's portals, and those valley's we must cross,
His pathway you must follow, it's been written in His Book,
He left me here to remind you, and teach you where to look.*

*Press on my child, my dear sweet child; the end is now in sight,
Where I, and you, shall live again, in that land where is no night.
It's just a little farther, down this road so filled with dust,
But when we've crossed that river, His hand reaches out to us.*

*When you yourself, come to that river, and sadness comes no more,
Watch for me, for I'll be there, in that land across the shore.*

Ó Bill Porter Sept. 28, 2018

Bill Porter - April 27, 2021 at 12:36 PM