

His Touch Remains



He fixed more than metal, paint, and scars,
he saw the story each beaten, worn shell could tell.

With steady hands and a caring heart,
he turned hard endings into fresh starts.

He lifted spirits, eased life's load
with honest work and a gentle soul.
Though he's gone, his touch remains
in mended hearts and shining frames.

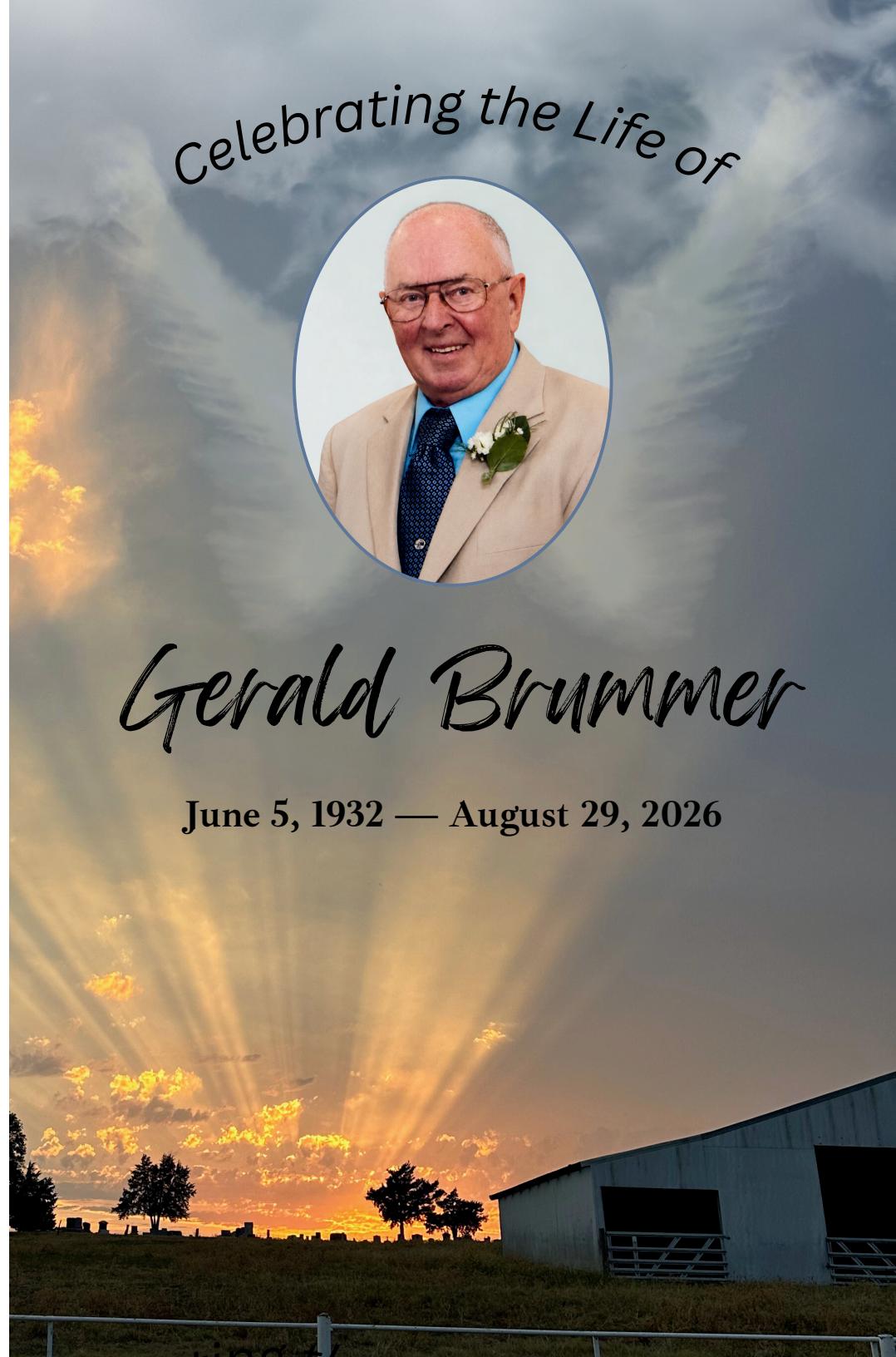


Celebrating the Life of



Gerald Brummer

June 5, 1932 — August 29, 2026



If you've ever stopped by the Brummer farm, you already know exactly how our Dad spent his days in retirement. You'd likely find him and Mom hovered over a tractor engine or tinkering under it, working side by side in the shop. Our dad, Gerald M. Brummer, passed away peacefully on Saturday, August 29, 2026. He leaves us a legacy built entirely on hard work, fierce loyalty, and a beautiful 75-year love story that began with a single blind date and an "I do" with our dear Mom, Pauline, united in marriage on March 3, 1951.

Born on June 5, 1932, in Tipton, Kansas, to Joseph and Kathryn Brummer, Dad grew up in Tipton before moving to Beloit at age 12, where he attended St. John's School. As the oldest boy of 10 children, his young life was quickly met with challenges. Dad learned to take on responsibilities and overcome obstacles. He learned the value of a dollar, hard work and perseverance early on. From his very first jobs delivering milk for the Oakbend Dairy with his dad, to working on power lines with the REA, to over twenty years of meticulous work at the Beloit Motor body shop, he never cut corners. He followed that with another 20 years at the Beloit Youth Center, known for painstakingly painting projects to perfection, earning him the Employee of the Quarter award. His motto for us was simple: "If you're going to do it, do it right." For Dad, work wasn't a chore—it was his true hobby.

Dad believed in saving absolutely everything. To him, an old piece of rubber hose wasn't trash—he was certain "you might need it someday." Because of that, no matter what broke, Dad could fix it. He was the master fixer-upper. Dad wore many hats, he was a saver of all things salvageable, fixer-upper of all things mechanical, body shop repairman, maintenance painter, farmer, a saver of money, and after retirement that perfectionism carried over into his greatest pride and joy: restoring antique tractors to pristine, showroom condition. He believed in keeping things clean—regularly washing cars, trucks, and even tractors. Though he retired at 62, he continued putting in a full days work, staying busy in his shop restoring antique tractors with Mom working right with him at his side. It gave Dad great joy working out in his shop rebuilding tractors, working on whatever needed fixed, His sense of accomplishment gave him immense pride in a day well spent. Having learned the value of a dollar at an early age, Dad was a master at spending and saving wisely.. Dad's advice whenever he gave us any gift money was to "save it for a rainy day".

He was a mechanical wizard who made sure his kids always had wheels. He famously welded two different wrecked cars together to build a custom AMC Concord, much to Kathy's delight, and he even converted an old school bus into a fully outfitted camper. Karen always loved reminding us that the "schoolie" never actually went camping, but it did successfully make it as far as Glen Elder Lake! We were always so proud to say, "My dad made that." Dad built a trailer from a pick-up bed that he painted blue for Joe that has been put to work for 25 years now, and no matter who asks to buy it, selling it is out of the question.

Jan always treasures the memory of Christmas morning, opening the living room doors to find four shiny restored bicycles and a tricycle for Karen, painted to perfection and looking brand new. Joe also remembers the gorgeous, black '60 Chevy Impala Dad helped him get and fix up during his freshman year high school and got to drive it to school on the last day of school, so proud of the nicest car in the parking lot, (if not in all of Beloit). We all had our roles from those days, too. Danny remembers being the ultimate tag-along and "chief nail puller" when Dad tore down old barns, a church in Asherville, and buildings at an abandoned prisoner of war camp in Cawker City. Reusing the wood to build new projects. Dad was a visionary, he could see the value in something that others couldn't see, he had a vision of making it into something new!

Dad always knew exactly who he was. He was most comfortable in his overalls, boots, a cap, and he was never without a handkerchief in his pocket. He was a true meat-and-potatoes guy, but he also enjoyed a dinner of chicken feet and gizzards, and the occasional fried baloney sandwich on white bread with grape jelly. One thing was for certain, his all time favorite was two scoops of ice cream and a couple of Mom's homemade cookies. In fact, we are almost positive his last meal was ice cream! Though he hated going to the doctor, he never went to an appointment without a pocket full of mint candies for the staff, secretly hoping they'd go a little easier on the poking and prodding.

Dad managed working a full-time job, farming, working in the field, harvesting wheat with Mom right alongside him driving the wheat truck, and managing livestock—all while raising the five of us. He taught us a strong work ethic by example, believing in a full day's work, early to bed (usually 7:00 PM), and early to rise. If any of us teenagers dared to "accidentally" sleep until 9:00 AM, we were instantly met with a stern, "The day's half over!" We never dared to find out what sleeping until noon would have brought. Beyond the things he built, Dad gave us the most important intangibles: to be honest, to work hard, and to always say thank you. But the most precious gift was simply hearing him say, "I love you, too."

For 75 years, Mom and Dad were inseparable, showing us what true love and commitment look like. In his final years, Mom provided unwavering, selfless, and fiercely loyal care for him. He lived a life full of cherished memories, and he is finally resting from his projects, likely sitting out on the front porch swing with Mom, waving at the cars going by. We can think of only one way to end our tribute to Dad's life well lived, and that's by quoting one of his favorite sayings: "It's just another day." We love you, Dad. You will be missed greatly and thought of often. May you rest in peace.

Dad is survived by our beloved Mom, Pauline; the five of us children, Jan Beyma (Ken), Joe Brummer (Judy), Kathy Mehl (Joe), Danny Brummer (Rhonda) and Karen Wright (Bruce); his sister, Joan Laraby; his brother, Clarence Brummer (Mary Lou); 10 grandchildren; 12 great-grandchildren; and 1 great-great-grandchild. He was welcomed into heaven by his parents, Joseph and Kathryn; his brothers, Roland, Kenneth, and Virgil; his sisters, Arlene, Loretta, Elaine, and Dorlyn; and his three grandsons, Trevor Beyma, Lucas Mehl, and Skylor Brummer.