



Wade Michael Hutmacher (50) of Oacoma, SD was born on September 16, 1974 to Jim and Carol (Chmela) Hutmacher in Mitchell, SD. He came into this world the same way he lived it, larger than life.

Wade's childhood was spent under the watchful eye of his loving parents, grandparents, and special aunts and uncles in the adventurous outdoors in both Pukwana and Chamberlain as the "big brother" to his younger cousins and friends as they spent many weekends and summers at his grandparent's house. Although all of the cousins have been sworn to secrecy, we are now just hearing some of the stories of their escapades. At a young age, Wade developed not only a love of being in the outdoors, but also a talent for drawing the wildlife that he saw

there. Archery became another one of his hobbies, which he excelled at both competitively and for hunting. These outdoor adventures carried over into his adult passions for wildlife conservation, hunting, fishing, trapping, and just spending time "Outback" in his little piece of paradise with Melissa, the kids, their dogs, their families, and close friends.

Wade attended Chamberlain Elementary, Middle School, and High School before graduating from CHS in 1993. He is and always will be a Chamberlain Cubs fan. After graduation, he attended SDSU in Brookings, SD where he found his "forever and always" with Melissa Jones. Shortly after, Wade transferred to and graduated from Mitchell Technical Institute with the Powerline Construction Program.

On June 21st, 1997, Wade and Melissa were united in marriage at the St. James Catholic Church in Chamberlain, SD. Their love honored them with 2 amazing children, Caden and Taysa, and eventually their first grandchild, Lane.

Wade spent a Summer Apprenticeship at West Central Electric Co. before hiring on with them full-time and moving his family to Murdo, SD. In 1999, they returned home to Oacoma, where Wade worked for a few years at the Chamberlain Academy prior to rejoining his dad for the last 25 years at the family business, Hutmacher Drilling. He continued working there part-time while also working full-time the last 5 years at the CHS Grain Elevator, helping his cousin/little brother Chris Thompson at the Chamberlain Locker, and being his mom's #1 snake and tree expert, as well as a personal chef for Carol and Melissa at their greenhouse.

Wade's competitive spirit served him well as he and Melissa journeyed to as many of the children's events as possible throughout the years. They instilled in their children and grandson their love for the outdoors and wildlife as they hunted and fished together every chance they had.

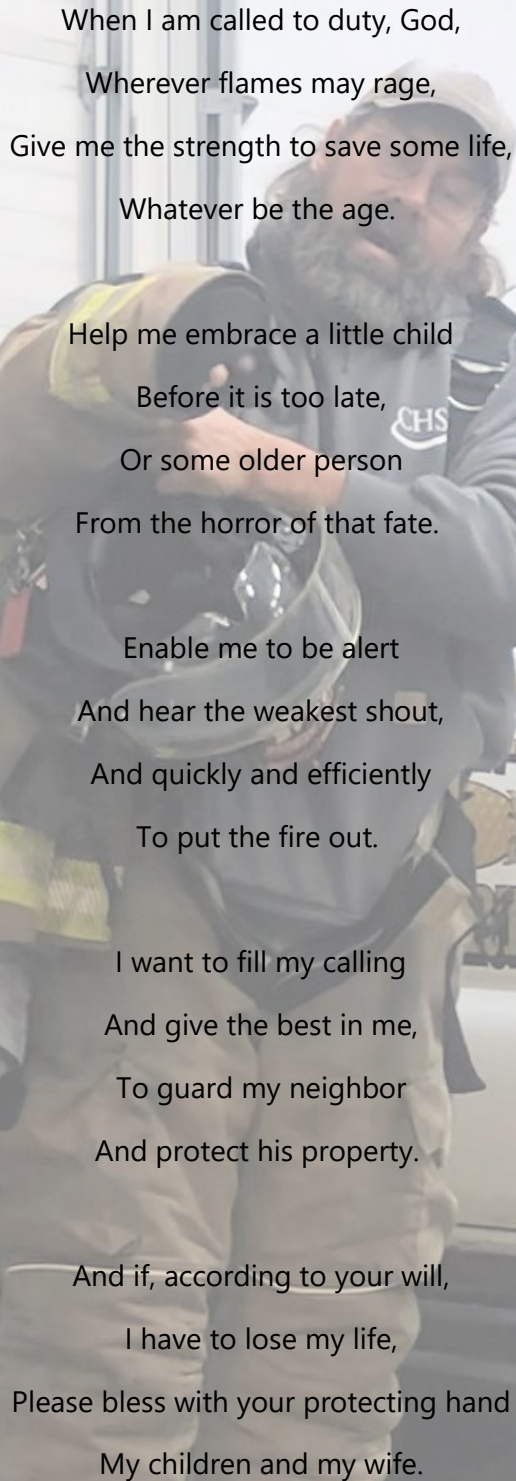
The only thing bigger than Wade's personality and laughter, was his heart. He loved his wife, his children, his grandson, his dogs, his very large family, his never-ending list of friends, and his community with everything he had. He proudly fought beside his brothers at Chamberlain Oacoma Volunteer Fire Department, protecting his community for the past 23 years.

Recently Wade's additional passions included woodworking, being a very boisterous part of the Mallard's Duck Blind, planting and tending to his many trees, and cooking and smoking with his Traeger and Blackstone. He has always been a great cook, but he discovered that sharing this gift with his many friends and family was just one more way to show his love for them.

Grateful for sharing in Wade's many adventures are his wife Melissa, children Caden and Taysa (Josh Holida) Hutmacher, grandson Lane Hutmacher, sister Jennifer Reichard, niece Kathryn Reichard, one very special uncle and best bud Terry (Helen) Chmela, aunts Dayle (Chuck) Blasius, Dixie (Avery) Thompson, Susan (Leroy) Choal, Cindy (Bill) Adams, Karen (Simon) Hammond, Carol (Peter) Clark, 19 cousins, many in-laws and their families, 2 great aunts Barb Chenoweth and Florence Hopkins, and so many wonderful friends that become his brothers, especially Neal Cheeseman, Adam Mayer, and Brian Steilen.

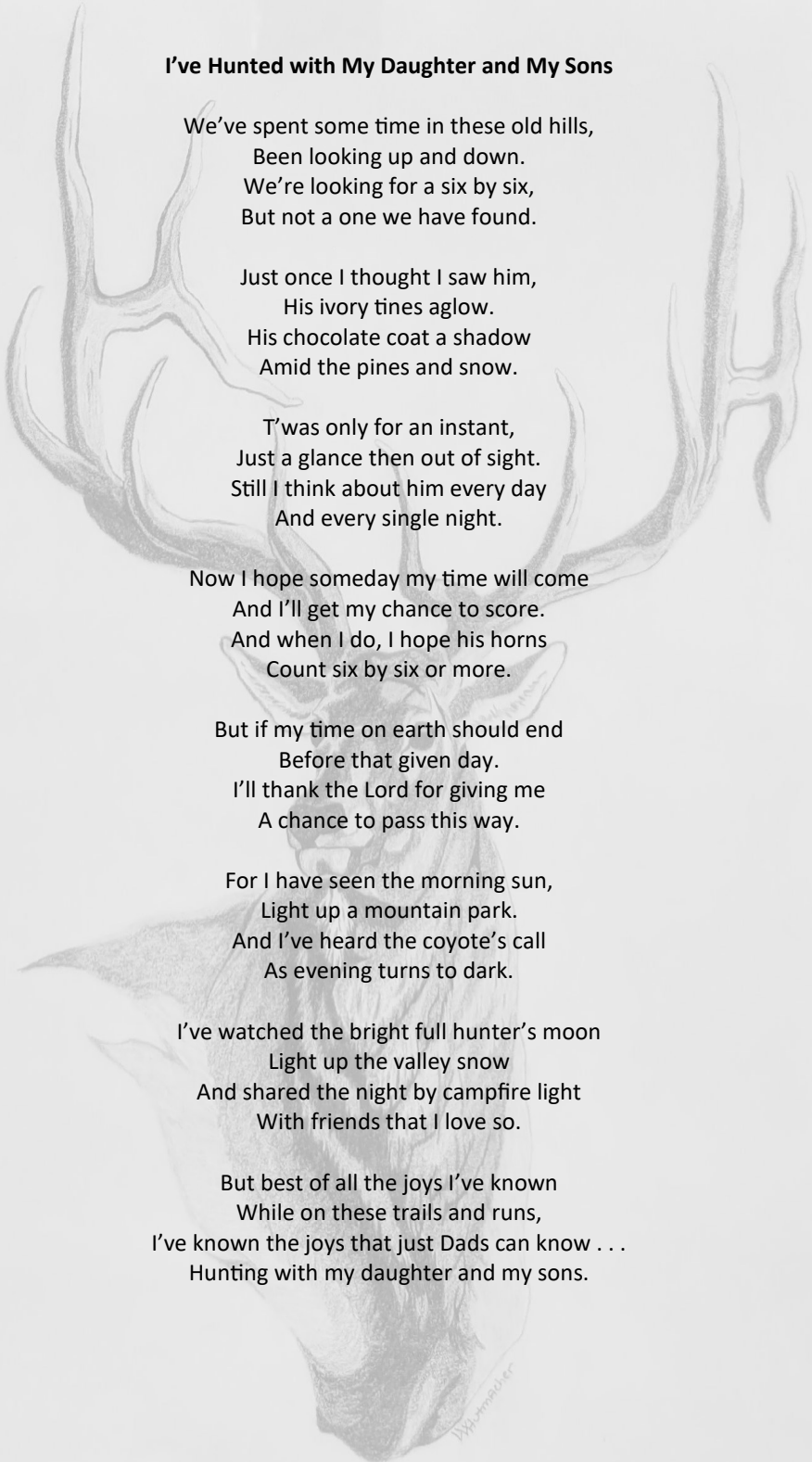
Wade was preceded in death by grandparents Ernest and Dorothy Chmela, Jim and Kay Hutmacher, foster brother Morris Boyd, Brother-in-law Jared Reichard.





When I am called to duty, God,
Wherever flames may rage,
Give me the strength to save some life,
Whatever be the age.
Help me embrace a little child
Before it is too late,
Or some older person
From the horror of that fate.
Enable me to be alert
And hear the weakest shout,
And quickly and efficiently
To put the fire out.
I want to fill my calling
And give the best in me,
To guard my neighbor
And protect his property.
And if, according to your will,
I have to lose my life,
Please bless with your protecting hand
My children and my wife.

I've Hunted with My Daughter and My Sons



We've spent some time in these old hills,
Been looking up and down.
We're looking for a six by six,
But not a one we have found.

Just once I thought I saw him,
His ivory tines aglow.
His chocolate coat a shadow
Amid the pines and snow.

T'was only for an instant,
Just a glance then out of sight.
Still I think about him every day
And every single night.

Now I hope someday my time will come
And I'll get my chance to score.
And when I do, I hope his horns
Count six by six or more.

But if my time on earth should end
Before that given day.
I'll thank the Lord for giving me
A chance to pass this way.

For I have seen the morning sun,
Light up a mountain park.
And I've heard the coyote's call
As evening turns to dark.

I've watched the bright full hunter's moon
Light up the valley snow
And shared the night by campfire light
With friends that I love so.

But best of all the joys I've known
While on these trails and runs,
I've known the joys that just Dads can know . . .
Hunting with my daughter and my sons.