

So God Made A Farmer

And on the 8th day, God looked down on his planned paradise and said, I need a caretaker.

So God made a farmer.

God said, I need somebody willing to get up before dawn, milk cows, work all day in the fields, milk cows again, eat supper and then go to town and stay past midnight at a meeting of the school board.

So God made a farmer.

I need somebody with arms strong enough to rustle a calf and yet gentle enough to deliver his own grandchild. Somebody to call hogs, tame cantankerous machinery, come home hungry, have to wait lunch until his wife's done feeding visiting ladies and tell the ladies to be sure and come back real soon -- and mean it.

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God said, I need somebody willing to sit up all night with a newborn colt. And watch it die. Then dry his eyes and say, Maybe next year. I need somebody who can shape an ax handle from a persimmon sprout, shoe a horse with a hunk of car tire, who can make harness out of haywire, feed sacks and shoe scraps. And who, planting time and harvest season, will finish his forty-hour week by Tuesday noon, then, pain'n from "tractor back" put in another seventy-two hours.

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God had to have somebody willing to ride the ruts at double speed to get the hay in ahead of the rain clouds and yet stop in mid-field and race to help when he sees the first smoke from a neighbors place.

So God made a farmer.

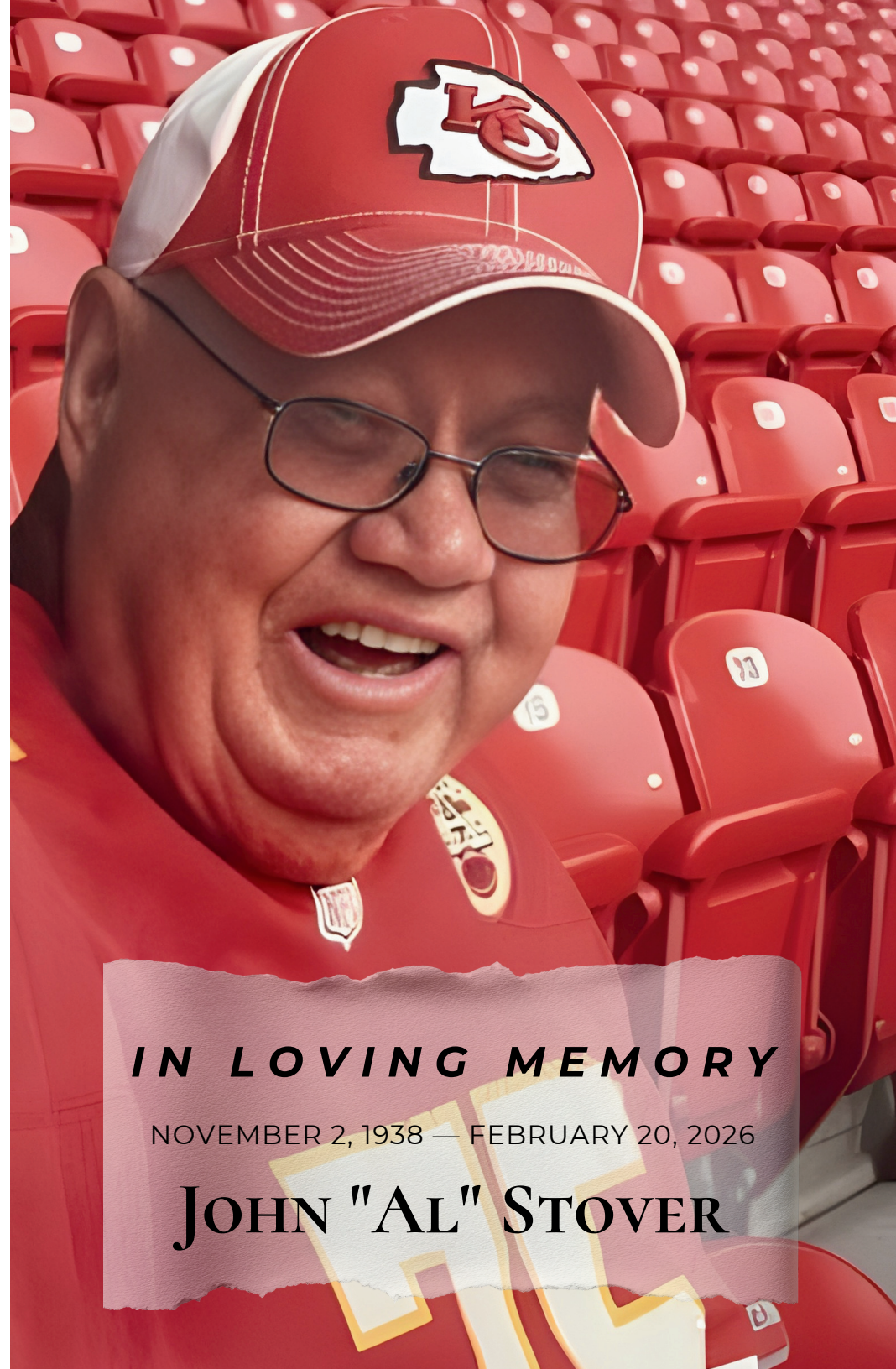
God said, I need somebody strong enough to clear trees and heave bails, yet gentle enough to tame lambs and wean pigs and tend the pink-combed pullets, who will stop his mower for an hour to splint the broken leg of a meadow lark. It had to be somebody who'd plow deep and straight and not cut corners. Somebody to seed, weed, feed, breed and rake and disc and plow and plant and tie the fleece and strain the milk and replenish the self-feeder and finish a hard week's work with a five-mile drive to church.

So God made a farmer.

Somebody who'd bale a family together with the soft strong bonds of sharing, who would laugh and then sigh, and then reply, with smiling eyes, when his son says he wants to spend his life doing what dad does.

So God made a farmer.

-Paul Harvey



IN LOVING MEMORY

NOVEMBER 2, 1938 — FEBRUARY 20, 2026

JOHN "AL" STOVER

John "Al" Stover went peacefully to his eternal rest on February 20th, 2026 at the age of 87 at the Mitchell County Community Hospital with his family by his side. Al was born on November 2, 1938 to Henry and Margaret (O'Grady) Stover in Beloit, KS. Al made Beloit his home for his entire life and attended St. John's Catholic Schools, graduating with the class of 1957 from St. John's High School. He was a proud Blujay and watched his children and 4 of his grandchildren graduate from his alma mater. He loved sports and participated in football, basketball, track, and summer Cookie baseball.

Al enlisted in the National Guard during his senior year and, following graduation, he was sent to basic training for 8 months. Upon returning home in February of '58, he began helping Bob Thierolf on his farm. He began working at the CO-OP feed mill in 1960, where he eventually started driving a semi. When his dad unexpectedly passed away in 1968, he, along with his brother Dick, took over the family farm. He continued to farm with his brother for the rest of his life, eventually turning it over to his son DJ. Al found a love of driving semis and bought his first tractor-trailer in 1970, beginning Stover Truck Line, which eventually grew to 9 trucks and 12 trailers at one time. He was usually on the road by 4:30 a.m. to run his routes and be home later for his family. His dedication to his business was matched only by his devotion to his family, as he balanced his professional responsibilities with treasured moments shared with his children and grandchildren. The kids always enjoyed the many truck rides growing up. He met many friends out on the road and forever became known as "Red Dog" by all who knew him because of his radio handle. He enjoyed trucking with his brother Tom for most of his life and 2 of his sons for a short time as well.

While attending a dance in Tipton, KS, he began to pursue a beautiful young woman who had returned to Tipton for the weekend. Al dated Janice Schmitt for 2 years and they were married Oct. 7th 1961 at St. Boniface Catholic Church in Tipton. To that union, 7 children were born: twins Ronald and Donald, David, Jeri, Dennis, Darrin, and John Dennis (DJ). They were married for 37 years before Janice passed away in 1999.

Al was a hard-working man and, between running his truck business and the farm, he loved to play too! He always had a daring side and loved to show off his water-skiing skill on his trick ski. His daringness led him into an IMCA Modified race car at the age of 54 along with his son Darrin. He loved this time even though it sent him to the hospital once. Camping almost every weekend in the summer with his family and friends provided lifetime memories for all. He also loved to snow ski and took several trips to Colorado with friends. Sports was a huge part of his life. He developed a deep love for golf and played until his body wouldn't let him anymore. He took great pride in his kids' and grandkids' activities, which was evident by his many hours in the stands observing and cheering them on. One of his greatest athletic passions in life was the Kansas City Chiefs. He was a season ticket holder for over 30 years, until his children took them over as he aged. He attended his final Chiefs game for his 80th birthday along with his entire family. He took so much joy in finally watching his team compete in and win Super Bowls.

Al was a faithful member of St. John's Catholic Church his entire life. His faith was a staple of his life, instilling Catholic values into his children. He was a 3rd degree Knight with the Knights of Columbus and thoroughly enjoyed his time spent with his friends at the Knights.

When we talk about dad, it's hard not to talk about his grit and determination to keep going through his health trials following a stroke in 2019. He handled the crosses he was given with grace, especially with the losses of his infant twins, his teenage son, and the loss of his wife 25 years ago. His home was a place where we loved to spend time together. He spent many evenings around the kitchen table with his grown kids having an Old Charter and 7up, and discussing (aka arguing) about anything from sports to politics. Stover stubbornness is a real thing! Those conversations will be missed.

Survivors include his children: David Stover, Norton, Jeri (David) Dubbert, Beloit, Darrin (Jodi) Stover, Neodesha, and John Dennis (DJ) Stover, Beloit. Grandchildren Trey (Kennedy) Dubbert, Davis (Elise) Dubbert, Kail Dubbert, Lauryn Dubbert, Drew (Adyson) Stover, Cameron Stover, Kristen Stover, Samantha Stover, and Allison Stover. 2 great grandchildren: Beckham Dubbert and Dean Stover. Brother Tom (Karen) Stover, Beloit, brother-in-law Gene Schmitt, Tipton, Sisters-in-law Joan (Stu-deceased) Smith, Fort Morgan, CO, and Alice (Edgar-deceased) Hake, McPherson, KS.

Al was preceded in death by his parents Henry and Margaret, wife Janice, infant sons Donald and Ronald, son Dennis, brother Dick Stover, sister Johanna (Kenny) Peters, sisters-in-law Caroline (Lawrence) Krier, Mary (Leon) Pirotte, Bernice (Joe) Stroh, and Lou (Bob) Mick.

John Al Stover's legacy of love, integrity, and dedication will continue to resonate with the hearts of all who had the privilege of knowing him. He has left a large hole in our hearts, but we will cherish the many memories made. May he rest in peace.

Funeral Services

10 :00 AM, February 24, 2026
St. John's Catholic Church
Beloit, Kansas

Celebrant

Father Jarett Konrade

Lector

Jodi Stover

Ruth Emerson

Gift Bearers

Lauryn Dubbert Kristen Stover

Cameron Stover Samantha Stover

Allison Stover

Music

Terri Dunstan, Musician

Casket Bearers

David Stover Drew Stover

Darrin Stover Trey Dubbert

DJ Stover Davis Dubbert

David Dubbert Kail Dubbert

Interment

St. John's Cemetery
Beloit, Kansas

