



**R**obert “Bob” Wayne Johnson, passed away January 20, 2026 at Dougherty Hospice House in Sioux Falls. He was born August 29, 1943, in Sioux Falls, a son of the late Dennis and Marie Johnson.

Bob was baptized in West Nidaros Lutheran Church. He joined Renner Lutheran Church in 1945 and has been an active member since. He was a proud supporter of his local community. 4H and sporting events competed for his interest while in school.

At age 12, Bob suffered from a ruptured appendix resulting in a 108-degree temperature, which was once the recorded highest surviving

body temperature in Minnehaha County.

After graduating from Lyons High School in 1963, Bob spent his early working years helping his father on the family farm. In July 1972, Bob became a self-employed milk man with Foremost for about ten years, delivering milk and other dairy products door-to-door. He was the favorite milk man of many. He then sold out to Land O’ Lakes and continued delivering door-to-door for another five years. After delivering he worked in the shop and cooler for a number of years. Towards the end of his career, he drove a semi-truck, retiring in 2005.

In October 1983, Bob married Elaine (Peterson) Johnson. From that marriage came two wonderful sons - Andrew and Wesley. Even more special are his two granddaughters - Mara and Fiona that brought immense joy and a little sparkle and sass.

Outside of work, he was a founding member of the Sioux Empire Studebaker Driver’s Club in 1987. He was the proud owner of an award winning 1947 Studebaker Champion which he cherished and took to many car shows and parades. He volunteered and promoted the Renner Monarchs all of his life and was honored to receive recognition as Tri-Valley Athletics Fan of the Year in 2011. He enjoyed having coffee with the Morefield guys on Mondays, lunches at the Wooden Nickel, First Friday lunches with his high school classmates, purchasing toys at auctions, and watching sporting events. He was always so appreciative and grateful for the generosity of others who would help hold a door, bring back treats from the concession stand, share baked goods, or stop by for a visit.

Bob is survived by two sons, Andrew Robert Johnson (Cassi) of Arlington, Wesley Dennis Johnson (Carolyn) of Crooks; granddaughters Mara and Fiona; sister Deanna (Roger) Hebbert of Berthoud, Colorado, brother-in-law George Carlson of Renner; sister-in-law Gloria Johnson of Kent, Washington; and all of his nieces and nephews. He also leaves many other family members and friends who will sadly miss him.

Bob was preceded in death by his sister Carole A. (Johnson) Carlson; brother, Gary D. Johnson.



# *In Memory Of* **Robert W. Johnson**

August 29, 1943 † January 20, 2026

## **Funeral Service**

10:30 AM

Saturday, January 31, 2026

Renner Lutheran Church

Renner, South Dakota

Rev. John Dalen, Officiating

Char Sorum, Pianist

## **Congregational Hymns**

“How Great Thou Art”

“Amazing Grace”

## **Soloists**

Chuck Sutton  
“The Auctioneer”

Jim McFarland  
“On Eagle’s Wings”

## **Pallbearers**

Eric Carlson  
Neil Hebbert  
Arlen Hawes

Milo Carlson  
Alex Hebbert

Wade Johnson  
Rahn Vanhove  
Dennis Steineke

## **Honorary Pallbearers**

George Carlson  
Ron Pearson  
Loren Fossum

Jim McFarland  
Clayton Isakson  
Gary Kocmick

Steve McGee  
Marv Vankekerz  
Don Swier

## **Interment**

West Nidaros Lutheran Cemetery  
Crooks, South Dakota



## *A Collector's Greatest Collection*

*Our dad was a collector. Anyone who knew him knew that. He collected classic cars. Most proudly his 1947 Studebaker Champion, the gleaming gem of his garage and the source of countless trophies and plaques. He collected memorabilia from the Renner Monarchs, each piece a reminder of moments he cherished. He collected games and stats from his beloved Tri-Valley Mustangs, following every season with the devotion of a true fan. He collected die-cast models from auctions, each one chosen with the same care and excitement he had as a kid. And he collected knickknacks, small treasures that helped him hold onto the stories and memories of days gone by.*



*But as my brother and I looked back, especially toward the end, we began to understand something deeper. His collections were never really about the things themselves. They were about the people.*



*Every car show, every auction, every game, every conversation about the Monarchs or the Mustangs. Those were moments where he connected, laughed, shared, and built relationships. The*

*Studebaker didn't just win trophies; it introduced him to friends. The memorabilia didn't just fill shelves; it filled his life with stories. The knickknacks weren't just objects; they were reminders of the people tied to each memory.*

*People were his true collection.*

*He loved his things, yes, but only because they were the doorway to the people he surrounded himself with. And what a remarkable collection of people he had. A collection full of kindness, loyalty, humor, and love.*

*My brother and I cannot thank all of you enough for being part of Dad's life. Thank you for being part of his collection, for adding value, meaning, and joy to it. You made his life richer than any trophy or keepsake ever could.*

*He had an amazing collection. And so much of that is because of you.*



# *A Life Remembered*

## **Robert W. Johnson**

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