

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."*

So God made a farmer.

*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."*

So God made a farmer.

*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 neighbor's 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."*

*Somebody who'd bale a family together with the soft strong bonds of sharing,
who would laugh and then sigh, and 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

Gibbons



Don Lowe

1943 - 2025



Don Lowe Gibbons

July 15, 1943 – October 20, 2025

Pallbearers

Craig Toth	Devin Gibbons
Trever Gibbons	Andrew Carter
Dillan Gibbons	Kyle Gibbons

Honorary Pallbearers - Great Grandsons

Michael Judkins
 Kashton Judkins
 Keedan Gibbons

Compassionate Services

Bear River 2nd Ward

Funeral Services

Saturday, October 25, 2025 – 11 A.M.

Bear River City Church

Conducting..... Bishop Matt Ritter
 Family Prayer..... Jay Gibbons
 Prelude & Postlude Julie Farr
 Chorister Leann Cole
 Opening Hymn..... Congregation, #98

“I Need Thee Every Hour”

Invocation..... Kevin Cole
 Obituary..... Lori Ross
 Musical Number..... Josh Dallin

“Thank You for Being My Dad”

by: Jon Barker

Sharing of Favorite Memories..... Family
 Trever Gibbons, Dillan Gibbons, Alexis Gibbons,
 Devin Gibbons, Dalene Toth, Kyle Gibbons,
 Michael Judkins & Kashton Judkins

Closing Remarks..... Bishop Matt Ritter
 Closing Hymn..... Congregation, #152

“God Be with You Till We Meet Again”

Benediction..... Theresa Morris

Interment – Corinne Cemetery

Dedicatory Prayer Andrew Carter

