

Herman J. Hulm was born on May 26, 1936 near Timber Lake to Anton and Cecelia (Wolff) Hulm. He was raised on his family farm and attended school in Timber Lake until his freshman year when he had to help on the farm.

On May 8, 1956 He married Loretta Reiss in Trail City. They made their home in Timber Lake for a year then moved to a farm near Trail City where he farmed and ranched for the next 44 years. In 2001 they moved into Mobridge where he has since resided. Even though Herman lived in town he still spent most of his time on the farm. Herman was known for restoring numerous tractors and had quite the toy tractor collector. He loved spending his time with his grandchildren.

Herman was on the Timber Lake School Board, a founding member of the TC & G Water Association, and also a member of the Knights of Columbus and the Moose Lodge.

Herman is survived by his wife of 65 yrs, Loretta of Mobridge, children, Anthony (friend, Monica) Hulm of Windom, MN, Linda Hulm of Trail City, and Steve Hulm of Trail City, grandchildren, Tyler (Amanda) Hulm of Kasson, MN, Kevin Hulm of Trail City, McKenzie (Steve) Werlinger of Zeeland, ND, Miranda Hulm of Trail City, great grandchildren, Lincoln, Barrett, and Leighton, sisters, Theresa Hazel of Mobridge and Mary Majorowicz of Stillwater, MN, brothers-in-law, Leo (Molly) Reiss and Ray (Pam) Reiss, sisters-in-law, Bernita Schumacher and Mary Reiss and a special friend who took Herman to coffee every week, Jim Curran.

He is preceded in death by his parents, grandson, Justin Hulm, brothers, Victor and James, brothers-in-law, Jack Hazel, Al Reiss, Bob Schumacher, sister-in-law, Alice Hulm.

In lieu of flowers may be directed to the Walworth Center in Sel-



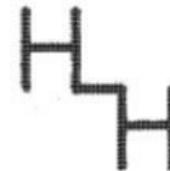
ers memorials directed to the County Care by.

In Loving Memory of:



Herman J. Hulm

May 26, 1936 ~ January 6, 2022



In Loving Memory Of:

Herman J. Hulm

85 Years ~ 7 Months ~ 11 Days

BORN:

May 26, 1936

Timber Lake, South Dakota

PASSED AWAY:

January 6, 2022

Selby, South Dakota

MASS OF CHRISTIAN BURIAL:

10:30 AM, Thursday, January 13, 2022

St. Joseph's Catholic Church

Mobridge, South Dakota

CLERGY:

Fr. Michael Griffin

READER:

Theresa Hazel

ORGANIST:

Marge Mertz

CONGREGATIONAL HYMNS:

"Amazing Grace" ~ "How Great Thou Art"

"On Eagle's Wings" ~ "The Strife Is O'er"

CASKETBEARERS:

Kerry Droog ~ Kevin Hulm ~ Tyler Hulm

Steve Holzer ~ Steve Werlinger ~ Joe Roshau

HONORARY BEARERS:

All Herman's Family & Friends

USHERS:

Jim Hulm ~ Fred Hulm

INTERMENT:

Greenwood Cemetery

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 to get up before dawn and milk cows and 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 strong arms. Strong enough to rustle a calf, yet gentle enough to deliver his own grandchild. Somebody to call hogs, tame cantankerous machinery, come home hungry and have to wait for lunch until his wife is done feeding and visiting with the ladies and telling them to be sure to come back real soon...and mean it. So, God made a farmer!

God said "I need somebody that can shape an ax handle, shoe a horse with a hunk of car tire make a harness out of hay wire, feed sacks and shoe scraps. And...who, at 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 on 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, heave bails and yet gentle enough to tame lambs and wean pigs and tend the pink combed pullets...and who will stop his mower for an hour to mend the broken leg of a meadow lark. So, God made a farmer!

It had to be somebody who'd plow deep and straight...and not cut corners. Somebody to seed and weed, feed and breed...and rake and disc and plow and plant and tie the fleece and strain the milk. Somebody to replenish the self feeder and then finish a hard days work with a five mile drive to church. Somebody who'd bale a family together with the soft strong bonds of sharing, who'd laugh and then sigh...and then respond with smiling eyes, when his son says he wants to spend his life "doing what dad does". So, God made a farmer!-Paul Harvey