



Arlan Glen Verburg, son of Richard and Marian (Vink) Verburg, was born August 17, 1950, in Canton, South Dakota. He married Alma Wiekamp on December 26, 1969, in Rock Valley, Iowa. The couple farmed west of Rock Valley and were blessed with two children, Audrey and Mark. In addition to farming, Arlan spent 15 years at

Kooima Manufacturing.

Arlan was a lifetime member of the First Reformed Church of Rock Valley where he served in the consistory and over the years taught Sunday School.

Arlan enjoyed anything and everything about farming. He was always outside doing chores, fixing something, doing field work or simply checking his crops. Arlan was an early riser. He regularly set his alarm every workday so he could be at the Fillin Station in Hudson, South Dakota by 5:30 AM. Morning coffee there with his friends was something he looked forward to. Even on his last day, he drove himself to Hudson for coffee. Arlan passed away Friday, February 28, 2025 at his home at the age of 74.

Arlan is survived by his wife of 55 years, Alma; 2 children, Audrey (Dennis) Halverson of Fairview, South Dakota and Mark (Nancy) Verburg of Rock Valley; 4 grandchildren, Scott (Jasmine) Halverson, John Halverson, Mitchell Verburg, and Jenna Verburg (Colton Sackett); brother, Ken (Mary Lou) Verburg of Rock Valley; and sister, Rhonda (Ken) Gould of Sheridan, Wyoming. He was preceded in death by his parents, Richard and Marian.

In Loving Memory

Arlan Glen Verburg

August 17, 1950 ~ February 28, 2025

FUNERAL SERVICE

11:00 AM, Thursday, March 6, 2025
First Reformed Church
Rock Valley, Iowa

OFFICIANT

Rev. Cliff Hoekstra

PIANIST

Carisa Maassen

CONGREGATIONAL HYMNS

"How Great Thou Art"
"One Day At A Time"

SPECIAL SELECTIONS

"God Bless the USA"
Lee Greenwood
"The Farmer's Creed"
Frank Mann
"So God Made A Farmer"
Paul Harvey

PALLBEARERS

Scott Halverson ~ Jasmine Halverson
John Halverson ~ Mitchell Verburg
Jenna Verburg ~ Colton Sackett

MEMORIAL

First Reformed Church Flood Relief Fund

INTERMENT

Valley View Cemetery
Rock Valley, Iowa

Arlan's family invites everyone for a time of food and fellowship at Faith Reformed Church of Rock Valley following the committal service at the cemetery.

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 then reply, with smiling eyes, when his son says he wants to spend his life 'doing what dad does.'" So God made a farmer.

