

*The Old Homestead*



**Psalm 23**

**The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.**

**He makes me lie down in green pastures.**

**He leads me beside still waters. He restores my soul.**

**He leads me in paths of righteousness for his name's sake.**

**Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death**

**I will fear no evil, for you are with me;**

**your rod and your staff, they comfort me.**

**You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies;**

**you anoint my head with oil; my cup overflows.**

**Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me**

**all the days of my life,**

**and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.**

IN LOVING MEMORY

*Marilyn "Mert" Hake*

*September 17, 1927 - November 19, 2025*



After 98 years of living larger than life, Marilyn Pfeiffer Hake died Wednesday, November 19, 2025 at Mitchell County Hospital in Beloit, Kansas.

Marilyn was born on September 17, 1927 to John Ira and Mary (Jacobs) Pfeiffer in Tipton, Kansas. She was the youngest of three children and attended St. Boniface Grade School, graduating from Tipton High School in 1945. Marilyn studied art at Marymount College in Salina. Afterwards, a summer working at the Oregon Journal led to a lifelong love of the Pacific Northwest. For all of her life, a guaranteed way to get her to light up was to mention the word “Oregon” to her.

Former classmate Clarence “Pappy” Hake asked her, “Will you marry up with me?” and they were joined in marriage on September 4, 1950 at St. Boniface Catholic Church in Tipton. They had seven children and celebrated 71 years of marriage before Pappy’s death in 2021.

Whether known as Marilyn, “Mert,” “Momma,” or “Grams,” those who knew her were sure to know her quick wit, her stylistic flair, and her unwavering sense of self. Hard times were met with resilience and reliance on her strong faith. Through every chapter of her life, she stepped more into who she was, with her creativity continually on display.

During her years raising children, she channeled her grit and energy toward finessing the art of homemaking. Whether making sunshine meatloaf, sewing into the late hours, or adding decorative touches to the home Pappy built for them east of Tipton, her keen eye would add flair to the everyday. Marilyn could spot rusted car headlights in a junk pile, send Pappy to retrieve them, tuck in stalks of milo, and transform them into new wall sconces for the dining room.

For her next chapter, Marilyn returned to the art training she received at Marymount. In the early 1980s, she dove into pencil art, drawing “The Old Homestead,” “Ladies with Purses,” “Men at the Auction” and many other heartland scenes inspired by the rural life around her. Showing at art fairs and festivals opened a new world. It fed her love of travel, introduced her to countless new faces, and earned her multiple People’s Choice awards. True to her nature, she never met a stranger. From the Winfield Bluegrass Festival to small-town art shows across the Midwest, Marilyn carried her art with her, and it carried her into the wider world.

In 1999, they opened up their home as Blue Hills Lodge, welcoming pheasant hunters from all over to enjoy the land and small-town life that they loved. After a long day in the field, the hunters could return to Blue Hills to find Pappy stirring the fire and Marilyn trailing after her daughters as they cleaned, checking bed corners, dusting a forgotten nook, and sprucing up every inch, reminding them, “it’s my house.” When the chores were done, they would gather by the bonfire with the hunters, swapping stories and laughter on the homestead they built.

In her final chapter at Resident Care Center in Beloit, Marilyn’s quips and quick wit carried her through. She had a gift for making people laugh - sometimes by landing the perfect line at the perfect moment, and other times by blurting out the perfectly wrong thing. Either way, both would add a story for the highlight reel. Whether it was her oft-repeated “Merlot, merloss, merlont,” or saying with a twinkle in her eye, “If you can’t be good, be careful,” she kept everyone on their toes.

As her life comes to an end, we carry on Marilyn’s legacy - whether it’s dancing in the kitchen to Ray Charles, attempting her syncopated knife-tapping routine, or laughing at one of her witticisms, she leaves behind a family that will forever treasure her spirit. Marilyn asked us to put “I told you I was sick” on her headstone, but instead we’ll put it here. And we’ll say goodbye in her preferred way: see you in the funnies! We love you!

## **In Loving Memory**

*Marilyn “Mert” Hake*

## **Funeral Services**

*10 :00 AM, November 25, 2025*

*St. Boniface Catholic Church*

*Tipton, Kansas*

## **Celebrant**

*Father Luke Thielen*

## **Lectors**

*Rory Hake and Addison Rauch*

## **Gift Bearers**

*Lindsey Shirack, Ashley Ofosu, Kacey Price*

## **Music**

*Maggie McKain, Organist*

*Lexi Thomas and Lara Ketter, Vocalists*

## **Casket Bearers**

*Jackson Hake*

*Felton Lawrence*

*Jim Shirack*

*Drew Shirack*

*Mason Rauch*

*Dave Rauch*

## **Interment**

*St. Boniface Cemetery*

*Tipton, Kansas*

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Marilyn is survived by her children Jan Hake of McPherson, Lisa Hake of Tipton, Leslie and Jim Shirack of Salina, Lila and Felton Lawrence of Sand Springs, OK, Mark Hake of Tipton, and Mary Lynne and Dave Rauch of Sandia Park, NM; her grandchildren Drew and Brandi Shirack of Tipton, Lindsey Shirack of Austin, TX, Ashley and Ray Ofosu of Edmond, OK, Kacey and Matt Price of Luther, OK, Addison Rauch of Albuquerque, NM, Mason Rauch of Miami, FL, Jackson Hake of College Station, TX, and Rory Hake of Stillwater, OK; and great grandchildren Carter Shirack, Isaiah, Eli and Ainslee Ofosu, and Jordyn, Khloe and Kyler Price. She was preceded in death by her husband Clarence, her parents, her son Galen, her grandson Blake Shirack, her sister Evelyn and her brother Kenneth.