

# 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.

~Paul Harvey (1978)

*In Loving Memory*



## Mason William Wheeler

**March 23, 1938 - March 19, 2026**

Celebration of Life Services

May 7, 2026  
Kinkade Funeral Chapel  
Sturgis, South Dakota

May 15, 2026  
McCrorry Gardens  
Brookings, South Dakota

## Mason William Wheeler

My dad, Mason W. Wheeler, was born March 23, 1938. He was the oldest of 4 children born to Kennis and Dorothy (Rossman) Wheeler. He grew up on the family farm and attended Brookings High School and later SDSU, where he graduated with a degree in Political Science. He passed away March 19, 2026, just shy of his 88th birthday.

Dad served in Army and the National Guard for 31.5 years. It was a part time job, but his dedication was full time. He spent time at Fort Hood, Texas where he first met his future wife, Janie. On June 25, 1964, he married her in Brookings, SD at the First United Methodist Church. Something that you may not know is that Dad would drag race his 1960 Studebaker Hawk on the base. During his time with the Guard, he was the commanding officer of the 139th Transportation Battalion and his final post was as the Liaison Officer between 6th Army and the South Dakota National Guard. He was a full Colonel when he retired in 1992.

Dad's full-time job was farming on the family farm northeast of Brookings. He farmed with his dad and two brothers for many years. After Danny left the farm, a hired man was needed to make things run. They raised cattle, hogs, corn, soybeans and a few other grains along with grass seed. Dad figures that over a 30-year period they sold over one million dollars' worth of hogs. Dad was a man who truly loved the land. He cared for the farm and the land as if it were a living person. He sweat, bled, and cried over the farm, but he also rejoiced, laughed and gave thanks for it, too. Farming with your family is never an easy thing, but in his own way he treasured them.

Dad retired from farming in 2001 and moved to Brookings. After moving to Brookings, he became involved with the Meadow Green Community, where he served as President of the Meadow Green Homeowners Association for many years. He volunteered at the Brookings Public Library, Meals on Wheels, the SDSU Ag Museum, Sturgis Kiwanis and the Salvation Army. He also served on numerous committees at the First United Methodist Church in Brookings.

If I had to pick one word that would describe my dad, it would be caring. Dad cared about many of the people he met. He gave of himself, time, and money. Sometimes those closest to him didn't understand how he cared for us. Tough love never seems like caring, but it is the hardest caring a person can do and Dad did it when he had to. I know he didn't like it, but he wanted the best for all of us.

Dad is survived by his wife of 61 years, Janie, and his son, Charlie (Melissa) Wheeler. He is also survived by his siblings: Elaine Momsen, David (Marian) Wheeler, and Daniel Wheeler; and numerous nieces, nephews, and extended family that he loved dearly.

Dad is preceded in death by his parents, Johnny Cash, Tennessee Ernie Ford, and many, many others.

## Order of Service

### Welcome & Opening Prayer

Pastor Teri Johnson

### Eulogy - Kristin Morse

### Hymns & A Journey in Pictures:

"How Great Thou Art" & "In the Garden"

### Prayer / Scripture - Pastor Teri Johnson

"So God Made a Farmer" - Paul Harvey

### Moment of Silence

### Remembering Mason Wheeler:

Congregations' Stories and Memories

### Closing Remarks

### Meal and Fellowship

(Brookings Service Only)

## Honorary Pallbearers

Abby Morse

Ryan Morse

Ryan Ness

Abby Pirc

Derek Bunkers

Aiden Bunkers

Kirk Bunkers

Evan Bunkers

*A private internment ceremony will follow at a later date at  
Black Hills National Cemetery in Sturgis, South Dakota*