



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 bales, 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

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Donald Andrew Larsen

WHO WAS BORN

December 23, 1947
Watertown, South Dakota

AND CALLED TO HIS ETERNAL HOME

August 24, 2026
Watertown, South Dakota

FUNERAL SERVICE

Friday, September 4, 2026 – 1:30 p.m.
Tabor Lutheran Church
Strandburg, South Dakota

OFFICIANT

Vicar Emelia Enquist

MUSICIAN

Kathy Granquist, Accompanist

CASKET BEARERS

Parker Amdahl | Kaden Larsen | Xavier Larsen
Wyatt Larsen | Kris Pekelder | Ryan Pekelder

HONORARY BEARERS

Samantha Larsen | Andrew Larsen | Dreyson Larsen

MILITARY HONORS

American Legion Birch-Miller Post #9
V.F.W. Grant County Post #3486
V.V.A. Northeast SD Chapter #1054
D.A.V. Chapter #19
Sons of American Legion Post #9
Milbank, South Dakota

INTERMENT

Tabor Lutheran Church Cemetery
Strandburg, South Dakota

APPRECIATION

Donald's family is grateful for your attendance at this service. Your expressions of kindness and love are deeply appreciated. Following the graveside service, please join the family for a time of fellowship and refreshments in the church dining room.

Mundwiler Funeral Home - Milbank, South Dakota

Donald Andrew Larsen was born on December 23, 1947, in Watertown, SD, to Anton and Helga (Edeen) Larsen. He grew up in Stockholm, and attended school in South Shore, SD, and graduated with the Class of 1966.

Donald pursued his passion for mechanics by attending Vo-Tech in Wahpeton, ND, followed by further studies in Diesel Mechanics at Vo-Tech in Watertown, SD. His commitment to service was evident when he enlisted in the South Dakota National Guard, proudly serving with the 741st Transportation Company in Clear Lake, SD, from 1969 to 1978.

On November 1, 1975, Donald was united in marriage with Erma Davis at Tabor Lutheran Church in Strandburg. Together, they shared a life full of love and laughter, raising their family while Donald worked alongside his father and brother on the family farm. In addition to farming, Donald was a self-employed trucker, known for his reliability in hauling hay bales and cattle.

A lifelong member of Tabor Lutheran Church, Donald's faith and community were central to his life. He was an active participant in various clubs, including the Punished Woman Snowmobile Club, the Whetstone Valley 2-Cycle Club, and the Corvette Club. His passions extended to fishing, particularly ice-fishing, and he enjoyed the excitement of drag racing in his youth.

Donald had a love for cars, often lending a hand to friends who needed assistance with their vehicles. His unwavering loyalty was reflected in his choice of a red pickup truck, a steadfast symbol of his character. Each morning, he could be found enjoying coffee and camaraderie at the local café.

Donald is survived by his wife of 50 years, Erma Larsen; his children: Robert (Stacy) Larsen, Michael Larsen, and Jesse (Michele) Larsen; seven grandchildren: Parker, Kaden, Dreyson, Xavier, Wyatt, Samantha, and Andrew; two great-grandchildren: Hunter and Emerson; three sisters: Diane (Clarence) Maday, Darlene (Larry) Bailly, and Delores Ries; one brother, Darrell Larsen; along with many nieces and nephews.

He was preceded in death by his parents; brothers: Derrick Larsen and David Larsen; parents-in-law: Lorne and Geraldine Harms; and sister-in-law, Marlys Elms.

*Please use this QR Code to view
Donald's online obituary and guestbook.*

