

## *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.



IN LOVING MEMORY OF

## *Bruce Allen Hoernemann*

WHO WAS BORN

May 10, 1963

Ortonville, Minnesota

AND CALLED TO HIS ETERNAL HOME

September 22, 2022

Ortonville, Minnesota

MEMORIAL SERVICE

Tuesday, September 27, 2022 - 2:00 p.m.

Trinity Lutheran Church

Ortonville, Minnesota

OFFICIANT

Reverend Larry Johnson

MUSICIAN

Roger Goosen, Organist

URN BEARERS

Tim & Karen Burdick

HONORARY BEARERS

Bruce's Deer Camp Crew

APPRECIATION

Bruce's family thanks you for your presence today and for your many acts and words of kindness.

Following the service, please join the family for a sweet treat in Bruce's honor in the Church Fellowship Hall.

ARRANGEMENTS BY

Mundwiler and Larson Funeral Home

Ortonville, Minnesota

**B**ruce Allen Hoernemann was born on May 10, 1963, in Ortonville, MN, to Arthur “Art” and Ruth (Johnson) Hoernemann. He grew up in Odessa and attended school there until the family moved to a farm outside of Ortonville when Bruce was in fifth grade. He went on to attend school in Ortonville and graduated from Ortonville High School with the Class of 1981. Following high school, Bruce attended Ridgewater College and graduated from the Agricultural Program.

Farming all his life, Bruce worked alongside his father growing crops and raising pigs and sheep until the early 90s, when he took over the farming business. On June 15, 1991, Bruce was united in marriage with Sheila Hermes. Together, they were blessed with two children: Rachel and Jacob, who he lovingly called: “Rach” and “Jake”.

In his younger days, Bruce played softball and bowled. He enjoyed deer hunting and when it was time for the deer hunting camp, Bruce’s family knew he would be gone all day and some of the night. He was president of the Ortonville Township Board and was a member of the CHS Board for many years. Bruce and his whole entire family were active in Big Stone County 4-H. Bruce enjoyed going out and checking on the crops or machinery and his morning coffee outings. He was an awesome sports dad and loved watching his children in their many sporting events throughout high school and college. Bruce had a knack for falling asleep just about anywhere. Being an early riser, he would catch little cat naps here and there. Bruce was a quiet man but had a dry sense of humor. He had a sweet tooth for bars, cookies, cake, ice cream, and candy, especially Almond Joys.

When Bruce had a little leisure time, he would enjoy the occasional round of golf or watching NCIS, CSI, or Vikings football on TV. He was a very giving person and would never turn down the opportunity to help someone in need, especially if it was a fellow farmer. Bruce worked with and became close friends with his neighbors, Tim and Karen Burdick.

Surviving Bruce are his wife, Sheila of Ortonville, MN; daughter, Rachel (Nick) Miska of Ortonville, MN; son, Jacob Hoernemann of Ortonville, MN; sisters: Diane (John) VanDierendonck of Minneapolis, MN; Charlene (John) Sovanski of Kewanee, IL; Betty Hoernemann of Minneapolis, MN; and Deb Hoernemann of Minneapolis, MN; brother, Jim Hoernemann of Minneapolis, MN; sister-in-law, Kathy Hermes of Duluth, MN; brother-in-law, Brian Hermes of Annandale, MN; several nieces and nephews; many friends and neighbors; and his two dogs: Bo and Bella.

He was preceded in death by his parents; his paternal grandparents; his maternal grandparents; and several aunts and uncles.

## *Treasured Seasons*

*To everything there is  
a season, and a time  
for every purpose  
under heaven:*

*A time to be born and  
a time to die; a time to  
plant, and a time to  
pluck up that which is  
planted;*

*A time to kill and a  
time to heal; a time to  
break down and a  
time to build up;*

*A time to weep, and a  
time to laugh; a time to  
mourn and a time to  
dance;*

*A time to cast away  
stones, and a time to  
gather stones together;  
a time to embrace, and  
a time to refrain from  
embracing.*

*A time to get, and a  
time to lose; a time to  
keep, and a time to  
cast away;*

*A time to rend, and a  
time to sew; a time to  
keep silence and a  
time to speak;*

*A time to love, and a  
time to hate; a time of  
war and  
a time of peace.*

