



GOD'S FINGER TOUCHED HIM AND HE SLIPPED AWAY
FROM EARTH'S DARK SHADOWS TO A BRIGHTER DAY

GOD SAW THE ROAD WAS GETTING ROUGH

THE HILLS WERE HARD TO CLIMB

HE GENTLY CLOSED HIS WEARY EYES

AND WHISPERED, "PEACE BE THINE"

TO A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN THIS FRIEND HAS GONE,

TO A LAND OF PERFECT REST

THOUGH HE IS GONE HE STILL LIVES ON

IN THE GARDEN OF MEMORY



IN LOVING MEMORY



ROGER KLUSMAN

1930 ~ 2021

Roger W. Klusman, a life-long resident of New Salem, passed away at the age of 90 on September 18, 2021, at Sanford Hospital.

Roger was born on November 2, 1930, to Charles A. and Florence (Wildy) Klusman. He was raised on the family farm north of New Salem. Roger attended grade school at Youngtown, graduated from New Salem High School, and went on to attend two NDSU winter short courses for agriculture. In 1952, he met Elaine Job, and they married that same year. Upon returning from their honeymoon, they took over the Klusman Stock Farm, raising Registered Columbia Sheep and Holsteins, focusing on producing Grade A milk. They won the State Soil Conservation Award once in the 1950s, and then again in the 1970s. Roger served on the Board of Directors for the Federal Land Bank. For many years he was an active member of the church, teaching Sunday School and Confirmation classes, serving on the Church Council, along with being a 4-H leader, and a member of the Lions Club where he was proud of his work to support the upkeep of "Salem Sue". Roger enjoyed attending the Holsteins' Football and Basketball games.

Roger will be missed by his wife, Elaine, of nearly 69 years; five children, Tim of Lake Geneva, WI, Karla (Terry) Thompson of Glasgow, MT, David and Paul (family farm in New Salem), and Kathie (Rick) Peterson of Mandan; eight grandchildren, Charlie (Amanda) Klusman, Jim (Heather) Klusman, Sarah (Cody) Stern, Katie (Miles) Baisch, Ashley (Rick) Keller, Emily Klusman, Grace and Luke Peterson; and 11 great-grandchildren.

Please go to www.BuehlerLarson.com to share memories of Roger.

Funeral Service

Saturday, September 23, 2021; 10:30 AM

Salem United Church of Christ
New Salem, North Dakota

Officiant

Rev. Darrel Aleson

Organist

Deb Tellmann

Reader

Emily Klusman

CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF ROGER KLUSMAN

Prelude

Words for Beginning

Selected Scripture

Isaiah 40

John 14

Psalm 121

Hymn

"O Mighty God, When I Survey in Wonder" pg.35

Prayer

Hymn

"There Is A Wideness In God's Mercy" pg.23

Obituary / Personal Reflections

Selected Reading

Hymn

"God Is My Shepherd" verses 1, 3, & 5 pg.479

Meditation

Hymn

"Amazing Grace" pg.547

Prayer

Words of Commendation

Benediction

Postlude

*The family invites you for lunch and fellowship at the church
immediately following the funeral service.*

Committal will be at Peace Cemetery following the luncheon.

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, 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, then 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; who, planting time and harvest season, will finish his forty-hour week by Tuesday noon, and 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 would 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 that he wants to spend his life "doing what dad does"

-- *so God made a Farmer*

