

Carl John Hofmann

March 18, 1930 to September 20, 2022



Carl J. Hofmann age 92 of New York Mills, MN passed away on September 20, 2022. He was born and raised Catholic and was excited to spend eternal life with Jesus.

Carl John Hofmann was born March 18, 1930, at home in New York Mills, MN to Anthony and Ida (Imholte) Hofmann. He grew up on the family farm in Pine Lake Township and attended country school in Big Pine Township before furthering his education by joining the military in 1951 where he repaired airplanes and during his free time he worked at the officer's club. After being discharged from the Air Force in 1955, Carl returned to the farm where he farmed his entire life. He also drove a school bus for 13 years and worked at the Bauck Garage as a mechanic. It wasn't until later in life Carl found a companion and was united in marriage at age 66 to Helen Clark on July 13, 1996. In 1996, he stopped milking cows and farmed the land well into his 80s.

Carl was a thoughtful, soft-spoken man who was very content with life on the farm. He was an excellent mechanic. Whatever needed fixing he always knew how or could figure it out. He also enjoyed bowling, watching deer, bow hunting, sawing logs, tinkering on tractors and equipment, spending time outdoors, and weekend meals with his grandchildren who lived next door.

Carl was touched by his special friendship with Kitti instantly while she was dating his nephew and she would later become his step-daughter. Carl's four granddaughters: Mazie (22), Mandi (21), Maggie (19), and Molly (8), were his pride and joy. These four girls were everything to him. The love for them would quickly bring him to tears while reminiscing about all their adventures. He enjoyed many hours babysitting, taking them on mule rides, playing at the sandpit, trapping gophers, feeding cattle, and baling hay with "his girls." In later years, "Papa" spent countless hours each week visiting Molly, walking in the grocery store for hours, and holding her hand. Carl was also blessed to have good friends and neighbors. He always enjoyed visiting with them and very much appreciated their help throughout the years.

He is survived by his wife, Helen Clark, of New York Mills, MN; one sister, Alice Lex, of New York Mills, MN; one brother, Joseph Hofmann, of Perham, MN; two step-children: Kitti (Tom Lex) Kivi-Lex of New York Mills, MN; and Milek (Ellie Ganser) Kivi of Park Rapids, MN; four grandchildren: Mazie (fiancé Zach Milligan), Mandi Kivi-Lex, Maggie Kivi-Lex, and Molly Kivi-Lex; and eight nieces and nephews: Peter Lex, Judy Lex, Barb Aashiem, John Lex, Tom (Kitti Kivi-Lex) Lex, Mary (Rodney) Osowski, Susan (Rick) Schroer, and Steven (Michelle) Lex.

He was preceded in death by his parents; and one nephew, Michael Lex.

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, wait for 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-