



Dennis Gene Bultman was born May 4, 1942, in Hawarden, Iowa, the son of John and Melba (Muth) Bultman. He graduated from West Sioux High School in 1960 and farmed with his dad until enlisting in the 185th Air National Guard in 1967. Upon his discharge from the military in 1969, Dennis was united in marriage to Ruth Ann

Dowling on August 15, 1969, in Akron, Iowa.

Dennis and Ruth farmed south of Hawarden, in the Chatsworth, Iowa area. Dennis enjoyed raising animals and milking cows on his farm. He enjoyed spending time helping his 3 children with their 4-H activities. Dennis also greatly enjoyed spending time with his grandchildren, giving them rides on tractors and cruising around the countryside in his John Deere Gator. Dennis was also a great storyteller and loved to talk about the old days. Ruth passed away on April 14, 2018.

Dennis passed away peacefully at his home on Wednesday, July 19, 2023, at the age of 81.

Dennis is survived by his son, Jeff (Stephanie) Bultman of Hawarden; 2 daughters, Jennifer Bultman of Beloit, Wisconsin and JoAnna (Brian) Bultman-Plowman of Chippewa Lake, Ohio; 5 grandchildren, Chandler, Brianna, Ethan, Abby, and Ali; 2 step-grandchildren, Michael Nagel and Christian Spronk; great-granddaughter, Ryah Bultman; 4 step-great-grandchildren, Sydney, Daphne, Remy, and Reed; brother-in-law, Richard (Paula) Dowling; and 3 sisters-in-law, Ramona (Dan) Liston, June Dowling, and Carol Dowling.

Dennis was preceded in death by his wife, Ruth; parents, John and Melba; parents-in-law, Hugh and Laverne Dowling; and 3 brothers-in-law, John Dowling, Phil Dowling, and Harold Dowling.

In Loving Memory
Dennis Gene Bultman
May 4, 1942 ~ July 19, 2023

FUNERAL SERVICE

10:30 AM, Friday, July 28, 2023
Porter Funeral Home
Hawarden, Iowa

OFFICIATING

Pastor Stuart Schreur
First Baptist Church
Hawarden, Iowa

MUSICAL SELECTIONS

"I'll See You Again"
"You Raise Me Up"
"I Will Rise"
"I Wish Grandpas Never Died"

PALLBEARERS

Chandler Bultman ~ Ethan Bultman ~ Michael Nagel
Casey Westergard ~ Josh Westergard ~ Antonio Topete

MEMORIAL

Epilepsy Foundation (epilepsy.com)

MILITARY RITES

American Legion Two Oaks Post 254, Hawarden, IA
Offutt Air Force Base Honor Guard, Offutt AFB, NE

INTERMENT

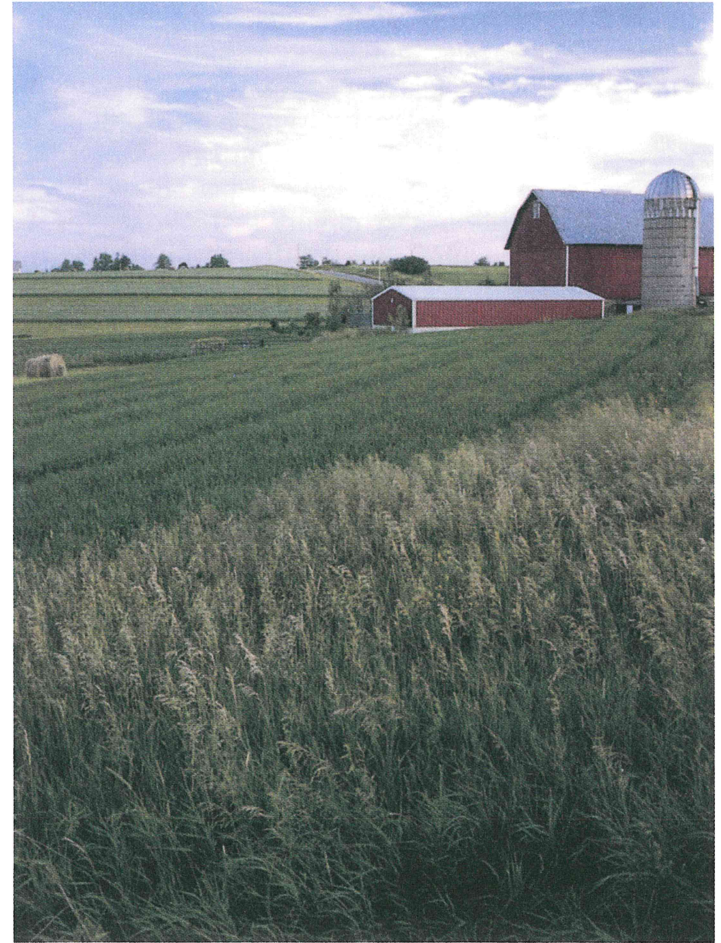
Eden Cemetery
Hudson, South Dakota

Dennis' family invites everyone for a time of food and fellowship at the First Baptist Church of Hawarden fellowship hall immediately following the funeral service.

So God Made a Farmer

On the eighth 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 Farm Bureau. So, God made a farmer. I need somebody with strong arms to wrestle a calf, yet gentle enough to deliver his own grandchild. Somebody to call hogs, tame cantankerous machinery, come home hungry and have to wait until his wife is done feeding visiting ladies, then tell the ladies come back soon. So, God made a farmer. God said, I need somebody willing to sit up all night with a new born colt and watch it die and then dry his eyes and say maybe next year. I need somebody who can shape an ax handle from a persimmon sprout and shoe a horse with a hunk of car tire. Who can make harness out of a hay wire, feed sacks and shoe scraps. Whose planting time and harvest season will finish his 40 hour week by Tuesday noon. Then, with the pain from tractor back, he will put in another 72. 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, and yet gentle enough to wean lambs and pigs and tend the pink combed pullets. And who will stop his mower for an hour to splint the broken leg of a meadowlark. So, God made a farmer. It had to be somebody who would 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 weeks 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, then sign and 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 Remembrance



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