



Thelmar Frederick Jansma was born in Rock Rapids, Iowa, on October 31, 1940, to parents Peter and Anna (Vander Kooi) Jansma. He died Monday May 22, 2023, at home after a lengthy illness. Thelmar was raised in Hull, Iowa and graduated from Hull Western Christian. He was a businessman and farmer with a love of over the road trucking.

He retired from trucking at the age of 76. Thelmar married Martha Van Kekerix on February 21, 1969, in Sheldon, Iowa. They ran laundromats until they began farming in 1981. Martha died April 30, 1994.

Thelmar is survived by his son, Tom Jansma of Dell Rapids, South Dakota, daughter, Patty (Ed) Durand of Van Meter, Iowa, and daughter, Sandy Staskywicz (John Potrament) of Dell Rapids, South Dakota; 5 grandchildren and 2 great grandchildren, Luke Durand and his son Oliver and daughter Harper, Maleah Durand, Cody Staskywicz, Cole Staskywicz, and Chloe Staskywicz; brother, Andrew (Cindy) Jansma of Freeman, South Dakota; sister-in-law, Sue Van Kekerix of Sheldon, Iowa; and numerous nieces and nephews.



Thelmar was preceded in death by his parents; wife; sister, Jeanene Jansma; brother, Wilmar Jansma; son-in-law, Paul Staskywicz; and brothers-in-laws, Raymond (Alice), Elmer (Helen), Howard and Weldon (Mildred) Van Kekerix.

In Loving Memory
Thelmar Frederick Jansma
October 31, 1940 ~ May 22, 2023

FUNERAL SERVICE

10:00 AM, Saturday, May 27, 2023
Porter Funeral Home
Rock Valley, Iowa

OFFICIATING

Rev. Allen Brummel
Calvary Protestant Reformed Church
Hull, Iowa

PIANIST

Crysta Brummel

CONGREGATIONAL HYMNS

"Life With God"
"Immortality and Resurrection"
"What a Friend We Have in Jesus"

PALLBEARERS

Luke Durand ~ Maleah Durand
Cody Staskywicz ~ Cole Staskywicz
Chloe Staskywicz ~ Bill Jansma

INTERMENT

Hope Cemetery
Hull, Iowa

Thelmar's family invites everyone for a time of food and fellowship at Porter Funeral Home immediately following the funeral service.

My Farm

*My farm to me is not just land
Where bare unpainted buildings stand—
To me, my farm is nothing less
Than all created loveliness.*

*My farm is not where I must soil
My hands in endless dreary toil
But where, through seed and swelling pod
I've learned to walk, and talk with God.*

*My farm, to me, is not a place
Outmoded by the modern race
For here, I think, I just see less
Of evil, greed, and selfishness.*

*My farm's a haven—here dwells rest,
Security and happiness—
Whate'er befalls the world outside
Here faith and hope and love abide.*

*And so my farm is not just land
Where bare unpainted buildings stand—
To me, my farm is nothing less
Than all God's hoarded loveliness.*

