



In Loving Memory
CELEBRATING A LIFE

Visitation:

5:00 to 7:00 p.m., Monday, March 25, 2019
First Presbyterian Church
Wessington, South Dakota

Celebration of Life:

2:00 p.m., Tuesday, March 26, 2019
First Presbyterian Church
Wessington, South Dakota

Minister: Rev. Tom Brantner

Casketbearers:

Kirk Sargent - Kent Sargent - Rudy Vercler
Clay Sargent - Mason Hofer - Caleb Sargent
Zach Hofer - Dusty Sargent

Honorary Casketbearers:

Kay Vercler - Leslie Powell - Addilyn Moore

Pianist: Cleo Kleinsasser

Musical Selections:

"When I Get Where I'm Going"
"Great Is Thy Faithfulness"
"'Tis So Sweet To Trust In Jesus"
"The Old Rugged Cross"
"I Will Rise"

Interment:

Wessington Cemetery
Wessington, South Dakota

Hope *Wessington*

Arrangements Entrusted To
Reck Funeral Home - Miller, South Dakota
www.familyfuneralhome.net



Celebrating
A LIFE

Mark Dwight Sargent

December 19, 1958

March 21, 2019

On March 21, 2019, Mark Dwight Sargent of Custer, SD left the earth and entered eternity after a massive heart attack at the age of 60.

Mark was born on December 19 1958 in Wessington, SD to parents Burton and Helen (Dague) Sargent. Mark grew up milking cows on the family farm north of Wessington. He graduated from James Valley Christian School in 1977. In 1978 he married JoAnne Schultz and to this union 3 daughters were born. They farmed just miles from his brothers and dad (the lazy fourmen) until 1984 when he was called into the ministry.

The family moved to Springfield, MO where Mark attended Central Bible College and graduated with his bachelor's degree in Biblical Studies. After planting a church in Toluca, IL the family returned to Huron, SD in 1991 to pastor Huron Church of the Open Bible where he served until 2006. During his time at Open Bible he volunteered at Our Home Rediscovery and the local nursing homes, led a local children's outreach program, founded a non-profit To The Nations, and took countless missions trips to Mexico, Africa, and India where he conducted evangelical crusades and brought food, clothing, & other essential supplies to the indigenous people. He also visited federal prisons, rehabilitation facilities, and orphanages.

On March 20 2010 he married Becky Hoogendoorn and a few years later they welcomed son Joseph Michael. In 2016 they moved to Custer, SD to pastor First Baptist Church of Custer. To sum up the extent of his ministries and the lives he touched in a few sentences is nearly impossible.

Left behind to carry on his legacy are his loving wife, Becky; son, Joseph; daughters: Richelle (JR) Hofer, Melissa Sargent (Henry Dittman), Heather (Judson) Moore and their mother JoAnne Sargent; brothers: Kirk (Chris) Sargent and Kent (Elaine) Sargent; sister, Kaye (Rudy) Vercler; grandchildren: Leslie (Chanze) Powell, Clay Sargent, Mason Hofer, Caleb Sargent, Zach Hofer, Dusty Sargent, and Addilyn Moore; as well as many nieces, nephews, and cousins.

He was preceded in death by his parents, Burton and Helen Sargent; and niece, Mariah Sargent.

Days Gone Bye *by Mark Sargent*

Too soon they are gone
though we loved them dear,
And to think of them now
can bring a warm tear.

The love and the laughter
the emotions we shared,
For their departure
we were unprepared.

To what do I refer
can you guess?
Loved ones or times past?
The answer is yes!

Time too quickly slips
into the past.
Now our memories are
all that will last.

The holiday season
brings many to mind
Of grandma and grandpa
the family kind.

Family gatherings were
a big deal back then
And you needed to be there
so as not to offend.

But that was no problem
we didn't have to pretend
And as the years went by
we wished they didn't have to end.

Honor *Loving Memory*

Brothers and sisters, moms and dads
cousins aplenty and uncles and aunts
All got together and made much ado,
sometimes including a friend or two.

All shared in the memories
yet, each one all our own
Pictures stored in our minds
and not on our phones.

Now we have Snapchat,
FaceTime or some other version,
But Nothing can beat
being there in person.

Modern technology captures
some of the fun,
But you can't record the smells
like grandma's homemade buns.

You can see the food
how it looks - not the taste.
Yet into the future
we travel with haste.

Too busy it seems
to spend time together,
Doing the things
that last forever.

OH, to go back, and
with departed ones chat,
But alas, as of yet,
there's not an app for that!