

In Loving Memory
CELEBRATING A LIFE

Funeral Mass with Military Honors:

10:30 a.m., Tuesday, June 4, 2024

St. Thomas The Apostle Catholic Church
Faulkton, South Dakota

Celebrant: Monsignor Charles Mangan

Casketbearers: *Grandsons*

Tucker Bowar - Tonner Bowar - Turner Bowar

Jake McCloud - Cole Noon

Xavier McCloud - Isaiah McCloud

Altar Servers:

Sean & Rhyann Roseland

Lector: John McCloud

Giftbearers: Stan's Children

Eucharistic Minister: MaryAnn Bent

Vocalist: Jerry Bowar

Musical Selections:

"Amazing Grace" - "Be Not Afraid"

"On Eagle's Wings"

Song of Farewell - "How Great Thou Art"

Arrangements Entrusted to
Luce, Luze, & Reck Funeral Homes
www.familyfuneralhome.net

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, then go to town and stay past midnight at a meeting
at a school board." **So, God made a farmer.**

"I need somebody with arms strong enough to rustle a calf, yet
gentle enough to deliver his own grandchild. Somebody to call
hogs, tame cantankerous machinery, come home hungry,
and have to wait for lunch until his wife is done feeding
visiting ladies and tell the ladies to be sure to 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
new born colt. And watch it die. Then dry his eyes and say,
'Maybe next year'. I need somebody who can shape an axe
handle from a persimmon sprout, shoe a horse with a
hunk of car tire, who can make a harness out of hay wire,
feed sacks and shoe scraps. And who, at planting time
and harvest season, will finish his forty-hour work 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 bales, yet gentle enough to tame lambs and
wean pigs and tend the pink-combed pullets, and who
will stop his mower for an hour to splint the broken
leg of a meadow lark." **So, God made a farmer.**

It had to be somebody who'd plow deep and straight and not
cut corners. Somebody to seed, weed, feed and 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
day's work with a five mile drive to church.

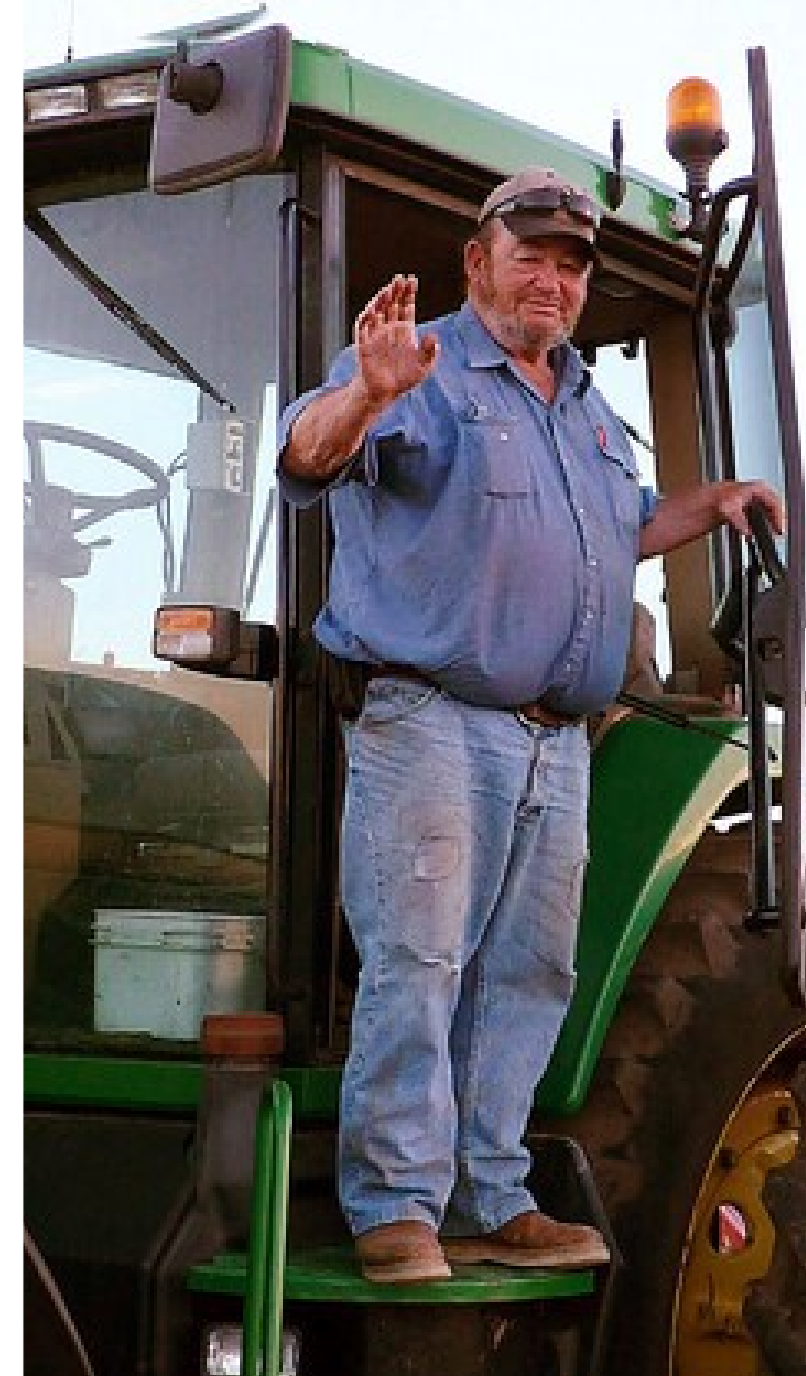
Somebody who'd bale a family together with the soft strong
bonds of sharing, who would laugh and then sigh, and
then reply, with smiling eyes, when his son says that
he wants to spend his life "doing what dad does".

So, God made a farmer.



Stanley Edwin McCloud

June 1, 1942 - May 27, 2024



Stanley Edwin McCloud, 81 of rural Cresbard passed away Monday, May 27, 2024, at his home surrounded by his loving family.

Stanley was born June 1, 1942, to John and Eva Mae (Suzie) Axtman McCloud in Gettysburg SD. Stan's love for farm life began on his family farm southeast of Seneca. It was there he spent his early childhood. The family then moved to a farmstead just east of Faulkton and resided there until the untimely passing of his dad in his early teen years. Upon his dad's passing, the family moved to Faulkton. It was then that Stan was taken in by his oldest brother, Jack and his wife, Geri. Stan began working beside Jack on the farm/ranch while occasionally helping his other brother Speed of rural Highmore. Stan attended grade school and high school in Faulkton, graduating in 1962. Stan was forever grateful to Geri for supporting and encouraging him through school and his football career, the sport he loved so much. The Faulkton Trojan football team he played on were Central Conference Champions in 1960 and 1961. Although short in stature, Stan was a force to be reckoned with on the Trojan offensive line and "D" line.

After graduation, Stan attended Southern State Teacher's College in Springfield, SD for a semester then transferred to SDSU for a semester. College not being for him, he returned to the Jack and Geri McCloud farm where he worked until he was drafted into the army in 1964. Stan served in Germany until being honorably discharged in 1966. Stan once again returned to the McCloud farm where he began to build his very own cow herd while working with Jack.

In the Spring of 1968, Stan's brother Dick brought a beautiful blond to the "VFW Club" in Faulkton. It was then that Stan and Jeanette (Pruys) from Hoven began dating. They were united in marriage on February 15, 1969, in Hoven. They then moved to the farm Stan had been renting from Hazel Howarth. A year and a half later they would purchase this farm and it was on this farm they would raise their family and spend the entirety of their lives. Three children were born to this union: Scott in 1970, Nicole in 1974, and Steven in 1978.

Stan was very active in the Faulkton Saddle Club and was honored riding his horse through the Wild West Parade as Parade Marshall. Stan loved watching the kids and emceeing at the 4-H days. He was a Faulk County Commissioner and served on the Township Board. He was an active member of the American Legion. Stan loved hosting Veteran's Hunts and was so proud that he had served his country.

Many hogs were donated to fundraisers, and he was proud to host a rabbit hunt to benefit Bill Eschenbaum.

Stan was one of the first ranchers in the area to Artificially Inseminate his cows to the Simmental breed for 20 years, which led to him selling Simmental Bulls until his passing. He also bred Farmer Hybrid Hogs and sold gilts and boars for 20 years.

To know Stan was also to have probably been pranked by him. You may have received one of his phone calls in his best "German" accent.

Stan loved and was so proud of his family, his farm and his service to his country.

Stan's hobbies were competitive trap shooting and hunting. He went to Colorado, the State Park in the Black Hills, and the Big Horns in Wyoming to elk hunt. He also had many fun stories of his brothers and friends' pheasant hunting.

Stan loved a good visit, a good story, and a good prank. He remembered "everything". When you asked him anything, his answer turned into a history lesson that you never knew you needed or wanted but were so thankful to have. These lessons will be so missed.

He loved his farm and could be found working into the night's wee hours. He instilled this love and passion for farming in his children and grandsons! Even though he had no formal vet training, he was the neighborhood "go-to" for vet work and advice. Just a gift God had entrusted him with.

Stan had a way with kids and babies. He loved them and they loved him. He was a wonderful grandpa and was recently enjoying becoming a great grandpa.

Those left with grateful hearts are his wife, Jeanette of 55 years; children: Scott (Dallas) McCloud of Cresbard, Nickie (Gary) Bowar of Faulkton, and Steven (Kim) McCloud of Faulkton; grandchildren: Jake (Malissa) McCloud, Cole Noon, Tucker Bowar, Tonner (Madyson Rathjen) Bowar, Turner Bowar, Xavier and Isaiah McCloud all of Faulkton; two great grandbabies: Kooper McCloud and Wren Bowar; two brothers: Dick (Sandy) McCloud of Amery, WI and Lee (Charlotte) McCloud of Wichita Falls, TX; two sisters-in-law: Cindy (Gary's wife) McCloud of Hoven and Doris (Wade's wife) McCloud of Wichita Falls, TX; and numerous nieces and nephews.

Those preceding him in death were his stepfather and mother: Suzie and Norman Leach; father, Jack McCloud; brothers: Jack, Jerry, Speed, Gary, and Wade McCloud; sisters: Shirley Bounds and Evelyn Shields; sisters-in-law: Zoa, Pat, and Geri McCloud; and brothers-in-law: Bob Bounds and Danny Shields.

