

### **Victor Roy Waterland**

Victor Roy Waterland was born March 10, 1928, at Lead, SD, to Vic and Charm (Carrier) Waterland. Vic was a jack of all trades and worked at various ranches as a cowpuncher. He worked in the oil business, as a horse wrangler, and spent time in the US Army. However, Vic was always a cowboy at heart.

Victor, 83, Custer, died Saturday, December 17, 2011, at the Fort Meade VA Hospital.

Survivors include his son, K.C.; long-time companion, Ruby Goff, Custer; two sisters, Delores "Sis" Tiedeman, Tioga, ND, and Bonita "Tunk" (Don) Pulse, Glendive, MT; two brothers, Charles "Swede" (Marge) Waterland, Spearfish, and Paul (Cori) Waterland, Lame Deer, MT; and several nieces, nephews, and cousins.

He was preceded in death by his parents; his wife, Val; and one brother-in-law, Bill.

Condolences may be sent to the family at [www.kinkadefunerals.com](http://www.kinkadefunerals.com).



*The family invites everyone to a time of fellowship  
and lunch at Pizza Ranch in Sturgis  
following the interment service.  
We thank you for your presence and condolences.*

***In Loving Memory Of***

***Vic Waterland***

***1928 ~ 2011***

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### **A Cowboy's Prayer**

By Badger Clark

*Oh Lord, I've never lived where churches grow.  
I've loved creation better as it stood  
That day You finished it, so long ago  
And looked upon Your work and called it good.  
I know that others find You in the light  
That's sifted down through tinted window panes,  
And yet I seem to feel You near tonight  
In this dim, quiet starlight on the plains.*

*I thank You, Lord, that I'm placed so well,  
That You have made my freedom so complete;  
That I'm no slave to whistle, clock or bell,  
Nor weak-eyed prisoner of wall and street.  
Just let me live my life as I've begun  
And give me work that's open to the sky;  
Make me a pardner of the wind and sun,  
And I won't ask a life that's soft or high.*

*Let me be easy on the man that's down;  
Let me be square and generous with all.  
I'm careless sometimes, Lord, when I'm in town,  
But never let 'em say I'm mean or small!  
Make me as big and open as the plains,  
As honest as the hawse between my knees,  
Clean as the wind that blows behind the rains,  
Free as the hawk that circles down the breeze!*

*Forgive me, Lord, if sometimes I forget,  
You know about the reasons that are hid,  
You understand the things that gall and fret,  
You know me better than my mother did.  
Just keep an eye on all that's done and said  
And right me sometimes when I turn aside,  
And guide me on the long, dim trail ahead  
That stretches upward toward the Great Divide.*

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#### ***Born***

March 10, 1928  
Lead, South Dakota

#### ***Died***

December 17, 2011  
Fort Meade, South Dakota

#### ***Graveside Rites***

Thursday, December 22, 2011, at 11:00 a.m.  
Black Hills National Cemetery

#### ***Officiating***

Pastor Willard Olsen

#### ***Military Honors***

Rapid City VFW Post 1273



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