

In Loving Memory Of

In Loving Memory Of
Keith Edward Hanson, Sr.

Born

September 15, 1935
Hettinger, North Dakota

Died

September 1, 2017
Lemmon, South Dakota

Funeral Services

Saturday, September 9, 2017, at 11:00 a.m.
Reva Community Center
Reva, South Dakota

Officiants

Pastor Henry Mohagen
Pastor Florence Hoff

Musical Selections

“The Old Rugged Cross” “In The Garden”
“So God Made A Farmer” “Outskirts of Heaven”

Pallbearers

Lance Green ~ Lynn Green ~ Jake Hanson
Dalton Hanson ~ Robert Dynda ~ Kyla Guthmiller

Inurnment

Friday, September 15, 2017, at 12:00 p.m.
Black Hills National Cemetery
Sturgis, South Dakota



Keith Edward Hanson, Sr.

1935 ~ 2017

Keith Edward Hanson, Sr.



I was born September 15, 1935, to Harold and Opal (Papka) Hanson in Hettinger, ND, at Springer Hospital. My folks were working for Gunder Homme at the time, south of Strool. We moved to the Bagley place in 1936 working for George Elling, then to the Potter White place west of the Slim Buttes in 1937. After that we moved to the Rudolf Lee place in 1938 and then half a mile north to the Lars Rugdaberg place in 1939 which they purchased.

I went to the Jefferson School all eight years riding horse for the first four years. Roads were not good. In the spring of '49, there was 24 to 30 inches of snow everywhere. There was no way you could drive, so the teacher, three girls, and four boys stayed in the teacherage in two rooms for four weeks. I was the oldest boy so it was my job to get all three stoves started (bedroom, kitchen, and school house) in that order. When I got back from the school house, breakfast was ready. There was no running water or

electricity. We had fun during our stay at the school house. I stayed home after getting out of school, working with my father and neighbors when they needed extra help, which made me a few extra dollars for gas and dance money. Every Saturday night there was a dance somewhere, and I was usually there. I loved to dance. The dances were something in the past. I was a maintenance man for the Reva community telephone until it was taken over by Bell Telephone Co.

I was working for the A.S.C., known as the Farm Service Agency, going from farm to farm measuring all wheat fields planted each spring. Also, I tested every grain bin the government had at their sites in Bowman, Scranton, and Reeder checking grain temperature and if there were any bugs present.

I entered the US Army on November 7, 1957, and was sent to Korea for 13 months and was discharged in September of '59. On July 15, 1961, Bonnie Sigman and I were married in Sturgis, SD, with Willie Tenold and Gloria Hanson standing up for us. We purchased the Ruby Mort place, we couldn't move in until November. We rented an 8X22 foot trailer house, living in it for almost four months, moving in November 7, 1961. I and Ellis Peck sheared sheep around the area for a few years and in the spring of 1960, I went to north east Nebraska shearing. There, everyone had a few sheep to trim and tree belts. I earned one dollar per head, which was much better than the 50 cents I earned back home.

I went on the township board in 1964, and also was on the County Commissioners board for four years. Bonnie and I have five children; Kevin, Suzan, Noreen, Edward, and Keith Jr. We also have five grandsons and one granddaughter. As the children got bigger so did their chores, they milked six cows by hand, later getting a milking machine. We bought baby calves at the sale barns, getting about ten head every other week or what we could get to feed the milk to. Then we had around 600 laying hens getting more than 30 dozen eggs to be washed and candled every day. Then we had an egg delivery route to Reva, Prairie City, Bison, SD, and Hettinger, ND, every week. It seemed as if someone always had a scoop shovel or fork in their hand, cleaning somewhere. Each year there were 400 chicks, 300 pullets, and a hundred fryers. In 1966, we purchased the Emmett Quatier and my parent's land. We started out with sheep, as all the land was fenced for them. I had a small herd to start with. Then as the kids left, a switch to cattle took place as this was much easier than lambing.

I had a couple of hobbies; one is the collecting of teaspoons with different patterns and sets like all the states and presidents, etc. Some are sterling silver, some are silver plate and others stainless. I also have a few twisted handle butter knives which are hard to find as they didn't make any past the 1920's. Bonnie started a Christmas village scene, but soon outgrew her expectancy, going from seven houses to over fifty. It takes most of the living room now. The set contains around 500 pieces now with trees, people, street lights, animals, roads and sidewalks. The scene is beautiful when lit at night.

In 2005, doctors discovered my kidneys were shutting down and in the fall of 2007, I was put on dialysis. I had to sell the cattle and retire. On March 6, 2009, I received a used (new to me) kidney. I have been doing great since then, having to watch my diet and take my pills, traveling many miles on numerous doctor visits.

In May of 2010, Bonnie entered the hospital at Hettinger, ND, with many problems. She had been in declining health for some time, which we did not realize. On July 17, two days after our 49th anniversary, she passed away. She is at peace with her Lord at the Black Hills National Cemetery near Sturgis, SD, in the wall at A.C. 21. On April 27, 2013, I married Margaretta (Smith) Ladson at the Reva Lutheran Church.

After a long fight of kidney disease, I left this life and entered Heaven to join family.

Keith E. Hanson, Sr., Reva, died Friday, September 1, 2017, at the Five Counties Nursing Home in Lemmon, SD.

I am survived by my wife, Margaretta; three sons, Kevin (Linda), Edward, and Keith, Jr. (Julie); two daughters, Suzan, and Noreen (John) Green; grandchildren, Jake, Dalton, Lance, Lynn, Robert, and Kyla; and step-children, Lori, Lorin, Lisa, and Larry.

I am preceded in death by my parents; wife, Bonnie; and two brothers, Wesley and Leonard.

A memorial has been established.

Condolences may be sent to the family at www.kinkadefunerals.com.

A Farmer's Prayer

Although I may not bow my head

As often as I should,

I'm thankful for the life I lead

In this farming neighborhood.

I love the feel of a warm spring shower

And the soft green grass in May.

I say thanks when I feel the bright sunshine

Drying out the fresh-mown hay.

I am thankful when I look upon

A field of tasseled corn,

And I love the sounds of harvest

On a frosty autumn morn.

It's such a good feeling at sunset

When a long day's work is done,

And I like the hours when I work real hard---

But am working just for fun.

There are times in the life of a farmer

When things don't go our way,

But although I may not bow my head

I am thankful for every day.