



## Gregor Byron McFarland

Gregor Byron McFarland, 84, of Sturgis, SD, died Saturday, October 2, 2021, near Sturgis.

Gregor Byron McFarland was born September 16, 1937, in Sturgis, SD, to Gladys (Holst) and George B. McFarland. He was the 8<sup>th</sup> of 10 children and was raised on the family ranch. He attended Sturgis Elementary, Bend Country School, and Morse Creek School. He graduated from Sturgis High School in 1955, and often said that high school and playing football were some of the best times of his life. He attended SDSU for 1 year before returning home to help his father on the ranch.

He winked at Ardith Kay Strong at a dance in Whitewood, SD, and the rest is history. They married November 19, 1960, and created a life together for the next 60+ years on the ranch he bought from his father. This ranch had been homesteaded in 1879, by his great-grandfather, James McFarland. There they raised their 5 children: Kristina (Tim) Todd, Kenny (Kelli) McFarland, Brenda (David) Janovy, Darla (Kevin) LaVallee, and Gerald McFarland. This ranch holds many special memories for their grandchildren: Courtney (GB) Fischbach and their children, Tucker, and Addie; Casey McFarland; Melana (Jeremy) Walston and their children, Ryder, Beckam, Teagan, and Saylor; Travis (LeighAnn) Todd; Breanna, Michael, and Nicholas Janovy; Mariah Sievert and her children Tommy and Wyatt; Cody, Carsen, and Maddie McFarland.



Gregor's hobby was "work" and his favorite place to be and visit was "home". He was always happiest working his cattle and land, growing his ranch, working with his "helpmate" (as his mother referred to Ardith once), and with his children working by his side. He was never too busy to pick up petrified wood or pick sweet peas to take back to his partner in life. These flowers were more appreciated than the crowdfads, baby bunnies, turtles, and even baby fawns that he brought in to her at times.



He was always humble and the hardest working man anyone knew. He never wanted to 'put on the dog'. He always wore work clothes into the bank because he 'didn't want them to think he had money'. Any extra pennies (and many borrowed ones) went to building the ranch. There were many happy memories of swimming breaks during the heat of haying, fun vacations (that he was usually more than ready to get home from), and many fun times enjoying friends, family and nature; especially memorable Sunday afternoon adventures after church.

He is survived by his loving wife, Ardith (who cared for him in their home until his death); his children; grandchildren; and great-grandchildren; along with many special relatives and friends.

He was preceded in death by his parents, George and Gladys; his parents-in-law, Blanche (Blake), and Ralph Strong; his grandson, Casey McFarland; four brothers; three sisters; many in-laws; and special cousins, nieces, nephews, relatives, and friends. They are now reunited in heaven celebrating his life.

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

*The family would like to invite you to join them for fellowship and lunch following the service in the Son Shine room in the church basement.  
We thank you for your presence and condolences.*





## **I Know You'll Miss This Man**

**By Baxter Black**

The Lord spoke to the heavy hearts that stood with hats in hand  
Your sadness pains me deeply and I know you'll miss this man.  
But, it's true what you've been hearing, Heaven is a real place.  
That's no small consolation, You should use that fact to face.

The emptiness his parting left that seeps into your bones  
And draw on it to ease your pain, For he is not alone.  
You see, all his friends are up here and all his loved ones, too,  
'Cause it wouldn't be a heaven without each of you.

And heaven for a Cowboy is just what you might expect,  
It's horses that need tunin' up and heifers that need checked.  
It's long rides with a purpose and a code that lights the way  
And a satisfying reason to get up every day.

It's the ranch he's always dreamed of and never knew he'd find.  
And if you think about it, you can see it in your mind.  
Him, leanin' in the saddle with his ol' hat on his head,  
Contentment set upon his face like blankets on a bed.

The leather creaks a little as he shifts there in a seat.  
The bit chains give a little jingle when his pony switches feet.  
And you somehow get the feelin' that he's sittin' on a throne  
A gazin' out on paradise just like it was his own.

I can promise you he's happy, though I know you can't pretend  
You're glad he made the journey, It's too hard to comprehend.  
The earthly way you look at things can never satisfy  
Your lack of understanding for the answer to the 'Why?'

So, I offer this small comfort to put your grief to rest,  
I only take the top hands' cause my crew's the very best.  
And I know it might seem selfish to friends and next of kin  
But I needed one more Cowboy and he will fit right in.



## *In Loving Memory* **Gregor Byron McFarland**

### ***Born***

September 16, 1937  
Sturgis, South Dakota

### ***Died***

October 2, 2021  
Sturgis, South Dakota

### ***Funeral Service***

Tuesday, October 12, 2021, at 11:00 a.m.  
Grace Lutheran Church  
Sturgis, South Dakota

### ***Officiants***

Larry Reinhold     Tim Patmore

### ***Musician***

Robin Reinhold     Danny Chapman  
Pete Buer

### ***Pallbearers***

Travis Todd   GB Fischbach   Nick Janovy   Mike Janovy  
Cody McFarland   Carsen McFarland   Jeremy Walston

### ***Honorary Pallbearer***

Casey McFarland

### ***Interment***

Bear Butte Cemetery  
Sturgis, South Dakota