

*I believe a man's greatest possession is his dignity
And that no calling bestows this more than farming.*

*I believe that farming,
despite its hardships and disappointments,*

*Is the most honest and honorable way
a man can spend his time on earth.*

*I believe true happiness comes from
watching our crops ripen in the field,*

*I feel that I am taking from it,
an honor that does not come to all men.*

I believe when a man grows old and sums up his days,

*He should be able to stand tall
and feel pride in the life he's lived.*

I believe in farming, because it makes all this possible.

APPRECIATION

The family wishes to express their gratitude for your kindness evidenced in thought and deed,
and for your attendance at the funeral service.

SCHULER-LEFEBVRE FUNERAL CHAPEL - Humboldt, Saskatchewan
"Dedicated to those we serve."

*In Loving Memory Of
John Hedin*



*October 22, 1926 ~ January 15, 2019
92 Years*

FUNERAL SERVICE:

Friday, May 10, 2019 - 2:00 p.m.
Dahilton Church Dahilton, Saskatchewan

Officiant:

Pastor Lisa Skogsrud

Scripture Readers:

Cecil Pierce, Pam Classen, Laurie Pierce & Danny Holter

Organist:

Anna-Marie Skogsrud

Eulogist:

Michael Plag

Urnbearers:

Michael Plag & Jeffrey Hedin

Honorary Pallbearers:

“All those who shared in John’s life.”

INTERMENT:

Dahilton Lutheran Cemetery Dahilton, Saskatchewan

Memorial Luncheon:

Dahilton Church Dahilton, Saskatchewan

Memorial Donations:

Dahilton Church Fund Dahilton, Saskatchewan

CLOSE THE GATE

For this one farmer the worries are over, lie down and rest your head,

Your time has been and struggles enough, put the tractor in the shed.

Years were not easy, many downright hard, but your faith in God transcended,

Put away your tools and sleep in peace. The fences have all been mended.

You raised a fine family, worked the land well and always followed the Son,

Hang up your shovel inside of the barn; your work here on earth is done.

A faith few possess led your journey through life, often a jagged and stony way,

The sun is setting, the cattle are all bedded, and here now is the end of your day.

Your love of God's soil has passed on to your kin; the stories flow like fine wine,

Wash off your work boots in the puddle left by blessed rain one final time.

You always believed that the good Lord would provide and He always had somehow,

Take off your gloves and put them down, no more sweat and worry for you now.

Your labor is done, your home now is heaven; no more must you wait,

Your legacy lives on, your love of the land, and we will close the gate.