Arlo "Bummy" Omoth, age 85, of New Rockford, ND died Friday, November 10, 2023, at the Lutheran Home of the Good Shepherd.

Arlo was born January 3, 1938, at City Hospital in New Rockford, the son of Arnold and Dorothy (Casey) Omoth. He grew up in Tiffany Township in Eddy Country with his younger sister Jeneen. He attended Tiffany No.1 through 8th grade. After grade school he stayed in New Rockford to attend high school, graduating from New Rockford Central High School in 1956. Arlo continued to farm with his dad after graduation. On April 7, 1967, he married Linda Lou Nielsen at the Calvary Lutheran Church in Oberon, ND. They made their home on a farm east of New Rockford where they raised four girls Rhonda, Deborah, Karla and Sarah.

Arlo loved to farm. He raised small grains along with cattle, pigs and chickens. He was a devoted father and grandfather who was better known as Grandpa Bummy. His family was his pride and joy. He liked reading and watching the news. He was a great observer of people and the weather (especially the weather during planting and harvest seasons). He was an avid sports fan; his favorites being football, baseball, and boxing. But he especially enjoyed spending time with his family and friends sharing a cup of coffee and stories. He was a member of the First Lutheran Church and an enthusiastic supporter of 4-H and his grandchildren's activities.

Arlo is survived by his daughters, Rhonda Stevenson, Sparks, NV, Deborah Omoth, Eden Prairie, MN, Karla Berglund, New Rockford, ND and Sarah (Robert) Senger, Rolla, ND, grandchildren, Anna (Richard), Mara (Grant), Gretchen (Keegan), Nicholas (Kenzie), Emily, Erin and Elisia and great-granddaughter, Kinsely Hope, sister, Jeneen Loe, Washburn, ND, and sisters-in-law, Shirley (Roger) Nelson, LaMoure, ND, and Mary Kay Oppen, Rugby, ND, and many nieces, nephews and cousins.

He is preceded in death by his parents, his wife, Linda, sons-in-law, Steven Stevenson and Johnathan Berglund, and brothers-in-law, David Loe and Richard Oppen.

In Loving Memory



Arlo "Bummy" Omoth

JANUARY 3, 1938 - NOVEMBER 10, 2023

In Loving Memory Arlo James Omoth

January 3, 1938 - New Rockford, ND November 10, 2023 - New Rockford, ND

VISITATION & PRAYER SERVICE

Tuesday, November 14, 2023 Visitation 4:00PM-7:00PM Prayer Service 7:00PM Evans Funeral Home, New Rockford, ND

FUNERAL SERVICE

Wednesday, November 15, 2023 10:30AM First Lutheran Church, New Rockford, ND

> **OFFICIATING** Pastor Amy Kippen

READERS Sarah, Emily, Erin, Elisia Senger

> EULOGY Rhonda Stevenson

MUSIC

Kerstin Allmaras, pianist Deborah Omoth and Karla Berglund, vocalists

PALLBEARERS

Anna Bleck ~ Mara Stevenson ~ Gretchen Anderson Nicholas Berglund ~ Emily Senger ~ Erin Senger Elisia (Lou Lou) Senger ~ Kinsley Hope Bleck

HONORARY PALLBEARERS

All of Arlo's Family and Friends

BURIAL Prairie Home Cemetery, New Rockford, ND

Arrangements by Evans Funeral Home – Carrington & New Rockford, ND www.EvansFuneralHomeND.com

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

"I need somebody with arms strong enough to rustle a calf and yet gentle enough to deliver his own grandchild. Somebody to call hogs, tame cantankerous machinery, come home hungry, have to wait lunch until his wife's done feeding visiting ladies and tell the ladies to be sure and 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 newborn colt. And watch it die. Then dry his eyes and say, 'Maybe next year.' I need somebody who can shape an ax handle from a persimmon sprout, shoe a horse with a hunk of car tire, who can make harness out of haywire, feed sacks and shoe scraps. And who, planting time and harvest season, will finish his forty-hour 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 bails, yet gentle enough to tame lambs and wean pigs and tend the pink-combed pullets, who will stop his mower for an hour to splint the broken leg of a meadow lark. It had to be somebody who'd plow deep and straight and not cut corners. Somebody to seed, weed, feed, 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 week's work with a five-mile drive to church. So God made a farmer.

"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 he wants to spend his life 'doing what dad does.'" So God made a farmer.