

"So 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 to get up before dawn and milk cows and 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 strong arms. Strong enough to rustle a calf, yet gentle enough to deliver his own grandchild. Somebody to call hogs, tame cantankerous machinery, come home hungry and have to wait for lunch until his wife is done feeding and visiting with the ladies and telling them to be sure to come back real soon... and mean it. **So, God made a farmer!**

God said "I need somebody that can shape an ax handle, shoe a horse with a hunk of car tire make a harness out of hay wire, feed sacks and shoe scraps. And...who, at 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 on 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, heave bails and yet gentle enough to tame lambs and wean pigs and tend the pink combed pullets...and who will stop his mower for an hour to mend the broken leg of a meadow lark. **So, God made a farmer!**

It had to be somebody who'd plow deep and straight...and not cut corners. Somebody to seed and weed, feed and breed...and rake and disc and plow and plant and tie the fleece and strain the milk. Somebody to replenish the self feeder and then finish a hard days work with a five mile drive to church. Somebody who'd bale a family together with the soft strong bonds of sharing, who'd laugh and then sigh...and then respond with smiling eyes, when his son says he wants to spend his life "doing what dad does". **So, God made a farmer!**

John Howard Vachal

Born to Louis & Cecile Vachal
February 24, 1943 ~ Minot, North Dakota

Returned to His Heavenly Father
December 31, 2025 ~ Ross, North Dakota

Funeral Services

11:00 AM on Thursday, January 8, 2026
Our Savior's Free Lutheran Church
Stanley, North Dakota

Officiating

Pastor Erin Tormanen

Pallbearers

Beau John Vachal	Austin Vachal	Jaxson Vachal
Joshua Vachal	Philip Petz	Carl Ritzschke

Honorary Pallbearers

Robert Erickson	Alan Vachal
Arnold Moll	George Berger

All of John's Granddaughters and Great-Grandchildren

Special Music

"Amazing Grace Melody" ~ Perry Moll
"Blessed Assurance" ~ Congregational
"Go Rest High On That Mountain" ~ Perry Moll
"Old Rugged Cross" ~ Perry Moll
"When We All Get To Heaven" ~ Alan Jackson

Accompanist

Kathy Ellingson

Eulogist

Arnold Moll

Final Resting Place

Rose Hill Cemetery ~ Ross, North Dakota

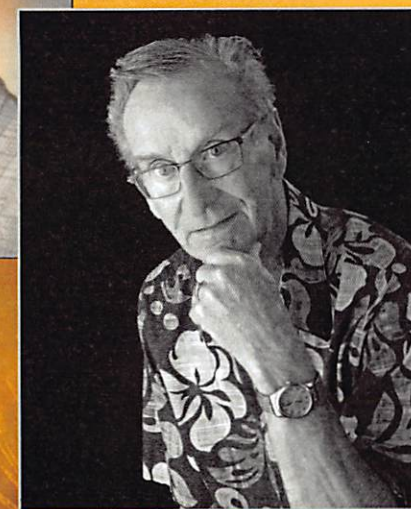
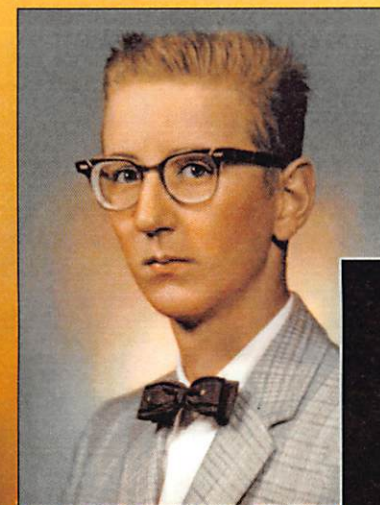
Arrangements By

Springan Stevenson Funeral Home
Stanley, North Dakota

Remembering THE LIFE OF

John Howard Vachal

February 24, 1943 - December 31, 2025



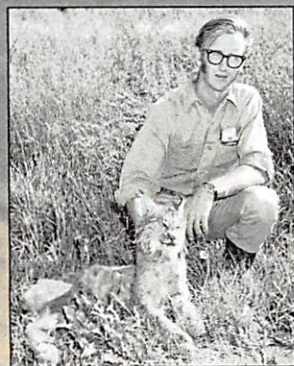
GOD BLESS
the 
FARMER



John Howard Vachal, 82, left his earthly home to be with his Lord and Savior on December 31st, 2025 while surrounded by his devoted wife, Elaine of 60 years, his children, and loving family.

John Howard Vachal was born February 24, 1943 to Louis and Cecile (Butterfield) Vachal in Minot, North Dakota. He is the oldest of 4 siblings; Barbara, Stewart, and Ginny. He graduated from Stanley High School in 1962 and then attended MSU prior to North Dakota State College of Science in Wahpeton where he graduated.

He married Elaine (Barstad) on August 20, 1965 and had three children, Curtis, Shawn, and Julie. John spent much of his life working hard even into his 70's at the Vachal Telecommunications company he owned and started with his wife. As well as farming and ranching the Pearl Valley that was founded in 1906 by his Grandfather and Grandmother, Peter and Barbara Vachal. He grew up there and was fortunate enough to raise his children and pass peacefully in that home.



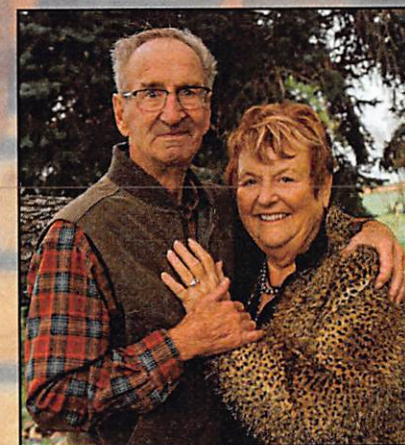
John was an avid hunter of many game big and small. From gophers to moose and found much joy passing this passion to his children and grandchildren. He found joy spearfishing with his friend George Berger every birthday. Picking rocks with his grandchildren and teaching them to waltz and polka. Spending time with his beloved hunting dogs was some of his most cherished hobbies. John enjoyed making friends everywhere he went, talking to anyone that would listen to him. He found it easy to make friends with his quick wit and entertaining humor. John loved to say things just to get a reaction out of people. John was proud to be Bohemian and proud to show off the Vachal Bohemian nose. John will be remembered by all of his great attributes, his daily pot of coffee, and by some of his famous sayings. "Talk is cheap, it takes money to buy whiskey" and "Penny for your thoughts".



Dad

John was preceded in death by his parents, Cecile and Louis Vachal; great-granddaughter, Chloe Vachal; and longtime friends, Jack and Judy Cvancara, Jerry Dobrovolny, and George Chambers.

He will be loved and missed by many including his wife, Elaine; children, Curtis (Lynnette) Vachal, Shawn (Kim) Vachal, and Julie (Vachal) Okeson; grandchildren, Beau (Kim) Vachal, Cassandra (Phil) Petz, Austin (Abi) Vachal, Sydney (Carl) Ritzschke, Jayden (Jalen) Okeson, Danae (Michael) Gunderson, Josh Vachal, and Katarina Vachal; and great-grandchildren, Kaydence, Jaxson (Dustie), Sophie, and Brooklyn Vachal, Cooper Petz, Kyler, Chandler, and Dekker Vachal, Jameson and Hadley Gunderson; siblings, Barbara (Lee) Naugle, Virginia (Rex) Herring, and Stewart (Carol) Vachal; as well as many other loved ones.



The family would like to express special thanks to the following people for the excellent care John received; Dustie Quick; Liz Gunderson; Shandel, Peggy, & Penny; Dr. Kurnilali; and Dr. Cole and staff at the Bismarck Cancer Center.