

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.

"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.

In Loving Memory Of
CRAIG ROBERT WIENBAR

Date of Birth
May 4, 1954

Date of Death
December 15, 2018

Funeral Services
11 o'clock, Saturday, December 22, 2018
American Lutheran Church, Stanley, ND

Officiating
Pastor Carter Hill and Pastor Sarah Sorenson

Organist
Eileen Jones

Music
One More Day – Diamond Rio
Amazing Grace – Alan Jackson
Go Rest High – Vince Gill

Pallbearers
Randy Nichols ~ Randy Steen ~ Dave Nelson
Steve Martin ~ Wayne Johnson ~ David Feldman
Charlie Hannon ~ Mitch Hamdan

Honorary Pallbearers
Danny Wienbar ~ Fritz Weisenberger
David Wienbar
Todd Weisenberger ~ Cody Wienbar
Class of 1972

Final Resting Place
Faith Lutheran Church, Palermo, ND

Arrangements By
Springan Stevenson Funeral Home –Stanley, ND



In Loving Memory Of

CRAIG ROBERT WIENBAR
May 4, 1954 - December 15, 2018





Now That You're Gone

**You're gone, and all that's left is nothing but memories,
Memories that lead me to silence and tears.
I miss your arms that hold me tight,
Your snore that fills our room at night.**

**You're gone, and I can no longer stare
at you as you sleep,
But thank God he lets me see you as I weep.
In dreams we talk and laugh together.
There I can say I love you more than ever.**

**You're gone, and I feel so weary when I'm alone.
Wish you were here and would come back home.
I'm hurting and longing for your touch.
Why does parting have to hurt this much?**

**You're gone forever, and we are now apart.
I'm filled with pain that breaks my heart.
You used to playfully sneak behind the door.
Those lovely eyes I see no more.**

**You're gone, and I terribly miss your voice,
Your laughter that fills the house with noise.
Your absence makes me feel so blue.
My life is empty without you.**

**You're gone, but I know I shouldn't be so awful,
For you left me a treasure to cherish and to nurture.
Our precious little angel; she's all that I've got,
A constant reminder that once I had your love.**

Craig Robert Wienbar was born May 4, 1954 in Minot, North Dakota to Robert and Wanda Wienbar and passed away on Saturday, December 15, 2018 from injuries sustained in a farm accident on the family farm south of Palermo, North Dakota.

He attended Dymond School and graduated from Stanley High School in 1972. He attended college at State School of Science in Wahpeton, North Dakota. He came back and worked in the oilfield for a brief time before starting to farm and go Custom Combining with the family. He later took over the Wienbar Harvesting on his own. He always said "I like the South and the hot weather. I grew up in Plainsville, Kansas and Presko, South Dakota." Craig was very proud of owning the family farm and farmland in Kansas.

Craig was known county wide for his good tasting beef. He had many customers that ordered his well-fed, pampered steers. Craig spent many winters in the Philippines where he met the love of his life, Novelyn Milado. They were married September 15, 2008. He was so proud of her as well as his greatest accomplishments, Alice and Zeke. He always remarked he had kids from A to Z.

Craig is survived by his wife, Novelyn; daughter, Alice and his son Zeke of Palermo; brother, Danny (Kelly) Wienbar of Wahpeton; sisters, Cheryl (Fritz) Weisenberger and Linda Wienbar both of Stanley; mother-in-law, Nenita Milado; 6 brothers-in-law; 2 sisters-in-law all residing in the Philippines; several nieces, nephews, aunts, uncles, cousins and many friends.

Craig was preceded in death by his parents, Robert and Wanda (Whitmore) Wienbar; grandparents, Ben and Selma Whitmore and George and Minnie Wienbar; father-in-law, Diolito Milado; and by numerous cousins, aunts and uncles.

For My Daddy In Heaven

**There is nothing like a daddy
To any small, young child.
A daddy who can fix things
No matter big or small.
A daddy who pick you up,
No matter when you fall.**

**A daddy who will care for you,
And make sure your okay.
A daddy who will give advice
To lead you on your way.
There is nothing like a daddy,
No matter how old we grow.
God gave me a special gift
When he gave me the daddy that I know.**

**But in our hearts you are always there.
The gates of memories will never close,
We miss you more than anybody knows.
Love you and miss you
everyday Daddy.**

