

Bruce August Wallin

May 22, 1943 ~ December 30, 2023

Bruce August Wallin completed his final mission here on earth on December 30th, 2023. He was greeted on the other side by his bride, Terry Firth Wallin along with other family members who had passed on before him. Bruce was born on May 22, 1943, in Murray, Utah to Ralph and Marie Wallin.

Bruce was a long-time resident of Park City, Utah where he devoted his life to working the ranch and raising his family. When his kids were grown and the last one out of the house, he and Terry moved to Salmon, Idaho on a smaller plot of land where they enjoyed the simplicity of life in the country and a small town. He was a faithful member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, serving in the Perth, Australia mission at age 19 and again with his lovely wife in their golden years. He faithfully served in many church callings and was dedicated to serving the Lord.

Bruce is survived by his eight children: Dustin (Marilu), Perry (Stacy), Gavin (Alyson), Angie (Josh), Darren, Britani, Taggart (Ericka), and Molly, as well as 14 grandchildren and 3 great-grandchildren. He is also survived by his siblings, Bob Wallin, Cathy (Milt) Burbidge, and sister-in-law Diane Wallin.

Preceded in death by his wife, Terry Firth Wallin, Parents Ralph and Marie Wallin, brother Bill Wallin and several beloved in-laws.

At his request, a private family graveside service will be held on Thursday, January 11th at 11:00 AM. Larkin Sunset Gardens, 1950 E. Dimple Dell Rd, Sandy.

So God Made A Farmer

And on the eighth 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, 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 wrestle a calf and yet gentle enough to deliver his own grandchild. Somebody to call hogs, tame cantankerous machinery, come home hungry, have to wait for lunch until his wife's done feeding visiting ladies, then 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 a harness out of hay wire, feed sacks, and shoe scraps, who at planting and harvest season will finish his 40-hour work week by Tuesday noon, and then painin' from 'tractor back' put in another 72

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 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 bales, yet gentle enough to yean 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 meadowlark." 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 that he wants to spend his life 'doing what Dad does'. So God made a Farmer. -Paul Harvey