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Even the darkest night will end and the sun will rise . . .



There are things in life that are just so unfair. Events like the tragic death of a young man. Our small rural community was hit with a tragedy a couple of weeks ago that no family should ever have to live through. A deadly car accident took the life of a 34-year-old son, husband and father.

Even though I did not know this man personally, my daughter and son-in-law were good friends with him and I know his wife and her family. When I received the dreadful news, I was in the combine harvesting corn in a nearby field. In complete shock and disbelief, all I could do was pray through my tears. Not only was his family grieving . . .

but we were *ALL* grieving. And we hurt.

Let me tell you a bit about this young man. He loved the farm! It was harvest season and his corn was ready to harvest. And he was so excited about harvesting his first crop!

But that dream abruptly came to an end.

(But) Even the darkest night will end and the sun will rise . . .

And the "sun that will rise" is our farming community. When tragedies strike, farming communities step up to the plate and help. They are not asked, they just show up ready to get their hands dirty.

It's who we are. Period.

Our family also had the opportunity to see firsthand how neighbors and friends help each other. A number of years ago, during harvest season, my father-in-law suffered a heart attack and went through bypass surgery. At the time, there was no way we could finish harvest ourselves. We never asked for help. *It just arrived.* Combines showed up and helped us finish the harvest. It literally takes your breath away when you see the generosity of others. *The Lord is good.*

Sometimes I complain that I have to travel an hour to the closest Target store or Best Buy store. But I would not trade the convenience with the values and morals we live and see every single day here in our small rural community. Life is about what is important. And we are important to each other.

And sometimes I become frustrated when outsiders like to categorize us as "Big Ag" or "factory farms." **No.** *We are people. We are families. We are friends. We are neighbors. Helping each other. Hugging and crying together. Praying together. That's who we are . . .*

Please take time and watch this video. His family put this video together showing pictures of friends and neighbors coming together as they helped harvest his corn field. Be sure to have a tissue nearby. His wife and daughter are also in the video.

"Blessed are those who mourn, for they shall be comforted." Matthew 5:4