

## *A Tribute to My Loving Husband, Valentine John Schechinger by Dorothy*

Each waking hour has been filled with fear and anxiety for what seems to have been an eternity. Recently I started our conversation with "Ask and you shall receive". Vally finished with "Seek and you shall find - knock and it shall be opened to you". But then we are reminded that not our will be done - but God's so, Vally's agony and pain continued to make him a prisoner in his own body. He recently asked us to do a write-up about his hogs. He was remembering better days when he and I attended many hog sales. He wanted us to name the places they were - Eddies at Storm Lake, Don Plambecks at Springfield, NE, Joy Genetics and Dave Guhde's near Nebraska City, the state fair at Des Moines and Austin, MN.

He bought the very best breeding stock available and raised his own to sell. His pride and joy was to have satisfied customers. He treated his customers with honesty and built himself a good reputation. He never wanted to believe that hog dust could have been the cause of some of his lung problems. How could something he loved so much contribute to anything going wrong with his body. Vally always thought there was no other occupation in the world that could compare to farming. He loved to work the soil in the spring and smell the fresh plowed ground. He was excited when he could pick the golden ears of corn in the fall. There was no greater feeling than to work with his hands and with the help of God to make things grow. He thought the smell of new-mowed hay was better than any perfume. When the first red-winged blackbird appeared it was time to plant corn.

Vally was born on the same 160 acre farm where his father and grandfather lived. He was so proud that his farm became a century farm in 1994. He looked forward to going to the Des Moines State Fair and being able to receive a plaque and certificate. But once again he was disappointed by being hospitalized. His family represented him by receiving the plaque for him to enjoy.

Vally was a hard-working and devoted family man as was his father and grandfather before him. We prayed that his lung disease would not keep him captive and prevent him from attending Monte's wedding August 6, 1994. He was able to attend the wedding in a wheel chair but was back in the hospital a week later. He was so proud to think that his daughter Mary and son Monte were both married at St. Boniface Church in Westphalia which was built in 1882. His grandfather Martin Schechinger and Anna Buch were married by Father Weber on August 20, 1884. Vally's dad Valentine Schechinger, Sr., and Martha Schmitz were married by Father Brommeshenkle on January 19, 1919. Vally and Dorothy Matthiessen were married by Father Duren October 6, 1954. Mary and Brian Arkfeld were married by Brian's uncle Archbishop Leo Arkfeld August 22, 1981. Monte and Julie McDermott were married August 6, 1994 by Father Tom Crowley.

Vally and Dorothy were heart-broken when their first born son Gerard Valentine died of pneumonia shortly after birth. Vally said just last week that he had to go take care of his little Gerard.

While Vally was hospitalized at Clarkson in Omaha he had a respiratory arrest and had an out-of-body experience. He told us it was warm in Heaven and that he saw his Mom and Dad. They told him to come back and get their family back together. He told Mary Lyn to call all his brothers and sisters to come see him which they did. What a grand reunion! He was so happy to have them all come. A disagreement had occurred while settling their folks estate. Vally loved all his family and never liked being away from them. He struggled to live and always said he wanted to enjoy his grandchildren and watch them grow up.

Vally was so grateful to Mark for giving up a job to help care for him the past four months. He was so proud and thankful to have Mary, Brian, Julie, Monte, Mark and Mom be there whenever he called out - Help Me! I'm dying!

Now he is at peace with God. He'll be waiting at Heaven's door to greet us all some day.

*Vally's family will always hold in grateful  
remembrance your kind expressions of sympathy.*