



## **Family, Friends, Faith, and Farming: the good "F" words.** *by Roddy Dull*

---

FARMALL, what a great F word.... Just a second, I am still dodging the things that the John Deere, Ford, and Allis guys are throwing at me after that opening line! Stay with me, this isn't a promo ad for IH or anything. It is just a true story about how an old Farmall has restored my faith in all of my favorite F words: Friends, Family, Faith, and Farming.

When I quit farming about 30 years ago, I sold all of my equipment. One of my favorite tractors was a good old Farmall M. Even if you are not a Farmall fan, you have to love those old M's. I was one of those that just couldn't make farming work. The farm was too small and because the farm was already retired when I started there, it would have been impossible to make it fly alone. My oldest son, now 31, was about 5 or 6 when I quit, but I have a picture of him at 2 years old sitting on my lap while on that good old M. I was reluctant to sell the old girl, but I had no use for her then and didn't have the time or money to give her the home she deserved.

I was lucky enough to find her a good home, though. The father of one of my grade school classmates asked to buy her and I said, "Ok." I requested if he ever decided to sell her that he please give me a chance to buy her back first. For 25 years I would see her being used occasionally to haul or rake hay. Almost every time we would meet, her new owner and me, he would tell me how well she ran and how much he liked having her.

One day about 5 years ago, he walked into my office and told me that he was going to sell the old M and that he had made me a promise that I would have first chance to buy it back. He didn't come with an already set price tag and I hesitated to make an offer because I didn't want to offend him with one that was too low. He told me of an offer he had received from someone else and we both agreed it would be fair if I matched that price. I paid just \$500 more for the tractor than when I had sold it 25 years ago and now it had a brand new set of tires on the front!

I asked my wife before I made the purchase and she enthusiastically said, "You should have that tractor!" My wife drove me to the farm where I started her up and drove my old M home just like I had done many, many times long ago on the farm. Once my oldest son found out that the tractor had come home, he immediately came to see her and brought his 2 year old son along. Remembering the picture that I had taken with my son 25 years ago, I didn't waste any time getting a second picture of the tractor with my oldest grandson behind the wheel.

Here's where all of those great F words come together so perfectly. I sold the tractor to a Friend whom I had Faith in. That Friend knew that this tractor was an important part of my Farming history. Because of my Faith in a Friend, this good old Farmall is back in our Family.

Thank you, Leonard for taking such good care of her.

*Roddy Dull*