



## Marion Wietharn

February 20, 1936 - February 1, 2021

Marion Wietharn, 84, Allen, Texas, passed away on Monday, February 1, 2021.

Marion was born February 20, 1936, in Baileyville, Kansas, the son of Edwin and Irmena Rettele Wietharn. He graduated from Baileyville High School in 1954 and served in the United States Army from 1955 to 1957. Marion married Phyllis Ann Stueve at St. Michael's Church in Axtell, Kansas, on September 7, 1959. He worked just shy of 40 years for the State of Kansas where he retired in the Division of Information Systems and Communications. Marion was a member of Most Pure Heart of Mary Church and the Knights of Columbus and enjoyed golfing, fishing and working on small engines. He was so brilliant in how mechanical things worked that he became the neighborhood handyman willing to tackle anyone's lawn equipment repairs or home plumbing issues.

Marion is survived by his wife, Phyllis; children, Kent Wietharn, Jule Rook (David) and Ross Wietharn (Jenny); six grandchildren, Evan Wietharn, Rachel Eldridge (Matthew), Trent Rook, Bryce Rook, Anna Wietharn, and Michael Wietharn; and all thirteen of his siblings, Galen Wietharn (Cleta), Phyllis Burger, Donnie Wietharn (Alice), Al Wietharn (Tillie), Dee Heideman, Bill Wietharn (Kay), Jane Niehaus (Frank), Gerri Lierz (Robert), Lynn Wietharn (Ruth), Keith Wietharn (Judy), Sue Wassenburg (Bob), Darlene Slattery (Jerry) and Max Wietharn. Marion was the fourth eldest. He was preceded in death by his parents and two brothers-in-law, Kenny Burger and Lee Heideman.

Marion loved the outdoors and camping. Trips during the summer to scenic areas in nearby states with the family camper were the highlights of their early lives. He took his family to all the state parks and recreation areas in the states surrounding Kansas, but the most memorable moments were just pulling off the side of the road in Colorado in the mountains and camping near fresh, ice-cold brooks or streams and exploring the countryside.

Marion was very close to all his family and doted on his nephews, nieces and grandkids. He would challenge them to a game of pool or ping pong in his basement where there

were also plenty of toys and games to play. In his later years he wrestled with Parkinson's disease, but was determined not to let it stop him from doing what he loved, golfing and fixing things. Amazingly, he never lost his touch with the pool cue. He absolutely loved to watch his grandkids in all their activities – especially sports. While in Texas, he and Phyllis enjoyed spending Friday nights watching his grandkids march in the high school band at football games and Saturdays going to his grandsons' basketball games.

Visitation will be 3 to 5 pm. Tuesday, February 9, 2021, at Kevin Brennan Family Funeral Home, 2801 SW Urish Road, Topeka KS 66614, where a rosary will be prayed at 5 p.m. Due to the pandemic, masks and social distancing absolutely required.

Mass of Christian Burial will be celebrated in 10 a.m. Wednesday, February 10, 2021, at Most Pure Heart of Mary Church at and will be live streamed on the funeral home Facebook page. Marion will be buried at Mount Calvary Cemetery at 801 SW Westchester in Topeka.

In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions may be sent to the Parkinson's Voice Project at [parkinsonvoiceproject.org](http://parkinsonvoiceproject.org), or Parkinson's Foundation at [parkinson.org](http://parkinson.org).

Condolences may be sent online to <http://www.kevinbrennanfamily.com>.

# Cemetery

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## Mount Calvary Cemetery

801 SW Westchester Rd  
Topeka, KS, 66606

# Events

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**FEB** **Visitation** 03:00PM - 05:00PM

**9**

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Kevin Brennan Family Funeral Home  
2801 SW Urish Road, Topeka, KS, US, 66614

**FEB** **Rosary** 05:00PM

**9**

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Kevin Brennan Family Funeral Home  
2801 SW Urish Road, Topeka, KS, US, 66614

**FEB** **Mass of Christian Burial** 10:00AM

**10**

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Most Pure Heart of Mary Church  
3601 SW 17th Street, Topeka, KS, US, 66604

# Comments

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“ An external video has been added.



**Kevin Brennan Family Funeral Home** - February 12 at 04:52 PM

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“ A webcast video has been added.



**Kevin Brennan Family Funeral Home** - February 05 at 01:51 PM

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“ So sorry to hear about Marion. We have many fond memories of the hours spent at McDonalds after church with Marion.  
Our prayers go out to Phyllis and family.

**Fred and Betty Knecht** - February 12 at 10:59 AM

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“ As a kid growing up on the home farm I always remember Marion coming home from Topeka to visit. He was very much involved in golf and would practice shots standing in a grassy area between the barn and the corn crib. He shot out into the small pasture where we kept the bull chained. Even then he was very good and later when playing with him he always played a much better game. Marion, like my other older sisters and brothers was more like uncles/aunts to me because they had pretty much grown up and left home before I was old enough to get to know them as siblings.

As a young person I was very sick with asthma. Mom, against Dad's will, made arrangements with Marion who coordinated all the details to drive me to Topeka for treatment. Among other things he made sleeping arrangements with friends and took care of Mom and me for the 2-3 days we had to be in town. I'm not sure I ever thanked you, but thanks. It made a huge difference in my day-to-day health.

May you rest in peace, Marion, as you always set a good example for the rest of us.

Lynn Wietharn

Lynn Wietharn - February 12 at 03:37 AM

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“ Aunt Phyllis, cousins Kent, Jule and Ross and your families,

Thinking of all you as you celebrate your husband's, father's, and grandfather's remarkable life. Uncle Marion was a very kind, caring, and loving person. I feel very fortunate to have him as an uncle.

My dad would talk about how Marion and him were in the same high school class together. I know when my dad's health was failing, Uncle Marion made it a point to visit him while he was in the hospital. I know that meant a lot to my dad but it also meant a lot to us. On a couple of occasions, I happened to be with my dad when he visited. Uncle Marion always made it a point to ask about my family and how everyone was doing. He was genuinely interested in others.

My deepest condolences to the entire family. Our prayers and thoughts are with you all. May God keep you strong and united through this tough time. ~Kristi (Heideman) Bolen

Kristi Bolen - February 10 at 01:30 AM

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“ Phyllis, you may not remember me because it has been a while, but I want you to know you are in my thoughts and prayers at this time. It has to be so hard to lose your special man. May God give you a special sense of His love, comfort, and peace at this time is my prayer for you. A thought I read once that is so true: "Death brings a heartache no one can heal but love leaves memories no one can steal."

Sue McFall

Sue - February 09 at 12:39 PM

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“ It was with great sadness that I read in the paper about Marion passing. We met Marian and Phyllis on the first bus trip that we went on. We went on numerous bus trips after that with the Weitharns and some other couples. We also made many car trips to Branson each fall. The memories will always be with me. They were such wonderful friends. May he Rest In Peace.

Dale Johnston

Dale Johnston - February 09 at 11:01 AM

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“ Attached is a photo of Marion on the right, age 3 and I on the left, age 2 . One of the best memories I have is when we were 4 and 5, Marion and I went to the muddy creek after a rain storm. We had a good time playing in the mud and water. We got heck from mom when we got home because we were all wet and muddy but we had good time.

Albert Wietharn - February 08 at 09:52 PM

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“ 1 file added to the album Memories Album



**Jack Healy** - February 08 at 08:35 PM



“ A photo of Marion (right, age 3) and me (age 2 ). One of the best memories. Al Wietharn

**Jack** - February 08 at 08:35 PM



“ That is so precious!! Thank you Uncle Al for sharing that. We haven't seen many pictures of dad (or you) at that age. Definitely will cherish that one!

**Jule** - February 08 at 09:47 PM

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“ Mr. John Patel purchased the Sweet Tenderness for the family of Marion Wietharn.



**Mr. John Patel** - February 08 at 02:25 PM

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“ I met Marion several years ago when he became a client in the office I worked at. I remember when our office moved to North Topeka, he showed up one day, on his bicycle. He had rode it all the way from his house. He stayed for a while and chatted and then left to go home. I offered to load up the bike and take him home and he declined. He said "I rode over here, I have to ride back" I always looked forward to our chats. He and Bill were so fun when they were together. I moved to AZ in 2016 and sure missed talking to him after I left. May he rest in peace. Tonya

**Tonya W** - February 08 at 11:12 AM

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“ Thank you all for your sentiments and stories about Dad. I want to share an old memory that's come to mind many times in recent years.

I was maybe 9 years old and badly wanted a new baseball glove. The one I had was a hand-me-down kid's glove that was too small when all my friends had new full-size gloves. On my way home from school one day I came across a like-new glove that fit the bill. Problem was, it had a name written on it and I knew who it was (Joe from the next street over). Darn! Well, I could take care of that. I had saved a little money and bought a pocketknife recently. (No, it wasn't enough for a new glove!) I could scratch off the name and say I found it that way. After all, if Joe was careless enough to lose it, he must not really want it - especially not as much as I did. So, I scratched off the name and tried to make it look like a scar from hard use.

Well, when Dad got home from work, I told him about the glove I found and how there was no name on it. Naturally, he asked to see it, and when he did he knew immediately what I'd done. He said he wanted to talk with me in our small camper in the back yard. This was a good place for discipline--away from the family--so I was sure he knew what I'd done and would be very angry. When we got into the camper Dad calmly sat down across from me and told me he knew my story wasn't true. To my surprise, he wasn't angry or harsh. His response disarmed me and when he asked me what really happened, I told him the whole story. He never raised his voice, but told me what I needed to do: return the glove to Joe today, tell him what I had done and apologize.

I went that evening and Dad went with me. It was the hardest thing I had done to that point in my life. I think it was the first time I felt true remorse and shame for something I had done. It wasn't because Dad shamed me, but because his response that day helped me to face my wrong and the person I had wronged. It was a day I've never forgotten. As I've thought about it in recent years, it reminds me how patient my heavenly Father is with me every day and how that helps me to turn from wrong and seek His forgiveness.

A few years back I thought I would thank Dad for what he did that day and tell him how it's impacted me. He didn't remember it. Maybe it was the passage of time. Or maybe with all the other knuckleheaded things I'd done before and since, it really didn't stand out. However, I was glad to tell him.

Finally, I want to thank my sister, Jule, and her husband, Dave, for all they've done to help Mom and Dad through their challenges over the past few years. Their care for them has been a blessing to our entire family.

Ross Wietharn - February 07 at 11:31 PM

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“ Our thoughts and prayers are with all of you. May God take you in his loving arms. Even though we may not be there--we will be praying with you. Sympathy to all the family. Cousins, Marilyn & Gary Evans

**Marilyn & Gary Evans** - February 07 at 09:11 AM

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“ Dear Family

How can you go over Marion and Phyllis house and not become part of their family. I sent years going over there at least once a week. I would always be greeted by Marion in his garage sitting and working. Don't touch his tools, for he is working on that lawnmower. Maybe it a weed wacker, still don't touch his tools.

Maybe he tell me to have a seat. and he tell me of his adventures. I think we began to build a relationship because of my wilderness camping adventures i did every July for a month. Maybe i come over and a bunch of guys be seating in his driveway chatting.

i wanted to make sure I talked to Phyllis inside. She be watching TV or reading the paper.

She always enjoyed telling me about her years at nursing.

There are stories about his computer went down, his phone wasn't working, he needed a new TV.

Jule wanted to know how they were and she called me from Texas as we were at Walmart. "Art, go check on my parents" Jule called and called there and no answer .I drove over and the phone was off. LOL

So much of life of this family.that i was now family.  
Pray for this family

Art and Sandy Brennan

Art Brennan - February 05 at 04:58 PM



“ Nice story Art. Thanks.

Kent - February 05 at 05:44 PM



“ Marion was a brother I was always close to and we shared many fond memories together. We enjoyed several camping trailer outings together at different lake sites when our families were younger. Being an avid and good golfer, as Marion was, I was always challenged to compete with him but we always enjoyed our play together. I always considered Marion a more sensitive and caring brother, as he always was. As long as it was possible, we kept in touch by telephone. May he Rest In Peace!

Bill Wietharn - February 05 at 06:37 PM



“ Kent, wishing you peace and comfort at this time. May you and your family continue to feel your Dad's spirit in your daily. He'll always rest within you

Kris Denson - February 05 at 09:50 PM



“ As one of many nephews, Uncle Marion always showed a profound interest in my life and provided encouragement and good advice. The best memories surround the Wietharn family reunions in Seneca, Kansas and the family camping trips. As a small boy camping was a great joy. It was even better when my family would rendezvous with Uncle Marion's and Uncle Bill's at a state park. With Marion there one could always count on an organized

game of baseball or just pitch and catch. He also played a key role in the building of a tree house in our backyard. My Dad and Uncle Marion did the work while us kids created havoc and kept asking "is it done yet?" These are cherished memories and yet the best occurred in the recent past. During the funeral of my Uncle Lee Heideman, I reconnected with Marion and Phyllis. I was so fortunate that day because they invited me to their home. During that visit, Marion, Phyllis and I enjoyed great conversation topping it off with a Pizza dinner. I have to admit the conversation was not trivial as we discussed theology, politics, engineering, technology, and sports. I never knew he was a machine language guru. When you are blessed with Aunts and Uncles as I am, the time you spend with them is solid gold. My condolences go out to Phyllis, Kent, Jule, Ross and their families for the loss of their husband, father, and grandfather. He was my Uncle and I will miss him. -Jeff Niehaus

**Jeff Niehaus** - February 06 at 06:22 AM



“ Thank you for those sweet memories, Jeff! Brought tears to my eyes. We did have some fun times together camping, holidays at Grandma and Grandpa Wietharn's house, reunions....

Jule

**Jule Rook** - February 06 at 12:44 PM



“ Albert Wietharn is following this tribute.

**Albert Wietharn** - February 05 at 02:52 PM



“ Prayers and thoughts to Phyllis and family for the loss of your husband and Dad. May he rest in peace. Marion is my nephew and we always appreciated his visits. Uncle Joe & Aunt Betty Altenhofen.

**Betty Altenhofen** - February 07 at 09:49 AM



“ I also work at KDOT and knew Marion briefly. His good nature and kind heart were evident. So these stories especially about the baseball glove confirm he was a real gentleman. So good to know such a good man as Marion.

Also was wonderful working for the family photographing one of his children's weddings.

**Lawrence Katsbulas** - February 11 at 11:49 AM