

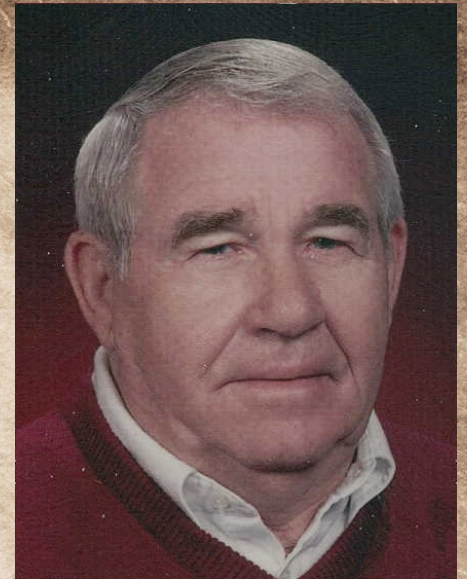


In Loving Memory

Kenney was born on May 7, 1941, the son of Alphonse and Helen (Hoogerwerf) Sierens, in Mineral, IL. He graduated from Mineral High School. On August 1, 1959, Kenney married Sara Anderson. She preceded him in death on April 5, 2019. Kenney and Sara farmed for over 50 years in the Mineral and Annawan communities and owned and operated the Mineral Elevator in Mineral and Atkinson for 35 years. When not working, Kenney enjoyed spending time with his family, especially attending every sporting event of the grandchildren. Kenney and Sara enjoyed wintering in Florida prior to her passing. He liked reading, going out to eat, mowing, golfing, and driving his '57 Chevy. Kenney was a member of Sacred Heart Catholic Church in Annawan. He was a 4th Degree Knight and Knights of Columbus member, past president of the Illinois Grain and Feed Association, former Mineral Marsh Drainage District Commissioner, and member of the Holy Name Society.

Those left to cherish his memory include his son, Troy (Tracy) Sierens, Mineral, daughter, Wanda (Mike) Lucas, Annawan; seven grandchildren, Joe, Caila, Alexis, Jordyn, Kristin Sierens, Austin and Hunter Lucas; two great-grandchildren, Haidyn and Ava; and special friend, Beverly Olinger.

Kenney was preceded in death by his parents, Alphonse and Helen; his loving wife, Sara; sons, Jimmie Joe and Kenney Joe; and sister, Shirley Rakestraw.



In Memory Of

Kenneth "Kenney" Sierens

May 7, 1941 - October 15, 2021



A Funeral Service To Celebrate His Life

Friday | October 22, 2021 | 10:30 a.m.

Vandemore Funeral Home

Atkinson, IL

Officiant

Reverend Terry Lancaster

Eternal Resting Place

Evergreen Memory Gardens

Kewanee, IL

Casket Bearers

Joe Sierens

Caila Sierens

Alexis Sierens

Jordyn Sierens

Kristin Sierens

Austin Lucas

Hunter Lucas

And on the 8th day, God looked down on his planned paradise
and said, I need a caretaker.

So God Made a Farmer.

God said, I need somebody strong enough to clear trees and
heave bales, yet gentle enough to tame 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 Meadow Lark.

So God Made a Farmer.

It had to be somebody who'd plow deep and straight and not cut
corners, somebody to seed and weed, feed and breed, rake and
disc, plow and plant, tied the fleece and strain the milk. Somebody
who'd bale a family together with the soft, strong bonds of
sharing, who'd laugh and then sigh, and then reply with smiling
eyes when his son says he wants to spend his life doing
what Dad does.

So God Made a Farmer.

