



## Don Reed

August 5, 1957 - October 17, 2007

Don Reed, age 50, of Glendive, passed away on Saturday, October 13, 2007 as a result of injuries received from a motor vehicle accident. A Life Tribute Service will be held at 2:00 P.M., Wednesday, October 17, 2007 at the Evangelical Church of North America with Celebrant Sandy Silha officiating. Interment will be in the Dawson Memorial Cemetery in Glendive. Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home of Glendive is entrusted with arrangements. Don was born on August 5, 1957 in Glendive, Montana, the son of Earl and Shirley (Watson) Reed. He was raised and educated in Glendive, graduating from Dawson County High School with the class of 1977. Don was employed by Burlington Northern Railroad for 30 years as a laborer. Don and Tammy (Hendrickson) became life partners in August of 1991 and were married on March 12, 2001 in Las Vegas, Nevada. They had made their home in Glendive since that time. Don enjoyed fishing, agate picking, playing poker and watching his children play sports. Don and his wife especially enjoyed playing cards together and also with Don's mother. Don's pride and joy were his children. Don loved all children and they loved him - you could find him being surrounded by his nieces, nephews and all children. He was a member of the Brotherhood of Maintenance Way. Don was preceded in death by his father and his grandparents. Survivors include his wife, Tammy Reed of Glendive; his son, Josh Reed of the family home; his daughter, Hailey Reed of the family home; his parents, Pete and Shirley Kuntz of Glendive; his brother, Dave Reed of Carlin, Nevada; his sister, Cindy Kuntz and her fiancé, Jim

Bender of Glendive; numerous nieces, nephews, aunts, uncles, cousins and in-laws. Celebrant service: Just one more Hi, Just one more good-bye, Just one more moment, Just one more second. Just one more hug, Just one more tug, Just one more kiss, Just one more miss. Just one more flower, Just one more hour, Just more dance, Just one more chance. (Alise Ann Heimbecker) For Don Reed, we could add several "one mores". Just one more night for a good card game, Just one more time to call your name, Just one more laugh and one more smile, To be at the kids' game in just one more mile. Just one shared minute with one more friend, Just one more time to watch Josh win. Just one more thing to help you do, Just one more time to say, I love you. Don was suddenly, and unexpectedly taken from us this past week-end in an automobile accident. Although Don's death has occurred much too soon, his family does not seem to be angry and questioning, but instead are sharing a deep grief and sadness that Don is gone. This attitude of acceptance comes from Don himself. Don's wife, Tammy, admits that she and Don were living a full life and had made no preparation for an event such as this, but Don had expressed to her on occasion that he did not fear death. And in conversation with his father-in-law, Doug Hendrickson, Don said he believed that when it was our time to go, God just took us with him and we went. Don had an idea and an acceptance of what death was. And Don, as Tammy believes, would not have wanted a big fuss made about it or about him. Today we gather to make a bit of a fuss, because Don Reed was an important man. He was very much loved by his family, he was a good friend, and a dependable and respected co-worker. We will remember him with our stories, we will realize as we look around, how many lives he touched, and what a significant place he held in the lives of family, friends, and community. As a youngster out on the farm, Don was the younger of two sons of Earl and Shirley Reed. When Don was about three years old, Earl was killed in a farming accident. Although Don didn't remember much about his father, Don certainly missed having the opportunity to know Earl. This may have made Don more sensitive to the need for children to know and have their parents in their lives. Don's mother

remarried Pete Kuntz and Don and Pete had a very good relationship. Pete was the only dad Don knew and Don called Pete "Dad". He also benefited from this marriage by having a younger sister, Cindy. Cindy recalls her two older brothers looking upon her as a bit of a tag-a-long, but they could always call on each other when needed. Shirley remembers Don as being somewhat of a typical boy. Don was probably about five when he decided to run away from home. Shirley had gotten after Don for something and Don headed for the front door proclaiming he was going to run away. Shirley asked Don if he needed his lunch packed for the trip. His reply was no, and out he went. Shirley watched for a bit, thinking he wouldn't go far. When lunch came around, no Don. Shirley started to get worried, and began looking for Don. When she was unable to locate him, she began calling neighbors thinking he had headed over to one of their houses. Still, no Don. Later in the afternoon after an extensive search, she found Don, asleep in a vehicle parked in the back yard. Don went missing on one other occasion that Shirley recalls. It was after school, and Don didn't get off the bus. Thinking he had gotten off at one of the neighbors, Shirley started calling. No one had seen Don. Again the search was on. It seemed that Don and a friend had gotten off the bus just up the road from Shirley's, and were found in a nearby Quonset, playing. As for Don and his older brother, Dave, if you saw one you likely saw the other. Don and Dave were pretty inseparable from their cousins, Doug, and Dan Harrison. Since in playing games, you couldn't team up with a brother, each would take a cousin. Later, a younger cousin, Dean Harrison, was included in all the many adventures and misadventures. As kids they would have their differences. One such time that cousin Doug tells of was when the boys decided to try smoking. Don didn't want any part of that experience, and went in to report to his mother and aunt what the others were up too. The common punishment was enforced, if you want to smoke, you needed to know how to do it right. Out came the cigarettes and then the cigars for the boys to satisfy their curiosity; and, oh, be sure to inhale. Don wasn't too popular that day. In

another instance, Don and Dave had a disagreement and Don snuck out a window of the house. Dave nailed the window shut, and Don had to use the front door to get in. Later in their lives, cars, beer, and a game of poker were a good part of the adventures and misadventures. Don loved to play poker and gamble. The money wasn't the issue. It didn't matter if he was on his last dollar or if he had a pile of money, according to Dan, he would always double down on his last hand, expecting to win twice as much as he had. Don just loved the game. And he was pretty good at it. His wife, Tammy called him a great bluffer. If Don was out of town and had lost all his money, he would call Shirley to send money so he could get home. Shirley always would come through and says he always paid her back. During high school, each of the boys were allowed to be in one sport. Both Don and Dave choose wrestling. Shirley says one always had to gain weight and the other had to lose weight. Don was quite good at it and even took second at state. Even as an adult, Don loved to wrestle and show Tammy, his kids, and the nieces and nephews all his moves. After high school, Don got a job with Burlington Northern Railroad. He told Shirley that he went down every day to see about a job, until they finally gave in and hired him. In the 30 or so years Don worked for the railroad, he did about every kind of laborers' job they had. The family tells that Don really didn't have a lot of confidence in himself, and was content to do what he was told, just the way he was told to do it. The first years with the railroad, Don held back on bidding for jobs and really did not want to be in positions that required him to be responsible for making decisions or being over other people. The one thing he did well was as a machine operator. In visiting with the men on Don's current gang, some of the comments expressed repeatedly were about Don's good heart, that Don was a hard, and reliable worker, he always spoke his mind honestly, and he talked often about his family. One fellow commented that railroad workers are known to complain and Don was no different. Even though he was a "slave" like the rest of them, and at times hated the railroad, he loved his job. Dak Pulse, recalls times when the crew room would be a bit gloomy, and Don would come in and say

things to liven it up and to get everyone going. He was a feisty, and outgoing presence. If the gang was doing too much sit down time, Don would remind them to get busy and get some work done. When Don was on a gang, they knew they had a good hand. One railroader told about having some difficulties in his life, and Don would always listen with a sympathetic ear. He observed that Don liked to portray the “bad boy” image but that his good heart would accidentally slip out and show. One young fellow commented about Don knowing everyone on the railroad, and everyone knowing Don, and if they didn’t know Don, they knew of him. Don was truly part of a “brotherhood” and he will be missed. Don was always happy, and as his cousin Dan said, “for Don, each day was a new day.” Don was never judgmental, didn’t gossip about people, and would try to say only good things. Even when he didn’t think too much about what someone said or did, Don would say something like, “I was going to say something about that but you know, I kinda like him.” Don would give you the shirt off his back, and as his father-in-law, Doug, would say, Don would always offer to help, want to help, and be there to help with anything you were doing. His family agrees that the only time Don wasn’t very likeable was when he had been drinking. But everyone who knew Don, liked him so much and he would be so apologetic that all would excuse him. One of Don’s character traits was his generosity. If he were out for dinner, Don would insist on buying. He was always buying drinks for friends and if he won at cards, he would buy drinks for the entire bar. When Don had checks he could write, he thought he had money, sometimes to the dismay of Tammy. Tammy finally put Don on a cash only budget and when he ran out of cash, he knew he was broke. Most of those days were in the past, as Don’s family, Tammy, son, Josh and daughter, Hailey, were what was most important in his life. As a family, they loved to play card games. Often they would be at Shirley and Pete’s with other friends and family, and play most of the night. Tammy says Don showed her how to play poker and bluff, but was a bit insulted when she started calling his bluffs and beating him. Don enjoyed fishing with family and friends, and walking along the river agate hunting. Just lately, Don found

a huge agate. He wouldn't tell anyone where he had found this agate, but carried it for a time in his car just so he could show it to anyone who hadn't seen it and brag about it. Don told Tammy that he was going to "sleep with it." And in fact, he did put it on the stand next to their bed. Tammy really didn't care for agate hunting, but would go just to spend time with Don. Most of what she would find were rocks Don would leave there. Another activity the family enjoyed was football season. Don had been a San Francisco 49er's fan but when Joe Montana went to the Kansas City Chiefs, Don went too. Don remained an avid Chiefs fan. Tammy is an Oakland Raiders fan, Josh cheers for the Broncos, and Don's "baby girl," Hailey, went with the Minnesota Vikings because she likes purple. Life in the Reed house was a bit noisy during games. Don enjoyed watching all sports on television. One of his favorites was boxing. And Hailey reports that her dad would even watch golf. Don's favorite athlete was his son, Josh. Don worked long shifts out of town a lot, and then would make the drive home to watch Josh, sometimes leaving again in the middle of the night to drive all the way back to work. Don had a favorite Honda that had over two hundred thousand miles on it from his going back and forth. Josh played football, basketball, and a whole lot of baseball. But it wasn't just his kids he would watch play; he would feel bad if a niece or nephew didn't invite him to their games. He was a proud spectator of all their games. This past year, Don, Tammy and kids took their first vacation that wasn't a baseball vacation. They went to South Dakota and it tickled Don to find something that Josh didn't win ... miniature golf. Of course, Tammy was the scorekeeper and she won. There was one other time Don challenged Josh and won. Don had long hair in high school, so no one is quite sure why Don did this, but he challenged Josh to a basketball game of one-on-one. If Don won, Josh would have to cut his hair, which at the time was long. If Josh won, Don would get a Mohawk. Josh ended up cutting his hair, but Josh's question was, "Is pushing legal?" Tammy reports Don came in, dripping with sweat, vowing not to ever do that again. But Don truly loved watching Josh play

sports. He was very proud of Josh's accomplishments. If you look at the photos on the memory boards the family put together, there aren't many without a smiling Don and children. Don loved kids and they loved him. When Don was around, his own kids and their friends, and all the nieces and nephews would be where Don was. He would play with them, tease them, challenge them, just let them have fun. When Tammy's sister, Leslie would visit, he would suggest they leave the kids with him, so they could go out. One such time when Don was in charge, a nephew suggested that they tie up a couple of the others to the tree. Don said okay as long as no one got hurt. The other adults came home to find two kids duct taped to a tree, mad as could be, with marshmallows stuck to their noses and heads. Some laugh and remember that incident with smiles, others do not. No one stayed mad for long. Don wouldn't let family be mad at each other. If there were disputes or problems, Don would tell them to work it out, make up because you had to get along with family. Family was most important. Sherry Hendrickson, Don's step-mother-in-law, was complaining one day about someone who had gotten on her bad side. Don remarked that he hoped she didn't ever talk about him that way. Sherry's quick answer was, of course not, she loved him. Don looked surprised and replied that he loved her too. Don loved all his family, but really didn't think about how much he was loved, and it caught him a bit off guard. Don didn't expect or ask much for himself. He just loved being the one to give and help everyone. Cousin Dean came home last summer with his new wife, and Don, who was working out of town at the time, drove from work to catch up with Dean and his new family, spend some time visiting, and then drove back to his job in the middle of the night. Don's mother Shirley was very important in Don's life. She always would help him out and Don was very good to her. Shirley says that all through Don's life, whenever she would scold, reprimand or give advice, Don would always say, "Yes Mom, you are right." It didn't mean he would do what she said, but he always told her he knew she was right. As an adult, Don's best friends were his family, especially Tammy and his mother. When Don would work out of town all week, he would always

call Shirley after arriving home for the week-end. And at sometime during that week-end, he would walk through her front door for a visit or to bar-b-que a meal for all, and play some cards. Don loved and respected his mother very much. Tammy says that his mother, Shirley, was Don's hero. Tammy picked out the verse printed in the memory card titled "If I Knew." One of the phrases reads "Tomorrow is not promised to anyone..." This seems to be so fitting for Don. Don knew how to be happy each day. That is one of his gifts to his family. He loved and enjoyed each of you. You were all so important to him and to the quality of his life. And the significance of his touch on you will go on for the rest of your lives. Let us listen now to a special song chosen by Don's family. Song: "Daddy's Hands" Celebrant: Closing You may have noticed the life symbols on the corners of the casket. Two are mitts, one for baseball and one for softball, both sports that Don loved, and two that say Dad, one for Josh and one for Hailey, his children that he loved and was so proud of. After the service at the cemetery, the family will be leaving pennies with Don. These pennies symbolize their thoughts and love for him. As the family goes through life, whenever they find a penny, it will remind them that Don is thinking of them and sending his love and a kiss to them. There is no finer tribute to Don than the number of people who came here today to remember him. Tammy, Josh, Hailey, Shirley, Pete, Dave and Cindy, and the rest of Don's family, "we gather with you to share the pain, to hurt when you hurt without presuming that our pain is the same. To cry when you cry and not try to hide or avoid the tears. For who can take away the pain? We gather to give to you the gift of our grief" as we also feel the loss of Don. When someone dies, a hole is left in our hearts that is difficult to fill. Don was a presence in our lives, a husband, a son, a father, a brother, a son-in-law, a brother-in-law, an uncle, a friend, a neighbor, a railroader. As we have shared memories of Don today, we must continue to share his stories and memories. Never assume that a friend wants to mourn alone. The family will need you in the coming weeks and months. When something reminds you of Don, share it with the family. Send them a note, an e-mail, or call and let the family know what a significant impact Don

had on your life and that you remember him. Remember the 1sts – the 1st holidays, the 1st birthdays, the 1st anniversaries- for at these times Don's absence will be felt with a fresh sense of loss. Be very present at these times and honor the memory of this good man. In planning today's service for Don, Tammy and the family wanted it to be a reflection of Don, his life and what he meant to them. Thank you for being here for this important time. In closing Pastor Robert Canen will share a prayer with us.

# Tribute Wall



“ *Don Reed* ”

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December 07, 2022 at 04:10 PM