



## Douglas Reed Cook

March 12, 1957 - February 2, 2013

Glendive, Montana: Douglas Reed Cook, age 55, passed away on Sunday, January 27, 2013 in Glendive. Visitation will be held from 10:00 A.M until 5:00 P.M and 6:00 P.M until 8:00 P.M. on Friday, February 1, 2013 in the Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home in Glendive. Funeral Services will be held at 10:00 A.M. on Saturday, February 2, 2013 in the Chapel of the Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home in Glendive with Reverend Robert Canen officiating. Interment will be held in Sentinel Butte Cemetery in Sentinel Butte, North Dakota. Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home of Glendive has been entrusted with the arrangements. Reed was born on March 12, 1957 in Beach, North Dakota, the son of Edward C. and Bertha L. (Reed) Cook. As a young child he moved with his family to Glendive where he was raised and received his early education. Reed finished his education in Butte, Montana and graduated from Butte High School with the class of 1976. Following graduation, Reed remained in Butte where he worked for a couple years before moving to Washington State where he could be closer to his sisters. Reed returned to Glendive where he had been employed by Cross Petroleum, the Gust Hauf and most recently the Beer Jug. Reed was a major supporter of the Glendive Red Devils sporting events. He was a very uplifting person that could make anyone smile. Reed will be missed by all that knew him. Reed was preceded in death by his parents in 1972 and one brother, Jerry Cook in 2007. Survivors include his two brothers, Ward (Rita) Cook of Sun City West, Arizona and Jim Cook of Miles City, Montana; two sisters, Gwen (Arlo) Huber of Veradale, Washington

and Patty (Gary) Aubertin of Soap Lake, Washington; a sister-in-law, Grace Cook of Arcadia, California and numerous nieces and nephews.

Remembrances and condolences may be shared with the family at: [www.silvernale-silhafuneralhome.com](http://www.silvernale-silhafuneralhome.com). The Hike to Flat Top 1972- It all began in 1972 shortly after Reed's parents (Ed and Bertha) passed on. Ed worked for my Dad at Cross Petroleum Service. Dad and Mom thought of Ed and Bertha as family. So Reed came and lived with us for a few months. From that time on Reed was my brother. Whenever we crossed paths it was Brother Reed how have you been? Reed would ask something like "Brother Gus, I haven't seen you in church lately oh wait a minute I don't go to church". Then he would ask "How is Mother Louise doing and hope she isn't in jail again". All of this reminiscing leads back to an event that occurred in the fall of 1972. The four of us were getting on Mom's nerves. She suggested that we go hiking in the hills. Now as Reed soon learned a Louise Cross suggestion was not to be taken lightly. So Reed, Brian, Mark and I struck out for Flat Top. I don't recall the hike out as being anything really eventful. However, the return trip was another story. Night fall was quickly approaching so we decided that we needed to move faster by hiking down to the bottom of the draw. It was not long before we noticed a pack of dogs running along the ridge top above us. We thought they were following us for an easy meal. A little scared we climbed back up to higher ground placing us behind the cemetery and north of the City dump. We avoided the dump because we heard that the fellow who lived in a shanty there did not like kids—and God only knows what would happen to us if he was having a bad day. Finding ourselves at the back side of the grave yard lead to telling one scary Halloween story after another. As we were spinning another "goodie" we noticed a casket sitting by itself at the edge of the grave yard. It was sitting on a chrome frame surrounded by green carpet. How strange at this time of the day. The casket looked like it was made from plywood and covered with denim like blue fabric. We thought it was sad that a dead person would be left out all night. This was creepy—maybe it was a trick to scare kids. In any case we thought we

should do the right thing and look for a worker. So we looked around to see if anyone was still at the grave yard. The shed was locked up tight and no sign of anyone except the four of us. We went back to the coffin and talked out the options. We decided that when we got back home we would tell Mom and Dad—they would know what to do. We were just about to leave when Reed piped up and said that he knew how they drop the casket into the grave. We must have said something like “Oh Reed another one of your stories”.

Reed said no really I watched the guys at Mom and Dad’s funeral. We called Reed’s bluff--it must have been like double dog dare. Without another word Reed bent over, reached under the chrome pipes that held up the coffin and said all you got to do is pull the levers. We heard a muffled click. As we stood there frozen in horror like water on a winter’s night the coffin started to lower into the grave. The three of us started screaming at Reed to make it stop. Reed in his trade mark way responded “I only saw how they made the coffin go down”. The coffin was now listing heavily to one side. This was because the levers on the other side had not been pulled. It seemed like an eternity had passed we were all cussing, screaming and scared out of our wits. Someone yelled out that Dad was going to kill us then we are all going to prison and will have to change our name to Johnson. As we watched in horror none of us were prepared for what happened next. As the casket went lower in to the grave it approached a 45 degree angle—the tipping point. The casket slid and hit the side of the grave with a big thud knocking off the lid. Out came the gnarled hand of the occupant of the casket. I think he had on a blue suit with a white shirt. We had been had, it’s a set-up, oh God we will gladly go to prison just, please, please don’t let him get us and we ran. I am sure Reed out ran all of us but I don’t remember that part and I don’t recall when we stopped running, but at some point we swore that we would not talk about it--ever. When we finally gathered our wits we went home. Mom must have suspected something because when we burst into the house she said “What have you boys been up too--You look like you have seen a ghost?”

We said in unison “No just climbing in the hills”. Not so many years ago the four of us were reminiscing about the hike—we laughed and kidded each other about how scared we were and the good times we had during those months. Reed never forgot the name of a person he met—except one—the fellow we met that evening in the grave yard. Perhaps he has now made his acquaintance. I will miss Brother Reed and wish him peace. Justin M. Cross

# Tribute Wall



“ *Douglas Reed Cook*

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December 07, 2022 at 04:10 PM