



Esther Lillian Doyle-Hampton

February 2, 1922 - January 11, 2010

GLENDIVE, MONTANA: Esther Lillian Doyle-Hampton, age 86, passed away on Tuesday, January 5, 2010 at her home in Glendive. A Life Tribute Service will be held at 10:00 A.M. on Monday, January 11, 2010 in the Chapel of the Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home in Glendive with Celebrant Sandy Silha officiating. Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home of Glendive has been entrusted with the arrangements. Esther was born on February 2, 1922 in Rural Dawson County the daughter of Jakob Henry and Mary Theresa (Kussy) Hentzy. Esther attended school in Richey, Montana. She graduated with a beautician degree from Marillo Beauty School in Billings, Montana. During World War II Esther lived in San Diego, California where she worked at Cal Aero winding armatures for the war effort. During that time her husband George Gloudeman, a B-17 Bomber Pilot, was stationed in England. After the war Esther returned to Montana and married Jim Doyle. Esther and Jim ranched for a time north of Richey. After they moved to Glendive Jim became a Police Officer and Esther opened a beauty shop in her home that she owned and operated for over 30 years. Late in life, after Jim's passing, Esther married Dick Hampton. Dick was retired from Montana Dakota Utilities, which gave he and Esther a chance to travel extensively. After Dick passed away, Esther returned to the family home. As a State of Montana Veterans Service Officer Esther went to the Eastern Montana Veterans Home to provide birthday cakes, Christmas stockings and entertainment. For her efforts she was awarded the Volunteer of the Year Award in 2005. Esther was preceded in

death by her parents and three husbands. Survivors include her two daughters, Merrily (Donald) Bobiney of Cheyenne, Wyoming, and Ruth Doyle of Casper, Wyoming; three grandchildren and six great grandchildren. Remembrances and condolences may be shared with the family at: www.silvernale-silhafuneralhome.com Esther Lillian Doyle-Hampton Life Tribute Service January 11, 2010 Chapel of the Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home Glendive, Montana Welcome: Master of Ceremonies Introduction of speaker: Celebrant Today we take time to remember Esther Doyle-Hampton and revisit the places she inhabited in our lives, and in our heart. Let us begin our time of remembrance by hearing a loving tribute from her grandson, Shea Bobiney. Speaker: Shea Bobiney Eulogy: Celebrant "We do not remember days, we remember moments." (Cesare Pavese) Shea has shared a few of the moments that he will forever cherish when remembering his grandmother. As a mother, mother-in-law, grandmother, great-grandmother, friend, and neighbor, Esther has given us many memorable moments of times and experiences shared. Esther was a strong and unique personality. She learned and developed a spirit of independence and resiliency at an early age. She use her strong will and a fierce dedication to what she believed in to accomplish many things. Underlying these traits were a care giving nature and a good sense of humor. As the matriarch of her family, home was most important to Esther. She was a loyal advocate and ambassador for veterans, and a champion for the underdog and the poor. Esther was the youngest of four children, the daughter of Jakob and Mary Hentzy. Her father nicknamed Esther, "Little Buttercup". Esther was a bit of an afterthought, with there being a definite age span between her and the three older siblings. Raised on a ranch in the Richey, Montana area, Esther was introduced early in life to hard work. Then came the Depression years, which brought about hard times for everyone. Esther told of her father having to poach wild game to feed the family. During these growing up years, Esther walked wherever she wanted to go. One winter, walking to a dance, Esther froze a foot. A bone in the foot split, and was slow to heal. That foot caused Esther problems throughout her

lifetime. Esther also attributed her bad teeth to her growing up years. She would not drink the milk from their cows, because the cows would eat wild onions and she didn't care for the way the milk tasted. Esther received her education in Richey, and then because of strong encouragement from her father, attended and graduated from beauty school in Billings, Montana. Esther's first marriage to George Gloudeman coincided with World War II. Esther lived in California, where she worked for the war effort, while George served in the United States Armed Forces in Europe. When George returned home, Esther cared for him as he struggled with the effects of injuries incurred during his time in the war. But George was unable to overcome the injuries, and Esther was left a widow. She returned to Montana, and met Jim Doyle at a dance in Richey. Both were living on ranches in the area. They were married, and ranched for a while, but times were tough, forcing them to move to Glendive. Jim became a police officer and Esther opened a beauty shop in her home. Glendive became their home, and where they raised their two daughters, Merrily and Ruth. Over the years, Esther came to affectionately refer to her beauty shop customers as "her little old ladies." Sometimes, Esther would do her customer's hair in their homes. As time went along, they would die, and Esther would do their hair at the funeral home. One customer even requested that when she died that she wanted Esther to make sure she wore a certain pair of earrings for the funeral. Esther complied with that wish. After 30 years, all of Esther's "little old ladies" had died, and Esther closed her shop and retired from the beauty shop business. Esther's daughter, Ruth, commented that when it came to hair and cosmetology, Esther was an artist. Esther's great-granddaughter, Bridget, will follow in Esther's shoes, as she aspires to attend a well-known school of beauty in Denver. In all those years of making her customers look good, no one kept up their appearance better than Esther. She was a petite lady, and besides being young at heart, Esther always looked years younger than she was. And her age is something that brings smiles to her family. Esther never would own up to just how old she

really was. Born at home, for years Esther did not have a birth certificate. By the time one was needed, everyone seemed to remember the day of the birth, but not the year. A neighbor from the Richey area, had to verify that Esther had been born at home and when. But no one was ever really sure of the year. Her birth certificate states it was 1922, but Esther had two different birth years on different driver's licenses. Esther preferred to go with the later year, if she would discuss it at all. When she was 65 and wanted to get a senior discount at stores, she was always carded for her ID. Her daughters recall Esther being a bit upset about her skin aging. This was when Esther was in her early 80's. Esther's high school class had a 50th reunion, but Esther wouldn't go because she didn't want anyone to know she was as old as those people. When she finally quit driving herself, she would not ride the senior bus with the old people; Shea drove her where she needed to go. Esther lived in her own home all her life and never considered herself to be elderly.

Something ironic happened that Esther's family found amusing. When Esther's third husband, Dick Hampton died, his birth certificate showed him to be older than the age Esther believed him to be. She was a bit indignant that he had perhaps fudged a little on his age. Something very important to Esther was her time as a volunteer and advocate for veterans. Serving as a State of Montana Veterans Service Officer, Esther's special project was the veterans at the Eastern Montana Veterans Home. Esther was instrumental in providing the resident veterans with birthday cakes, Christmas stockings, Easter caps for the men and bonnets for the ladies filled with goodies, and in finding bands and music for entertainment. There were times when she took it upon herself to bring pizza and milkshakes for residents. In 2005, Esther was awarded Volunteer of the Year. The plaque displayed here today was given to Esther to commemorate this honor. Esther was very proud of her work and of receiving the award. Esther often looked out for those who might be down on their luck. She would give them jobs to do around her home or yard, and pay them to do the work. Esther loved cats and always had them around as pets. She had a cat door and even neighborhood cats would come by for a bite to eat. One cat

that was eating at his own home and at Esther's got so fat, it couldn't get through the door. Another cat that showed up regularly up for eight years, was a stray that would stop for a dish of milk. Esther missed that stray cat visiting when it stopped coming. She also had a small dog named Magruder. Esther told her family that "stolen dogs are the best!" The story behind Magruder was that a friend thought Esther needed a dog and she wanted Esther to come with her because she was going out to steal puppies. Esther went along, and her friend took her to a trailer house that had a small dog chained up outside on the porch. As they watched, the owner came out and began kicking the dog and hanging the dog over the edge of the porch by its chain, choking it. It wasn't long, and Esther had a new pet dog named Magruder. Esther was very social. She loved to go shopping, not necessarily to buy anything, although she did love shoes, especially high heels, but just to see and visit with people. K-Mart was a favorite, because she could shop, and then sit on the bench by the door and socialize with people as they came and went. Merrily says if you went to lunch with her, you could count on it being a long lunch, at least two hours. Esther liked the buffet at Pizza Hut because you could sit there for a couple of hours and visit. Esther was of Irish descent and she enjoyed St. Patrick's Day with the pipers and dancers. She also liked to go to Medora and see the buffalo and wild horses. She was always interested to see the deer and antelope along the roadways; they reminded her of times on the ranch. Esther had quite the green thumb. She could grow irises that looked like orchids, and she loved African violets. She enjoyed watching the birds in her yard, and she always had feeder guppies, because they did not require an aquarium. The music you heard playing as you came in and will hear playing as you leave, is the music from the big band era. This music was a favorite of Esther's and she also enjoyed dancing to it. She liked western art, and collected Greytak pencil drawings of farm and ranch scenes. The Greytak drawing displayed today is a favorite of Esther's. Chasing horses with a pick-up reminded her of her father and of times on the ranch. The family ranch was special to Esther and she donated some items from the ranch to the Glendive

Museum to be displayed. Esther suffered loss during her lifetime, having three husbands who preceded her in death. She was a care-giver to all three. As was mentioned, she took care of her first husband after the war until he died. Her second husband, Jim, had a brain tumor and Esther cared for him until his death. Her third husband had cancer, and she cared for him also. Esther herself also had cancer, twice. She had breast cancer first, and then eight years later, in 2002, she was diagnosed with colon cancer. Esther chose minimal treatment, and as Shea put it, was a cancer “conqueror”, as she seemed to beat it just with her strong will. Esther was fortunate enough to live independently in her later years. She recently said that she hoped to die quietly in her own home, and that is how she went. Esther had a favorite saying, called the “Irish Blessing.” Her family felt Esther would like to share this “Blessing” with everyone today. “Irish Blessing” May the road rise to meet you. May the wind be always at your back. May the sun shine warm upon your face. May the rains fall soft upon your fields. And until we meet again May God hold you in the palm of His hand. Let us now listen to a hymn that always reminded Esther of her time on the ranch, “Bringing in the Sheaves”. Song: “Bringing in the Sheaves” Closing: Celebrant Esther’s family has requested a reading of the 23rd Psalm. 23rd Psalm “The Lord is my Shepard, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside still waters. He restoreth my soul, He guideth me in the paths of righteousness For His name’s sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the Shadow of death, I fear no evil. For Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me; Thou dost prepare a table before me In the presence of mine enemies; Thou hast anointed my head with oil, My cup overflows. Surely goodness and loving kindness will follow me, All the days of my life. And I will dwell in the house of the Lord, Forever. Amen. As we say a final good-bye to Esther Doyle-Hampton, we realize that when someone dies, we revisit in new ways the places they inhabit in our heart. “What is essential does not die but clarifies. The highest tribute to the dead is not grief but gratitude.” (Thornton

Wilder) Let us say good-bye to Esther with thanksgiving, not regret, for Esther's life was full while she was among us. Touched though we are with sadness, as we consider Esther's life, we are filled with memories, happy and sad. That Esther has lived, what Esther has experienced can never be taken from her or from us. For this we are grateful. Esther has touched many lives during her 86 years. Just as each fingerprint is unique, no two alike, the same is true for the impact that our lives have on others. Each of us has a unique soul and every time we come into contact with others, we leave the impact and significance of our soul print on them and they on us. As you are ushered from your seats, Esther's family invites you to leave your touch on Esther's urn along with theirs, to remain and blend together to honor Esther in the belief that a "life shared is a life never to be forgotten." The verse inside the memory folder chosen by her family is "Her Journeys Just Begun". As we say good-bye to Esther, let us also say thank you for her touch on our lives and hearts, and wish her well on her journey. Esther Doyle-Hampton was greatly loved and she will be greatly missed. This concludes Esther's life tribute service. Thank you for your presence here today.

Tribute Wall



“ *Esther Lillian Doyle-Hampton*

December 07, 2022 at 04:10 PM