



Jack Weaver

May 2, 1934 - June 15, 2011

Glendive, Montana: Jack Weaver, age 77, passed away Friday, June 10, 2011 at the Glendive Medical Center in Glendive. Visitation will be held from 6:00 P.M. until 8:00 P.m. on Tuesday, June 14, 2011 at the Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home in Glendive. A Life Tribute Service will be held at 10:00 A.M. on Wednesday, June 15, 2011 in the Chapel of the Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home in Glendive with Celebrant Sandy Silha officiating. Interment will be held in the Dawson Memorial Cemetery in Glendive. Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home of Glendive has been entrusted with the arrangements. Jack was born on May 2, 1934 in Erie, Pennsylvania the son of Howard and Bernice(Davis) Weaver. He was raised and educated in Pennsylvania. Jack left home at the age of 13 traveling throughout the Western United States. During this time Jack was a Hollywood horse handler, and had the opportunity to meet Clayton Moore, the "Lone Ranger". In the 1960's Jack moved to the Sidney/Richey area working as a Ranch hand and rode bucking bronc's in the rodeos until a crash in the Richey Rodeo broke his hip and ended that career. Jack continued to be a ranch hand and did other odd jobs until 1972 when he went to work for the Burlington Northern Railroad in Glendive as a Section Crew and Track Inspector, where he remained for 21 years until his retirement in 1993. Jack married the love of his life, Patricia Randall on November 5, 1977 in Glendive. He became a loving father to her children, Kevin, Lloyd and Tammy whom he cared for as his own. On March of 1978, Jack and Patricia were blessed with a son, Douglas Alan and in March of 2001, his first

biological granddaughter was born, Crystal Lynn Weaver. Jack loved spending time with his family and enjoyed listening to old time country western music. In October of 2008, Jack lost Patricia to cancer. Jack was preceded in death by his parents and wife, Patricia in 2008. Survivors include sons, Doug (Penina) Weaver and their daughter, Crystal of Glendive; Kevin (Michelle) Peterson of Hillsboro, North Dakota; and their children, Jordan, Kodi, Ashley and Melissa; Lloyd Peterson of Glendive; and his children, Amanda, Trisha, Kristine, Kaylene and Katherine; daughter, Tammy Crawford of Bozeman, Montana; and her children, Lynn (Travis), Emily, Shawn, Timothy, Jennifer, Jonathan and Michelle; great grandchildren, Trace, Kord, Roper and Jayden.

Remembrances and condolences may be shared with the family at: www.silvernale-silhafuneralhome.com Eulogy: Today we honor and pay tribute to Jack Weaver. Let us not think about Jack as having died; let us think about Jack as having lived, and let us celebrate Jack's life as we dedicate this time to remembering him. Jack was born in Pennsylvania, living there until he left home at the age of thirteen, never to return. His leaving home marked the end of his formal education, and any learning done by Jack, any knowledge he acquired was self taught, on the job training, or came from the experiences life itself teaches. Jack headed west on the freight trains, ending up on the west coast. He tried to get a job at Gene Autry's ranch in Nevada, but was too young. Jack did become a horse handler in Hollywood, California, and personally met Clayton Moore, the real Lone Ranger. He saw Roy Rogers and Trigger in that world where the cowboys and their horses were larger than life and the heroes of many. Jack loved horses, and we don't know if it started there or if he carried it with him to California. But it would appear that his first direction in life was to live the life of a cowboy. And he was successful. Jack began working as a ranch hand and riding bucking broncs, following the rodeo circuit. He ended up in the Sidney/Richey area, where he had a rodeo accident, injuring his right hip, and ending his rodeo career. He continued working on ranches and sometime during these years, he was married. It ended badly, with his wife taking everything he had that meant anything to

him, his three horses, and his rodeo winnings. There were no children in that marriage. Jack then began what was to be his second career, a job with Burlington Northern Railroad, as a Section Crew and Track Inspector. Jack loved that job. He would go out on any derailments and be gone for several days at a time. Jack's son, Doug, thought it great that his dad played with real live train sets. When Jack would come home after being gone for several days, Doug would always check his dad's lunch box for treats. Jack was a bit of a soft touch that way. After 21 years, health issues surfaced and he was asked to retire. Jack was not ready, so BN gave him a desk job, which he hated. He retired. His family teased Jack that the derailments decreased by half after his retirement. It was when he worked at BN that he met the woman he would become life partners with, Patricia Randall. He and Pat became friends through her job at the Southside Tavern, where she was a bartender for the locals and railroaders that would stop in to relax. After her divorce, Jack and Pat married. She brought three children to the marriage with her, Kevin, Lloyd and Tammy. Jack and Pat then added Doug, a son of their own, to the family. Jack always treated all the children as his own, and later continued that family way with his grandchildren and great-grandchildren. He loved them all, and did whatever he could to support and help each one of them. During their marriage of almost thirty-one years, Jack and Pat had a circle of friends they were very active with. They kept their friends close. It was not uncommon for all the families to get together once or twice a week at their various homes, to work on projects and/or socialize. They were a group that loved music, and it was always present, as many of them played instruments and sang. Pat was included in that number, but Jack only goofed around with the instruments and singing. His family tells that he was often asked to go and sing "Far, Far Away." A friend, Sharon Unruh, says Jack was a bit on the quiet side, but he was always ready for fun and a good time. His favorite request of her was that she sing "Teardrops are Pennies." Music and friends were a large and important part of Jack and Pat's life. There were

many good times shared and many memories made. Although characterized by Sharon as being on the quiet side, Jack had a great sense of humor. He was always joking with everyone and everyone liked to tease Jack and give him a hard time, probably because he enjoyed it so much. He was a “pot stirrer” and quick to see the humor even if it was on him. When he broke his hip, shortly before he died, his family teased him that a horse had bucked him off and broke his right hip and now a lawn chair had thrown him and broke his left hip. Jack laughed about that comparison. Other than those injuries, Jack was always busy and moving. He would help anyone with their projects. He and Doug worked on many things together. Jack had no special area of expertise, he just loved to help in any way he could. He was known as the “sidewalk foreman”. Jack always knew what was going on in town, what the city crews were working on, and if they were in his area, he would at the very least observe them as they worked. His favorite place in the house was by the front window, where he could see all the activity that went by. On nice days, you could often find Jack sitting on his swing. Jack loved the outdoors. A favorite activity was camping at Makoshika Park and Intake, and he loved to take drives, such as out through Pine Unit or somewhere just to be moving. He wasn't much of a hunter and one of the few times he went with Doug, he shot a tree. Jack wasn't a fisherman either, but would take his granddaughter, Crystal, fishing because he knew she liked to fish. He did enjoy the outdoors. When he retired, Pat had to keep an eye on Jack. He would want to help with the yard and garden but he was apt to pull flowers and leave the weeds. He would mow, but Pat had to put fences up so he didn't get into her garden and flowers. She did let him till the garden dirt in the spring; he couldn't hurt anything at that point. But for Jack always keeping and wanting to be on the move, he didn't usually go far. He and Pat did make one trip to Minnesota for a family reunion on Pat's side. And when Pat's aging mother needed assistance, they went to South Dakota and moved her back here, where she resided with them until she died. Not long ago, Doug and his family took Jack on a day trip to Medora. Everyone enjoyed the day, and it included taking an

old time photo, the one featured on the memory board. The family thought that Jack, dressed up and holding the gun, looked like a guy on the old time wanted posters. Jack had a lot of fun dressing up for the photo. Jack was a coffee drinker and a smoker. He enjoyed going out to eat. He and Pat could never agree when and where to go, but a favorite of Jack's was the Trail Star, but only when Lloyd was cooking. Jack said no one else could get his food right, except Lloyd. When Jack went out, he loved to take family and treat them to the meal. Jack loved the old time cowboys, the Lone Ranger, and Roy Rogers; he enjoyed John Wayne movies, and on television he watched Bonanza, and Gunsmoke. The old country western singers were his favorites, Hank Williams, Johnny Cash, and the like. Sometimes he would also listen to bluegrass. In his heart, Jack was always an old time cowboy himself. Jack loved animals, especially horses, but after his rodeoing days, he never had any horses. Pat did not care for animals in the house, but Doug wanted a cat. Pat said no, Jack said yes and he and friend Tim Egeness went and got a cat for Doug. Pat tolerated the animal and even named it "Ditso!" Doug also gave his dad the only dog Jack had, Midnight. Doug and Penina brought the dog with them from Texas. Jack was very attached to Midnight, and was truly hurt when the dog was one of ten animals poisoned in the neighborhood. Jack's granddaughter, Crystal, gave him a cat for Christmas, "Princess". The cat did not like anyone except Pat and Jack. So Jack got another cat from the vet, Tigger, that was very friendly to everyone, Crystal included. One thing about Jack's pets, they were very well fed. Jack truly loved his family and he was an important person in the lives of all of them right down to his great-grandkids. He would be as involved as he could be whenever he was allowed. Not all of the family lived close enough for that to happen on a regularly basis. Doug and his family lived next door to his parents, and Jack would help Doug any chance he got. He would mow, get their mail for them, and help with many projects. Penina tells of taking Jack grocery shopping with her. He would buy things, supposedly for himself, and the groceries would find their way to her refrigerator and freezer, especially ice cream. Jack was very loving, caring

and giving to his family. If Jack even got a whiff of anything you wanted, he tried to make it happen. Pat was very conservative, but if Jack thought she wanted something or needed it, she had it. One off-hand remark she made was about a dishwasher. She got one for Mother's Day. Jack enjoyed giving, and he was not interested in bargaining. He was just as likely to give more than what was being asked, just to help someone else out. Jack was just a "good-hearted softie". His biggest soft spot was for babies and kids. He loved to watch and play with them, and when he could make them smile, he smiled. Granddaughter Lynn, or "Lynn Anne" as grandpa Jack called her, was with her grandparents often while growing up. She recalls Jack taking her to the park, and she enjoyed the mints he carried in his shirt pocket. Grandpa played video poker and had several hand held games that he would let Lynn Anne play with. Grandpa also encouraged Lynn to pick on Doug; there was Jack stirring the pot. Granddaughter Crystal would go over to her grandpa's for lunch each day and Jack would serve burritos and huge bowls of ice cream. He and Crystal would often watch movies and eat popcorn, a favorite being "Over the Edge." Crystal reports that he would buy her Mountain Dew even though he really did not like the stuff. When it came to discipline, Pat and Jack had many disagreements about what the kids and later the grandkids could and couldn't do; Pat being the tough one, and Jack being the soft touch. Crystal says that grandpa would generally win! Jack was always independent right up until the end. With age, Jack had started, as Penina put it, "walking with a purpose." He began to limp a bit from his old injury of the broken hip. But it really didn't slow him down much. Pat's death and the loss of her presence in his life was very difficult for Jack. He was fortunate to have family close who he could still do for and they for him. After he broke his other hip and was in the hospital, what he worried about was his family and his animals. He worried about whether Doug had the roof done on the shed; he worried about Crystal; he worried about how his cats were eating and did they have "wet food". Yes, Jack was very caring, and family and their well-being meant

everything to Jack. His relationship with Doug was especially close. As we remember Jack today, we remember a man who took what life served up to him, how he enjoyed what life offered, and how he especially loved and enjoyed the people he held close during his 77 years of living, his family and his friends. Jack Weaver was greatly loved and he will be greatly missed.

Tribute Wall



“ *Jack Weaver*

December 07, 2022 at 04:10 PM