



## Jeffery Moan

September 7, 1966 - October 12, 2007

Jeffery Joseph Moan, age 41, of Leander, Texas, formerly of Glendive, Montana, died Thursday, October 4, 2007 at his home in Leander. Visitation will be on Thursday, October 11, 2007 from 9:00 A.M. until 5:00 P.M. and 6:00 P.M. until 8:00 P.M. in the Chapel of the Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home in Glendive. A Life Tribute Service will be held at 10:00 A.M., Friday, October 12, 2007 in the Chapel of the Silvernale- Silha Funeral Home in Glendive with Celebrant Sandy Silha officiating. Interment will be in the Dawson Memorial Cemetery in Glendive. A memorial service will be held in Leander, Texas at a later date. Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home of Glendive is entrusted with arrangements. Jeff was born in Glendive on September 7, 1966, the son of Lester and Doris (Zolman) Moan. He received his education in Glendive, graduating from Dawson County High School in 1985. Jeff worked at several jobs during high school and upon graduating, went to work in construction in Cheyenne, Wyoming. He moved to North Dakota and worked for Goober's Hot Oil Service. In 1986, he moved back to Glendive working at Rod's Exxon Service. Later in 1986 he went to work for Northwest Protective Coating. He moved to San Marcos, Texas in the fall of 1989 and began working for Environmental Projection Systems, upon leaving there he worked for Quail Creek Golf Course, Austin Country Club and spent the last five years at Crystal Falls Golf Course in Leander, TX., where he was employed at the time of his death. Many people of Leander and especially the staff of Crystal Falls Golf Course had become his second family. Jeff loved golfing, fishing, motorcycles, NASCAR racing, NHRA Drag racing and the Denver Broncos. Jeff was preceded in death by his parents, Lester (1981), Doris (2005) and one nephew, Kelly Robson. He is survived by his brothers, Garry (Sandy) Moan of Big Springs, Texas; Randy Moan, of Pensacola, Florida; Ronald (Brenda) Robson of Roanoke, Virginia.; Rodney (Sandy) Robson of Glendive; his sisters; Bonnie Helton of Pensacola, FL.; Linda Crosby of Cantonment, Florida; Nikki Spencer of Milton, Florida.; Gayle (Jim) Mathison of Kinsey, Montana, Wanda (James) Baker of Colorado Springs, Colorado; Donna (Dan) Dobson of Glendive; Sherry (Jerry) Gilbertson of Wing, North Dakota and numerous nieces and nephews. Jeff was especially close to his nephews; Rocky Robson of Glendive, Trevon Baker of Kalispell, Montana and Mike Gilbertson of Elizabethtown, Kentucky and his niece, Michele Robson of Casper, Wyoming. He is also survived by his best friend, Yvette Driver. Celebrant service: "It

should not be a goal to go to our grave in a well preserved body; but rather to arrive there, sliding in sideways, yelling 'Holy cow! What a ride!'" Jeffery Joseph Moan had quite a ride. The stories that family and friends can tell about Jeff and his escapades and the manner in which he lived his life are unending. These stories are wild, funny, and irreverent. They leave you laughing and shaking your head wondering how Jeff and you, if you were part of the story, survived. Mike Gilbertson, Jeff's nephew, upon hearing about Jeff's death, commented that he felt Jeff was lucky because Jeff had lived life going 180 miles an hour, and had a quick ending. Mike could not be here today. He is serving our country in the military. He is stationed stateside, and doing funeral duty for fallen soldiers. In watching the video tribute and in looking at the photos on the memory boards the family has made up, clearly evident is the ever-present smile on Jeff's face and the gleam of mischief in his eyes. The stories of Jeff's life will be told and retold by family and friends. "Today we gather to remember. To remember the little things that made a special place in our hearts. To remember those happy times when we laughed and those other times when our hearts broke as one." (Doug Manning) Today we remember Jeff Moan. We will take a few moments now to invite anyone who would like to share a memory to come forward. Please use the microphone so that all may hear. Gary Moan, Jeff's brother, would like to begin. After Gary is finished, the microphone will be open for any who would like to speak about Jeff. Celebrant: Thank you to those who shared. Jeff was busy at life when he was with us and it is hoped that you will find a way to share your thoughts and stories with Jeff's family later today or in the coming days. It is in remembering that our loved ones will never die. Eulogy: Jeffery Joseph Moan was the youngest of the large family belonging to Lester and Doris Moan. Jeff was Doris' "baby boy". He adored his feisty mother, but loved to push her buttons. It was a common event to hear Doris call out "Jeff -er-y" as she was pointing and wagging her finger at him. Jeff would admit that he spent a great deal of his time riling up his mother. This was much to his sister, Sherry's, delight, as it got her off the hook much of the time. Early friends recall Jeff always being the one to get things going, be it games, pranks, or creative mischief. A friend, Todd Schwartz, tells about he and Jeff building a tree house. The neighbors were out of town and had a huge pile of junk that hadn't made it to the dump yet. Todd and Jeff began putting the junk from the pile to use. When they were done, they had a great tree house up in the tree, complete with a shower stall. Nothing went to waste. Jeff's family would go the Wagon Wheel to socialize with friends and their families. The kids, including Jeff, would play pool, eat candy, drink pop, and as Sharon Doll puts it, get "educated". As a youngster, Jeff was always learning by doing. One day, Rod Robson, an older brother, found Jeff "fixing" Rod's '58 Chevy. Jeff had a screwdriver and had reached up one of the dual exhaust pipes as far as his arm would go, to do a little mechanic work. Rod really appreciated this. Jeff had a penchant for mechanics and doing work with his hands, and would use these skills throughout life. Jeff loved sports, especially baseball. As Jeff got older, he remained small for his age. He was

quite short in high school. He did get grow after high school, but when he first started driving, he had to sit on a pillow. Jeff also was very aware of his nose. He felt it was too big, and often made comments about his "beak." Jeff had a great love of speed. It started with bikes and scooters and went on to cars and motorcycles. Jeff's family couldn't even count the number of cars Jeff went through, many of which he had bought from friend, Darren Hagen. Jeff spent most of his high school days driving with a suspended license. Most people have photo albums of pictures they treasure. Jeff had a three inch thick album of speeding tickets with a few pictures of the cars he was in when the violations occurred. One of Jeff's more memorable cars was a purple Mercury, a big boat of a car. One evening, Jeff talked his friend, Sharon Doll into ramping their cars into Whipkey Park from the hill on South Nowlan. If you are familiar with Whipkey, it sits down in a hole, so this really is a jump. Jeff set boards up for a ramp on the street. He went first and made a good jump. When Sharon saw his jump, you would have thought she would have backed down, but no, Jeff called her out, and away she went in her green Bellvedere, getting more distance than Jeff and almost going into the creek on the other side of the park. Well, the police didn't catch them, but a neighbor did and he called Sharon's Dad and Jeff's mother, Doris. Then Doris called Sharon. Sharon distinctly remembers that phone call. On another misadventure, Sharon and Jeff were in the purple "merc" headed for a kegger out at Intake, north of Glendive. Jeff decided to go through the slough side of the river and drove the "merc" through the water to the party. Soon the sound of sirens was heard approaching. Everyone ran for their cars to escape. Jeff tried starting his "merc". Rrrr, rrrr. No go. "Quick," says Jeff, "climb up in the trees, they'll never look there." They watched from the heights as Sheriff George and his deputies searched for them with flashlights. Jeff was good at running from trouble, but he couldn't hide. Everyone knew who the car belonged to. Jeff suffered a huge loss when he was 14 and a freshman in high school. His father Les died, and for Jeff this was a great loss. Even in recent years, when Jeff would visit Les' grave, tears would still come and he would grieve deeply. The loss of his father made high school a tough go for Jeff. Jeff did graduate with a little help from friends. Friend Kelly Spencer takes credit for doing several of his drafting class assignments, a class he needed to pass to graduate. The odd thing is, Jeff went on to design and build putt putt golf courses for a few people in Texas as a sideline. That drafting class really took. Another thing that made life in general difficult for Jeff was his problem with authority figures. That included parents, teachers, coaches, law enforcement, older siblings, and bosses. And often it wasn't the deed that got everyone so worked up, but the fact that Jeff didn't control his mouth. Jeff would tell that he, like his favorite comedian, Ron White, when told that "he had the right to remain silent", found he did not have that ability. And his language could be quite colorful. After high school, Jeff went to North Dakota to work for his brother-in-law Jerry Gilbertson in the oilfields. Jerry tells that Jeff was a good hand. Winters were busy but summers slowed, so Jeff tried

working for an old rancher in the area. Jeff was definitely not a cowboy. But he tried. Every time Jeff did something wrong, which was quite often, the old rancher would say, "My dear boy..." and proceed to explain how to do it right. This happened so often, Jeff's nephew Mikey, started calling Jeff "my dear boy" and that nickname caught on with others. The reading on the inside of the memorial folder by sister Sherry Gilbertson, concludes with this term of endearment. One of the things the family loved about Jeff was his way with children. Jeff had a patience and way with kids that was incredible. To his nieces and nephews he was more like a brother than an uncle. While working with Jerry, he would take Mikey with him everywhere; they were great friends. And niece Candy Dreyer loved watching her brother Mikey and Uncle Jeff argue over the merits of their respective favorite football teams. For Jeff, the only team worth watching was the Denver Broncos. The car Jeff drove while working for Jerry was a green Nova he had bought from his friend, Darren. Jerry drove it only once, and got picked up and issued a long list of warnings of things to fix. The car was not street legal, the steering wheel too small, tires too big....and so on and so on. The Nova suited Jeff. When Jeff came back to Glendive, he worked for another brother, Rod Robson. Rod's son Rocky, seven years Jeff's junior also worked for Rod. Rod says some days it was like having no help. Jeff and Rocky found many ways to have fun, pull pranks and get into trouble with Rod around Rod's Exxon Service station. Rod still rolls his eyes and shakes his head over those days. Jeff and Rocky had many victims of their foolishness, one of their regulars being Doris, Jeff's mother and Rocky's grandmother. One fourth of July, Jeff and Rocky decided they needed more powerful fireworks, so they made a trip across the border to North Dakota and picked up fireworks that were illegal in Montana. They were having a grand time setting them off at Doris' house and Doris in fact, brought a chair out and settled in to watch. During a particularly loud and colorful display, Jeff and Rocky heard sirens approaching. Both beat feet into Doris' house, leaving Doris watching unaware of the approaching police. Jeff had stuffed all the bottle rockets in the purse Doris had beside the chair. Rocky reports there were more fireworks inside than outside when Doris came in from her visit with the law. And then there is the famous nursing home incident. Jeff and Rocky went to visit Doris after she went into the nursing home. Jeff was in her room, messing around with her wheel chair. Doris was scolding him and telling him he would break the chair, and yes, he managed to tip it over and did break some pieces off the chair. Rocky and Jeff were sent out of the room and told to go to the end of the hallway. Guess what was at the end of the hallway...a fire alarm. You could see that look develop in Jeff's eyes. Jeff started threatening to pull the alarm. Rocky went back down to Doris' door to visit with her, ignoring Jeff. Jeff got the plastic cover off the fire alarm to show Rocky and Doris he meant business. Jeff didn't realize when he pulled that cover off, an inside alarm went off. When Jeff's sister Donna Dobson stopped to visit at the nursing home, the first thing she

heard about was the now infamous Jeff. Donna could only shake her head. A long time friend and fellow adventurer was Darren Hagen. To Darren, life with Jeff was one continuous memory of escapades, many involving fast cars. Darren recalls when Jeff lived in Cheyenne, Wyoming, they had made plans to meet in Billings for some fun. For the trip home, they decided to travel together to Miles City. Both had Cameros. The Camero Jeff was in had blown a speaker so that car had no tunes for the roadtrip home. As they are going down the interstate side by side, Jeff holds up the speaker wire. Darren knows immediately what he wants. You will have to ask Darren if they stopped to hook the two cars' speakers together to share tunes or if they did it while moving. He did say that as they traveled along side-by-side listening to the same music, that they did not have enough speaker wire to go single file, and so would pass cars side-by-side. Darren also shared a story about a time just after the movie Ghostbusters came out. If you remember, that was when the circle with a slash through it became a common symbol. Jeff got cans of fluorescent orange paint and painted the symbol on all the speed limit signs he could find. Then he painted the same symbol with the same paint all over his friend, Cody's car. Didn't take long to make the connection there. A football story Darren tells is when Jeff was in Texas. Jeff was invited to a Dallas Cowboy football game. Jeff couldn't figure why, he, a diehard Bronco fan, should go watch the Cowboys, but decided maybe it would be worth going to just to watch the cheerleaders. Jeff wore a bright orange coat to honor the Broncos, who weren't even playing, and borrowed binoculars and spent the game watching the cheerleaders. Had a great time. And that's why his friends loved him. He was fun, entertaining, always had a story, and would do anything for you. Jim Ekland recalls a bachelor party at the Lulhaven. Jeff somehow went back into the rack of pool cues, one snapped in half and a piece hit him the face and broke his nose. Jeff was in the wedding party the next day, with a swollen nose and two black eyes. Make-up was applied but even that couldn't cover the mess. And Jim also, talks about Jeff spending time with Jim's son, Austin. When Jim told Austin about Jeff dying, Austin said he too would miss Jeff. Jeff had taught him to play quarters. And that is a special memory for Austin. Jeff's sister Donna, said there wouldn't be many soft stories, if any, about Jeff. But it is clear he was greatly loved. And all his siblings loved him for the way he treated their children and respected their spouses. And everyone recognized the special relationship Doris and Jeff had. When asked, Jeff would always say everything was fine with him, because he didn't want anyone to worry about him. Rod and Donna both commented that Jeff wanted you to love him but from a distance. And both Rod and Donna sensed a loneliness about Jeff. Karen Slaymaker, Jeff's niece, loved her uncle's smile and the happiness she saw in him. Karen felt everyone had a special part of his heart and he was happy just being with whoever he was around. Karen and Jeff were just three years apart and often he introduced her as a cousin. They often thought the same way about things, and could even finish each others sentences. They both got a big kick out of that. Jeff always wanted

to be a dad, and had a special relationship with Karen's two boys, Blake and Beau. Jeff had once had a cockateel named Max, and Blake and Beau have one. Jeff taught the boys and Karen a card game his father had taught him called Joe the Bartender. And just before Jeff died, Blake and Beau had called to ask him who his favorite football player was because they were going to get him a football card. Guess what...Jeff said his favorite player was Payton Manning. Manning isn't even a Denver Bronco. Jeff could always come up with a surprise. After he left Glendive, Jeff always came back to spend Christmas with family. Donna's annual gift to Jeff was a six gallon bucket of dipped pretzels that Jeff loved. A tradition between brothers and nephews was a pair of underwear that was passed around from year to year, clean but with a new stain or two. One thing Jeff disliked about coming home for Christmas was the cold. The weather is probably one of the things Jeff liked best about his life in Texas. Jeff really enjoyed his job at the golf course. Jeff started as a bartender and eventually began doing maintenance and repairs and taking care of the course. The Crystal Falls Golf Course is one of the finest in Texas, and Jeff took great pride in being part of that. Jeff even took up golfing, something his Glendive friends have a hard time featuring. Needless to say, Jeff has lost a few clubs and carts due to the way that he golfs. Jeff also enjoyed a very close relationship with his older brother, Gary who lives in Texas. He called Gary "Brother-Dad". Even though there is quite an age difference, Gary and Jeff had many common interests. Both liked fast cars. During the time Gary was single, they would go out and socialize together. Jeff always complained that Gary would go home with the girls. After Gary married Sandy, he told Jeff he would will Sandy to Jeff. For Jeff, Gary and Sandy were family he could turn to and talk with when things in life weren't quite right. Jeff's family here in Glendive did hear a few stories about life in Texas. One was his story about catfishing. One of Jeff's neighbors had seven cats, and although Jeff liked cats, he didn't appreciate them coming over and doing their job in his yard. Jeff got a fishing pole out, put a lure on the line and a sardine on the lure. He threw the lure over the fence and caught himself a cat. Well, his neighbor didn't appreciate that, and in the end Jeff got to meet the local law officers. Jeff also had a bit of trouble adjusting to all the cultures in Texas. Jeff didn't know or care about the politically correct way to address people. And it took him time to learn to call some of the people he worked with something palatable, such as "immigrants". When Jerry and Sherry asked Jeff if he was learning Spanish, he said he was, all the swear words, so they could understand him when he was chewing them out. Jeff also got involved in motorcycle drag racing, something he loved. The roar of the engines; the speed. Due to his health, he did have to stop racing motorcycles. And so, no, we haven't told of many soft moments...that really wasn't Jeff's way. But that doesn't mean there haven't been any. Jeff just held those times close to himself. Jeff's sister, Wanda Baker, summed it up when she said that although Jeff died at age 41, because of his life experiences, he was really 82. "When someone dies or leaves, we have to revisit in new ways the places they inhabited in our

hearts. It is not so much that we take part of them into us, as that, in their absence, we discover or cultivate a part of us we did not know was there. This does not compensate for the loss. The loss is still there, but our creative healing becomes part of their legacy to us." Let us now listen to the song "Eagles Fly" by Van Halen. About ten years ago, Jeff began to experience seizures. Doctors could never pinpoint what was causing the seizures. Medication would help for a time and then a change was needed. Jeff had one very bad seizure while at his mother's. Doris called Rod's wife, Sandy to come over and help as the main concern when someone is seizing is to keep them safe. Sandy managed to get Jeff to lie down and rest by assuring him she would be beside him. When Jeff awoke, he looked around, surprised, and asked Sandy what they were doing lying together. She pointed to Rod and explained to Jeff what had happened. Later, Jeff told Sandy how grateful he was she had come. He said he wasn't concerned about himself but didn't want his mother alone, because Doris didn't like to be alone. Jeff could sometimes feel the seizures coming on. Because Jeff lived alone, he made his co-workers and neighbors aware of the seizures, so they could help him when the seizures occurred, and check on him at home. They became his second family. Sadly, on October 4, Jeff died in his home, in Leander, Texas. Jeff's family put a great deal of thought into planning this life tribute service to honor Jeff and to recognize the significance his life had on others. They wanted a service similar to the one they had for Doris two years ago. They picked the wood casket because Jeff had chosen a wood casket for his mother. Jeff thought the wood seemed warm, and Jeff too did not like the cold. The golf corners on the casket are to honor his life in the world of golf and to pay respect to the friends and co-workers he had in Texas at the golf course. Jeff also has his shirt from the Crystal Falls Golf Course with him. The picture on the memorial was taken from a group family photo. Jeff's nephew, Trevon Baker, took the image of Jeff off that photo and designed the photo you see. A 16 x 24 picture is being made for the family by Trevon. The reading on the inside right of the memorial card was written by Jeff's sister, Sherry. The Mountain Dew and Nibs by Jeff's casket were a couple of his favorite snacks. The music you heard as you came in, the music on the video tribute and song played during the service was chosen by the family because it was music Jeff liked to listen to. The song "I Hope You Dance" will play as you exit. It was chosen by Jeff's niece, Karen-not because it is Jeff's kind of music, but because it says something about Jeff. At the reception after today's service, the food is catered by Sherry Hendrickson, who Jeff and the family thought did such a wonderful job at Doris' service. Also at the reception, you will find Nibs and another of Jeff's favorite foods, beef jerky in bowls on the tables. Jeff's family would also like to thank three friends of Jeff's who have come from Texas for today's service, Jeff's boss, Wayne Slaton, Robert Johnson, and Larry Reeder. Your presence at Jeff's life tribute service has touched the family deeply. It says a great deal about you and about Jeff. The family finds great

comfort in the fact that Jeff had such wonderful, caring people in his life in Texas. Today's life tribute service is the family's gift to Jeff. It's purpose is to honor and pay tribute to Jeff as a brother, brother-in-law, uncle, and friend. The family wanted this life tribute service to be about Jeffery Joseph Moan, to reflect his life, and his touch on the lives of those around him. Jeff was greatly loved and will be greatly missed. A memorial service is being planned for Jeff in Leander, Texas, at the Crystal Falls Golf Course down by the pond, at a later date. As we come to the close of our life tribute service for Jeffery Moan, let us remember Jeff for the person he was and the significance his life had on ours. Just as each fingerprint is unique, no two the same, it is the same for the impact our lives have on others. Each of us has a unique soul and every time we come into contact with others we leave our soul print. At the Oklahoma National Bombing Memorial the walls of the two symbolic gates are made of a special metal that absorbs the touch. Each visitor is encouraged to touch the walls – to leave a part of themselves there to be remembered and to be reminded. As we say good-bye to Jeffery Joseph Moan, the family invites you to come by his casket and leave your touch – to be remembered and to be reminded. Thank you all for being here for this important time.

# Tribute Wall



“ *Jeffery Moan*

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December 07, 2022 at 04:10 PM