



Joseph "Joe" Tesseneer

July 22, 1991 - January 26, 2013

Glendive, Montana: Joseph Buford Tesseneer, age 21, passed away on January 19, 2013 at his home in Glendive. A Life Tribute Service will be held at 10:00 A.M. on Saturday, January 26, 2013 in the Chapel of the Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home with Celebrant Sandy Silha officiating. Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home of Glendive has been entrusted with the arrangements. Joe was born on July, 22, 1991 in Rutherfordton, North Carolina, the son of April Jane Tesseneer. He spent a number of years living in Tennessee, before moving to Glendive at the age of fifteen, where he attended Dawson County High School. Joe was employed as the head cook for the Gust Hauf Restaurant in Glendive where he had been employed for the past four years. He enjoyed music and cars but he thoroughly loved spending time with his son, Damion. Joe was preceded in death by his grandfather, Buford Tesseneer; great-grandparents, Julius and Estelle McMurry and Odell and Elma Tesseneer and step-grandmother, Margaret Harpster. Survivors include his wife, Laura Lund of Glendive, son, Damion Tesseneer of Glendive; mother, April Tesseneer of Spindale, North Carolina; sister, Rebecca Allen of Cookeville, Tennessee; step-father, Robert Harpster of Glendive; grandmother, Florence Tesseneer of Spindale; his step-grandfather, William Harpster of Glendive; uncle, Gus (Tracy) Tesseneer of Forest City, North Carolina and numerous cousins. Remembrances and condolences may be shared with the family at: www.silvernale-silhafuneralhome.com. Every life is important; every life is worth remembering. We are here today to remember

Joe Tesseneer. But before we talk about his life, we need to address his death. Joe chose to end his life. Joe's choice is difficult to understand. It is certainly not what anyone would have chosen for Joe, and for those who knew Joe, ending his own life was not a choice they saw him making. Joe's death has put a great loss in the hearts of his family and friends, and the grief cuts deeply. As the journey of grief begins for family and friends, let us remember the Joe who was a vibrant young man, full of energy and mischief, a young man who was quick to anger and quick to smile, a young man who loved his high school sweetheart, Laura, adored his son, Damion, revered his mother, April, and embraced his friends as family. Laura calls Joe a "little man with a big heart." Born in North Carolina, the first grandchild in his family, Joe was always into mischief and always smiling, whether he was stealing chocolate chip cookies from his grandma, or getting stung by bees, his face swelling up around his grin. Joe's mom, April, has a picture of Joe in her mind of when he was a toddler, sitting on the floor of their house with the dog, a carton of cigarettes, a bag of flour, and a carton of eggs, missing them all up and getting it all over himself and the dog, smiling and having a great time, of course. Joe was stubborn by nature and reckless, charging ahead without thinking of consequences. These characteristics tended to get Joe into trouble, as a youngster and throughout life. Joe came to Montana with his mother, April, during his teen years. He attended high school here in Glendive. During his school years, Joe tried playing a little football. He played the position of running back, as he was short, fast, and tough. He and Laura met while in high school at the home of a mutual friend, and later, Joe was known to have commented about how he knew Laura was the girl for him the minute he laid eyes on her; for Joe it was love at first sight. Joe followed Laura around and would ask for hugs at school. Joe and Laura began to spend time together, and a deep love and friendship grew between them. They became inseparable and best friends. From that relationship came a son, Damion, who Joe treated like gold, and loved totally. Joe enjoyed getting Damion laughing by tickling him, tossing Damion in the air and catching him, or you might find

the two of them bouncing on the bed, laughing. Joe was also aware that the arguing he and Laura were prone to do was affecting their son. And that bothered both he and Laura. Besides his son and Laura, another important person in his life was his mother, April. He introduced her to everyone as "Mom", and many of his friends just called her that, not knowing her real first name. Joe loved her lasagne, and would tell people that although she didn't actively teach him to cook, he was paying attention when she cooked. Joe worked at the Gusthauf, cooking, for the last four years, working his way up to head cook. He was proud of his cooking ability, not just as a job, but at home when he would cook for friends. His friends rave about his spaghetti and omelets, and say he was great at bar-b-ques, having learned grilling techniques from his step-dad, Robert Harpster. Joe never followed a recipe but would just throw things together until it tasted good. Even when cooking, Joe went by the seat of his pants. With friends, Joe treated them like family, and they were always welcome in his home, the door was always open. He did have a unique way of meeting friends at times, Joe would tease, try to irritate them, or even try to pick a fight with them. Always smiling, though. He had a habit of poking those around him in the ribs, gleeking them, or just pushing their buttons in general. And then he would make you laugh. Joe had a great sense of humor. Some of his favorite things were his grandma Florence's cherry cheesecake or her Orange Crush cake, fishing, and the Oakland Raiders. The Raiders were his team, and this last Christmas, Laura found him some Oakland Raiders things, including a Raiders fishing lure, which he hung from their ceiling, saying he would never use it to fish with. He loved his Redwing work boots, and a skull and crossbones belt buckle he got from a friend, Bridget, for Christmas. One quirky thing Joe did a lot was back flips off random things, like cars, flower pots, whatever presented itself. He just seemed to get a big kick out of flipping out, so to speak. Joe loved cars and fast driving, and even better if the vehicle was loud, and he wasn't above joyriding in family or friends cars and pickups. Joe was a rulebreaker.

He had a passion for music, and again, louder was better. He heard the words, “turn it down” many times from neighbors and those in earshot. Friends remember being in a car, sitting on some ice, when Joe had the stereo so loud that it vibrated the car around on the ice. He listened to music every day, and preferred rap, often rapping out his own music. Joe would often learn every word to songs he liked. The music you hear today were some of his many favorites. And if Joe had a dream, it was to go to technical school for automotive training. He enjoyed keeping busy working on cars. He enjoyed taking things apart, he just did not always know how to get them back together. Joe bought a 2004 Dodge Stratus even before he had a driver’s license. It needed some work, but had a stereo in it. His dream car. But now, this guy, Joe Tesseneer, hard-headed but with the big heart, is gone. His affinity for living fast and loud is over. Remember his smile, his love of family and friends, remember the times and experiences with Joe that made you smile. Be glad he touched your heart with his life.

Tribute Wall



“ *Joseph "Joe" Tesseneer*

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