



## Larry Clingingsmith

June 12, 1958 - May 10, 2003

Larry Clingingsmith, age 44, of Glendive, passed away on Tuesday, May 6, 2003 at his home in Glendive. Memorial services will be held at 10:00 A.M., Saturday, May 10, 2003 at the Glendive Senior Citizens Center with Lay Pastoral Associate Avis Anderson officiating. Interment will be in the Dawson County Cemetery in Glendive. Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home of Glendive is entrusted with arrangements. Larry was born on June 12, 1958 in Wolf Point, Montana, the son of Eugene and Gail (Pilgrim) Clingingsmith. He attended Vida School in Vida, Montana and at the age of 8 moved with his family to Glendive where he graduated from Dawson County High School with the class of 1976. He then attended Dawson Community College. Larry also farmed his family farm with his father. Later he went to work for Crisafulli Pump Company. This job took him all over the United States. One of his most memorable jobs was cleaning the white sandy beaches and diving for trash in the manmade ponds of Disney World in Orlando, Florida. Larry had two wonderful children, whom he loved dearly. His first child was Ian and a couple of years later came Whitney. He always loved being a father and if he could have made it happen, he would have liked to have had the chance to be with his children every day, to see their smiles when they accomplished something, to talk with them, just to be with them. But the little time he was allowed to see them he will always cherish, it was and had been so very very precious to him. Memories... Ian: What a wonderful son! So proud of him, what father wouldn't? The good times we had together, he was my buddy, my little

companion. I took him with me as much as I could. I remember looking into his young eyes, and they would be beaming back loving excitement. Like saying, "Dad, this is great, I'm glad we're here, I'm glad you're my dad, I love you too!" He liked to be in the outdoors as much as I, hunting, fishing, four wheeling in the Jeep, etc. He especially likes the water, as I did. So every chance I got, we would hook onto the boat and head to the lake, for the weekend. I let him drive when he was five years old, standing tip toed, he couldn't hardly see over the steering wheel. Whitney: What a beautiful little girl, she was like a Barbie doll, long curly brown hair, and perfect features, with a smile that is the definition of "cute". And the little girl voice, was so dear, she is all feminine , no tomboy here. She liked her dresses and dolls, playing very contently for hours; chatting away conversations in make believe. Excellent memories observing her in her room, dolls and toys scattered about while she played merrily content. To Ian and Whitney: I would like to tell you a story, about; I Wish You Enough. At an airport I overheard a father and a daughter in their last moments together. They had announced her plane's departure and were standing near the door. I heard him tell her, "I wish you enough". She said, "Daddy, our life together has been more than enough. Your love is all I ever needed. I wish you enough, too, Daddy." They kissed good-bye and she left. He walked over toward the window where I was seated. Standing there I could see he wanted and needed to cry. I tried not to intrude on his privacy, but he welcomed me in by asking, "Did you ever say good-bye to someone knowing it would be forever?" "Yes I have," I replied. Saying that brought back memories I had of expressing my love and appreciation for everything my Dad had done for me. Recognizing that his days were limited, I took the time to tell him face to face how much he meant to me. So I knew what this man was experiencing. "Forgive me for asking, but why is this a forever good-bye?" I asked. "I am old and she lives much too far away. I have challenges ahead and the reality is, her next trip back will be for my funeral," he said. "When you were saying good-bye I heard you say, 'I wish you enough.' May I ask what that means?" He began to smile. "That's a

wish that has been handed down from other generations. My parents used to say it to everyone." He paused for a moment and looking up as if trying to remember in detail, he smiled even more. "When we said 'I wish you enough,' we were wanting the other person to have a life filled with enough good things to sustain them," he continued and then turning toward me he shared the following as if he were reciting it from memory. I wish you enough sun to keep your attitude bright. I wish you enough rain to appreciate the sun more. I wish you enough happiness to keep your spirit alive. I wish you enough pain so that the smallest joys in life appear much bigger. I wish you enough gain to satisfy your wanting. I wish you enough loss to appreciate all that you possess. I wish you enough "Hello's" to get you through the final "Good-bye." He then began to sob and walked away! So on the unfortunate circumstance I don't get to see you Ian and you Whitney, I like to say, "I love you dearly...I wish you enough." Larry was diagnosed with metastatic malignant melanoma in 1997. He had a total of 13 operations and for a year had interferon injections every other day, with a price tag of about five grand a week. He lived longer than doctors expected and came to know that the cancer was his gift. He learned many many things throughout his journey through this disease and would not have changed anything. He traveled extensively and met many many kind and gentle souls along the way. To all those who he encountered along the way he would like to say "Thank You" and I "wish you enough"! Larry was preceded in death by his father. Survivors include his son, Ian Edward Clingingsmith of Dickinson, North Dakota; his daughter, Whitney LynAnn Clingingsmith of Dickinson, North Dakota; his mother, Gail Clingingsmith of Glendive; three sisters, Karen Berg and her husband Richard of Glendive, Linda Short and her husband Bill of Great Falls, Montana and Renee Lillejord and her husband Bruce of Cheyenne, Wyoming; four brothers, Richard Clingingsmith and his wife MaryAnn, Tom Clingingsmith and his wife JoLynn, Keith Clingingsmith and his wife Sari and Daryl Clingingsmith and his wife Darcy, all of Glendive; his grandmother, Edna

Pilgrim of Wolf Point, Montana. For all of you... When you hug someone,  
never be the first to let go!

# Tribute Wall



“ *Larry Clingingsmith*

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December 07, 2022 at 04:10 PM