



## Larry "Butchie" Haggerty

May 21, 1956 - August 9, 2007

Larry "Butchie" W. Haggerty, age 51, of Glendive, passed away on Sunday, August 5, 2007 at the Sidney Health Center in Sidney, Montana. A Life Tribute Service will be held at 10:00 A.M., Thursday, August 9, 2007 at the Sacred Heart Catholic Church in Glendive with Celebrant Sandy Silha officiating. Interment will be in the Dawson Memorial Cemetery in Glendive. Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home of Glendive is entrusted with arrangements. Larry was born on May 21, 1956 in Terry, Montana, the son of Daniel George and Verna Lorraine (Colby) Haggerty. He attended elementary school in Lindsay, Montana and graduated from Dawson County High School in Glendive with the class of 1974. During high school, Larry worked at Crisafulli Pump Company where he continued to work for a short time after his high school graduation. He also worked with his father at Dan Haggerty and Sons Well Drilling Service. Larry and Lois Shevela were united in marriage on July 19, 1975 in Glendive. They continued to make Glendive their home and in 1979, Larry went to work with his brother, Mike. In 1981, Larry and Mike started H & H Drilling where he continued to work until the time of his death. Larry loved his work and also enjoyed hunting and attending rodeos- especially Brockway Dairy Days. He was a member of the Glendive Moose Lodge, Montana Water Well Association, National Water Well Association and the Lindsay Hall Association. Larry was preceded in death by his father; his brother, Patrick; brother-in-law, Ron Lovaas; three nieces and one nephew. Survivors include his wife, Lois and his daughter, Ami Haggerty, both of Glendive; his son,

Nicholas (Nicole) Haggerty of Billings, Montana; his mother, Lorraine Haggerty of Lindsay; his sisters, Judy Parrish of Missoula, Montana, Carol Robinson (Ike) of Moyie Springs, Idaho, Diane Lovaas and Anne (Bill) Sadorf , all of Glendive; his brothers, Mike (Yvonda) Haggerty of Glendive and Jeff (Vickie) Haggerty of Billings; sister-in-law, Carolee Haggerty of Glendive. Celebrant Service: If "Butchie" Haggerty were out there among you today, he would probably be found seated in the back, listening quietly. For Butchie did not demand, seek out or even want to be the center of attention. In Butchie's mind, everyone here, his wife, Lois, his children, Ami and Nick, his mother, Lorraine, his brothers and sisters, all his extended family, his friends, his co-workers, his clients, all of you were, to Butchie, more important than he. A good friend, Mari Brant, stated it quite simply when she said "Butchie was a humble, selfless man and we were blessed to have had him in our lives." Today Butchie Haggerty is the most important person here. Today we honor and pay tribute to the significance Butchie's presence has had in the lives of family, friends, co-workers, clients. We will take time to share our grief over losing him far too soon. Today we remember Larry "Butchie" Haggerty. Lois, Ami and Nick will light a candle in memory of Butchie. May the light of this candle signify the ever-present love that lives on in the hearts of all of Butchie's family and friends. Since this flame represents remembrance, after burning here today, the candle will go home with the family, to be lit on the many special occasions when Butchie will be remembered. A good friend of Butchie's and the Haggerty family, Kenny Slagsvold, will play and sing "On the Wings of a Dove" as the family lights his candle and as we take this time to remember Butchie. "The Value of Life" by Doug Manning "The value of a life cannot be judged by the words that pass our lips. It isn't what we say. Nor can the value be based on belief systems, accepted or rejected. It isn't what we believe. The value cannot be determined by the work we do, no matter how successful. It isn't what we do. Our value is found in the person we become. It is "who we are" that matters. The kindness that does not need to be turned on, And just seems to be there. The honesty that happens without thought,

And is the expected response. The acceptance of others without conditions, And no one is surprised. The love that loves in spite of, and through it all, And is as natural as breath. These are the true values of a life." The "who" that was Butchie Haggerty is reflected in the memories each of you have of him. Butchie was a quiet, hardworking, honest, dependable, fun-loving and funny man. He loved people but hated crowds. Butchie enjoyed and was dedicated to his family and friends and always put others first. At times he may have come across as a bit gruff and intimidating, but was really, as his sister-in-law, Carol Turno, put it, "just a big teddy bear." Butchie never said a bad word about anyone and he would do anything for you, anytime. His sister, Anne Sadorf summed her brother up with these words, "Butchie was the kind of man a mother hopes her sons grow up to be like and her daughters marry." Many of you knew Larry by his nickname "Butchie" or "Butchie Boy". Butchie picked up this name from "Bozo The Clown" during his cartoon watching days. Butchie enjoyed nicknames. Lois was "woman"... "Woman, it's time to go" or "Woman, you go by five gas stations on your way home from work. Why is there no gas in your car?" Ami was "little girl" or "Beav" from the movie "Beavus and Butthead". His son Nick was "Bud", brother Mike was "Big Stick", and his many friends were given names that just served to confuse everyone. One of the things Butchie loved to do was visit with people. He would shy away from large groups, preferring to visit with a few people at a time or one on one. Lorraine, Butchie's mother, remembers him as always being quiet and shy. Whenever the family was at a large gathering of friends and neighbors, if Lorraine couldn't find Butchie, she would look under her chair, where Butchie would go to hide. And although he loved to visit with people, Butchie would mostly listen, throwing in a one liner every now and then. There was never a shortage of people for Butchie to visit with. Having covered all of eastern Montana drilling and servicing water wells, Butchie seemed to know everyone and could always find something to visit about. Even though he didn't say much, you always knew what he thought. Butchie had looks he would give

you, or if he didn't like something, he would say it was "be-ooo-tiful"! Butchie was a great storyteller. On one of Butchie and Lois' outings with friends, Doug and Mary Brandt, Butchie was relating a story about milking a rattlesnake. Mary had never heard of milking a rattlesnake and couldn't quite picture this in her head. Thinking about a cow is milked using the udder, Mary finally had to ask Butchie about where on the snake and how you did this. Well, Butchie had her, and he set the hook deep. He did eventually educate Mary on how you do milk a rattlesnake, but not until he had a bit of fun with her first. Doug and Butchie were friends from high school and besides doing things together, they would talk on the phone every Sunday, and visit and catch up. Didn't matter if they had just seen each other the night before. That is how Butchie was with family and friends. He was always a quiet presence, there if you needed him. Butchie's sister, Judy Parrish, tells that Butchie and Lois would just "drop in" to visit her in Missoula about once every month. Sometimes they would all continue on to Idaho to visit another sister, Carol Robinson. Butchie was always available for his family. Butchie had helped each of them move at least once, some more than once. Someone asked Mike if his horse trailer had ever hauled horses. Mike wasn't sure it had, but it had moved a lot of households. Lorraine remembers having a "to do" board at home when the kids were growing up. She would list chores she wanted done and everyone was good about getting them done, but Butchie always seemed to do the most. Lois first met Butchie when her parents, against her wishes moved to Glendive. Lois was a junior in high school and she didn't like anything about being here, and when she was introduced to Butchie, she didn't like him either. But Butchie convinced her to go out for dinner with him. Since it was her birthday, Butchie took her to the local fine dining establishment here in Glendive, the Montana Inn. He told Lois to order anything she wanted and she did. It was years later when Lois found out that Butchie had went back into the kitchen where a friend worked and borrowed money to pay for the dinner...he was broke. But he was always looking out for Lois. Butchie wasn't a flower guy, but knew Lois loved them. He gave her many flowers over the years.

Once in his younger day, when he was more prone to adventurous escapades, Butchie saw an assortment of flower bulbs outside a local establishment, and decided to borrow some to take and give to Lois to plant. The next day he sheepishly called one of his friends to report that what he had in his possession was not flowers but onion bulbs. Another event that was quite memorable in Butchie's family life was the birth of his first child, daughter Ami. Lois and Butchie headed for the hospital about 5 o'clock one morning. The Glendive hospital had a strike going on at the time and the admitting clerk really didn't want them there. But a baby was coming strike or not, and Ami arrived a few hours later at about 9 am. After being assured everything and everyone was doing fine, Butchie headed out to announce the news. He rounded up some of his good buddies, they took the Koch Furniture van and began celebrating Butchie's new title as a father. At 10 pm, Lois awoke to Butchie and crew knocking on her hospital window wanting to get in. They were sure the nurse at the desk would not open up for them. Lois could only shake her head! One observer commented that there was a glow to Butchie; that he was so full of love and pride that you would have thought he invented fatherhood! Throughout their married life, Butchie's work took him out of town, and he spent many days and nights away from Lois and the kids. But every night he was not at home, Lois could count on Butchie calling her at 9:01 pm. He would check in and make sure all was well. Lois would make sure the phone line was clear for his call, as she did not want to miss it. Although Butchie did not enjoy being away from his family so much, he did love his work. Mike always called Butchie "a hard working little sh--!" But when Mike and Butchie began to work together, Mike had already experienced Butchie's dedication and work ethic. As youngsters they had shared a bedroom and Mike had paid Larry one dollar a week to make his bed. Butchie would work six days a week. On Saturdays, he would try to get Lois to "go for a ride in the country" with him and Lois knew she was the crew for the day. Butchie always had to charge more for Saturday work, because it cost him more in dinner and drinks with Lois as his helper. Lois has many stories to tell about her time in

the field with Butchie. When Butchie was in town and would go out to work at the shop, he would be the first one there in the morning to open and make coffee for all the guys who dropped in to have a cup and see what was going on. Butchie always stopped what he was doing to visit with them and always had time to listen. He may not have gotten home until ten at night, but you never felt that you were holding him up. Butchie was a morning person and his son, Nick, recalls working with his father on out of town jobs. One of Nick's fondest memories is of Butchie waking him up with the words, "Hey Bud, are you going to sleep all day?" A glance at the clock would usually show it to be about 4 am. Butchie knew all the back roads and all the people who lived on them. And Butchie loved to drive with his foot in the carburetor. His sister, Judy tells that when the speed limit was 55 and the fine was \$5, Butchie would stick five dollar bills on the dash, and if he made it to Billings for twenty dollars or less, he felt pretty successful. One of Butchie's job skills was welding and he was quite good at it. He would say he could weld anything except the crack of dawn and crack behind you! His mother, Lorraine, had him weld crosses for all the graves at the Union cemetery near Lindsay, and they put artificial flowers on these crosses and put them up. A friend and client, Darrel Hystad, wrote the following, titled simply: "Butch" He ran a water rig And drilled through the sod. Looking for good water, The liquid of the gods. In the heat of the summer, He'd work every day. And in the cold of winter, He'd surely earn his pay. If you had problems, He came when you called. Through the mud in the spring, And the frost in the fall. Be it pump or well, He knew just what to do. He'd have you back and running, In just an hour or two. You'll be missed on this earth, With the respect that you've won. And remembered and praised, For jobs that you've done. So go up to heaven, And saint Peter this you tell. I've come because you called, There must be a problem with your well. Thank you Darrel for those words. When Butchie wasn't working, he loved spending time socializing and doing things with family and friends. An event especially enjoyed by Butchie was the Brockway Dairy Days Rodeo.

The Haggerty family has been attending this rodeo for years. It is almost a national holiday for them. Butchie went as a kid and would make pocket money by picking up empties for the beer booth. And when old enough, Butchie spent pocket change at that very same venue. In fact, a young Nick learned to drive by going to the Brockway rodeo with his dad. Butchie always had a good time there. He and friends, if he could talk them into it, would buy a cowboy in the calcutta and sometimes he would even win money back. The first year he took Chuck Bondley to Brockway, the cowboy they bought paid off big...several hundred dollars. As Butchie and friends celebrated, Butchie suggested they donate the money back to the Brockway Dairy Days. Butchie did it to honor his dad, Dan Haggerty, who had always enjoyed the rodeo when he was alive and because, as Chuck put it, Butchie had great respect for how hard his father had worked. And the money was donated back. One year Lois' aunt, Pat Martin, went to the rodeo and Butchie almost had her convinced to ride a bull. He took her down to the pens to pick one out and made it sound like she would have a great time trying this. He didn't quite sell her on that, but he had fun trying. A good friend, Sheila Conradsen, commented that Butchie was so "easy going and enjoyable to be around." Because of this, his friends were many. And Butchie like to visit and spend time with them all, a few at a time. One of the few times, a large group of them got together was for his 50th birthday. Fred aka, Jim Nagle, managed to surprise him with a big bar-b-que at the shop. A few white lies got Butchie to help get it ready and keep him there long enough for people to arrive. Had Butchie seen it coming, he probably would have run the other direction. Large gatherings were not his idea of fun. But even he had a good time. An interesting thing that happened to Butchie several times was that he would be mistaken for famous people. He must have had that look. He was accused of being Merle Haggard, Charlie Daniels, Hank Williams, Jr., and once while traveling with friends, a woman thought he was Mario Andretti. For the rest of that trip, Butchie was Mario, Larrio. Butchie's favorite foods were a lot of butter with a little popcorn; chocolate syrup with vanilla ice cream; and as a note,

Ami said if you didn't tell him one scoop, you would get a huge bowl of it to eat; and milkshakes; his favorite meal was meatloaf and scalloped potatoes, and he loved hamburgers. And Butchie was always chewing on a toothpick. His favorite music was country and western –that is two different kinds you know. And he was partial to the Alice Cooper songs "Dead Babies" and "Million Dollar Babies" to which he knew the words by heart, having wore out an eight track tape of that music. When asked if Butchie had any annoying habits, the family and friends gathered to share memories for this eulogy just smiled and laughed, but had none to offer. The closest anything came to a bad habit was the toothpicks. Lois expects to be finding them stuck in her couch for several years. The general consensus was that Butchie did have a halo, he just generally wore it around his ankles. Butchie was a fortunate man. He had the love and support of a large circle of family and friends. He had the respect and admiration of co-workers and clients, he enjoyed what he did and did what he enjoyed, and he always, always gave more than he received. Larry "Butchie" Haggerty will be greatly missed. Let us listen now to a song chosen by the family for "Butchie", called "Daddy"s Hands" sung by Lynn Casterline, accompanied by Karen Casterline. Song: "Daddy's Hands" Closing

This past week-end, Butchie was at the Sidney Fair, enjoying life with his "woman" Lois and good friends. That Butchie is gone is difficult to comprehend. It is only in the coming weeks and months that we will begin to realize the tremendous void he has left in the lives of family and friends. But it is also in the coming weeks and months that we will begin to really appreciate the gifts that are his legacy. These gifts will be found in the memories we have of Butchie, in the faces and lives of his children, Ami and Nick, in the strength that Lois will find in having shared a lifetime of learning and love with her Lar. Never assume a friend wants to mourn alone. When something reminds you of Butchie, share it with his family. Send them a note, an e-mail, call or visit and let Lois, Ami, Nick, Lorraine, Mike and the rest of the family know what a significant impact Butchie had on your life and that you will always remember him. Remember the 1sts, the 1st holidays, the 1st birthdays, the 1st

anniversaries-for at these times Butchie's absence will be felt with a fresh sense of loss. Be very present during these times and honor the memory of this good man. In planning today's service, the family has done a few things to make Butchie's life tribute service reflect the man he was. The candle used today has a picture of Butchie on a well site with his rig. The casket spray only has three roses, one for Lois, one for Ami and one for Nick with the rest being greenery and wheat, to represent the hillsides that Butchie loved. The windmill is of course for the water and rigs Butchie spent most of his life working. The memory boards the family has put together span Butchie's life in pictures and include the family and friends so important to Butchie. They will be at the reception for you to view. Butchie's service rig will be parked at the Moose to honor his life's work. The grief journey of the Haggerty family has intensified twofold. A few months ago, Butchie's brother Pat died. The loss of two sons, two husbands, two fathers, and two brothers can be overwhelming. We cannot take their grief from them nor should we. But we can offer comfort and support with our presence and our touch. Today we have come together to honor and pay tribute to the life of Larry "Butchie" Haggerty. For his life has touched ours and we are better for that. Just as each fingerprint is unique with no two the same, it is the same 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 our soul print. As you are ushered from your seats today, the family invites to come forward and leave your fingerprints upon this casket to remain, blend together and forever signify the impact and soul print Butchie's life has made upon us. Your handprint is that of love and friendship in honor of Larry "Butchie" Haggerty's life and to the belief that "a life shared is a life never to be forgotten."

# Tribute Wall



“ *Larry "Butchie" Haggerty*

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