



## Larry Lafond

November 7, 1941 - February 17, 2009

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA: Larry W. Lafond, age 67, of Lincoln, Nebraska, formerly of Glendive, Montana, died Wednesday, February 11, 2009 in Lincoln. A Life Tribute Service will be held at 2:00 P.M. Tuesday, February 17, 2009 in the Chapel of the Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home in Glendive, Montana with Celebrant Sandy Silha officiating. Interment with military honors will follow at the Dawson Memorial Cemetery in Glendive. Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home of Glendive is entrusted with arrangements. Larry was born November 7, 1941 in Malta, Montana, the son of Cecil and Frances (Johnson) Lafond. He was raised in Glendive, Montana where his father coached him in Babe Ruth Baseball. Larry graduated from Dawson County High School with the class of 1959. Larry proudly served in the United States Navy from 1959 to 1962. He was married to Judi Hodous at Our Saviour Lutheran Church on June 13, 1966. He spent 30 years in crop and farm credit insurance. Larry's retirement years were spent working part-time at Wal-Mart. Larry was an avid golfer, fisherman and he enjoyed playing cards and loved all Husker sports. Larry was preceded in death by his father and one daughter Laurie. Larry is survived by his wife Judi of Lincoln, Nebraska, two sons: Kelly Lafond of Charlotte, North Carolina and Kiley Lafond of Aurora, Illinois, two daughters: Tiffany Lafond of Lincoln, Nebraska and Stephanie Martinez of Lincoln, Nebraska, seven grandchildren: Cory, Maille, Jessica,, Julianna, Amanda, Anthony and Alex, one great-grandson expected soon; his mother, Frances Lafond of Glendive, two sisters, Leah Joritz and her husband Richard of

Bismarck, North Dakota and Lynnette Siegle, of Bozeman, Montana and one brother William Lafond and his wife Kathy of Glendive, Montana. Remembrances and condolences may be e-mailed to [silvernale-silhafuneralhome.com](mailto:silvernale-silhafuneralhome.com) Larry "Butch" Lafond Life Tribute Service February 17, 2009 Chapel of the Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home Glendive, Montana Master of Ceremonies: Welcome Song: "Unchained Melody" Celebrant: Eulogy Good Afternoon. "Remember me in your heart, in your thoughts, and in the memories of the times we loved; the memories of the time we shared. For if you always think of me, I will have never gone." In the hearts of family and friends, Larry "Butch" Lafond will never be gone. Larry was a huge presence in the lives of his family and friends. His active, hands-on approach to everyone led to many an adventure and many a misadventure. His enthusiastic enjoyment of life made for many fun times and much laughter. But it was those small, supportive acts of kindness and love, his being there for those he cared about, his strong presence in the lives of family and friends, that made Larry a much loved man; a man who will be greatly missed. His wife Judi and their children, experienced his support and love through many a difficult time, and to his grandchildren, Larry was more like a father to them than a grandfather. As a son and brother, well, you can read the letter his mother wrote to him as he started life. Wasn't that a wonderful and wise piece of motherly love and advice? And Larry can probably attribute his great love of sports, and baseball in particular, to his father, Cecil. Larry was the oldest of four children, with he and his sister Leah being close in age, and his brother Bill, and sister, Lynnette, coming along twelve and more years later. Lynnette says she was 4 or 5 when Larry came home from the Navy and she didn't know him at all and had to ask who he was. Lynnette, being the youngest, did not have much of a baby book; her parents had grown tired of keeping such things up by the time she came along, so Lynnette loved to read the other kids' baby books. She recalls Larry's baby book reading like a "horror novel." One entry would talk about Larry swallowing 11 cents that day, and the next entry would read about Larry swallowing 13 cents, and so on. It was like

having a human piggy bank in the house. Other entries recorded all the stitches Larry required. But what really impressed Lynnette the most, were all the times Larry got three pronged fishhooks caught in his lips or mouth. Larry's baby book was a comical read. For Bill as a child, well, his big brother Butch didn't want him tagging along, so Bill got left behind a lot. In later life, Bill was overheard to say that he would have had more stories of times with Larry to tell, but he didn't remember many of them. One story vivid in Bill's memory was of going to Omaha this past October with Larry and Clay Newton for some guy time. This story is best related by Bill. Ask him later today to share that with you. The following are memories about her brother, Butch, that Leah wrote for today's service: "As kids, we lived about 8 miles out of Glendive on the Sidney hiway on a small farm. At 4 years old, I only had my brother to play with. He was 8. I remember throwing rocks at each other. He would call me a sissy because I couldn't throw very far. I outsmarted him finally. I waited for him to stick his head around the corner of the barn and then I threw a rock as hard as I could and bam...got him right in the eye! His cries brought my dad and I was punished. That started our ritual of him enticing me into something and me ending up in trouble. We both went to a one-room school with eight other kids. My kindergarten year was like this...he locked me in the stinky outhouse which I was deathly afraid of, as he told me there were rattlesnakes down in the hole. One recess he was nice enough to push me on the swings...pushed until I flew out and broke my arm. Another recess he said I could play a game of Truth or Dare with him and the older classmates. Awesome! Well, they dared me to do some dreadful thing and being sure they would be proud of me, I did it. Of course I was in trouble with the teacher and then my dad. Butch laughed his head off! At Halloween, the older kids set up the "House of Horrors" in the basement of the school. Butch insisted I go down there with him even though the other kids said I was too young. I wasn't going to be a baby so I let him blindfold me and lead me down. The first stop was the eyeball table. He took my hands and put them in a tin pie pan they

had broken eggs into. As he squished my hands into the eggs, there was a scary voice saying these were human eyeballs. I believed it and threw up all over. My brother loved to tell me ghost stories at night until I was so scared I couldn't go to sleep without a light on. I remember the two of us riding two miles to school on a horse. I loved that. The past ten years, he drove back to Bismarck each summer. He would give me golf lessons. We would have serious discussions about everything under the sun. I sure am going to miss him!" Leah After high school, Larry served two years in the Navy. He was stationed out of Guam and was a reconnaissance photographer, taking pictures out of navy planes. Larry came home with large stacks of photos of every thing from native girls to villages. Upon his return home to Glendive, Montana, Larry began working for the local newspaper as a photographer. It was at this time that he became interested in a young lady, Judi Hodous, who worked at George's Sandwich shop. Judi thought Larry was too old for her, he was 23 and she was 17. But Larry convinced her otherwise. Their journey as life partners included five children, seven grandchildren and homes from Chicago, Illinois to Syracuse, New York, to Lincoln, Nebraska, but Larry always considered Glendive his home. The family summer vacation was a trip home to Glendive for get-togethers with family and friends. His family tells that every trip to Glendive, Larry drove a different road so that they could see new country. When visiting Glendive, Larry always made a point to get with his brother, Bill, and friends and go over to Wibaux for steak and to play a little poker. A friend, Don Knapp stated it best when he said "Butch loved to rub it in when he won gambling and all the rest of us donated." Larry was an avid card player. He played bridge and pinochle with friends and family, Pitch with the grandkids, poker with the guys. Even his grandkids knew how to play blackjack. Grandpa taught them. Another love in his life was sports. Larry grew up playing baseball, coached by his father. He played school sports and he would watch any kind of sporting activity. Larry was always a Dodger fan, and he had a huge collection of baseball cards. He was pretty upset to find out when he returned from the Navy, that his mother, Frances, had gotten into

pitching while he was gone and had pitched his collection of baseball cards. Larry had a passion for all Nebraska Husker sports. He supported and attended them all, from football, basketball, and baseball to gymnastics. He followed both boys and girls Husker programs. Bill says Larry knew everything about the players on the football team, from their names to their exercise routines. When Judi started working for the college athletic department, Larry would quiz her about what was going on and who she had seen that day. Son Kelly was pretty much blackballed when he chose not to be a Husker fan. Tiffany remembers having to go to all the basketball games with her dad. Larry's grandkids have grown up on a diet of Husker sports. In his spare time, if Larry wasn't at a Husker game, you could probably find him fishing, or on the golf course. And always, he was with family or friends. Daughters Stephanie and Tiffany tell of countless fishhooks retrieved by their dad from trees. Judi and grandson Anthony dug up many a worm from Larry's garden and cut them in half to fish with. Larry was a hard worker and a good provider for his family. He spent twenty years working for Old Republic Insurance and 10 years with National Crop Insurance. Larry wore a tie to work every day when he was with Old Republic, and his family claims he wore the ugliest ties. No one is sure if he was color blind or just had bad taste. After his retirement from insurance, Larry worked for K-mart and Wal-Mart. At K-mart he worked in the restaurant, and became, as he put it, the best grillmaster in Nebraska, even grilling steaks in the parking lot of K-Mart. Larry was seldom without a baseball hat and he loved to smoke. The ashtrays and plant pots were always full of cigarette butts. His morning routine included cigarettes, coffee, and the newspaper. He drank coffee all day and often would buy several newspapers just to do the crosswords. Larry was a trivia buff and loved talk radio, Rush Limbaugh and CNN. A staunch conservative, he took politics seriously. John Wayne was Larry's big screen hero and he had seen all the movies many times, especially "True Grit." Another favorite western was "Lonesome Dove." Larry loved a good steak, peanuts, and popcorn. Until Larry and Judi moved to an apartment, Larry was an avid gardener, raising cucumbers, zucchini,

and tomatoes, and he always had his marigolds. Larry was quite a tease and a flirt. In his stories to Judi, the kids and grandkids, "hot chicks" were always talking to him or involved in all the wild times of his youth. One vacation to Glendive, Larry observed his nephew, Matt Siegle, being dressed up by Matt's sisters, and for a long time Matt was known to Larry as Jennifer. But Matt came right back at Larry, renaming him, Sally. For years Sally and Jennifer stuck. Larry loved to joke around. But he knew when to be serious and one thing he was serious about was his family. He was truly dedicated to them. Son Kelly appreciated all the times of support Larry gave his children when they struggled with life challenges. And he smiles when recalls how Larry would check everyone's plate to make sure they didn't get something to eat that he didn't. Larry told Tiffany that he wanted his kids to live with him forever. Larry loved having his family around. One of Tiffany's favorite memories was when the family slept on the lawn and Larry showed her the star constellations. "Perhaps they are not stars in the sky, but rather openings where our loved ones shine down to let us know they are happy." The memories for Larry's grandchildren are many. Larry was a hands-on Grandpa. He was their protector, their daycare, their playmate, a storyteller, a coach, a teacher, a strong, funny and dynamic example in their lives. Jessie's special memory was when she wore her dress for Homecoming and her grandpa told her how beautiful she looked. Amanda talked about how he liked to wrestle, but the only one he would let out of his holds was Alex. And Fridays belonged to Alex and Grandpa, and special lunches at McDonald's. Larry threatened to go college with Stephanie. And in a sense he did, following her when she moved to Lincoln, Nebraska to attend college, and with he and Judi taking up residence there in Lincoln. When asked for a special memory, Stephanie wrote the following: "I can tell you that my dad was my hero. When he used to joke that my parents were Mr. and Mrs. Rock, I guess he was right. He was my "Rock". He was always there for me; the one person I could trust, the one I could go to for anything and know without a doubt, he would always be there.

When I needed guidance, a shoulder to lean on, or the courage to go on, my dad was the person to go to. He gave me strength and taught me always do my best and reach for the stars. I am proud to call him Dad and my sons' grandfather. He was the best father I could ever ask for and although I will miss him deeply, I know that he is in a better place now and will always be in my heart and watching over me, and continue to be my "Rock." I love you, Dad!" Love Stephanie. This past year, Larry was diagnosed with stomach cancer that was in the later stages. Bill tells that in the face of this news and in his battle with cancer, Larry never asked "Why me?" He never felt sorry for himself. He kept his chin up and his spirits high as best he could. Bill deeply admired Larry's strength and dignity in the face of this terrible disease. Larry's friend Ron saw him this last Thanksgiving holiday and his observation was that Larry seemed to be doing okay with everything. Ron also made the comment that described Larry's life. "Larry lived in the moment." You may have heard the following words but they bear repeating. "What Cancer Cannot Do" It cannot invade the soul, suppress memories, kill friendship, destroy peace, conquer the spirit, shatter hope, cripple love, corrode faith, steal eternal life, silence courage." Let us remember those things when we remember Larry "Butch" Lafond. At this time, we present to you a video tribute about the life and times of Larry "Butch" Lafond created by members of Larry's family. Video Tribute Celebrant: All who knew Larry "Butch" and shared experiences with him, have stories to tell. At this time Larry's brother-in-law and friend, Dick Joritz, would like to share a few memories of Butch with us. Thank you Dick. There also were a few e-mails to be shared today. Celebrant: Closing There are many views about the hope that waits for us in life beyond life, but there is one undeniable and ever present hope we can all share. That is the hope found in memories. "We live on in the lives of those we touch; we live on in the lives of those who love us; no one is dead until they are forgotten." Larry "Butch" Lafond will be alive as long as he is remembered and who could ever forget him? The stories his life created will keep his memory and his presence alive long into future generations. Keep his memories close

to your hearts. Tell his stories often. Larry touched many lives, and has left a legacy of smiles, experiences and love. A husband, a son, a father, a grandfather, a brother, an uncle, a friend, Larry "Butch" Lafond was greatly loved and will be greatly missed. We will conclude Larry's life tribute service with a final song selected by his family. Song: "Dance With My Father"

# Tribute Wall



“ *Larry Lafond*

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December 07, 2022 at 04:10 PM