



## Lindy Schipman

September 15, 1945 - February 2, 2010

GLENDIVE, MONTANA: Lindy Schipman, age 64, passed away on Sunday, January 24, 2010 at the Glendive Medical Center in Glendive. A Life Tribute Service will be held at 2:00 P.M.. on Tuesday, February 2, 2010 in the Chapel of the Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home of Glendive with Celebrant Sandy Silha officiating. Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home of Glendive has been entrusted with the arrangements. Lindy was born on September 15, 1945 in Scobey, Montana the son of Richard and Emma (Fouhy) Schipman. He was raised and educated in Dawson County, attending Three Mile School in rural Dawson County. He had worked for a short time in the oilfield and had spent many years working in the state of New York on the Roaring Brook Dude Ranch. Lindy had traveled extensively throughout the United States hauling race horses. He loved horseback riding and was a true horseman who had worked at various ranches in the Glendive area. One of the many things that Lindy enjoyed was amateur rodeo. Lindy was preceded in death by his parents, two brothers, Kenny and Duane. Survivors include his daughter, Cynthia Bissonette of Sherman, Texas; four granddaughters, Christina, Stephanie, Shannon, and Laura; two sisters, Gloria Hass and her husband Larry of Glendive, Bette Jordan of Otis, Colorado; one brother, Gaylen Schipman and his wife Nancy of Glendive; a lifelong best friend, Walter Bryhn of Billings, Montana; and numerous nieces and nephews. Remembrances and condolences may be shared with the family at: [www.silvernale-silhafuneralhome.com](http://www.silvernale-silhafuneralhome.com) Lindy Schipman Life Tribute Service Silvernale-SilhaFuneral Home

Chapel Glendive, MT February 2, 2010 Welcome: Master of Ceremonies  
Prayer: Celebrant "A Rodeo Cowboy's Prayer" (by Clem McSpadden) Our gracious and heavenly Father, we pause..., mindful and thoughtful of the guidance that you have given us. As cowboys, Lord, we don't ask for any special favors, we ask only that you let us compete in this arena, as in life's arena. We don't ask to never break a barrier, or to draw a round of steer that's hard to throw, or a chute fighting horse, or a bull that is impossible to ride. We only ask that you help us to compete as honest as the horses we ride, and in a manner as clean and pure as the wind that blows across this great land of ours. So when we do make that last ride that is inevitable for us all to make, to that place up there, where the grass is green and lush and stirrup high, the water runs cool, clear and deep- You'll tell us, as we ride in, that our entry fees have been paid. For these things we ask – Amen. It is an important day when we stop to bear witness to a person's life and times among us, the difference his living and dying made among family and community, and to take time to express our grief, our hope and our memories. Lindy Schipman was a unique personality and it is here that we show honor to the memories of a life that touched us and remains alive in our hearts. We will begin by hearing a few words from Lindy's nephew, Festus Schipman. Speaker: Festus Schipman Song: Strawberry Roan Eulogy: Celebrant Those who knew Lindy Schipman might first describe him as a cowboy, and that he liked his liquor. But when someone dies or leaves, just as Lindy has, we revisit in new ways the places they inhabited in our lives and in our hearts. Yes, Lindy had the knowledge, skills, heart, mind and soul of a cowboy, with a propensity for drink, but his story was much more. Lindy was a good and helpful neighbor and friend; he was smart and a talented "jack of trades". He most often would help out whenever asked. Did you hear him complain much, or did he expect or ask for much from anyone? Probably not. Lindy was a colorful "character" with a wonderful laugh. As we remember Lindy, we will remember the cowboy and more; and we will remember the good times, and more. Lindy Schipman was a cowboy and a horseman. Raised on the family ranch, he lived the cowboy

life at a young age, and never really left that life. No matter where he went, and he traveled to many places; no matter what he did, and he worked many jobs, if he wasn't working with horses or doing ranch work, he soon returned to it. It was what Lindy knew, what he loved to do, it was what he excelled at; it was what he was known for. The 5th of six children, Lindy's closest friend and companion as a youngster was his sister, Betty, who was a year older than Lindy. Both enjoyed the ranch life and riding horses, so it was natural for them to do things together. Much time was spent riding, but there was only one saddle that fit them, and Lindy would always let Betty use the saddle and he would ride bareback. It was because of this that Lindy would tell Betty it was her fault that he broke his leg. Lindy was riding a horse trained to cut, and the horse cut one way and Lindy went straight, ultimately breaking his leg. But Betty remembers Lindy always looking out for her. Lindy would let her pick which horse she wanted to ride, and because she was afraid to ride downhill, Lindy would wait for her to walk her horse down the hills of the ranch. Lindy was always patient and kind to Betty, and taught her all about riding and roping. The older boys wouldn't teach her because she was a girl, but they would show Lindy, and he would in turn would show Betty. One of the things Lindy and Betty enjoyed doing, which they were not supposed to do, was to take the dogs with them riding, and when they would go past the cows, she and Lindy would let the dogs get the cows stirred up and running around. But for the most part, Betty remembers Lindy as being very responsible about doing his chores, and very thoughtful towards her. She characterized Lindy as easygoing, and very social, but felt as an adult he experienced a great deal of loneliness. But Betty's memories of her childhood are of many good times with her brother, Lindy. After receiving his education, Lindy signed up and served six years in the Montana Army National Guard. Because he went to New York summers to work on a dude ranch, Lindy often had to make up his guard duty when he returned, doing his time during the week, not just on the week-ends. Because work on the New York dude ranch was seasonal, Lindy had to find

other jobs in the off-season, either back home in Montana or out in New York. Lindy spent some winters shoeing horses, or welding. Other winters he would come home and work area ranches, work the oil fields, pipeline, or construction. Lindy was an excellent welder and mechanic, often helping his brother, Duane, who worked for LP Anderson, welding cabs on the big equipment LP Anderson would purchase. Lindy was also a proficient dozer and scraper operator. And if these were his day jobs, he still continued to break horses for ranchers evenings and week-ends. There were a number of years that Lindy did not come home in the off seasons. He got a job driving racehorses to races all over the east coast, the southeast and the south. He also spent some time in Arizona. Eventually Lindy returned to eastern Montana. He moved back to the family ranch and lived with his mother, with whom he shared a very close relationship. Lindy worked for R.A.M. Construction doing roofing, and doing ranch work for various area ranches. Lindy's favorite things were horses, kids, dogs, and liquor, not always in that order. There were always horses in Lindy's life. Horses were a tool for his work, a means of livelihood, and his transportation to get where he wanted to go. Horses were an integral part of Lindy's ranchwork. He would often forego modern equipment, and use horses to get things done. He was recently seen hauling hay to feed the cows with a team of horses and a wagon. No matter what job he was doing, Lindy was always called on to break horses. Jack Wyse had gotten him started breaking horses when Lindy was young, and Lindy had a knack for it. Lindy's brother Galen recalls one horse that was giving Lindy a bit of trouble. This particular horse liked to run, and Lindy couldn't seem to cure the horse of that notion. Lindy got tired of the horse running, so one day, he tied a big tractor tire to the horses tail and let the horse run, dragging the tire. It was quite a contest to see what would give out first, the hair in the horse's tail or the horse. And when Lindy didn't like a horse, he would just turn it over to Galen. Lindy enjoyed rodeos and even did some riding in them. He rode bulls, and did some bareback riding, some team roping and even won money for these events. His cousin, Lonnie Schipman,

remembers Lindy as a good pick-up man in rodeos. Lindy was just as apt to ride horse to visit friends and neighbors as drive. Lonnie tells of a time when Lindy was working on a ranch, across the Yellowstone River from where Lonnie lived near Alexander, North Dakota. It was winter, about 20 below, and Lindy decided to ride the 5 or 6 miles over to Lonnie's to have supper and play some cards. Lindy got on his big yellow palomino horse, rode across the frozen Yellowstone River, stayed until about 11 o'clock that night, and then got back on his horse and headed home. Lonnie didn't think anything of it, until early the next morning when he found the ice on the Yellowstone had went out during the night. Lonnie got worried and called the rancher Lindy was staying with to see if Lindy had made it home. Lindy was asleep in his bunk. It was one of the few times anyone worried about Lindy being out on a horse. Lindy was so comfortable with them, no one thought much about him being gone on his horse. When Lindy didn't have a driver's license, he would ride to town, leading a second horse, so he could switch off, as on these trips, he often camped out coming and going. Lindy had a special fondness for children. When he returned to the family ranch to live, he was a good uncle to his nieces and nephews. Festus has already shared some of his thoughts about his uncle with you. Nephew Travis spent time with his Uncle Lindy hunting, and remembers getting his first deer hunting with Lindy. They also had fun hunting rabbits and coyotes, although Galen says Lindy must have really liked hunting coyotes because he never got any. Niece Leanne remembers how much time Lindy spent with her and other kids, teaching them to ride and spending time on the horses with them. Leanne recalls one particular big horse that Lindy would have her ride. Leanne would complain to Lindy that the horse bucked and threw her off. Lindy would just reply that no, she had just fallen off the horse; that horse didn't buck. Well, one day neighbor Ed Ekland needed help in rounding up a bull and called Lindy. Lindy rode the big horse over to rope Ed's bull and the horse proceeded to buck Lindy off. Ed commented that he expected to see a roping, but here he was getting to watch a rodeo too! Lindy finally had to admit the horse did buck. Leanne has

many memories of being included in ranch activities such as brandings, with her dad, Galen and her uncle, Lindy. Lindy always had time for the kids. Lindy was a very private person, but also very social. He made it a point to stop in and check on his neighbors, not staying long, but to see how they were doing. If he knew you and was in the area he would stop to say hello. Lindy never went through Richey without stopping to see Lonnie's mother, Aunt Helen. Aunt Helen found Lindy to be quite a gentleman, "so polite and so kind." Neighbor Jim Ekland's wife, Sheri, says Lindy was the only person to always address her as Mrs. Ekland. Cousin Lane Schipman's wife, MaryAnn, remembers years ago when Lindy was working the pipeline near Malta, Montana, with Lane's father, and the two of them coming to supper. Supper went well, and MaryAnn had made a strawberry pie for dessert. As they were eating dessert, MaryAnn asked how the pie was and told Lindy "to be honest." Lindy politely replied that the filling was great, but he needed "a hammer and chisel for the crust." As a neighbor and friend, Lindy was often available to help when needed. Jim Ekland ranches next to the Schipman family ranch, and grew up knowing Lindy, whom he called Lin. Jim recalls many times when his dad, Ed, would ask for Lindy's help with an animal. Jim remembers a cow that was trying to birth a calf. The calf was coming, you could see it, but the mother cow was having trouble delivering and was riled up. Finally Ed sent Jim to get Lindy saying, "sometimes, you just need a cowboy." When Lindy got there they had to work in the dark, but Lindy roped that mother cow from the back of the pick-up, and they got the calf delivered. Both the calf and the mother lived. After Jim took over the ranch, he called on Lindy many times. Recently, Jim needed help tinning and installing windows in his shop. He asked Lindy to help him. Lindy came right over and because Lindy knew what he was doing, it became a job of Jim helping Lindy. Lindy had the knowledge on how to cut the tin, making all the angles fit and install the windows. Jim just marveled at Lindy's workmanship. One memorable experience Jim had with Lindy was a day Lindy helped Jim herd some cows. Lindy was driving a pick-

up, perhaps forgetting he was not on a horse. Up and down, through the ditches Lindy went, chasing one cow that didn't want to be herded. As he did this, he tore the muffler off the pick-up. Lindy did get the cow herded to the corral, and when he roared back to where Jim was, Jim told him he had made a race car out of the truck. Lindy just grinned from ear to ear. For all the times he answered his neighbors' calls for help, Lindy seldom asked for anything in return. He would ask Jim for a ride on Wednesdays to town. Lindy went to AA meetings at five o'clock. When Jim could, he would give Lindy a ride, and they would have 20 minutes of good visiting. On one such ride, Lindy told Jim that Jim needed to get Jim's son interested in the ranch, and did Jim know how. "How would you do that, Lin?", Jim asked. Lindy told Jim to give the kid some responsibilities on the ranch and that would get him interested. Jim can see the wisdom in that and feels he got some pretty sage advice from Lindy. It's only been a few weeks since Lindy got sick and was hospitalized, but as Jim works around the ranch, he is already missing the presence of his friend and neighbor, Lindy. Another neighbor, Clay Newton, probably owes his life to Lindy. Clay had called Lindy to help him one day back in 2005, with some bulls. Clay got in a wrangle with the bulls, and ended up with a split pelvis and bleeding internally. Lindy rode the miles to Clay's house for help. Had Lindy not been there that day, there certainly could have been a different ending to that story. Clay also observed that Lindy seemed to know how to enjoy life. Clay referred to the movie "The Bucket List". You know the one, where the two guys made a list of things they wanted to do before they died. One of the things on that list was "to laugh until you cried". You could do that with Lindy. It would happen while visiting over coffee or maybe a beer, but something would hit you as being funny and you would laugh with Lindy, laugh until you cried. Lindy was fun to laugh with. Clay also noted that even with the drinking, Lindy had his "victories." This last decade, Lindy went about four and a half years without drinking. There were a few small pleasures that Lindy enjoyed all through his life. Cards, especially pinochle, and cribbage were favorites. He liked to read, western novels, in particular, and often went to the library. He

followed politics, but claimed no party, voting instead for the best man for the job. Lindy was a big fan of the Atlanta Braves, and watched many games on television. He was frugal, saving everything, much like his mother did. And he was stubborn. Lindy had a few special friends, including Cal Wyse, who first led him to New York, and later that friendship included Cal's wife, Carol, who Lindy has greatly missed since her death. Another special friend of Lindy's, who he stayed in touch with, is from his childhood days, Walter V. Bryne. Walter and Lindy grew up together, went to dances, were in riding club and worked for Richard Jonas together. They were lifelong friends. Sad to say, Walter died this past Sunday. Lindy was also a father and grandfather, something he found out later in life. Lindy's daughter is Cynthia Bissonette, or Cindy, as she is known by. As we conclude Lindy's eulogy, please listen to some thoughts about her father, Lindy, that Cindy would like to share with us. Cindy says, "I have been asked to write something about my father and it is not as easy as one would think. First of all, I miss him so much and wish that his funeral wasn't the reason for my visit to Montana. My dad and I lived far apart, so most of what I know comes from long talks over the phone whenever possible. There were many calls especially over the past years. My dad told me that he would awaken most mornings before or by 6 a.m. to work either on the farm or something else. As far as I know, my dad was not a lazy man, and he loved the outdoors. I talked to my dad about many things, such as relationship troubles and just frustrations with life in general, and he would always listen and offer some advice to the best of his ability. Dad told me to always be patient and follow my heart. My dad didn't hold back in regards to his thoughts or opinions, if he thought something he would make sure you knew it. My dad took me on my first horseback ride ever, and I will never forget the beautiful Montana countryside. My dad told me he was taking care of a horse that he wanted me to have someday when I had a place to allow her to run, and I believe her name was Scratch. In every call, my dad told me that he loved me very much, and that now means even more to me, and I can hear him saying it. I can also hear him say the words he said to me everytime

he called, 'HEY KIDDO, how are you?' I had planned to visit my dad sometime this year, and as we were driving to Montana for the funeral, I kept thinking how surprised he would be to see me, and then I would remember... Oh, he passed away!! I still have a hard time believing that he has moved on to a better place. Dad, I love you...wherever you may be, and hope that you can hear or see me. YOU will be missed by Me, Christina, Stephanie, Shannon, and Laura May." Christina, Stephanie, Shannon, and Laura May are Cindy's daughters, Lindy's granddaughters. Let us remember this cowboy, this accomplished horseman, this man. Let us remember Lindy Schipman. "To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die." (Thomas Campbell, Hallowed Ground) Let us now listen to a song chosen for today by Lindy's family. Song: "Whiskey River" Introduction of a special friend: Pam Wyse Speaker: Pam Wyse Closing: Celebrant Every life has value and every life touches other lives. During the time Lindy rode this earth, he touched many people. As we say good-bye to Lindy, may our memories of this unique personality bring smiles, may what was essential stay with us and clarify, and may we be grateful for having known and experienced this true cowboy and horseman. Lindy Schipman, may you rest in peace. That concludes this life tribute service for Lindy Schipman. Thank you all for being here for this important time.

# Tribute Wall



“ *Lindy Schipman*

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December 07, 2022 at 04:10 PM