



Louis Byron

February 25, 1928 - November 4, 2013

Louis V. Byron, age 85, of Glendive, Montana, passed away on Thursday, October 31, 2013 at his home in Glendive. A Family and Friends Service will be held at 7:00 P.M. on Sunday, November 3, 2013 in the Chapel of the Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home in Glendive with Celebrant Sandy Silha officiating. A Funeral Service will be held at 10:00 A.M. on Monday, November 4, 2013 in the Sacred Heart Catholic Church in Glendive with Father Francis Schrieber officiating. Interment will be held in the Dawson County Cemetery in Glendive. Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home of Glendive has been entrusted with the arrangements. Louis was born on February 25, 1928 in Mountain, North Dakota the son of Sigurdur K. and Helga M. (Hannesson) Byron. He was raised and educated in country schools near Mountain until the 7th grade when he went to work farming to help his family. He continued farming until the age of sixteen when he started his long career in road construction. Louis started working for Mayo Construction at the age of eighteen in Cavalier, North Dakota, something he continued for twenty-eight years. Louis met and married Eileen Verville on June 22, 1949 in Walhalla, North Dakota. As a couple they resided in the Hallson community, located west of Cavalier until 1959 when they moved into Cavalier. In 1975, Louis and Eileen move to Glendive with Mayo Construction to help build the Interstate - 94 in the Glendive to Fallon, Montana areas. In 1978 he was Dawson County Road Supervisor for one year before Louis and Eileen started Byron's Construction; leveling land and building roads. During this time they also

purchased D & H Oilfield Service. Louis had the contract at the Dawson County Landfill until 2005. He never truly retired as he was always busy doing something. He built his retirement cabin at the age of 79 and added a garage "man cave" at the age of 84. Following the death of his wife, Eileen in 2007 Louis met his best friend and partner, Virginia Rahr in 2009. He enjoyed wood working, working, traveling with his late wife Eileen and in later years his best friend, Virginia Rahr and cat, Sue Sue. He was always there for his family and friends. His pride and joy in life were his children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. He was a member of the Elks Lodge, Eagles Club and the Moose Lodge. He was preceded in death by his parents, Sigurdur and Helga; wife, Eileen E. Byron in 2007; two brothers, Ben and Sam; five sisters, Kristine, Elin, Steinun, Gudrun and Helga, and numerous brothers and sisters-in-law, nieces and nephews. Survivors include his sons, Donald (Judy) Byron of Peoria, Arizona, Dennis (Cindi) Byron and Douglas (Carol-Ann) all of Glendive; daughter, Sigrid (Leland) Goulet of Glendive; best friend, Virginia Rahr of Glendive; ten grandchildren, Jennifer Byron, Shawn Byron, Robert (DJ) Byron, Camie (Sam) Byron, Paul (Leota) Byron, Penny (David) Kostelecky, Jamie (Jen) Johnson, Buddy (Patty) Johnson, Rickey (Tammy) Johnson, Stephanie Crandall; twenty-six great-grandchildren; four great great-grandchildren; brother, Alfred Byron of Cavalier, sister, Marlene (Emil) Johnson of Cavalier, sister, Marie Simundson of Park River, North Dakota, brother, Oscar (Shirley) Byron of Edinburg, North Dakota; sisters-in-law, Earleen Mostad of Walhalla and Cathy Byron of Forsyth, Montana; Virginia's children, Jody, John, Jim and Jeff; and numerous nieces and nephews. Remembrances and condolences may be shared with the family at: www.silvefnale-silhafuneralhome.com. Tonite we remember Louis, "Louie", Byron. Louie was a man who enjoyed life and all the people in his life. Louie left many memories with family and friends that bring smiles and laughter, and gratitude for having had the pleasure of Louie touch their lives. In gathering stories for this eulogy, just his name would bring a smile and you could hear that smile in the voices of their storyteller. What a character Louie was! A

proud Icelander, a hard worker, a talented wood craftsman, a strong family man, a loyal friend. His big smile and energetic spirit lit up his world. He was stubborn and loved to argue, but he would never expect anyone to do anything he himself wouldn't do. His greeting was not a handshake, but, in Icelandic fashion, a hug and/or a kiss. His handshake was used to close business agreements, and if Louie said he would do something, he got it done. He was a terrible tease, especially to his kids and grandkids, and he loved to flirt. Louie had a wonderful sense of humor, and many funny remarks and comebacks when engaged in conversations with people. Louie was a fun loving man with a big heart. Louie grew up the 7th child in a family of twelve children. Louie and his wife, Eileen, had four children of their own, three sons, Donald, Dennis, Doug, and one daughter, Sigrid, 60 plus nieces and nephews, and a slew of grandchildren, great and great-great-grandchildren. Over the years, the family worked together and played together. There were yearly Byron family reunions and picnics in North Dakota, many phone calls back and forth, and visits whenever anyone went through the area. Louie was a dedicated family man. His sister, Marie, recalls a time on the farm when Louie was the oldest boy at home. Their mother had baby chicks, but kept them in the house because it was too cold outside for them. The chicks were kept upstairs in the room where the parents and Louie's four younger sisters slept. Paper had been put down on the floor for them and lamps burned to keep them warm. On a day the parents went to town, a lamp inadvertently tipped over and started a mattress on fire. Louie managed to throw the mattress out the window averting a catastrophe. Louie was always protective of family and learned to take charge at an early age. One of the stories son Doug tells about growing up is of his father working and being gone for two weeks at a time. When the kids would get into mischief, Eileen would tell them, "Wait until your father gets home." When Louie would return home, he would line up his three sons, and administer spankings to cover all the wrongdoings from the previous two weeks. One particular time, knowing what

was coming, a plan was made, and when Louie gave out the first spanking to Dennis Louie hurt his hand on a book that covered Dennis' rear. The book came out and the spankings continued. Luckily, Doug got the book out of his pants before his dad got to him. Sigrid was excluded from this spanking ritual, and Louie would always claim that he just spoiled Sigrid "good." Sigrid says that her dad was her hero, always there for her with love and support. While growing up, all Louie's kids worked with him, but Sigrid remembers only one summer that all four worked with their dad at the same time. Over the years Dennis and Doug worked with and for their dad and helped on many of his projects. Doug says there was the right way to do things, the wrong way to do things, Louie's way, and Dennis' way. Dennis quit or got fired more times than anyone can count. When Dennis and Louie did not agree, Louie might tell Dennis to just go home if he couldn't do it right. Dennis would go home, and later Louie would wonder where Dennis had gone. Doug would have to remind his dad that he had sent Dennis home. Well, Louie hadn't actually meant that he should literally go home, and so it went. When Louie built his log cabin, Dennis and Doug were helping to put on the roof. They told Louie that he had put a few boards upside down, that the smooth side went down and the rough side went up so you wouldn't slip. Louie said it didn't matter. Well, Dennis slipped and fell off the roof on his head, and was knocked goofy for a time. Dennis was banned from going up, and Louie still wouldn't admit the boards were wrong. Later, when adding a garage to the cabin, Louie was tying the two roofs together, and he slipped and fell, bruising his whole side, and finally admitting that maybe the boards were wrong. He was 84 when this happened. His boys say that when their dad did things you only helped when Louie asked. If you just went over to help on your own, Louie thought it was coffee time and he would sit and visit. Louie was a hard worker and expected everyone to work hard too. After leaving the home farm at a young age, Louie worked road construction, and operated heavy equipment moving dirt. Everyone who worked with and later for Louie, enjoyed him as a co-worker and a boss. His nephew, Frankie Hannessen, said you always knew where

you were with Louie. Work was work, and Frankie felt everyone should have had the opportunity to work for and with Louie. It was a good experience. Another worker, John Petey, often went home shaking his head about that "stubborn Icelander". But that stubborn Icelander knew how to treat people; he was fair and honest, and good at his job. John recalls working a road construction job in North Dakota and digging up a huge rock that took two D-9's to get out. Louie wouldn't let the rock beat him. The flag girl painted Louie's name on the rock. Louie's grandson, Paul, credits his grandfather with starting him in construction by letting him drive heavy equipment sitting on his grandfather's lap as a youngster. Paul went on to serve with the Navy Seals as a heavy equipment operator. Paul says throughout his work career, everyone in construction was familiar with Louie and still talk about him. As a boss, Louie had one flaw; he had trouble firing people. He would call Dennis and tell him to do it because it was just too hard for Louie to do. Even though work was work, Louie was always fun to be around; you never knew what might happen next. Joe Metzger has a great memory of going to Chicago to a Caterpillar road show with Louie. At the show was a special guest, a king from Africa that had come to look and buy. After the king was introduced, he was standing across the room from Louie and Joe. This important and prospective customer was decked out in his royal robes surrounded by his bodyguards, taking in the show. Undaunted, Louie charged across the room, stuck his hand out to the king and said, "Glad to meet you, I'm King Louie." Joe says the African smiled a bit before his people hustled him away. but King Louie, well, he got to wear that title for quite some time. Joe's wife, Carol Metzger, recalls another fun time with Louie and Eileen on a business trip to Arizona. they drove and ended up in Las Vegas the evening of the first day. It was Carol's first time there, and they decided to stay and see some sights. Rooms were not to be had, but finally they found one room to share. Carol can still see Louie sitting on the bed, taking off his boots, saying to her and Eileen, "tomorrow, girls, we may own this city," The way he said it, Carol believed it. Carol and Eileen had never been to a strip club, and decided to

"let" the boys have some fun and show them one. It was a bit disappointing though, dark and smokey, with basically topless dancers. So next, the company bought tickets for everyone to see a big Las Vegas show that was in Vegas from Paris, France. Guess what! The show opened with topless dancers that came down from the ceiling. This trip was Carol's first experience with Louie and Eileen, and she said she had a "glorious" time. Louie had a way of making each person he was around feel special. The two couples became lifelong friends. Cindi, a daughter-in-law, found Louie to be a special kind of person also. Cindi first experienced Louie when she was county treasurer and Louie would come in complaining about the high taxes. Then Cindi met Dennis and it was an instant match. Louie and Dennis always claimed that Cindi asked Louie for Dennis's hand in marriage, and Louie told Cindi, okay, you can have his hand but you have to take the rest of him too; a claim Cindi disputes to this day. Louie was like a father to Cindi and she loved him giving out his hugs and kisses. His greeting to Cindi and daughter-in-law Carol, "the good one" was always, "how ya doin, sweetheart?" They are sure going to miss Louie. As are the grandchildren, some of whom grew up with Louie and Eileen. Good memories were made. Grandson Bobby enjoyed helping his grandpa and spending time with him. Hunting with grandpa was a fun and exciting experience. Dennis and grandson Paul remember a snowy Thanksgiving when grandpa and Paul went out to a ranch in the backcountry to hunt deer. Paul tells of shooting a deer in a ravine and having to use battery cables and rope and the pickup to pull the deer out. They managed to get the deer out but also got the pickup stuck. They put the deer in the cab of the pickup so the coyotes wouldn't get it, walked out to the road, and called Dennis to come and get them. Good thing Dennis knew where he was going or they would still be there. Grandma was mad because she missed the light parade. The next day the guys all went back out with a front end loader to plow the road and bring back the pickup and deer. They managed to tear the fuel line out of the pickup and had to haul it back to town. Just one of many

deer hunts. Granddaughter Penny says grandpa was always happy to see family. Cami remembers the special relationship her grandparents shared over their many years of marriage. She says Louie and Eileen set a good example of what a marriage should be between two people. One of Cami's favorite memories is when her grandpa drove to Seattle for her high school graduation. After the ceremony, Louie wanted to go to Hooters to celebrate, which they did. In his fun loving way, he managed to get all the Hooters girls around the table and sing "You Are My Sunshine" with him to Cami. A special moment for grandson Paul came when grandpa drove to North Dakota on Paul's 40th birthday to attend a baby shower for Paul's new child, and a five generation picture was taken. It was a great day. Yes, there are many wonderful memories of times shared. A millionm card games of pinochle, with Louie trying to cheat. Many shared beers, and of course Louie's favorite drink, Christian Brothers brandy, only Christian Brothers, none of that other crap. Louie loved his candy and sweets. His favorite dessert was carrot cake made by Carol and Doug. He sometimes would hide it because Sigrid loves it too. Louie was a proud supporter of veterans, having had two sons in Viet Nam at the same time. Then there is his woodworking and the gifts he made for everyone, including shelves and mirrors for all the women in the family. Louie loved auctions, bidding when no one else would, and bring home stuff that he never would throw away; he might need it sometime. Reunions in North Dakoita and celebrating his Icelandic heritage and celebrating family was very important in Louie's life. Memories were made travelling the country in his RV, first with Eileen and then with his special friend, Virginia Rahr. Going from KOA to KOA and seeing the country and visiting family and friends was a passion. After Eileen died, Virginia came into Louie's life as a special friend and companion. Louie's family say Virginia was a blessing to Louie, and Virginia says to say that four or five times as she laughingly calls Louie a "slavedriver." they really enjoyed each other and Louie's last years were certainly enriched by Virginia. Speaking of enriching, didn't Louie enrich the lives of everyone who knew him? It seems that everyone that knew Louie,

enjoyed and loved this special man. His son Dennis says his dad was his best friend. There is no higher praise. Keep Louie's memory close. "His heart has brought great joy to many, and their hearts can never forget." Louie Byron will be greatly missed

Tribute Wall



“ *Louis Byron*

December 07, 2022 at 04:10 PM