



## Ross Wilcox

March 9, 1957 - December 9, 2009

SIOUX FALLS, SOUTH DAKOTA: Ross Wilcox age 52 of Glendive, Montana passed away unexpectedly on Monday, November 30, 2009 in Sioux Falls. Visitation will be held from 1:00 P.M. until 5:00 P.M. and 6:00 P.M. until 8:00 P.M. on Tuesday, December 8, 2009 at the Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home in Glendive. A Life Tribute Service with military honors will be held at 2:00 P.M. on Wednesday, December 9, 2009 in the Chapel of the Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home in Glendive with Celebrant Sandy Silha officiating. Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home of Glendive has been entrusted with the arrangements. Ross was born on March 9, 1957 in Monroe, Washington the son of Elmer and Jennifer (Raymond) Wilcox. He was raised and educated in Sultan, Washington graduating from Sultan High School with the class of 1975. During high school Ross was on the cross country team, he also played football, and was part of the football team when they won their first championship. The team went on to win three consecutive championships. After graduation Ross joined the United States Army and served as a Military Policeman. He was stationed in Germany for five of his six years of military service. Ross married in 1979 and to this union three daughters were born, who have always been his pride and joy. He was honorably discharged from the military in 1981. After his return from the military Ross moved back to Monroe and lived on the family homestead. In 1985 he moved to Tri City area in Washington state where he was a Police Officer, Fire Fighter and an E.M.T. He worked there until 1991 when his daughter passed away. After that time

Ross traveled around to various areas and worked different jobs. He moved back to Monroe in 1995 and built a new home from the ground up. In 2006 Ross became an over the road truck driver for Swift Transportation Service where he was employed at the time of his death. Ross enjoyed woodworking, carpentry and skiing. He especially loved spending time with his family and cherished the times spent with his grandchildren. He never missed a Marching Band State Championship. He was preceded in death by his parents and his daughter Elizabeth. Survivors include, two daughters, Shelby Wilcox and Abigail Wilcox; one granddaughter, Maddison Crockett and one grandson David Crockett all of Glendive; two brothers, Roy (Sandy) Wilcox of Sacramento, California, Roger Wilcox of Snohomish, Washington; one sister, Rebecca (Bruce) Gay of Sultan, Washington; one niece and numerous cousins. Remembrance and condolences may be shared with the family at: [www.silvernale-silhafuneralhome.com](http://www.silvernale-silhafuneralhome.com) Ross Wilcox Life Tribute Service December 9, 2009 Chapel of the Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home Glendive, Montana Welcome: Master of Ceremonies Prayer: Pastor Roger Knight Introduction: Celebrant Good Afternoon. Shelby and Abby Wilcox wanted to have this life tribute service for their father be something special to honor the special person he was. They chose the music, and during the first song, Ross' family will be lighting candles to burn throughout the service. These candles symbolize the light of the love that burns brightly in their hearts for Ross. May the warmth of that flame bring them comfort for their loss. There is no better way to honor and pay tribute to Ross Wilcox than to hear from the hearts of those who love Ross. Abby Wilcox, Ross' youngest daughter, would like to share some of her thoughts about her father. After Abby's sharing, we will honor Ross with a song and the candlelighting. Speaker: Abby Wilcox Song: "American Soldier" by Toby Keith and candlelighting Eulogy: Celebrant "When someone dies, you don't get over it by forgetting; you get over it by remembering, and you are aware that no person is ever truly lost or gone once they have been in our life and loved us, as we have loved them." (Leslie Marmon Silko) Today we remember Ross Wilcox, a man whose physical

presence was very large; Ross stood a good 6' 5"; but his presence as a father, grandfather, friend and brother was also huge. To his daughters, Ross was their rock, they talked to him more than they talked to any of their friends. He was their sounding board, their mentor, their protector, their friend, their dad; Ross was their go-to guy. As for Ross, Shelby and Abby were his home. Wherever they were, for Ross, that was home. Ross was born, raised and educated in Washington state. The youngest of four children, Ross was closest in age to his sister Rebecca, Becky. One of Becky's memories of her brother is of the two of them shoveling snow off the flat-topped garage roof. Obviously you did not want to be the one standing on the ground below when the snow was pushed over the side of the garage. As a youth, Ross had a high fever which seemed to take the wind out of him and for awhile he lagged behind in sports and physical activities. A childhood friend, Richard Rode remembers that it took a great deal of effort for Ross to compete in sports. Ross played tackle on the high school championship football team. He also played and loved the sports of baseball and cross country. Becky remembers Ross as a hotdog downhill snow skier and also as an excellent student. Richard says that Ross' favorite classes were carpentry, electrical and drafting. Richard does remember one year that Home Ec was the favorite; there was a new, good looking, young lady fresh out of college teaching, and Ross tried to talk Richard into taking the class with him. It was a favorite with many of the young men. Becky recalls Ross wanting to become a lawyer, paramedic, or firefighter. He never became a lawyer, but two out of three isn't bad. After graduation, Ross joined the United States Army. The Wilcox family has a proud tradition, going back generations, of serving these United States. Ross was no exception. He spent six years in the military, serving as a military policeman. Five of those six years were spent in Germany. Ross' job was out on the streets of Germany, investigating the accidents and incidents of the United States servicemen stationed in Germany. Ross enjoyed his time overseas. He picked up a bit of the German language, and he liked his job.

Ross was honorably discharged in 1981. During Ross' time in the Army, he was married and after his discharge, Ross and his family returned to Washington state, where they settled. Ross began working as a police officer, and also as a volunteer firefighter, and as a certified EMT IV tech. Because there is a natural competitiveness between policemen and firemen, Ross' being a policeman working as a firefighter, brought out much teasing from the other firemen. But Ross is remembered as being a good hand on fires and on the ambulance, and fun to work with. He is remembered for his deep, grumbly voice, and his very obvious pride in his daughters. One area of the job that is remembered with smiles was during the training for fighting fires in what is called "confined spaces." As big as Ross was physically, he often got stuck, generating a bit of ribbing from his fellow firefighters. This story, told by Dennis Bates, was also a training story. As EMTs, everyone was strongly encouraged to become certified as an IV tech. Practicing on each other was part of learning the job, and Ross and Dennis' dad were doing just that. Ross got his IV into Dennis' dad first, and then it was Ross' turn to be IV'ed. Dennis' dad stuck in the needle and Ross made a slight noise. Ross turned very pale, and down he went. It was determined Ross was allergic to needles. All the personnel at the Benton County Fire District would like to express to Shelby, Abby and all of Ross' family how very sorry they are for your loss. By this time, Ross had three daughters, Shelby, Elizabeth "Lizzie", and Abigail "Abby" who were his pride and joy. In 1991, tragedy struck when Lizzie was killed by an oncoming motorist. Everyone in the family was devastated by Lizzie's death. Ross became very protective of his girls and he lost his desire to be an EMT. Lives were forever changed. Ross always remained an involved father. Shelby and Abby would spend time in the summer with Ross. Good memories included a trip along Hiway 101 along the west coast. The Space Needle in Seattle was a favorite destination. Ross went to every school activity the girls were involved in that he could, choir, band, softball, drama and he even went to parent/teacher conferences, knowing this was important also. Ross always encouraged his daughters to continue their education beyond high school. He

wanted Shelby to get her nursing degree. And he tried to persuade Abby to go to college, but Abby told him she just did not know what she wanted to do for sure. Abby was in the high school marching band and competed and performed at the highest levels. Ross never missed the state championships for her marching band. During Abby's senior year at the marching band's field show on Veteran's Day, Abby was to receive her letterman's jacket. Out in the crowd was her father, wearing her jacket, proudly showing it off as she performed. Ross was always very proud of his daughters, and those who knew Ross, knew of that pride. Shelby came to live with her dad when she was a junior in high school, with Abby moving in earlier in her life. One area of contention between Ross and his girls was their tattoos and piercings, which he hated. Shelby always knew when she was in trouble because Ross would use her full three names like it was one name. Abby knew she was on his list because he would just say "Abby" like her name was a growl. Ross also taught both of them how to defend themselves, and he taught them to drive. Well, he fixed Shelby's driving, because he didn't like the way she drove. But Abby learned to drive from Ross. Ross would take her out on the backroads and let her drive. One of Ross's accomplishments that meant a great deal to him was when he and his brother Roger built, rebuilt, remodeled, the great-grandparent's two-story house on the family homestead. Ross really enjoyed carpentry work. He and Roger left the back wall of the house intact, building the other walls around the original house. When the new side and front walls were up, they imploded the old house, and built the rest of the new home complete with a mansard or barn-like roof. The house and homestead were later sold. In 2004, Ross was diagnosed with Addison's disease, which affected his immune system and his adrenal glands. Abby cared for him for the couple of years it took him to get back on his feet. It was then that Ross began his career as a trucker. It is a bit ironic that Ross became a trucker, because truckers and the police seem to be at odds. But Ross loved trucking. His company gave him a new truck every 200,000 miles and he always wanted a Kenworth, but never had one. He liked Peterbilts after once having

driven one. But he was happy just driving. Ross saw all the lower 48 states except for two. And he hated toll hiways. After her graduation, Abby rode with her father for about six months. Abby would have traveled with him longer, but Ross told her it was time for her to do something else and get along with her life. Abby settled in Glendive because Shelby and her two children were here. And although Ross' truck was his residence, Shelby and Abby were his home, and when he wasn't on the road, he stayed here in Glendive with them, and his two grandchildren. When he stayed, he and Shelby would just sit and have long conversations, into the wee hours of the mornings. He loved being a grandfather. Maddison Elizabeth, "Maddy" and David, "Davy" Crockett, were Ross' pride and joy. And they in turn loved to have their grandpa visit. They loved climbing around his truck. When Ross was on the road, he was in constant touch with his daughters by phone. When Shelby gave him her old cell phone, it had a camera. She almost regretted giving it to him, because now he could send pictures of being on the road. Ross, Shelby, and Abby were never far from each other, no matter how many miles separated them. Ross enjoyed many things in life. He loved history and especially military history. He had very strong conservative political views. He listened to a lot of talk radio, Rush Limbaugh and Shawn Hannity, even calling in at times. Ross enjoyed western movies, and had about a half million John Wayne movies. He liked Tom Skerritt also and loved to watch Star Trek and Stargate SG1. Ross loved football and was a Seahawks fan. He was big on Nascar and even went to a Nascar race in Vegas, winning himself a huge sunburn and heatstroke. He watched NCIS on television. Favorites were snickerdoodles and Abby's molasses cookies. The music he enjoyed most was rock 'n roll oldies from the sixties, although he listened to Johnny Cash after meeting and visiting with Johnny at a concert that Ross helped provide security for. Ross was very patriotic, his Christmas was the 4th of July. And he was very Irish, claiming March 17 as his birthday and a day to celebrate his Irishness. But what he enjoyed most, loved most and what was most important to Ross were his

daughters, Shelby and Abby and his grandchildren, Maddy and Davy. His love and pride in them was immense. As is theirs for him. Abby says that Ross wasn't much at showing his love, but he did give it. He was a wonderful man, and the world is a better place because of the people who are alive because of him. His death has left a hole in the hearts of those who knew and loved Ross, and they will miss Ross greatly. At this time let us listen to the sound of bagpipes playing "Amazing Grace" as we remember Ross. Song: "Amazing Grace" (Sharing ?) Closing: There are many views about the hope that waits for us 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." Ross Wilcox will be alive as long as he is remembered and how could you forget him? The stories his life created will keep his memory and his presence alive long into future generations. You can ensure that by sharing your stories and memories with his grandchildren. His touch upon your lives is priceless, and you will forever carry that touch with you. Each day will bring to mind some part of who he was and what he meant to you. Ross Wilcox was a good man. He was a good father, grandfather, brother and friend. We honor his life today and say thank you for all he was and did for those around him. Ross was a true patriot of his country. The military honors for Ross will be very special. The flag of these United States will be presented to Shelby and Abby by Ross' brother, Roger Wilcox, a retired United States Army veteran. Taps will be played by Ross' daughter, Abby. Because Ross was so important to his daughters and they to him, please listen to this closing reading. "When I was with my father, when I was just a child, the world was filled with wonder and every place was wild, and every day was magic, and Santa Claus was true, and all the things that mattered were things my father knew. We often went exploring... And I learned to love the land, But the greatest thing I ever learned Was how to understand – That the finest gifts are often things we may not always see; When I wasn't with my father, My father was with me." (Marsha Jeffrey Hendrickson) To you

RossWilcox, a final word of farewell. "Drive safe" We will close this life tribute service for Ross Wilcox with a prayer from Pastor Knight, followed by the military honors.

# Tribute Wall



“ *Ross Wilcox*

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