



## Shawn D'Ewart

February 16, 1979 - January 10, 2005

Shawn Odwin D'Ewart, age 25, died on Wednesday, December 22, 2004 at Fallon, Nevada from injuries received in an automobile accident. A Life Tribute Service will be held at 10:00 A.M., Monday, January 10, 2005 in the Chapel of the Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home in Glendive with Celebrant Sandy Silha officiating. Shawn was born on February 16, 1979 in Helena, Montana to Tina Littlefield and Jack D'Ewart. He was a ranch foreman and also rode in Pro Rodeo in the Western States. Shawn was preceded in death by an aunt, Deborah Hobbs and an uncle, Charles Grice, Jr. Shawn is survived by his three children; his mother, Tina Littlefield of Falcon, Missouri; his father, Jack D'Ewart of Townsend, Montana; two sisters, Brandy D'Ewart and Dawn and her husband Drew Wanner, all of Great Falls, Montana; also special beloved friends, Stacy and Samantha Unruh, both of Glendive; his maternal grandparents, Charles and Donna Grice; his aunt and uncle, Alice and J.W. Blankenship and his uncle, Paul Grice, all of Falcon, Missouri, also numerous nieces, nephews, great aunts, uncles and cousins. also numerous nieces, nephews, great aunts, uncles and cousins. Memorials are suggested to the Shawn D'Ewart Memorial Fund, C/O Heritage Bank, P.O. Box 2779, Great Falls, MT 59403. Eulogy by Celebrant Sandy Silha: Life can sometimes be compared to an eight second ride. You think you are ready; you nod and away you go. The twists and turns, bumps and spins challenge you mentally and physically. Sometimes you are in control; most times you just try to hang on. The seconds seem endless when you are into the ride. When it's over, time

was just a blink of the eye. At times you land on your feet and smile in triumph and jubilation. Other times, the ride is too much to handle and you hit the dirt, hard, and painfully you get up, shake your head and move on, hoping to have learned something that will help you finish the next 8 second ride. Shawn D'Ewart's life was like this. From his childhood to adulthood, he was on one wild ride after another. Those of you who knew him, saw him hit the dirt many times, only to get up and go again. Shawn was born February 16, 1979, in Helena, MT. His mother and sisters remember him as a "Wild Child". Constantly on the go, challenging all around him with his endless energy and his capacity for mischief and getting into trouble. Shawn grew up between two sisters, and he pestered them without mercy. He loved playing pranks on his sisters and his mother. Whether he was chasing them around with a stun gun, dumping them off the Odyssey, or training rats to torment them, life was never dull with Shawn around. It didn't happen often but once in awhile Brandy and Dawn would gang up on Shawn and get the better of him. Once, when Shawn was sleeping, The girls put green food coloring in his hair. When he awoke, his mother Tina, seeing the hair, started laughing and said "Oh my...". Shawn headed for the mirror and then spent most of the day repeatedly washing his hair to get the green out. Of course he couldn't and he wore it green for quite a while. Tina remembers a day when it suddenly got too quiet. She went looking for Shawn. She found him. He had climbed on the garage roof and had slid off. He was caught hanging from a nail, unable to move. Other times, things just seemed to happen to Shawn. He was riding a snowmobile with his mom and sister. He was in front with mom and sis behind. They hit a bump and mom and sister went flying off. Tina remembers Shawn hanging on, driving the snowmobile and yelling back to her, "Help me stop it." Just another wild ride for Shawn. Shawn spent a lot of time with his Grandpa and Grandma Grice. He was Grandpa Grice's shadow. At the end of the day, he would put on grandpa's boots and tramp around. Grandpa and Grandma Grice lived by Havre when Shawn was growing up and they had some acreage and animals. Shawn loved animals, especially horses. Grandpa also had a few goats, one

of which was very wild. Shawn would spend afternoons in the goat pen with that wild goat, butting heads and chasing it around or getting chased by the goat, whichever had the upper hand at the time. Shawn was a fearless, daredevil and nothing seemed to scare him or slow him down. Grandpa was the one who took young Shawn on his first hunt. As they came up on the elk, Grandpa pointed and told Shawn to shoot. Shawn froze and asked "What is it?" Shawn did a lot of hunting, fishing, and camping. He especially loved the area around Augusta, MT. Shawn and school were not a good mix. Shawn couldn't sit still and had a short attention span. He had difficulty reading and this combination of things led to his being in speech therapy and special education. But it was in special ed that Shawn discovered he had a unique understanding of these children's struggles. He loved working with them and teaching them things. Shawn had a special heart for the special ed kids. School, did however, bring out Shawn's natural athletic ability. He was a talented football player and wrestler. Mostly though, Shawn loved rodeo and the cowboy life. He was 4 or 5 years old when he entered his first rodeo event. Tina remembers that goat ride as quite short-lived. Oh well, it suited Shawn. He spent as much time as he could, following rodeos. He and his friends would practice roping everywhere, even in the bars. Shawn liked jackpot roping and wild horse racing. He would break horses and loved to ride horse, but when it came to competing, bull riding was his favorite event. Of course, he liked to have a couple of beers before the event. Just to set the mood for fun and the wild ride ahead. One of the special people in Shawn's life was his aunt Debby. She took Shawn and his sisters under her wing and was always there for them, in trouble or not, during the hard times of life, helping keep the family, family. Shawn had a special belt buckle, that got away from him. Aunt Debby knew how much the buckle meant to Shawn and the next Christmas, she made sure he had it back again. It meant even more to him after that. When Debby died after an automobile accident two years ago, Shawn took it very hard. Aunt Debby really was special. About five years ago

Shawn came to Glendive. He and Stacy Unruh began dating and a very special relationship began. When Shawn wasn't working, he took care of the homefront for Stacy, housework and child care and a lot of little things. When Shawn could afford to, he spent week-ends traveling to rodeos. Stacy and her daughter, Sam, would go with him. On their way to a rodeo in North Dakota, they stopped in Williston. Stacy and Sam waited in the vehicle while Shawn ran an errand. As they waited, Sam told Stacy that she wanted a hat for the rodeo. Stacy told her to tell Shawn, and when he returned, Sam told him. Shawn immediately took Sam out of the vehicle and the two went shopping. Sam came back completely outfitted, right up to the hat on her head. That is one special hat. Shawn worked a couple seasons on a custom combining crew. The second year he did this, he got Stacy a job driving the tractor in the field that the combines filled with grain. Stacy would then take it to the semi trailer that Shawn drove and auger the grain into the trailer for Shawn to take to the elevator. Stacy tended to get the auger too close to the trailer and shoot grain over the trailer. Shawn would give her a bad time about leaving money on the ground and got her a five gallon bucket to scoop the grain into the trailer. And of course, he played pranks on her. Working with Shawn in the field, Stacy knew he had cold sodas in his truck and she would call and ask him to bring one out to her. Shawn, being the prankster he was, would always bring Stacy a cold one, after he shook it up good. She did get him back once. Shawn was walking around the side of the semi trailer bed and fell into the trailer. Stacy hit the auger button for an instant and covered him with grain. He came up out of there in a big hurry. They traveled with the crew from Texas to Montana, had good times and became close friends with the others in the crew. It was a good summer with lots of good memories. One of the other jobs Shawn had was breaking horses. One week-end, Shawn, Stacy, Stacy's brother, Lee and his girlfriend and their kids all went to Wolfpoint. Shawn was asked to break a horse. He got on and rode the horse and everything was going smoothly. Shawn went to the house to get a cup of coffee and Lee decided to ride the horse. One of Lee's kids came running up to Shawn and

said that his dad had “kissed the fence”. “Kissing the fence” became a signature statement for Shawn whenever he broke horses or rode rodeo. When Shawn left Glendive in September, he ended up in Nevada following their rodeo circuit. He found a job in Fallon, NV. at the livestock yard. On December 22, 2004, the Christmas party and dinner for the livestock workers began in the afternoon. Tragically, after leaving the party in the early evening, Shawn and two other young men were involved in a vehicle roll-over on a gravel road near Fallon, NV. All three were ejected and killed. Shawn D’Ewart wouldn’t get up out of the dirt from this ride. He left behind his three children, his mother, Tina Littlefield, his father, Jack D’Ewart, two sisters, Brandy D’Ewart and Dawn Wanner and her husband Drew, (7 half brothers), his maternal grandparents, Charles and Donna Grice, extended family, and his special and beloved friends, Stacy and Samantha Unruh. For Shawn D’Ewart, in the blink of an eye, his “8 second” life ride was over. His mother, Tina, who couldn’t be here today, would like to say to you all “he was well loved and will be missed.” Let us remember Shawn as we show the video tribute and listen to the song “The Dance” by Garth Brooks. Celebrant Never think that a friend wants to grieve alone. Shawn’s family and those he was close to will find comfort in their memories of Shawn. To hear your memories of Shawn, either today or in the coming weeks and months, will help them make the journey through their grief. It is through remembering Shawn that he will live with us still. His sister, Dawn, would like to come forward and share a story with you. The family invites anyone else who would like to share memories at this time, to come to the mike and do so after Dawn’ sharing. Celebrant I Gave It My All by Jody Gomez Nodding my head to open the gate I’ve been riding like this since I was eight. Praying for the whistle before I fall I bear down and give it my all. There’s no feeling like a 90-point ride Dropping and spinning, I’m spurring his side The whistle blows – the crowd goes crazy The bullfighters scramble and fight to save me. Been bucked off, stomped on, and drug through the dirt, Beat up, broken and many times hurt. But I’m in the chute when my number is called. Ready to ride – to give it my all. Some say I’m

crazy for riding those bulls – Risking my life when I should be in school. But I chase a dream few understand. Oh the memories I'll have when I'm an old man. The challenge I face whenever I ride isn't the bull – instead it's my mind. I'll cover the bull I get in the draw if I can stay focused and give it my all. Each morning I'm eager to start a new day, I'm chasing my dreams the cowboy way. The season is over, and I'm headed back home. I've won; I've lost; I've triumphed and grown. Come next year on the first rodeo date, my rope is set, I nod for the gate. God has so blessed me – I'm having a ball. The gate swings open and I give it my all. Song; Eight Second Ride by Chris LeDoux Celebrant

I would like to read you a quote from Leslie Marmon Silko. "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." Because we do not have Shawn's cremated remains here today, his hat has been placed here at the front along with his picture and saddle. Those who loved Shawn and were loved by him will place a rose in Shawn's hat in memory of Shawn. The white rose that Brandy will place for Shawn's mother, Tina, is for Tina's memory of Shawn as her dance partner. They both loved to dance the two step, and did it so well, people thought they had taken lessons. Tina will miss her dance partner, she will miss her son. Dawn, his older sister, will remember Shawn as being the one who would cheerfully be the guinea pig when something new needed trying out, like finding how cold the creek water would be to bathe in when camping. And Dawn always thinks of her brother as the little man of the family; the protector of herself, her mother, and her sister. When something threatened, Shawn would just say, "hang on sis, I'll protect you, don't worry." Brandy's rose is to remember Shawn the storyteller, who could light up the room with his stories and get everyone laughing, including himself. Stacy's rose is in memory of Shawn's last conversation with Stacy that she will always cherish. Shawn ended the conversation telling Stacy "remember the good times...I miss you with all my heart and love you with all my life." Sam's

special memory of Shawn is of Shawn letting her have her first ride on her new horse. It was pouring rain, and Shawn stood out in it watching her ride around the house. They both got drenched, but for Sam it was a great ride and a great memory. Let these roses show the significance that Shawn's life had to those who loved him, and the memories they will keep in their hearts of Shawn. Song: Tears in Heaven by Eric Clapton Celebrant For Shawn, living the cowboy life, was important to him. Including you in it was important to him also. As we say our final good-bye to Shawn, let us listen to "The Cowboy Prayer. It is an important day when we stop to bear witness to a person's life and times among us, to recognize the difference his living and dying has made among family and community and to take time to express our grief and our memories. Thank you for being here for this important moment.

# Tribute Wall



“ *Shawn D'Ewart*

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December 07, 2022 at 04:10 PM