



Wesley Carter "Wes" Hubbel

April 9, 1953 - March 13, 2009

WIBAUX, MONTANA: Wesley Carter "Wes" Hubbel, 55, died on Tuesday, March 3, 2009, at the Billings Clinic in Billings, Montana. A Life Tribute Service will be held at 10:00 A.M. on Friday, March 13, 2009 in the Chapel of the Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home in Wibaux with Celebrant Sandy Silha officiating. Interment will be in the Wibaux Cemetery. Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home of Wibaux has been entrusted with the arrangements. Wes was born on April 9, 1953, in Hamilton, Montana, the son of Blanche and Clair Hubbel of Stevensville, Montana. Wes was raised and educated in Stevensville graduating from Stevensville High School. He loved Montana and history and never strayed far from either. He spent a year in Colorado, but it didn't take long to realize that Montana was home. Wes resided in Wibaux over the past several years and related many times that the happiest years of his life were spent in his home next to Beaver Creek. He was very proud to have thirteen years of sobriety in Alcoholics Anonymous. Wes was a very spiritual man and tried to pass that on to others. Wes was preceded in death by his parents and one brother, David in 1983. Survivors include two sisters, Dixie and Jeannie; one brother, Butch; sisters-in-law, Jan and Stacey; many nieces, nephews, aunts, uncles and cousins; his special friend, Cindy; his faithful cat, Newton; and his many friends in Wibaux and Glendive. Wesley Carter "Wes" Hubbel Life Tribute Service March 13, 2009 Chapel of the Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home Wibaux, Montana Master of Ceremonies: Welcome Celebrant: Eulogy "Oh I've come to say good morning, I come to say how do. A simple salutation

To the part of me that's you." These are the words to the opening verse in a poem written by Wesley Carter Hubbel. This morning we will remember Wes and be grateful for the part of Wes that has become a part of us. Wes had a way about him that made you feel at home, whether it was fixing dinner or barbequing at his home here in Wibaux, enjoying a long conversation together, or working on the job with you. Wes had a special and simple way of appreciating and enjoying what he was doing and who he was with. He loved people. A friend likened Wes to an old man on a park bench, just waiting for someone to come along and sit for a bit, so he could have a discussion or perhaps tell a story or two. Wes loved to tell stories. He had a great memory, a wide variety of interests, loved history, and saw the world with the eyes of a poet. Wes' aunt, Iris Holland, remembers Wes as a happy-go-lucky boy. But he was always, as Iris describes him, "an accident waiting to happen." Alcohol was introduced to Wes early in life and alcohol became a part of or the cause of many of his personal struggles in life. Wes worked at a variety of jobs, including at a sugar factory, as a cook, and as a ranch hand. Finally, Wes ended up going to prison, and was sent to the prison in Deer Lodge, Montana. Eventually he was transferred to the state prison in Glendive, Montana, where he spent the final six years of his sentence. Although the thought of being in prison seems to be a harsh and cruel place to reside, for Wes it became his salvation. As his friend, Mark Sasich, observed, prison was where God had Wes' undivided attention. Wes found a spirituality within himself, which redeemed his heart and soul. Wes began to study the Bible and the Baha'i faith, which is essentially a message of unity. Baha'i promotes "a oneness of God, the oneness of the human family, and the oneness of religion." This belief is reflected in Wes' spiritual poems and song lyrics. And it was in prison that Wes began his recovery. Wes was proudly sober for the last thirteen years of his life. A special friend, Cindy Kagan, knew Wes before he went to prison and she watched Wes grow as a person while he was there. And in Wes's own words in a poem called "Prison", he writes of this truth: "for I have found a man's true prison, is centered in his mind." When Wes left prison, a

correctional officer who had become a friend, helped him find a place to live and a job in Glendive. Wes worked summers in the state park program at Makoshika State Park. He took some classes at the Dawson Community College, and he sought out the local Alcoholics Anonymous chapter to continue his recovery and to lend a hand to others seeking recovery. Wes met and made many good friends through AA. His friend Mark commented that he and Wes had shared recovery. Mark found Wes easy to be around. Shane Harrington, a law enforcement official that Wes reported to because of his probation, became a friend and talked of Wes' "big heart" and that Wes was "comfortable" to be around and that "time around Wes was just a pleasant experience. Another friend, Steve Szudera was very aware that Wes struggled with most things in his life, finances, relationships, health, but commented that Wes was not "crippled" by his struggles but would talk about what he had learned from his experiences, the inspiration he received and the gratitude he found for all he did have. Wes had the ability to listen without judgement or give that one "aha" answer. Mark especially enjoyed the spiritual conversations he and Wes had. Wes had a warm, calming manner and a wisdom gained from his life experiences that he shared with those around him. Wes would always minimize his troubles, there were no excuses, and he had a tremendous ability to "cope". And everyone, from his friends to his co-workers to his doctors and nurses, enjoyed his wonderfully optimistic attitude. Wes always had a joke to tell, a dream to pursue, a plan to accomplish. He was a hard worker and loved the work he did both out in Makoshika Park for the two summers he worked there, and for Dawson County on the summer road crew, mowing the roads of the county and spraying for weeds. He was even a good sport about being called Papa Smurf by everyone in the county shop. Wes picked up that title because when he sprayed for weeds, the spray had a blue dye in it so he could see where he had sprayed. No matter what he did to prevent it, he always came back at the end of the day, blue from head to toe. Wes' sense of humor made him very fun to be around. Nothing was

sacred. He called his friend's little black Pomerian dog, Obama,; he and a friend snagged a huge snapping turtle on Beaver Creek that he called a pet; he wrote a poem about stepping in dog exhaust; in an e-mail to friends with a new poem attached, Wes commented "far be it from me to let some of you go untortured!" Once when working with a friend who was grinding off the heads of bolts, one dropped on the floor and Wes went to pick it up and the bolt head was hotter than hot, and he dropped it quickly. His friend asked Wes if it was hot and Wes replied, that he just didn't need to look at it that long. Wes always had a comeback. After Wes got sick with his cancer, he thought his doctor was quite a babe and he asked her out on a date. When he found out that he would probably lose his hair during cancer treatments, his big concern was his mustache. Wes was really attached to that. Wes asked one of his co-workers from the county if she would dress him if he died in Wibaux at home. She was a bit taken aback and after thinking about it, told Wes that she just didn't think that was something she could do. He told her if she was afraid of seeing him naked, he would wear his underwear. Wes loved to make people smile. Throughout his life, Wes loved history. When he attended college, he had thoughts of becoming a history teacher. He also took up learning to paint pictures. (Some of which are displayed here today.) Wes was always a packrat, and he collected military memorabilia and antiques. Wes loved old things and someone mentioned that Wes was born about a hundred years too late. Because of Wes' work mowing and spraying the county roads, he knew where all the abandoned buildings and cars were. He would ask permission of the owners to investigate them. He was always on the lookout for old things. Then he had the idea to buy a big truck and tear down the buildings and sell the lumber. He talked a few landowners into letting him do this, but never found a market for the wood. He also tried to talk Bill Labree into helping him buy the old abandoned cars and have Bill sell them on E-Bay. His friend, Bob Wells, took him agate hunting and Wes was thrilled to find an Indian knife. And it was Bob who helped Wes have something that was very important to Wes, a home. Wes had the opportunity to obtain a home in Wibaux, the first

he had ever owned. Wes loved his home on Beaver Creek. It became his favorite place in the world. He loved to go out on the creek and fish, or dig for clams. He talked of putting in an ice-curling course on Beaver Creek in the winter. His home was his little slice of heaven on earth. And to share it with him was his favorite being, his orange bachelor tomcat, Newton. Newton had come to Wes as a kitten from Mark and Rebecca Sasich. Wes had resisted at first, refusing to take the kitten, but finally gave in. Newton was a very important companion to Wes. Wes was a good friend to have. He was very supportive. Cindy tells about Wes helping her solve her problems and make sense of the world. When she didn't have the money to take her pharmacy tech test, Wes gave her the money to get it done. Cindy and Wes had an affair of the heart, and Cindy says they would have married but knew they couldn't live together. In spite of everything, the love and friendship ran deep between them. Wes' realized how important his friends were and he made every effort to keep in touch with them, even when life took them in different directions. And Wes' friends felt the same about him. Wes would have friends over to his home for food and fun. He would send them e-mails of his newest poetry or song lyrics, or just a favorite story. He had a couple of big pot luck barbeques in Wibaux, and throughout his battle with cancer, his friends supported and visited him. Many believed after he went into remission after the first bout, Wes had the cancer beat. But not so. It was not Wes' destiny to win over the disease. Wes was a talented and gifted man. He had a poet's perspective and wrote many poems and song lyrics over his lifetime. Wes penned the lyrics for a song sung by a family member for his mother's funeral, titled "Let My Spirit Fly". He wrote a poem for his friends, Jim and Lucille Thomason, that they had read at their wedding. Some of his work reflects his humor, some reflect his spirituality, others, his life experiences, still others, thoughts and philosophies about life and death; all his writings reflect Wesley Carter Hubble. When his supervisor at the county shop, Joe Sharbono, had to attend a meeting of other supervisors around the state, Wes wrote a poem titled "The County Road" to take as a gift. The poem was framed and printed on a picture of a road. As

Joe tells it, the board saw the gift and decided it was so good they wanted to auction it off. The poem was bid at \$350 and copies have been hung in courthouses and shops around the state. It also was published in the Montana Association of Counties magazine. Wes always wanted to put his song lyrics to music and he had an idea about how he wanted them to sound. He talked often with Bill Labree about a collaboration between them, with Wes supplying the lyrics and Bill the music and recording the songs. Sadly, this was never accomplished. But Wes did put together a collection of his works, which included about 36 poems and song lyrics and is titled "At First Light". Jim Thomason did a bit of illustration for the collection, and Wes begins it all with a note from himself. One of the poems from the collection is printed in Wes' memorial folder. It seems appropriate to close Wes' eulogy with something he wrote, something you all remember about Wes. The Smile By Wesley Carter Hubble I was alone in barren lands Till I beheld a bloom Enamored by its beauty As it chased away the gloom And I spied others waking From what seemed a long, long night And turned their hungry faces Towards that solitary light I was sudden struck from pondering And overwhelmed with grace For I saw the light that was being sought, The smile on my own face!" Please spend a few moments remembering Wes and his touch on your lives and hearts as we listen to "Amazing Grace". Song: "Amazing Grace" sung by Randy Lovaas Time for sharing Celebrant: During his lifetime, one of the sad things that happened was that Wes became estranged from most of his family. That is probably why his friends were so important to him. Around Christmas in 2004, Wes came across a story that touched him deeply, called "The Hand". Wes e-mailed the story to many of his friends. The following are Wes' words and are as true now as then. "...three years ago, on December 11, I was in need of a hand myself. It's hard to image now, that on that particular day, everything I owned fit in two medium sized cardboard boxes. I guess this little story got me because it has never failed to amaze me, the kindness and goodness that I've been shown in the last three years. I've had people

comment on my successes in these last three years, but they aren't mine. All I have done is get up and show up. Everything I have, and am in the process of becoming, has and is truly in the hands of others who have reached out with kindness and understanding, knowing that a hand up is better than a hand out. If you think that I am writing this with a dry eye, think again. I know this is mushy sounding but... YOU ARE THE SUM TOTAL OF ALL THAT I AM!! (except for the twisted stuff, that's mine) Love, Wes" There is no finer tribute to Wes than his friends that are here today, both in body, and in spirit. "To have a good friend is one of the highest delights of life; to be a good friend is one of the noblest and most difficult undertakings." (Anonymous) Wes was blessed in both areas. Wes was a presence, a reminder to all of an exuberant spirit who never quit on having a joyful life and who overcame many adversities to achieve that. Jane Wynn calls Wes a great and humble man, who made mistakes and learned from them. Wes made no excuses but he did learn to rise above his struggles and mistakes, and he shares that achievement with his friends, and his God. Wes has left a legacy of gifts; his friendship, his good and open heart, his upbeat manner, his fun loving spirit, his ability to dream beyond the moment, his talent to appreciate and be grateful for the simple things in life, his words in poem and song, and his love. And so, remember Wes; tell his story; say his name, share his poetry. "To live in hearts we leave behind, is not to die." (Thomas Campbell, "Hallowed Ground") Be grateful for having his touch on your life. This concludes Wesley Carter Hubble's life tribute service. Thank you all for being here for this important time.

Tribute Wall



“ *All these years and I still miss you and your wisdom.*

Cindy Kagan - January 15 at 03:58 PM



“ *Wesley Carter "Wes" Hubbel*

December 07, 2022 at 04:10 PM