



DONORS:

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Remembering Steve Boyd

By Don Roeber

I met Steve Boyd in the early nineties at one of the Texas Hawking Association Abilene field meets. We became fast friends and compared a lot notes not only about falconry, but on herpetology as well. Steve would have me and others up to Borger, Texas where he lived at the time, to fly falcons. Later, Steve and family moved to Glen Rose, Texas (near to the DFW metroplex where I live). We started hawking together routinely. He would come over to the DFW area and fly my ponds and I would run down to his areas. We had the greatest of times. Steve and I were on the same page on just about everything.

Steve was a very generous person. We went to one of the Lamar, Colorado field meets together. I had just lost a tiercel peregrine



to a redtail. Steve talked me into trapping a prairie. We trapped on the way up to the meet. My pigeons were tame and did not fly very well. We ran out of sparrows. In Lamar we saw on old abandoned house next to a feedlot with pigeons all over its roof. Steve got that gleam in his eye and said, 'let's come back tonight and get some'. That night, Steve boosted me up through a hole in the ceiling where I stuffed every pocket in my coat with pigeons from the mass of birds in the attic. The next day, at Steve's urging, we drove all the way down to Sunray (a town north of Dumas, Texas) and trapped my first passage prairie, in short order, with one of those fresh, wild pigeons. As I was selecting from one of my poorly-made hoods to put on the new bird, Steve pulled one out from his tack box, saying 'try this'. It fit perfectly. I told Steve I would get it back to him after I procured a better hood. Steve said "nah, just keep it". I still have that hood. I've heard similar stories from others regarding Steve's generosity. By the way, that prairie falcon trained up to be one of the best game hawks I have had and really opened a lot of Texas falconers' eyes on the value and potential of prairie falcons.

Another story comes to mind. I got a call from Steve while he was on the way to Borger to visit his son. Steve had pulled off of the main highway and flown a pond with his peregrine and as Steve often did, he called me to describe the flight. So, we were talking and all of a sudden Steve let out a round of frantic swear words. I said, Steve, what's wrong, and Steve immediately said, Don, I have to go! I just got bit (and it turns out, sprayed) by a skunk! Later, after getting the required ten shorts into his stomach to take care of the rabies that the skunk obviously had, Steve went on to explain that when he was talking with me, he was sitting by the bird while it fed up on the duck and he had placed one of his hands behind him on the ground to prop himself up. Next thing Steve knew, he felt a pain in his thumb and looked down to see a skunk chewing on his thumb! You just can't make this stuff up.



WE CAN ALL HONOR STEVE AND HIS LEGACY BY BEING JUST AS ENTHUSED ABOUT LIFE AS HE WAS.



When it comes to herpetology, Steve was second to none as a top-notch herper. In fact, I learned later that Steve was one of the first people to collect gray banded kingsnakes. The story goes that back in the day, graybands were considered to be almost a mythological creature that was only seen in dusty old natural history books. As a teenager, against advice and some amused looks from older more experienced herpers (and falconers), like Buzz Ross, Steve went out to the Texas Trans Pecos region where this species was supposed to occur and collected not one, but several graybands on that first trip! Steve went on to catch many, many more graybands. I lived vicariously through Steve when it came to collecting these snakes, as I waited for his latest report from out in the Trans Pecos. And every time he collected one, it was like the first time for Steve! He just got so excited about it! If the gray bands were moving, if people were finding them, he would call me and say 'they're snappin down here'!

Steve's excitement about falconry was something to behold. Every day in the field was going to be the best day ever. I can't tell you how many times that he told me that he had just experienced the 'best flight ever'. So it follows that Steve's enthusiasm for life is what I will always remember about him. Every day was a new day filled with possibilities. Anything could happen. You could not help being pumped up when you were around Steve.

Now Steve has moved on. And he has left the rest of us to carry on. We can all honor Steve and his legacy by being just as enthused about life as he was. Every time I have a particularly good flight with one of my birds, I offer up a few words to Steve. Somewhere out there in the ether, I have no doubt Steve hears me and smiles.

So long, Steve.



By Jan Boyd (Steve's wife) Steve always told me it was not an adventure until something happened and it would be fun when we got home. Thank you Weebie for all the adventures and yes it was fun when we got home. You will always be my best adventure. Love, Jan

Family and friends remember Steve

By Glenda Boyd (daughter-in-law)

Steve Boyd. When one thinks of Steve, the word boring never comes to mind. He was adventurous, admirable, and knowledgeable and the best story-teller I have ever met. (not because he knew how to embellish the truth, but because you knew that those outrageous details that only happen in movies, were true). He was the go-to person. Got a bug you have never seen? He would tell you the scientific name and offer details about it before you could blink your eye. Got a snake somewhere (for me, it was a rattlesnake on my back porch), he would be there in a jiffy to scoop it up and remove it. Need a contact in the middle of nowhere as you travel to a specific destination? He knew people everywhere who were so happy to help (I'm sure because at some point, Steve probably helped them and they wanted to show the same kindness). He was a mentor with a life so large it filled any space. His life reminds me of the beloved movie "Big Fish", with a life so large it touched so many, no matter what race, religion, sex, gender or culture. You are missed every single day. We love you.

By Elizabeth Boyd

I am Steve Boyd's granddaughter and I had just a little silly story about Weebie.

I was about 10 years old when I went to Arizona with Weebie and my Brother, Brandon. This was a whole trip but there was one specific day that stuck with me for the rest of my life just because it explains my grandfather and his moments. We decided to go hiking through part of the hills in the desert of Arizona and look at the beautiful scenery. Keeping in mind that it is midday, and around 112 degrees outside, my brother and I start to get quite thirsty. We went to the truck and started going through all the things Weebie had packed such as chips, and candy, and could not find any water. Turning to him, I said "Weebie where's the drinks??", only for him to reply "Duh, they are right here" and pointed at a 24 pack of diet fresca, which was all he brought.

Falconers' Memories of Steve Boyd

Texas lost an important part of its heart when Steve Boyd passed in September, 2018. Steve was a vivid, charismatic, interesting and warm friend to so many. Whenever his friends get together, we usually share our favorite Steve Boyd stories. Here are a few that give an idea why so people loved him.

Steve Oleson We were fishing at Lake Georgetown. I hadn't even had a nibble, so we started walking through the water to try another spot. Steve stumbled a bit and said that his foot was caught in some fishing line, underwater. Being a good citizen, he started to pull it in, to dispose of it properly. He said: "I think there's a fish on this line!" Sure enough, there was a nice bass on the hook! Steve is the only guy that could catch a fish when he wasn't even trying.

Ron Frye I took a duck with my falcon. During the long walk back to the truck, I put my receiver on the ground. I went back to get it and looked for six hours without finding it. I jokingly told "The Steves" (Boyd and Oleson) that a coyote must have taken it. Days later, the Steve came up with a picture of a coyote with telemetry! This is a perfect example of Steve Boyd's sense of humor and personality and a great reminder of our years of friendship .

David Williamson I met Steve about 1963. He was into herping . I helped him get his falconry permit years later. Steve Boyd was the guy one could always count on to help. Example: I had to move some

paintings from Fort Worth to Oklahoma. I rented a trailer but needed a vehicle that could pull it. Steve volunteered his new Toyota, even though it would be a long, sweltering trip. He is simply irreplaceable.

Jay Lehmer My most memorable time with Steve was a day that Steve and I and a couple other falconers got together at Leonard Griffin's place to fly falcons in Grayson County. Steve was the entertainment of the day, cracking jokes and generally cutting up while eating nearly all the smoked ribs. All the birds performed well and it was a great day in the field with great friends that I won't soon forget. My favorite story about Steve happened early in our friendship. At one time, Steve was a very large man who loved to eat. We were seated next to each at the same table at a THA banquet. I left the table momentarily to grab an adult beverage. When I returned, my steak was missing off my plate. I asked Steve where it went. He replied "Oh, were you going to eat that? I assumed you were done since you left the table." I ate the rest of it! Bless his heart, it was hard not to like Steve. We became great friends over the years. Rest in peace my friend. You are truly missed by all.

