



#### DONORS:

Jeanetta and Steve Aller, Holly and James Dorsey, Gerald Geiger and xxxxxx, Carol Hicks, Ralph and Melissa Rogers, John Seabury, Kevin Thompson, Skip Tubbs, Gregory and Judy Windtberg, Hal Williams



Glenn Milton Hicks, passed away April 5, 2011 at home in Rockvale, Montana. He was born March 27, 1951, in Boise, Idaho, to Marjorie and Jim Hicks. He was the first born of six children. After graduating from Idaho Falls High School in 1970, he moved to Livingston, Montana, where he worked at Brand S for the next 17 years. In 1987, he moved to Park City and began working at Montana Rail Link. In 1988, he met the love of his life, Carol. They raised Carol's sons, Josh, Owen, Adam, and their own son, Tayler. He worked for the next 24 years at Montana Rail Link as an engineer and was looking forward to retirement. Glenn's passion in life was falconry. He hunted with many birds starting at age 9. He was a member of the Montana Falconers' Association and was a master falconer. He was known to many as "Birdman."

Glenn enjoyed the outdoors, hunting, fishing, camping, and traveling in his Toyotas. There were no limits to where his Toyotas could take him.

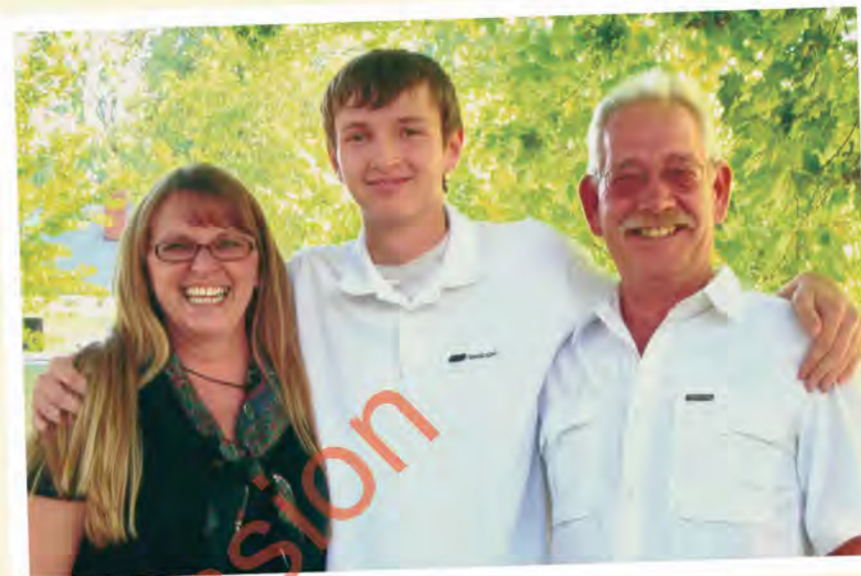
Glenn was preceded in death by his parents and one brother, Brent.

He is survived by his wife, Carol; his daughter, Kimberly (Matt) Bierer, of Stevensville; his sons: Josh (Diana) Vogel of Billings; Owen Vogel of Billings; Adam (Desiree) Vogel of Richland; and Tayler Hicks of Billings; and, his brothers: Brad (Nicki) Hicks of Livingston; Gary (Karen) Hicks of Helena; Scott (Linda) Hicks of Helena; and sister Holly (Jim) Dorsey of Boise; and six grandchildren and numerous nieces and nephews.

Additional survivors are his two birds and three dogs.

He will be truly missed by all of his friends and family. He was the life of the party, whether he knew it or not. Fly High Glenn!

Memorials may be made to the Peregrine Fund of Boise, Idaho.



*Glenn and I were married for almost 22 years and it was quite the adventure! Many road trips birding. Some hunting, some tracking and sometimes just looking for birds or dogs or new hunting grounds. He was a great man, husband and father. He took me on with 3 boys and we had 1 son of our own. My memories of him will be with me for the rest of my life.*

*I will never forget you.  
Fly High My Love  
Carol*

May you deadhead in peace on your last leg home  
 On that long black train  
 As across the sage you roam  
 It weaves and rocks down rails on a gravel bed  
 Rolling towards your last horizon  
 That lies just ahead  
 Feeling the wind in your face  
 And your bird on glove  
 You'll leave behind the family and friends you love  
 We think of you always as our falcons take flight  
 Watching that long black train roll out of sight.

Glenn visited our class one day.  
 With his little buddy Max.  
 We learned a lot about this bird  
 And many other gyrfalcon facts.  
 Getting to pet Max brought us so much joy.  
 Thanks you Glenn for sharing the hobby you've loved  
 Ever since you were a little boy!  
 Now when we see birds up high in the sky  
 It'll make our hearts happy and we'll tell you why,  
 Because we're sure that in heaven  
 YOU, too, will get to fly!  
 Fly High Our Friend

Poem by J.R.

