

Gary “Pete” Stevens was born in Rugby, ND, but was raised in the small town of Glenburn surrounded by his father’s relatives. He was the first born of five children to Roy and Clara (Gay) Stevens. Gary’s early years helped develop his sense of responsibility, and he became the protector of his siblings. His quiet, kind demure could turn into a fiery temper if the neighborhood children would fight with Lynn, Sue, Pick or Janice.

At a very early age Gary was dubbed Pistol Pete, because of the western dress and double holster set he loved to wear. The nickname was shortened to Pete and stayed with him all of his life. At a young age he learned to ride. This was just the beginning of his life long love of horses. His happiest moments were in the saddle. Whether he was riding with his brothers and friends in the mountains of Colorado, buying his daughter her first saddle and boots, or taking the grandchildren roping and riding with Gladys in the Sawyer hills, he was most at home astride his quarter horse.

Gary’s kindness spilled over to all who knew him. Although he was a man of few words, he often preferred good company. He especially loved anyone who could spin a great story. He loved to laugh. When he laughed it would start at his toes and work up until his whole body would shake.

Pete, like his father, uncles, and brothers worked in the oil business. He worked a short time as a custom combiner but the rest of his years were spent as an oil pumper. He would rise at 4:00 a.m. and drive the dusty country roads checking each oil well one after another until his job was done. He loved to have company on those early morning trips, and would often take his grandchildren or a new family greenhorn to show them the ropes. On a good day he would finish the job early and spend time visiting with family and friends on his way home.

Gary avoided the good intentions of his matchmaking relatives, but 23 years ago he was introduced to the love of his life, Gladys, through mutual friends. Although there wasn’t much small talk during their first date, Gary was smitten and began calling her daily until their second outing. Their life was shared with their daughter, Tina, her husband Ernie, and their three children, Aaron, Brady, and Cylie. The joys that the grandchildren gave Pete were the simple things in life. The time they spent together riding horse or going to a rodeo, wearing matching cowboy shirts, hand sewn by Gladys, was time well spent and will be always remembered. Gary had great love for all children but Spud, Bobcat Boy, and Bobcat Girl held a special place in his heart and he in theirs.

Pete had a quiet way about him but when a job needed to be done, he got it done. Tina remembers driving a 1969 white Mustang with a child seat squeezed in the back. Gary said a Mustang was no car for a baby and went to buy his sister’s big red Thunderbird for his first grandchild. Gary was satisfied with its safety while Tina felt like she was driving a sailboat.

Gary’s love for his wife, daughter, son-in-law and grandchildren completed his life. Pete’s quiet strength and bravery will be remembered by all of us who knew and loved him. He will be missed. We know that today Pete is riding his horse Skip bidding us “adios.”

“Happy trails to you, until we meet again and don’t take any wooden nickels.”

In Memory of Gary “Pete” Stevens