Stan Tixier

February 15, 1932 ~ December 23, 2017

John Stanley Tixier (Stan), 85, of Eden, Utah died peacefully on December 23, 2017. Stan was born February 15, 1932, in Clayton, New Mexico, second son (after brother Ed) of Edward and Dorothy Tixier. He attended the University of Arizona where he met Janice White, whom he married on June 28, 1958. They had three children John Stanley, Jr., Joseph Charles and Ann Clare. He received his Bachelor of Science and Master’s Degree in Range Management from the University of Arizona in 1958 and 1959, respectively.

Stan served in the Navy as an air traffic controller for 4 years starting in 1951 and in the reserves for four years after that. He began a career in the United States Forest Service in 1959. He had many assignments in Arizona, New Mexico, Washington D.C. and Milwaukee, Wisconsin before transferring to Ogden, Utah in 1982. He retired as Regional Forester in 1991 and he and Jan moved to Eden, Utah. While serving as Regional Forster, Stan also served as the first Chairman of the Inter-Agency Grizzly Bear Committee. He was active in the Society for Range Management and served as its national president in 1991-92. After retiring, Stan began further careers raising foxtrotting horses and writing and performing cowboy poetry. He achieved particular success in the latter, performing often and winning awards at several regional contests. Stan was an author as well, writing Green Underwear, A Badge with a Tree, and Riptide, all very well received. Stan was also active in the community such as supporting Friends of the Kaibab Squirrel and his local Catholic Church, St. Florence.

Stan is survived by wife, Janice, son John and wife Suzanne, son Joe and wife Mary Kay, and daughter Ann and husband Allen; also by grandchildren Daniel, Christine, Stephanie, Lisa and David, and Eleanor and Austin, and Carter, Luke, Rachel and Isaac, along with many other family members and friends.

Visitation will be 5 to 7 p.m. with a Rosary with an open mic following the Rosary at 7 p.m. on December 28, 2017 at Myers Mortuary, 5865 S 1900 W, Roy. A funeral mass will be said at St. Joseph Catholic Church, 514 24th Street, Ogden, at 11 a.m. on December 29, 2017.

In lieu of flowers, please consider making a donation to the Society for Range Management Endowment Fund. Make checks payable to SRM Endowment Fund at Society for Range Management, 6901 S Pierce St. Ste. 230, Littleton, CO 80128, in memory of Stan Tixier. You may also consider joining Friends of the Kaibab Squirrel at [www.kaibabsquirrel.org](http://www.kaibabsquirrel.org).

Condolences may be sent to the family at [www.myers-mortuary.com](http://www.myers-mortuary.com)

**ONE COWBOY’S PRAYER**

By Stan Tixier

An old cowpoke came riden’ home,

The sky was lookin’ gray,

At twilight in a drizzlin’ rain,

 After a long, hard day.

He pulled the saddle off his horse,

 Took curry comb and brush,

And groomed him good from head to hoof,

 He wasn’t in no rush.

He poured him out a can of oats,

 With several flakes of hay,

And then filled up the water trough

 And put his tack away.

Some later at the bunkhouse,

 He dined on beans and bread,

Pulled off his boots and blue jeans,

And ‘afore he crawled in bed

He thought about his work that day,

 The miles that he rode,

The mud shoved through his stirrups

 Would make a pickup load.

But that good rain would grow some grass

 And really help the range,

Then that old cowboy said some words

 You might consider strange.

“Lord, I thank you for this day,

 For lookin’ after me,

I thank you for the range out there,

 As far as I can see.

And thank you for the rain today,

 We needed it a lot,

It sure was gettin’ awful dry,

 The weather bein’ hot.

And Lord, I thank you for that horse,

 He’s more than transportation,

Just like the cattle, trees and grass,

 He’s part of your creation.”

“But Lord, I thank you most of all

 For this fine life I lead,

The city rush would drive me mad,

 With traffic I don’t need.

Although I work from dawn ‘til dark

 Most each and every day,

I get rewards that far exceed

 A poor cowpuncher’s pay.

And though I may not get to church,

 Like lotsa’ people do,

I value the relationship

 That’s just between us two.”