



Eugene Lee Flair, Sr., 68, of Sheridan, passed away on Friday, March 7, 2014, at his residence.

Eugene was born in South Sioux City, NE, on July 10, 1945, to parents Emil W. and Albertha Lorraine (Hansen) Flair. He graduated from So. Sioux City High in 1963 and then the NBT Business College.

Eugene married Gloria Faye Zill on April 23, 1966. He worked for the railroad from the age of 20, moving to Sheridan in the late 80's, and continued working for the railroad until he was disabled in 1989. He enjoyed hunting, raising cattle and working on the ranch.

Eugene was preceded in death by his parents Emil and Albertha. He is survived by his wife, Gloria, children; Eugene Lee (Rita) Flair, Jr., and Jennifer Flair and his grandchildren; Mariah Flair, Justus Flair and Reilly Flair.

# Gene Flair

*July 10, 1945 - March 7, 2014*





### **GOD'S GARDEN**

God looked around His garden  
And found an empty place.  
He then looked down upon the earth  
And saw your tired face.  
He put His arms around you and lifted you to rest.  
He knew that you were suffering.  
He knew that you were in pain.  
He knew that you would never  
Get well on earth again.  
He saw the road was getting rough  
And the hills were hard to climb.  
So he closed your weary eyelids,  
And whispered "Peace be thine."  
It broke our hearts to lose you  
But you didn't go alone  
For part of us went with you  
The day God called you home.



## **In Loving Memory of Eugene Lee Flair**

### **DATE OF BIRTH**

July 10, 1945  
South Sioux City, Nebraska

### **DATE OF DEATH**

March 7, 2014  
Sheridan, Wyoming

### **CELEBRATION OF LIFE**

Monday, March 17, 2014, at 10:00 am  
Kane Funeral Home

### **OFFICIATING**

Reverend Kevin Jones

### **MUSIC**

More Than A Feeling  
Homesick

### **TRAIN TO HEAVEN**

We'll be riding on the limited when he makes his final run  
Down a glistening track of gold toward a never setting sun  
We'll need no helper engine when we cross the great divide  
For the greatest engineer of all will pull the throttle wide  
No switches and no crossings and a green block all the way  
Leaving far behind the sorrows of a troubled yesterday  
St. Peter is the flagman at the depot in the sky  
He'll see us safely in the yard of a dazzling by and by  
Our long long journey over and we've heard the last "aboard"  
Happy that we caught the special to the kingdom of the Lord