

Mike Green



Michael Lee Green, 62, of Sheridan, passed away on Wednesday, June 11, 2014, at his residence.

Mike was born on August 5th, 1951 to Dale and Mary (Wolfe) Green in Sheridan, WY. He was raised in Sheridan in the house his grandfather built. He then went on to start a family of his own in the area. He worked at Decker Coal for many years, and then went back to climbing and trimming trees upon his retirement. He was in the Drum and Bugle Corp for 4 years, he did some roping in the rodeos, and had been an avid skier. He loved riding his Harley's, and going fishing. He had recently found a new love of backpacking in the Big Horns and riding four wheelers. He loved the ladies.....and was always quite the ladies man. He liked to hang out with his friends and loved his family unconditionally. He lived his life for his kids and granddaughters, and couldn't have been happier.

Mike was preceded in death by his parents and his son Kelly "Augie" Green. He is survived by his sons; Travis Green and Justin (Cassie) Green both of Sheridan, WY, brothers; Richard "Dick" (Bessie) Green of Sheridan, WY, James "Jim" (Thea) Green of Houston, TX, Sam (Sherry) Green of Sheridan, WY. Grandchildren; Kiley Green, Isabella Green, Kylie Anderson, Kadence Green and Hallie Jo Green.

August 5, 1951 - June 11, 2014

In Loving Memory of
Michael Lee Green

DATE OF BIRTH

August 5, 1951
Sheridan, Wyoming

DATE OF DEATH

June 11, 2014
Sheridan, Wyoming

CELEBRATION OF LIFE

Monday, June 23, 2014, at 2:00 pm
Kane Funeral Home

OFFICIATING

Reverend Kevin Jones

MUSIC

The Way I Choose
Dancing In The Sky

VIDEO TRIBUTE

Time To Move On, Heart Of Gold
Simple Man, Blue Eyes Crying In The Rain

HONORARY PALLBEARERS

Bobby Wilson, Chuck Meyers, Larry Patterson
Mike Demchok, Sunny Reisch



Memorials to honor Mike can be made to the
Joey's Fly Fishing Foundation
109 S. Main St. Suite B
Sheridan, WY 82801

Kane
Funeral Home
www.kanefuneral.com



Do not stand at my grave and weep

I am not there. I do not sleep.

I am a thousand winds that blow.

I am the diamond glints on snow.

I am the sunlight on ripened grain.

I am the gentle autumn rain.

When you awaken in the morning's hush

I am the swift uplifting rush

Of quiet birds in circled flight.

I am the soft stars that shine at night.

Do not stand at my grave and cry:

I am not there. I did not die.

