

Kenton Hunter

November 9, 1933—March 4, 2025

Service

1:30 p.m., Thursday, March 27, 2025
Black Hills National Cemetery

Clergy

Kim Carroll

Military Honors

U.S. Army National Guard
Sturgis Honor Guard

Inurnment

Black Hills National Cemetery



*The family extends an invitation to a reception
and time of fellowship at the VFW following
the service.*

Ken peacefully passed away of natural causes at Crook County Medical Services District in Sundance, Wyoming on March 4, 2025.

Ken was born in Stuart, Nebraska on November 9, 1933 to Frank "Lee" and Tressa (Townsend) Hunter. It was in the spring of 1934 that the family would relocate to Osage, Wyoming and Ken would spend the remainder of his childhood. Ken completed grade school in Osage and graduated from Upton High School in 1951. While in school, Ken enjoyed participating in long distance running and was proud that he had placed 5th overall in the state.

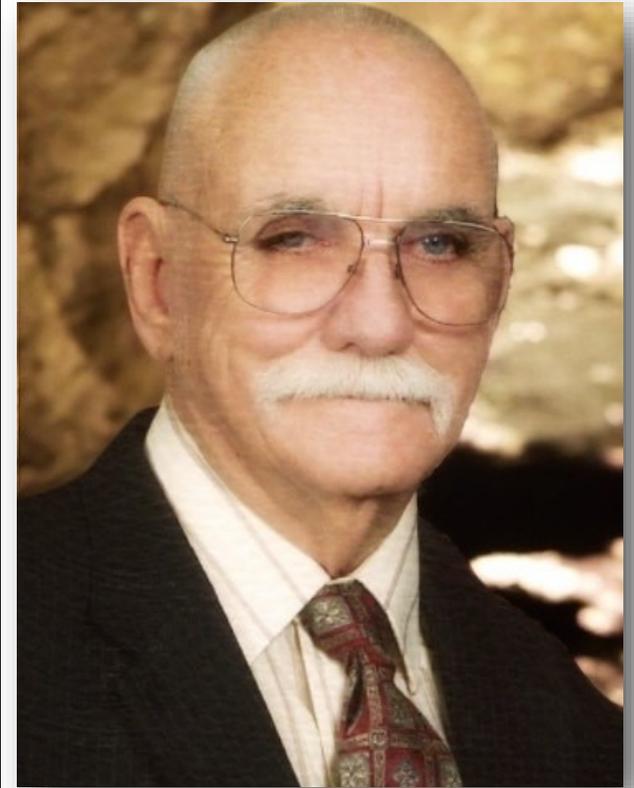
In 1953, he proudly joined the U.S. Army and served during the Korean conflict. Ken was stationed in Ulm, Germany where he served as the dispatch clerk. He was honorably discharged in 1955.

Ken met the love of his life, Lois Fillinger at a Harlem Globetrotter's game in Newcastle, Wyoming. The two were married on June 11, 1955 and through the beginning of their marriage, they traveled for work and spent time in Long Beach, California; Kimball, Nebraska; Ft. Morgan, Colorado; and Newcastle, Wyoming. In 1967, the couple made their home in Gillette, Wyoming where they raised their two sons, Doug and Dale. During these years Ken enjoyed racing Volkswagens, hunting and fishing expeditions with his family and friends and playing pool.

Ken worked from 1955 to 1976 for Halliburton as their chief dispatcher and then for Thunder Basin Coal Company in the mill right plant until his retirement in 1994. At that time, he pursued his hobby of wood working and spent a lot of time in his woodshop building gun cases for his family and friends, signs for REMAX, decks, and doing other miscellaneous projects. He was very proud of the many decks he built around northeast Wyoming.

Ken is survived by his daughters-in-law; Sheila Hunter (Doug), Ronda Hunter (Dale), three granddaughters; Tonya (Bryan) Gay, Makayla (Derek) Cooper, Kelsey (Adam) Kinney; great-grandchildren; Kaydence, Lainey, Hayley, Hunter, Daxton, Tyce, brothers-in-law; Don Gregory, Donald (Sandy) Fillinger, nieces, nephews and longtime companion and very special friend, Dee Taylor. Ken is preceded in death by his wife of 56 years Lois; his sons: Doug and Dale, his parents; 1 sister; 2 brothers; and his sister-in-law.

Remembering The Life Of.... Kenton Hunter



November 9, 1933
To
March 4, 2025



Marina McIlvain, Tara Cowger
Funeral Service-Monuments-
Advance Planning-Cremation-
Lending Library, Learning to say
goodbye; children's tour.

I've Hunted With My Sons

Bernie Lemon

I've spent some time in these old hills,
Been huntin' up and down.
I'm lookin' for a six by six!
But not a one I've found.

I've seen some calves, some cows and spikes,
A rag horn and a four,
But a six is what I'd like to see,
A royal sight for sure.

I know he's out there in these hills,
I've heard his bugle call.
I've seen his tracks in timber down
And rubs in quakies tall.

I know he's lain and watched me pass,
Or eyed me as I stood,
Then disappeared, as I came near,
Into the darkest woods.

Just once I thought I saw him,
His ivory tines aglow,
His chocolate coat a shadowed ghost
Amid the pines and snow.



T'was only for an instant,
Just a glance, then out of sight.
Still I think about him every day
And every single night.

Now I hope someday my time will come
And I'll get my chance to score.
And when I do, I hope his horns
Count six by six or more.

But if my time on earth should end
Before that given day,
I'll thank the Lord for giving me
A chance to pass this way.

For I have seen the morning sun
Light up a mountain park,
And I have heard the coyotes call
As evening turns to dark.

I've watched the bright full hunter's moon
Light up the valley snow
And shared the night by campfire light
With friends that I love so.

But best of all the joys I've known
While on these trails and runs,
I've known the joy just Dads can know...
I've hunted with my Sons!

