



## Gordon "Wayne" Hanzlik

Gordon "Wayne" Hanzlik was born September 2, 1933, in Sturgis to Charles and Marilla Mae (Shuck) Hanzlik. He attended school in Sturgis. He served in the US Army during the Korean Conflict until he was honorably discharged in 1955.

He married Mary Maxine Chambers on August 10, 1957, in Earlsboro, OK. Wayne was self-employed and a long-haul trucker

his entire life. He drove over 1 million miles and won several safety awards.

Wayne, 80, Sturgis, died Monday, June 9, 2014, at Sturgis Regional Senior Care.

Survivors include one son, Darwin Hanzlik, Winnemucca, NV; one daughter, Cheryl Blakeman, Sturgis; one brother, Raymond Hanzlik, Sturgis; nine grandchildren; and ten great-grandchildren.

He was preceded in death by his parents; his wife, Maxine; one daughter, Sharon Allison; two brothers, Orrie and Gene Hanzlik; and one sister, LaVonne Remington.

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



## *In Loving Memory Of*



## *Gordon Wayne Hanzlik*

*1933 ~ 2014*

*The family invites you to join them for fellowship and lunch in the Erskine Room in the First Presbyterian Church basement following the committal service. We thank you for your presence and condolences.*

PROGRESS OR CHANGE

By Raymond Hanzlik

An old man sat his saddle  
On a lean and lanky hoss  
And gazed across the prairie  
Where many years he'd been boss.

The plains were free and open  
As far as the eye could gaze  
Now they're strewn with fenced road-  
ways  
Like it is some sort of maze.

He sat that weathered saddle  
His gnarled hand on the horn  
And marveled at it's splendor  
That he'd known since he'd been born.

Then splendor of the silence  
Broken by a coyote's wail  
Now a jet roars over-head  
As it leaves it's vapor trail.

The distant past reflected  
Through his sharp and vivid mind  
About the tough old timers  
He had long since left behind.

A bronze historic marker  
To tell tourists as they pass  
Of five hundred head trail-herds  
That once grazed on knee-high grass.

He reminisced the roundup  
They branded four hundred head  
Where now you see no cattle  
There's a wheat field there instead.

That sleepy little cowtown  
Where a man could now get lost  
Midst people and congestion  
The pollution and exhaust.

In the big bend of the river  
He can see down from the ridge  
Where they'd swim the herd across  
There now stands a big steel bridge.

He then makes a summation  
Only old cowboys can do  
Of the things that have gone by  
And of them that's still in view.

He came by covered wagon  
And thought he'd reached Heaven's gate  
Across miles of flowers and grass  
Where now runs an interstate.

He knows he's lived the best part  
Of this world that he's been  
through  
He smiles as he turns to ride  
And then bids the world adieu.

*In Loving Memory Of*

***Gordon Wayne Hanzlik***

***Born***

September 2, 1933  
Sturgis, South Dakota

***Died***

June 9, 2014  
Sturgis, South Dakota

***Funeral Service***

Saturday, June 14, 2014, at 10:00 a.m.  
Kinkade Funeral Chapel

***Officiating***

Rev. Denzel Nonhof

***Special Music***

"In The Garden"

***Pallbearers***

Matthew Schutterle ~ Marcus Schutterle  
Glenn Hudelson ~ Lane Zeufelt ~ Tyrel Hanzlik

***Interment***

Bear Butte Cemetery  
Sturgis, South Dakota