

Memories of Doug Dill

By family members
July, 2019



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These wonderful things would never have entered my life had it not been for Doug Dill, the love of my life. Thank you, Doug, from your beloved wife of 42 years--Sheila Dill.

I would have never learned the joy of skiing! Even though it was in the Reno Junior Ski Program at Sky Tavern and I was the only adult in the ten and up class of beginners, the life-long skier Doug, pushed me to learn and so I did. I advanced to a level 4 that season, while Corbett and Andy easily passed me up to much higher levels.

I would have been satisfied with my 1976 Bachelor's Degree in Journalism as my terminal degree. With Doug's encouragement and support, I went for and attained my Masters in Journalism and Mass Communications at the grand old age of 40.

I wouldn't have had a daughter—Jan Dill!!! The very best girl—teenager—woman—a mom of a sons-only family could ever hope and pray for! What a blessing Doug gave to me!

And, I wouldn't have enjoyed our rich togetherness volunteering at Malheur National Wildlife Refuge in Northeast Oregon and at the Presbyterian Conference Center at Zephyr Cove at Lake Tahoe, Nevada. We worked side by side in field and stream and kitchen and maintenance and publications, combining our skills and experiences for free. Talk about meaningful and varied experiences lasting anywhere from a month to three months, away from home: winters at Tahoe, summers at Malheur.

True togetherness, true volunteerism, many times over.

These encounters with Doug over ten years—our true retirement—have all sustained and completed me. Thank you again, Doug Dill.



I always enjoyed playing cards with Doug like cribbage or hearts.! He had a great sense of humor and we laughed a lot.

I also loved his photographs of nature. I loved to ask him about his photos on the wall in his house he would rotate. He captured wildlife in such rare moments. I loved his bird photos. I particularly loved owl photos and he took me to a place near Gardnerville to show me some Great Horned Owls and they were there in this barn. He later gave me a picture of them and I have the photo at work.

Another time at the local wildlife refuge we tried to spot bald eagles and were successful. I loved these times with Doug. He loved birds as much as I did.

Every time I look at the great horned owl photo I think of Doug!

Love, Heidi



Most of my memories with uncle Doug are split into two different time frames, when I was in elementary school and now during my adult life. All of the times I got to spend with uncle Doug also included aunt Sheila.

When I was much younger, it seemed like we, meaning my parents and siblings, would always have some sort of family get together with them. Mostly, I remember visiting uncle Doug and aunt Sheila at their home in Eugene, Oregon. To me that home was this magical place, where deer would go walking through their yard and where we could walk down a dirt road and pick blackberries to be used later in homemade ice cream.

I also remember sometimes we would meet up with uncle Doug and aunt Sheila to go camping where uncle Doug knew all the best places to go fishing. I remember I felt so special when he taught me how to bait and cast a fishing line.

Now fast forward to 2015 my sister Mindy and I had been caring for my mom, uncle Doug's little sister, who at the time was in mid to late-stages of Alzheimer's disease. That summer while in the process of going through papers my parents had saved and

collected over the years, my sister Mindy came across a letter from uncle Doug. It was his letter announcing his and aunt Sheila's retirement. Mindy read it to Rigo and then they shared it with Luke and I. To say the least it was a really great letter and it really sparked something in all of us, in realizing how precious the time we have left with our mom and dad is so important and our moms disease was aging her so quickly we felt this powerful importance of needing to make the most of our time with our moms only brother, uncle Doug and our aunt Sheila. We all decided, my sister and their family with their two girls and my husband and I must make a trip to go visit uncle Doug and aunt Sheila.

The first trip of three began in 2016 where we would all go together and take a road trip to their home in Gardnerville. In the ways that uncle Doug and aunt Sheila were together and so welcoming sharing good food and good discussion, although being much older, it was like no time had passed from when I remember visiting them in their Eugene home. Being older has given me so much more appreciation of the special gift of time with uncle Doug and aunt Sheila. I feel at a loss for words for how special uncle Doug and aunt Sheila make us all feel so loved, then to increase that with being able to see them creating special memories with my two younger nieces Mindy and Rigo's girls, Leila and Carmela. They took the time to teach them making stain glass art and getting to cook with aunt Sheila, which is always the most delicious food and always ending the trip with the best strawberry waffle breakfast before we hit the road back to Portland.

Uncle Doug and aunt Sheila have had such a positive impact in my life. It is so special and heartwarming to get to see my young nieces making memories like I did when I was their age! I am so thankful my sister came across that retirement letter of uncle Doug's and that we were able to spend those last three summers with him and aunt Sheila together at their home in Gardnerville.

This year we had already booked our annual Gardnerville road trip to visit them when the sad news came that Uncle Doug had suffered a stroke and was not doing well. Uncle Doug passed no more than a week later after our learning of his stroke. With our trip booked were thankful that we were able to keep this tradition with our wonderful loving aunt Sheila. As we look forward in life but also make the most of the moment we are in I know we are so blessed to be able to visit and keep the tradition with our aunt Sheila.

By Melanee

Some of my best memories of Grandpa:

Grandpa always made really good breakfast. I liked his French toast.

At Kith & Kin one year at Zephyr Cove a bear came pretty close to the place we were staying. Grandpa was excited about the bear and got really close to it to get a picture. We were all nervous about how close he was getting.

Grandpa had a fishing license and my parents didn't so Grandpa taught me how to fish.

I remember when he and Grandma came to Missouri to stay with Thomas and I for 10 days when Mom, Dad, and Bryan were in Costa Rica. We ate a lot of ice cream and popcorn. They also took us a lot of fun places like the City Museum.

I remember going camping with Grandpa and Grandma. They slept in the back of their pickup and my family stayed in our big tent. I think we made omelets in a bag for breakfast.

I remember drawing on the sidewalks at their home in Oregon.

Grandpa taught me how to make stained glass. He wanted me to have his stained glass stuff for my classroom. We made a few pieces when we were there.

By Melody



There are so many things Grandpa Dill taught me about, which will always remind me of him. For the longest time, I never appreciated my middle name, Douglas, and always thought it was so unoriginal of my parents to give me my grandpa's name and dad's middle name. I wished they had been more creative. Over time, I have come to appreciate the legacy that it represents by having been named after him. Grandpa was a hard-working, loving, caring, extraordinary person. He had a special way of making everyone feel important, and was good at challenging your thinking. He made you think outside of the box, and I appreciated that about him.

In no particular order, some of my favorite memories of Grandpa include:

- Not only being there when I caught my first catch, but being so kind as to allow me the biggest catch of Kith N Kin that year. I even bought my first fishing license this year, and hoping to have more opportunities to go fishing.
- Grandpa loved the outdoors, and loved sharing that with us. I remember always exploring nature during our times together. I really appreciate this, because this is something he passed on to my dad. I took it for granted as a kid, but now have a huge appreciation for the outdoors. And this is something I hope to pass on to my kids.
- Grandpa loved being together with family. Kith N Kin was always so much fun when everyone would get together. From games, to talking, to cooking good food, to magic shows, it was always a good time.
- I remember his love for croquet. When we go to visit them in Eugene, I always remember setting up a course throughout their whole yard to play.
- Another distinct memory of going to visit Grandma and Grandpa when they still lived in Eugene, was that they had a huge tub of toys that we could pull out and play with. Most vividly, I remember there being Duplos, and I always loved playing with those.
- Grandpa loved games- especially Pinochle and Cribbage. I will forever think of him whenever I play those games.
- I remember calling to tell Grandpa that we were going to have little Ollie. He seemed so excited to be having a little grandson. I will always be able to remember the excitement in his voice.
- Grandpa was such a great man. I am so grateful to be raising a little man that will carry on the Dill name. I hope that I can make him proud by starting the next generation of Dill men, who will carry the name proud. I love you grandpa, and so glad I got to know you.

Love, Michael

I don't have a lot of solid memories of Uncle Doug. I don't think I was even a teenager, maybe 13 at the oldest, by the time he and Aunt Sheila moved to Nevada. I do remember going to their house in Eugene once or twice a year while they lived there. I always had a lot of fun visiting. We would always make time for a couple games of horseshoes. Even while I was that young I was still competitive. I don't recall ever winning a game against him. We would go on a short hike to a hillside that overlooked Eugene. I remember there was a really good rope swing on that hill too. There was always a good lunch planned that had some homemade items in it.

One of the stronger memories I have is Uncle Doug coming to visit with Jan one time. We all went camping at Oxbow park on the Sandy river. I remember him making his famous homemade root beer. It was so good! When I first drank it, I had no idea it was homemade. It wasn't until one morning after it was gone, I caught him and Jan making a fresh batch. I asked what they were doing and when he said they were making more root beer. I thought he was pulling my leg. My reply to that was you can't make root beer. When he told me that he made what we had already drank the day before I didn't believe it. I thought for sure he had to have just poured it in the cooler from another container. After he and Jan were done and I tried it, I was blown away! It was like magic.



One of the later memories was when I got married. I was surprised to see him and aunt Sheila there. I hadn't been told that they RSVP'd and was more than pleasantly surprised that they made the trip to see me get married.

I was never really able to have a lot of conversations with Uncle Doug as an adult. I do remember that while I was growing up I was always happy to see him. I always had a strong admiration for him, too. The stories I knew he could have shared from his life. I think I always felt like he was a man that made his own way and never sat around and waited for an opportunity. That's the way it seemed anyway.

By Mitchell Myrick



Of course Dad had a great influence on my life. He was an adventurer and a lover of nature and he shared both of those traits with me. Two memories stand out.

Dad was not always patient in everything, but he taught me to fish and had endless patience doing so. I remember that he would take Wayne and me fishing, and when I was young, I would regularly return to him with a

GIANT knot of fishing line that had somehow miraculously appeared around my reel. He didn't get mad, but would patiently untangle it and give me back the reel so I could go and fish some more. I have lots of good memories of fishing with Dad.

One time he took me to a little stream in the middle of a meadow and we had to crawl through the grass on our bellies to the stream so that the fish wouldn't see us. It was a tiny stream, but Dad told me just where to drop my line and, sure enough, there was a fish there and I caught it. He made me feel successful and so I enjoyed fishing.

Sometimes though, fishing with Dad would require patience on my part too, because Dad would always say, "Just one more spot to try, then we'll go..." Days could be long when fishing with Dad. Fishing wasn't a passive, sit-by-the-lake sport, it involved walking up and down streams and tributaries to find just the right spot. During these times, and on many family camping trips, Dad passed on his love of nature to me.

When Dad went to Alaska for a year and offered me a chance for free tuition at the University of Alaska, I jumped at the chance. It was a great experience for me and I have a lot of memories of living with Dad for the year. We had fun exploring together and had a few adventures, like the time Dad (uncharacteristically) drove the beige Toyota pickup off the road, into the snow because we were busy looking at the scenery instead of the road. As we stood by the truck, wondering what to do next, four big hockey players from the university team showed up and asked to help. They literally picked up the truck and put it back on the road!



Another story, that I still laugh about, also involves a hockey player. Dad and Sheila drove to Alaska with just a small trailer and so we had minimal household furnishings. Dad and I discovered the craziness of garage sale shopping and laughed together at how seriously many people took it as they raced from location to location.

But, one of the things we never bought in Alaska was a vacuum cleaner. Our carpets got dirty and Dad had the idea to call a Kirby salesman to come and give us a demonstration. Part of the sales pitch was that they would shampoo the carpet to show us how well the vacuum worked. Dad asked the young man, who also happened to be a hockey player at the school, to vacuum our carpet instead. The carpet had not been vacuumed since we had arrived and was full of my long, red hairs, which challenged even the indestructible Kirby vacuum.

When the salesman had to stop vacuuming to remove the hairs that had clogged the roller brush, he commented on the hairs and asked, "Do you have a dog?" Dad answered with a straight face, "Yes, an Irish setter." The salesman seemed oblivious to

the real source of the hair. Maybe he was just being polite, but either way, he didn't make a sale that evening. We still joke about the Irish setter at our house. It still sheds long, red hairs all over the place. Stupid dog.



Living with Dad was fun, and paid for the rest of my college degree. I worked in the journalism department on campus so I learned the personalities of the various professors that Dad would talk about. We had fun playing racquetball on campus together with journalism colleagues and then sitting in the sauna afterwards. We went bird watching together. We picked berries on the tundra and then cooked with them. We ate a lot of ice cream. I'll always be grateful for the chance to go to Alaska with Dad.

I'm thankful for a father who taught me so much about integrity and hard work. He shared his passion for nature and adventure with me and shaped my life in ways that are impossible to enumerate.

I love you, Dad, from Jan

When I think of Doug Dill, I remember...

When I think of Doug, I will remember these memories he created for our family:

1. Kith & Kin

All of the Kith & Kin years will be a treasured gift for generations to come. Such wonderful memories of homemade Root-beer, skits and games, up at Zephyr Point.

2. Woodworking

The talent of woodworking, that was passed on to Wayne is another gift. I remember how Wayne would proudly tell me when we would visit, "My dad made that piece of furniture." or "My dad made this lamp." I know we still enjoy pieces that were gifted over the years, which will become heirlooms.

3. Cameras

Doug's love for catching the right photo actually instilled in me how to look at the world through a different lens. It was about telling the story in the picture. Not necessarily getting the angle just right, but the story it would tell. I will remember how he captured a picture of Kevin, taking a pic of Wayne and I up at Zephyr Cove during a Kith & Kin. That picture is one of my favorites of Kevin, being so full of life and in the moment.

4. Cribbage and Pinochle

I'll remember fondly all the times we played cribbage or pinochle. He was certainly a competitive player and always wanted to win. It was fun on those rare occasions when I would get just the right hand to pull ahead and win. It was his love for those games that our children and now their spouses love to play too.

5. Diet Coke

For all the times that I could remember, here is what I will remember most. Doug's last few days. I'll remember being in his hospital room with Wayne and Jan, waiting for him to be discharged home. I had bought a Diet Coke. At one point, I opened the cap to take a drink and Jan noticed Doug's eyes open wide and he turned his head. He knew that sound and he wanted to have some....somehow. I asked if he wanted to have some Diet Coke and he shook his head yes. He was like a little kid, getting a treat as he squeezed every drop of diet coke from the green toothette in his mouth. I imagine those few capfuls were the best he ever had. As I looked in his eyes, I shared with him, how that was something we would always have in common. His half lipped smile brought tears to my eyes.

The days at home, were not easy on many levels. I'll remember being there when he died... when Sheila was able to hold his hand. Doug was finally at peace and no longer needed to Fight.

Doug, wherever you may be in the universe, I hope you are having a coke and smiling knowing all is well and your legacy lives on!

Love,
Katie :)

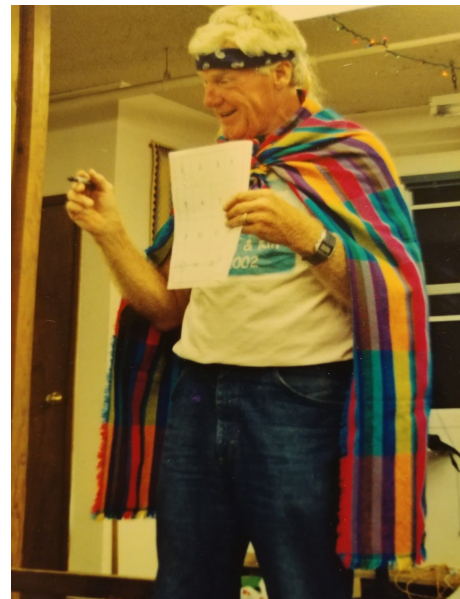
Grandpa taught me a lot of things when I was younger, but the two memories I have that are the most important to me, are the times he took me fishing, and the times we did magic together.

I caught my first fish right after Kith and Kin at Lake Siskiyou. Grandpa took me down to the river and showed me his fishing secret: Pautzke's Green Label Balls of Fire. I baited my hook, and after only a few casts, I pulled in an 8 inch rainbow trout. Grandpa always knew the best places to look for fish, and he taught me the way to look for their little hiding places.



He also loved conservation and taking care of the fish, and other animals, and when I fished with Grandpa, it was always catch and release so there would be more fish for the future. He was a real role model in that area: showing me how to appreciate what the river had to offer without exhausting its resources.

I also remember performing magic with Grandpa. My very first magic show I performed by myself, but I had always heard stories growing up about Mister Magic, and those stories were a big part of why I started practicing magic in the first place. Grandpa first started showing me some of his magic secrets in preparation for the first show we did together our first year at Zephyr Point where we debuted as Mister Magic and Master Magic.



I learned from Grandpa to be a showman but also treasure the moments where I can just be still with nature and the people that I love. He was a great example to me of how to appreciate life and the world around me, and I regret all the things I wasn't able to learn from him and we weren't able to do together.

By Bryan

How do I articulate the memories I have of my Uncle Doug, when he is the one I'd turn to for advice on how to put words on paper when those words were meant for something important? I know my Uncle to have been an amazing writer, photographer, wood worker, and of course strawberry waffle maker.

My earliest memory of him was the pure excitement I had when I found out that my Uncle who lived far away in Kentucky was coming to visit. I remember waiting eagerly for him to see my new dance that I was learning for my dance recital. I must have been five or six years old at the time. I remember giving him a big hug when he arrived, and my memories of the visit are of pure joy. From that time on, I knew I was fond of him. It wasn't until I got to college in Eugene Oregon that I had the chance to strengthen that bond I felt with him. I was so happy to learn that he and Aunt Sheila had moved there just as I was beginning school at the University of Oregon. During my college years I would visit their home in Eugene on several occasions, enjoying Aunt Sheila's delicious meals and the thoughtful conversations that I will never forget. We've always seemed to have enough to talk about to spend hours on end. We would reminisce about family, talk politics, religion and just about life in general.

Uncle Doug was always happy to help me with composing my resume, cover letters, and more. Once when I was in college, and had a retail job, I had my personal belongings stolen from my employee locker. My purse with any little bit of cash, my driver's license, credit cards, my scarf and winter coat, and every other bit of livelihood a college student would bring to work with them was gone! For a struggling student like myself, it was a big deal and I was devastated to say the least. When my belongings were stolen I called my Uncle Doug for advice. He suggested I write to the higher-ups in the company to let them know what happened. He sat with me for a few hours to help me compose the letter. A few weeks later, I received a check in the mail from the company to cover the cost of replacing all my stolen items and not a penny less! Whether he ever knew it or not, he taught me such an important lesson that day. He taught me how to fight for the things I believe in and that I could take action.

In more recent years, I feel so lucky to have had the opportunity to maintain the bond we had. We have created so many special memories at Uncle Doug and Aunt Sheila's home in Gardnerville. Together with my husband Rigo, and daughters Leila and Carmela and along with



my sister Melanee and brother in-law Luke, we've shared the past few memorial weekends together and thoroughly enjoyed the tradition. Every year we've had the chance to continue those thoughtful conversations, enjoy good food and activities. My daughters will never forget learning how to make stained glass art with Uncle Doug and cooking with Aunt Sheila which they look forward to doing every visit.

It's hard for me to wrap my mind around the fact that the long conversations with my Uncle Doug will have to wait until we meet again. In the meanwhile, I hope he is catching up with my mom, his baby sister and all of those who left before him. I know that when I see him again, we will pick up right where we left off.

Laughing just like old times!

With all my love ~ Mindy

Excited to show Uncle Doug my dance performance!



Most amazing times!



Many of my memories of Doug Dill are second-hand. Jan has told me many stories of growing up in West Virginia and Fresno, and of her college years in Alaska in which Doug featured prominently.

But my own memories of Doug start when I met him and Sheila for the very first time two days before my marriage to Jan. I barely knew what to expect. I had no idea what he and Sheila would think of me. However, he was pleasant enough (didn't even threaten me with death), and welcomed me to the family. I don't particularly remember what was said, although I'm sure I made a fool of myself as usual. And, to Doug's credit, that never even once came back to haunt me. A snapshot buried in a box or album somewhere commemorates this meeting; a photo of my parents' dining room with Doug, Sheila, Jan, and a few of my other family members around a very small cake.

Subsequent years built on that first meeting. There were Kith & Kin reunions in alternate years, starting at Camp Fresno when Bryan was very young. At the next one, Melody was a baby. A crying baby. A. Crying. Baby. But Bryan learned to fish from his Grampa Doug, and Melody eventually stopped crying. Kith & Kin moved around -- to the coast, to Lake Tahoe's Zephyr Point, to the house on the north shore -- but the good times continued. One memory of Doug during Kith & Kin at Zephyr Point stands out -- And I'm sure I'm not the only one to recall this -- because of the visiting bear.

We had been warned when we checked in that a bear had been spotted multiple times recently, raiding the premises. We were instructed to keep our food, garbage, and children secured. But when the bear showed up in person late one afternoon, Doug transformed into photographer mode. I hadn't seen -- previously or since -- Doug so sprightly. First he ran inside and upstairs to get his good camera. Then he ran downstairs and outside. Then he leapt from rock to rock across the steep slope, ignoring trails, stairs, and roads, looking for the right angle at the right distance with the right lighting. The bear, meanwhile, indolently slouched around and among the cabins, foraging for an easy meal. But Doug was having none of it. He closed on the bear, camera up, careless of his personal safety: his footing, his proximity to danger, and his odor of edibility.

Those of us with more of a priority on living until (our own) dinner time stood near the lodge, offering helpful advice:

"Don't get too close!"

"Keep your distance!"

"Watch your step!"

Until both Doug and the bear were out of sight. Later, Doug returned. He had captured the bear's soul on film and was eager to develop the pictures. This was before digital, of course. I remember Sheila giving him the stink-eye and a loving remonstrance; but I don't recall ever seeing the photographs.

Before, in between, and after Kith & Kin gatherings, Jan and I would pack up the kids and make trips to visit the Dills. Originally, this meant a nine-ish-hour drive from Sacramento to Eugene. We loved the wooded beauty around their home at the end of the road. We loved the waffles or French toast we always were served for breakfast. We loved sitting on the back deck watching the meadow and the visiting wildlife, before the subdivision rolled out across the landscape. We have many snapshots of Bryan, Melody, and Thomas at this house when they were all tiny tots.

However, visiting Oregon was not without its hazards. On one particularly memorable trip we ploughed through a deer's hindquarters with our front fender. The Ford Tempo was never the same after that. Not that it was ever a particularly noteworthy car. And on another journey, we got caught in a snowstorm over Shasta Pass, requiring heroic driving on an unplowed road. Our Saturn SL1 lost a piece of the fender when it got caught in the snow chain. Despite these dangers, the destination was always worth it.

We didn't always end up at Eugene on these pilgrimages. One very distinct memory from when Bryan was very young was meeting Doug and Sheila at Hosmer Lake, about an hour west of Bend in the shadow of Mount Bachelor. These were Doug's stomping grounds from his youth, and he was excited to share them with us. I remember meeting there, instantly recognizing the green pickup truck and red canoe from across the campground, and Bryan vibrating with anticipation.

Over the years, we also met Doug and Sheila for holidays at some of our timeshare condos. Notable among these were trips to Newport, Coos Bay, and Eagle Crest. Sometimes These vacations involved our immediate family with just Doug and Sheila; other times we would be joined by various subgroups of the Myricks, Doug's sister's family. These were good times, even when the weather was miserable.

As the years passed we moved from Sacramento, to Shingle Springs, to St. Peters, Missouri, to Henderson, Nevada. While we were living in Shingle Springs, the Dills moved from Eugene to Gardnerville. Their new home in a new subdivision had no landscaping. Since we were only three hours away, we loaded the kids and the rototiller in the Dodge Grand Caravan and paid our first visit. Doug and Sheila fed us well, and we tilled the packed, barren soil until it was ready to plant a lawn and Sheila's glorious garden. That effort has paid numerous dividends though the subsequent years, as whenever we have visited there has been something new and beautiful to look at growing in the yard.

And not always growing, as the pergola and patio furniture Doug built continue to impress. Doug was a woodworker. Over the years, both before and after we became acquainted, he made some beautiful furniture. In our home right now, Jan and I enjoy looking at (and frequently using) the four-foot diameter round redwood burl table he made, and both the cribbage table and small cribbage board. Prominent in our front room are a Scandinavian-style sideboard table and lamp. On the ledge above our dining room is a beautiful illuminated stained-glass box. Many of the tools Doug used to make these artisan works are now in our garage. Every time I see them, I am reminded of his generosity: the way he shared his talents with his family and the community.

Although I will miss Doug, he will not be forgotten.

By Marc

Many of the memories I have of Grandpa Dill are from our times at Kith n Kin.

One memory I can remember is playing cribbage, hoping one day I would be as great as Grandpa.

Fast forward many years later, I'm thankful I can share this game with my husband.

We play many times with the handmade wooden board Grandpa made for us.

We will always treasure this gift. We love you lots Grandpa!

Lara and Tyson



I wanted to share several things that I appreciate about Doug Dill.

The first is that Doug always affirmed that it's cool to be creative and artistic. His woodcraft and his photographs are beautiful examples of his wonderful creative energy. He was truly an artist and had such a great eye for knowing how something should look.

The second thing I appreciate about him is that he indelibly captured so many moments of my life and the life of my family photographically. His ability to create these permanent records of very special moments in our lives has been an ongoing blessing.

Finally, he was my photography teacher and he never really knew it. Everything about the way he took photographs I paid attention to. The way he held the camera with both hands anchored against his body, his composition style, and his practice of getting right up into the faces of subjects is something I still use every time I take a picture. He carried his photojournalism experiences forward to capture the lives of our families. There are so many examples over the years when someone has commented to me about how amazing the photos of the family which we have displayed are, and he deserves 100% of the credit for documenting those important moments in our lives. Those images will live on forever.

By Bret

My memories of Uncle Doug were and are great. He was my mom's older brother and a loving, giving person.

One of my earliest memories is from a really young age. He would send a box of gifts at Christmas time when my parents were struggling a bit. He included a specialty ham and individual gifts for each of us kids. There was excitement for all of us and his thoughtfulness shone through.

Fast forward a bit—when Uncle Doug had moved to Eugene—and I was still a kid. I'd gone with my mom to pick him up and instantly saw the amazing bond they shared as older brother and "baby" sister. He met us with a terrific sense of humor—dry, witty, and sly—and a twinkle in his eye. He was fantastic!

We had fun times with him picking berries behind the Eugene house. These berries became a key ingredient in Uncle Doug's and Aunt Sheila's best-ever homemade ice cream. There were also amazing root beer floats. Tasty memories for sure!

Uncle Doug was a great coach, giving me the best technical advice for playing a brilliant game of horseshoes... not to mention a spectacular game of croquet.

I love the time I shared with Uncle Doug. I'm sure he'd want us to continue making meaningful memories, too.

Love, Matt

Memories of Dad—

My fondest memories of my dad are out in the forest and the mountains. In particular I loved going to Saddlebag Lake with Dad. I felt like Dad had discovered that area, and we were the only people on the planet who knew about that special place—despite the other people that occasionally popped up while we were there. Dad was always seeking out the wild places—the places others didn't know about—the places that made one feel like an explorer or adventurer.

It was in the 20 Lakes Basin behind Saddlebag that I first felt like an explorer, and where I first started to feel like I had found an activity in life that I excelled at—hiking. Dad showed me the beauty of the mountains there. He tried to show me how to fish—but I just wanted to hike and climb—I couldn't sit still. As we wound our way into the wilderness on one of our many trips there, dad would stop to fish every lake, but I wanted to follow the road, which became a trail, and then just an idea of a trail at the base of a ridge—and I wanted to see over that ridge.

Eventually I was old enough to go on by myself and climb that ridge while Dad fished, to peer over into Yosemite, and eventually to climb the peaks on that ridge—North Peak and Mt. Conness—which towered over the lakes we camped by.

Dad started going to Saddlebag Lake to photograph wildflowers, I believe. Dad was so meticulous about his craft—taking so much time to get things just right. I remember long hours with Jan in Dad's darkroom at CSUF making photograms while dad worked—entire days slipping by. I even remember playing around the building with Jan at Marshall University while dad worked on his projects.

Speaking of projects—I remember dad working on so many projects—he was always trying some new craft—experimenting—I remember making sand candles with dad and then later “snow candles” a creation of Jan's imagination and Dad's determination to try something new, or dad experimenting with making giant mural size photographic prints on our patio. He made giant trays out of two by fours and plastic tarps to wash his prints in, and then mounted them to plywood with wallpaper glue.

I remember when he made a table out of a giant cable spool, covering it with some sort of epoxy to create a table top that was flat, see-through and durable. Except it wasn't any of those—it cracked and broke to pieces—he was so upset that it hadn't worked. But so many things he tried did work—he made so many beautiful things from wood. I remember him trying to teach me how to hold the wood still when pushing it through the saw—explaining how the blade would cause it to drift ever so slightly if one wasn't careful—I couldn't see or feel that drift. I was too impatient to bother with the precision that dad demanded in his woodworking. But years later, when I began to try my hand at it, I saw those slight imperfections crop up, and knew what was causing them and how to correct them. I began to remember what dad had taught—which I hadn't listened to then, but which somehow had sunk in anyway.

Dad was demanding and meticulous—of himself and others. But he taught me how to be demanding of myself and how to excel at what I tried. But it was the outdoors that dad loved, and he shared that love with me—instilling in me a reverence for life, nature and beauty. I remember Dad saying that he felt the mountains were his church, and that he felt closer to God there than anywhere else. That is the gift that Dad gave to me.

Dad once wrote in an annual Christmas letter that Wayne spent as much of his free time as possible in “his beloved Sierra.” I remember reading that sentence and feeling my heart leap— Dad had said they were my Sierra, as though I owned them, as though I was as much entitled to call them mine as John Muir or Galen Clark or any other great lover of wilderness. In this one sentence he gave me the Sierra Nevada—made them my personal possession, and I treasured this gift from Dad and held it in my heart, and still do.

These are the things I will remember Dad for. His love of nature, beauty, the pursuit of perfection, exploration and his spirit of adventure.

I love you Dad and will miss you.
Wayne



My earliest memories are that of Kith and Kin, and what a way to realize you're a part of the world. Thanks to my Grandpa Doug, and my Grandma Sheila, I learned the value in sharing nature, sharing time, and sharing space with your loved ones. To have a family tradition like Kith and Kin truly sets our family apart from so many - and has created bonds with family that haven't been broken even after the tradition wound down.

Through the lens of his camera, Doug Dill captured the beauty and vastness of the natural world we live in, and the creatures we share it with. Also through this lens he insisted on capturing group pictures of us all together, priceless pieces of unique moments in time - how family can grow, change, and adapt over the years. He shared this passion and world view with his children and grandchildren, and helped raise a generation of hikers and explorers.

I am so grateful for mix of cousins that we grew up with, despite living, for most of the time, worlds away. Family is so special because you have the chance to create these shared memories, and I don't think there's a Dill, Harrison, or Hall kid that doesn't smile thinking about stirring around Grandpa's homemade root beer as it billowed dry ice smoke. How wonderfully magical hand-cranked ice cream really can be after you've been leaping in and out of the crystal clear waters of Lake Tahoe. How time doesn't last longer than it does in the summer, when you have a crew of cousins, aunts, uncles, parents, and grandparents who all work together to cook and create silly activities for one another.

Doug Dill, as a grandfather, was a strong and creative patriarch for this family. He instilled so many important values in us all, whether we realized them at the time or not. He gave us the gift of family, and some of the happiest times of our lives and childhoods. I hope we take these values into our futures as we build our own lives and experiences, and may we remember to live in the present moment, and appreciate the loved ones we have with us now as much as we possibly can.

By Abbi



Doug was an authoritative figure in my life since I was eight.

He possessed a well-honed authoritative demeanor. When my turn for driving lessons came, his strictness had not lessened because I was the final child. This may happen in some families, but the opposite was true for us. By the time my turn at the steering wheel with Doug had arrived, he'd perfected his role of Scary-as-Hell Driving-Instructor. Those who'd come before me—siblings and lazy college photography students—had served their parts in helping to build this stern and overwhelming authority he'd become.

A favorite memory I have is when I visited Mom and Doug during their second summer of volunteering at Malheur. I had been doing some teacher work in rural Oregon, and I made a detour to visit them on my way back home. Malheur Wildlife Reserve is a huge place, and I really had no idea where the volunteer trailer that housed Mom and Doug could be found. That was where I was trying to arrive. I drove the desolate and dusty roads of Malheur that afternoon, looking for any signs of structures but instead seeing only scrub brush. And dust. And more dust.

Suddenly, like a tense scene from a Stephen King novel, a white pick-up truck was barreling up behind me. "Where had he come from?" I wondered, turning down my NPR podcast. Through the dust, I could make out no details of the driver, just the truck—a well-worn government vehicle with probably 400,000 miles on it. Solid. And solid too was the driver when I pulled over, and he pulled behind me, and straddled through the July dust toward my window where he rapped. Rap. Rap. Rap.

I heard Deliverance banjos as I nervously rolled down my window. "Hey, where you trying to get to?" the looming figure asked, and I recognized Doug's authoritative voice immediately. Some fool had given Doug Dill a company truck and permission to go on patrol. Patrol for what? Didn't matter. Take a truck and patrol the dirt roads. He was in Doug Dill heaven that day in July.

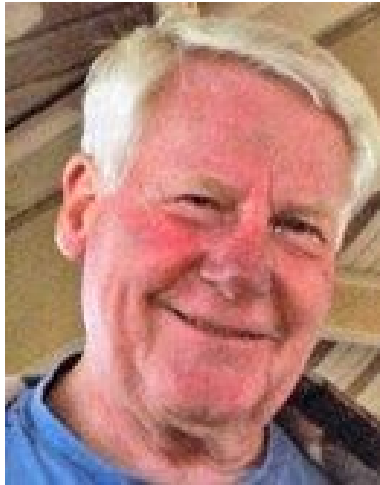
If you think there is or isn't a Heaven, I don't rightly care. Believe what you have to, and I'll do the same. The Doug Dill who pulled me over at Malheur about ten years back, that Doug Dill was in his own heaven that day. I know that for a fact. I watched it happen. It was genuinely delightful to have seen it.

I'm going to choose to remember Doug this way: It's July. It's 2009, or something close to that. Doug Dill is driving a beat-up company truck that somehow still kicks butt on these dusty roads. With his Malheur baseball cap on his head and his radio on mute, he is patrolling for no-good-nicks and folks in need of help. I can't say I would have ever called him an angel, but he found me lost on that road, and when he brought me to my mother, she smiled. That's how I am going to choose to remember Doug.

--Corbett Harrison

Douglas Dill

Gardnerville - Photojournalist; University Professor; Father; Fisherman; Forester and Woodworker.



That was Douglas Dill, who died at age 81 on March 18, 2019 in Gardnerville, NV. He leaves his wife of 42 years, Sheila (Harrison) Dill; children Wayne Dill (spouse, Katie) and Jan Dill Hall (Marc); stepsons Bret Harrison (Julia); Andrew Harrison (Heidi), and Corbett Harrison (Dena). He was grandfather to Michael Dill (Jenny); Kevin Dill (Bailey), and Lara Dill Miller (Tyson); and Bryan Hall, Melody Hall Garrett (Calvin), and Thomas Hall. And Doug was step-grandfather to Abigail, Zachary, and Samuel Harrison.

He was also the great-grandfather to Remington, Nora, Porter, and Oliver Dill.

Born in Twin Falls, Idaho, he grew up in Sisters, Oregon, and learned about logging and lumber alongside his dad, Uland Dill, who owned small sawmills in the Fly Creek area of Eastern Oregon. Later he completed his undergraduate studies in Youth Leadership at BYU, Provo, UT-and his Masters in Journalism at Marshall University, Huntington, WV. Afterwards he taught at three universities--Marshall; Fresno State College, and University of Alaska at Fairbanks. His students did him proud, evolving into well-known professionals and earning plaudits of their own including the Pulitzer. He served as photo editor of the Reno Gazette Journal. After teaching for twenty years, he evolved into markets where he devoted his graphics and marketing expertise to the Council of State Governments in Lexington, KY, and later to ConAgra media marketing in Eugene, OR. But Doug would always say his favorite occupation was being a volunteer. Both in Eugene, where he became a certified child safety seat installer and a neighborhood watch program presenter.

His final volunteer work was in Gardnerville as a Search and Rescue Volunteer for The Douglas County, Nevada Search & Rescue Team, for seven years, a much beloved position for him. He also gave his time as a photographer/docent for the US Fish & Wildlife Service, at Malheur Bird Refuge in Oregon. Many publicity materials were produced for seven years for the Zephyr Point Presbyterian Conference Center at Lake Tahoe by Doug and his wife, Sheila.

But if this sounds like all work and no play, Doug still devoted great chunks of time to hiking, the wilderness, fishing, national parks, birdwatching, and escaping to the beautiful outdoors. Doug and Sheila traveled everywhere they could go, camping in their T-100 Toyota pickup, often eating a freshly caught rainbow trout for dinner and roasting S-mores for dessert. What a wonderful life!

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