

Earle Radford Morris
May 25, 1935 ~ July 31, 2017
Born in: Salt Lake City, UT,
Resided in: Centennial, CO

Earle Morris was born in Salt Lake City, Utah on May 25h, 1935. He was born to John and Mary Morris, and had three older sisters, Beverly, VerDonna and Mildred. After finishing high school, Earle joined the Air National Guard, went to one year of college, and then got his pilot's license.

Earle became a commercial airline pilot with the international airline The Seven Seas, and later worked for Frontier and Continental Airlines, until he retired. Earle married Robyn Anderson Morris on September 16th, 1965, and had three children, Brett, Greg and Kelly. Earle was married to Robyn until 2013, when Robyn passed away. Four years later, Earle died on July 30th, 2017. He passed away from a heart attack and was in his own home.

Earle Morris had an amazingly kind, giving, and sensitive heart. He took pure joy in being a good provider and support for his family, and absolutely lived to do helpful things for his kids and grandkids. Earle was happiest when he was doing something kind for his family. Family was his entire world. Earle had genuine integrity and knew what was actually important in life. He loved his wife Robyn with his whole heart and soul.

Earle Morris also showed his ocean sized heart with how sweet, tender and loving he was with his pets. He had such a soft spot and appreciation for cats, and once he had dogs in his life, they became his soul mates. He was extremely protective of all of his family members, animal and human, and was constantly scanning for ways to keep us out of 'harm's way'.

Hawaii was one of Earle's favorite places on the planet. It was a place special to his heart. Being a pilot combined with loving to take his family on vacations meant he gave his family the gift of taking regular trips to Maui and Oahu throughout their lives. Earle loved playing in the ocean all day with his kids and grandkids, building sandcastles and playing in the waves. One of his favorite things in life was sitting on the beach at Keawakapu with his family, eating Maui potato chips and watching the sunset. Earle read books on Hawaiian history and studied the Hawaiian language. Because his family was everything to him, he loved nothing more than sharing this magical place with them.

One time Earle had his kids get dressed in formal clothes, told them they were driving to church, then passed right by the church and went straight to the airport to get on a plane for Disneyland. Earle Morris loved nature and deeply appreciated the beauty and value of the natural world. One time he and his wife went hiking up Mount Everest and they saw a herd of mountain goats, including tiny baby goats. Earle was so moved by the experience that he cried. He taught his family to treasure connection with nature and shared his passion for the wilderness with us.

Earle regularly hiked 14'ers, took his family on camping and fishing trips, and drove mountain passes in his Landcruiser. He possessed the depth and capacity to be moved by the wilderness. Earle also loved to fly fish, and like most things he loved, proceeded to obsessively learn everything there was to know about it. He took a heli-fly fishing trip to Blue River in Canada, and also went sturgeon catch-and-release fishing as part of a program to help biologists study the creature.

Earle loved and respected native/indigenous people and their culture, and loved to read about Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce, and Sitting Bull at the battle of Little Big Horn. He connected with native understanding and reverence for the interconnectedness of all living things. Earle Morris had a brilliant mind that was an unbelievable steel trap for things he was interested in, and he was fascinated by a multitude of things; geology, history, meteorology. And of course all things Irish.

He was intensely passionate about an enormous range of history, was a voracious reader, and had the depth of knowledge of a professor in the subjects he dove into. Earle was in love with the Irish. Madly in love. Not through blood ancestry with them, but through pure love for who they are. He was an Irish music fanatic. He loved their indomitable spirit that refused to be suppressed, the rebelliousness and celebration felt in their music. He loved the wit and humor of the Irish, and should have had an honorary PhD in Irish history.

Earle Morris's pilot friends told his family members that Earle was the best pilot they ever flew with. He worked extremely hard to succeed in his flying career and took great pride in what he did. He truly enjoyed flying, and talked about what a gift it was for him to have had a job he loved that allowed him to provide for his family and see the world. He was hard working and meticulous.

Earle Morris was a master carpenter, and built his family's old home in Utah with his bare hands. He could be a maddening perfectionist, and had an epic stubborn streak, but whatever projects he applied those things to ended up perfect. He would spend hours meticulously (obsessively) planning and designing and (eventually) building incredible carpentry projects for his kids. Earle took pride in doing everything he did right, and loved to build for his family.

Earle Morris was an exceptionally talented musician and singer. He played the guitar, banjo and sang with professional level ability. Earle absolutely loved music with all his heart, and loved making and sharing music with everyone around him. He especially loved music that was down to earth and non-pretentious, like folk, Irish and bluegrass. His musical heroes were also fantastic human beings, like Pete Seeger, John Denver and Utah Phillips.

Earle Morris lived to play games with his family. He spent endless hours playing cards, Dirty Nail, Hungry-Hungry Hippos and Art Wars. He showed an incredible patience when playing games with his grandkids, playing the games they wanted to for as long as they wanted, and miraculously his grandkid always won. Earle was a fearsome nerf gun battle warrior and loved to play basketball, tennis and soccer with his kids and grandkids. He always kept his freezer stocked with ice cream bars for his grandkids so they would have these every time they came to grandpa's house. Earle was intensely grateful for his grandkids and loved them with his entire being.

Earle was an amazing father, husband and mentor to all of his family. Through the life he lived he modeled integrity and devotion to family. He was a good man, through and through, and will be deeply missed by all who knew him.

Memorial donations may be made in Earle's names to: Dumb Friends League 2080 South Quebec Street Denver, Colorado 80231 Sierra Club Rocky Mountain Chapter 1536 Wynkoop Street #312 Denver, Colorado 80202 <https://vault.sierraclub.org/ways-to-give/> Native American Fund www.narf.org