



**Family Receive Friends**  
Friday, December 26, 2025 ~ 4:00 to 6:00 p.m.  
Stevenson & Sons Funeral Home  
Miles City, MT

**Vigil Service**  
Friday, December 26, 2025 at 6:00 p.m.  
Stevenson & Sons Funeral Home  
Miles City, MT

**Mass of Christian Burial**  
Saturday, December 27, 2025 at 10:00 a.m.  
Sacred Heart Catholic Church  
Miles City, MT

**Officiating**  
Father Jolly Pathiyamoola

**Musicians**  
Sacred Heart Musicians

**Pallbearers**

Jerry Christopherson, Tim Harper, Doug Blunt  
Kyler Critelli, Matt Holom, Cody Holom, Nick Holom

**Rite of Committal**  
Calvary Cemetery  
Miles City, MT

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*Following the Rite of Committal,  
a luncheon will be held at the Riley Center.  
Everyone is welcome.*

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**Arrangements By**  
Stevenson & Sons Funeral Home

*In Loving*  
M E M O R Y



**George L. Holom**

MAY 18, 1939 - DECEMBER 17, 2025



Laughter really is the best medicine, and George Holom was its dispensary. He lived to laugh and make others laugh. He loved to tease but only ever to tickle the funny bone. He had anecdotes for days, and he told them so well, you couldn't wait to hear the same one twice.

George came roaring onto the scene on May 18, 1939, in Fairview, North Dakota. He often joked that his mother ran across the tracks to make sure he was born in Montana. His parents, George Stanley Holom and Ethel Marcella Bickford Holom, didn't know what hit them. From the time he was knee-high to a grasshopper, George was a right whippersnapper, once dressing up as a skunk to scare his siblings, as they walked home from the grocery store. When George made a skunk noise from the alley, Duane took off running, despite having promised to protect Darlene, who stood frozen in place. George rushed over to calm her, and she later joked, "Duane didn't protect me, ha, but George did."

He was always his younger siblings' protector...though if he ever got in a pinch, he'd tell people his older brother, Perry, would beat them up. His family was musical, playing fiddles and banjos and guitars. In George's own words, he could barely play the radio, so over the years, he honed his wit and was not afraid to use it. He quit school as soon as he learned how to spell the word F-U-N.

And holy mackerel, was George fun. A real-life cowboy, he had a horse named Rusty, became a farmhand in his teens, and broke horses just for kicks. In 1956, before he was even 18, his mother signed off for him to join the Navy. He served three years on shore duty and one aboard the USS Lexington, earning his GED and stopping off at Hawaii, the Philippines, and Japan. After returning to Glendive, Montana, George met Magdaline (Maggie) Gartner on Halloween night while working at a service station, as she and her friends dragged Main.

Meeting his beautiful bride was the best thing that ever happened to him. When asked if he recalled their first meeting, George simply said, "Her eyes were beautiful."

They were married a year later, in 1961, and one after another had children: Keith, Randall, Alan, Sheila, and Lynn. After a short stint working for his dad as a mechanic in Flaxville, George became a mover and driver at Glendive Transfer & Storage Co. In 1970, he transferred to Miles City Moving and Storage, where he took on the role of manager, and Maggie later joined as office manager.

Together, they raised their five remarkable children, built a thriving business, and lived a happy life, not without its bumps which they weathered with grace. They attended Sacred Heart Catholic Church, had breakfasts of black-eyed peas and gopher gravy at 600 Cafe, and handed out millions of dollars in quarters to their grandkids at Airport Inn.

When their youngest, Lynn, got married in 1993, George joked to his new son-in-law, Tim, that he owed him a cow as dowry. He would come to regret that joke. On their wedding day, Tim presented him with a big, ugly wooden cow, and just like that, a tradition was born. One ugly cow after another followed, all the way through his grandchildren's weddings.

George's work drove him widely throughout the western US and beyond, and in 1987, he and Maggie became the owners of Glendive Transfer and Storage Co., operating offices in Glendive and Miles City until their retirement in 2005. During this time, he landed on the front page of the *Billings Gazette* for moving a grand piano to the top floor of Rocky Plaza. Even after selling the business, George remained active, providing moving estimates and transporting medical equipment before officially retiring at age 80. Into their retirement, Maggie continued folding church bulletins and writing thoughtful cards to send out on every occasion, while George tended his vegetable garden and made sure every grandchild and great-grandchild had a pumpkin to carve each fall.

His daughter, Sheila, put it simply: "Dad brought us up in a way that commanded respect. He taught us to be kind to others." And that's just how George moved through the world. You could hear it in his voice and see it in the way he treated people.

His granddaughter, Andrea, remembered the time he called the newspaper's circulation desk, not realizing she was the one on the other end of the line. Even while calling to complain about a late paper, he was polite as could be. "The chuckle and surprise from him when I said 'Grandpa?...I hope I gave him a lot of credit towards his subscription."

His granddaughter, Brittany, said, "He was such an inspiring human being that I often looked to what he did and how he handled things...He had a sense of justice and kindness that led him to reject mistreatment and cruelty."

In this way, George was a no nonsense kind of guy. Until it was time for nonsense, then he was right there.

Everyone who ever met George liked him. He was a humble, honest, and hardworking man, a fair man, a kind, loving, and generous man, really the best man there ever was. If only there were a mold of him, what a better world this would be. Perhaps most importantly to him, he was a funny man who gifted his family and friends with bottomless laughter, whether he was turning his eyelids inside out, giving a great big bear hug - GrrrrRRRR - , launching over counters to "steal" a cherished \$20, hijacking a pet rock, sneaking cookies from Maggie's cookie jar, having pillow fights across the living room and knocking over Maggie's beloved plants, or jumping up from a pretend sleep when you tried to take his channel changer.

George was magical. When he said, "Open sesame," the garage door lifted. When he pointed up at Santa in the Christmas Eve sky, everyone saw Rudolph's red nose. He was playful and fun-loving. He made you feel warm, loved, and cared for. And boy, did his eyes sparkle when he got a laugh out of you.

George leaves behind a family shaped by his humility, gentle heart, unwavering love, and legendary F-U-N. He is survived by his beautiful wife, Maggie; his children and their spouses: Keith; Randall and Stephanie; Sheila and Jerry Christopherson; Alan and Stacy; and Lynn and Tim Harper; his brother and sister, Duane (Melinda) Holom and Darlene Hochhalter; his brother-in-law and dear friend, Adam (Barb), and his sister-in-law, Arlene; his close nephew, Steve King; eleven grandchildren, seven great-grandchildren, and many special nieces, nephews, and in-laws, all of whom loved him more than words can say. He was preceded in death by his parents, George and Ethel; his brother, Perry; and his in-laws Steve and Minnie Gartner; his sisters-in-law Caroline Siler, Mary Kinegak, and Linda Waska; and his brother-in-law, Walter Gartner.