



Michael Roger Hawkins

MAR 9, 1948 - JUL 9, 2020



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Michael Hawkins was born in Fort Collins, CO, as the fifth child of five to Harold and Viola Hawkins. He graduated from Colorado State University in 1971 with a Bachelor of Science in Forestry. With his enrollment in Army ROTC he proceeded to active duty in the Army. Following Airborne training with the 102nd airborne division, Mike was stationed in the Canal Zone in Panama and helped to lead the Ranger Training division in Panama, preparing Army Rangers for combat in Vietnam. With the end of the war, Michael continued his assignment in Panama where he met and married Jeanette Jones. Michael and Jeanette toured the United States on various Army deployments including: Monterrey, CA; Denver, CO.

With a brief Hiatus from Active duty Michael and JJ moved to Laramie, WY, to attend the University of Wyoming for graduate education where their first son Nathaniel was born. Completing his PhD in Psychology Michael again resumed active duty and was stationed at Fort Bliss in El Paso, TX, where his second son Christopher was born.

Michael's career from Army active duty to reserve duty Michael and family to the New York area for the next 25 years. The Hawkins family tenure in New Jersey and New York is filled with all of our fondest memories of growing up, including: swim team summers; skiing allover New England; golfing; camping; fly fishing; and countless lifelong friends.

Empty nesting allowed Michael and Jeanette to live in San Antonio, TX, and grandchildren attracted them to the green mountains of Oregon.

Michael is survived by his wife Jeanette and sons Nat and Chris. His grandchildren are Nat's children Owen, Adeline, and Preston residing in Oregon and Chris's child Theodore residing in Denver.

The Hawkins Family



Tribute Wall

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FF

Friends And Family posted:

Friends and Family uploaded 2 to the gallery.

February 15 at 5:00 PM

SM

Steve Marasco posted:

Mike became our Mission Czar in our department when he worked at USAA, and tirelessly worked to ensure we all remembered who we serve. He will be missed.

July 27 at 5:00 PM

DI

Dianne & Bob posted:

We are saddened by the passing of Mike. We will miss his jovial personality and gentlemanly demeanor. It is a huge loss for all who had the pleasure to be his friend.

July 26 at 5:00 PM

GC

Gary Coles posted:

I was very saddened to hear of Michael's passing and thought a little tribute might be comforting to his family about whom Michael spoke frequently. I worked for/with him at Reader's Digest (RD) in the early 2000s. Michael was bright, knowledgeable, respected and fun. This, everyone knows. Something not well-known is that he introduced RD to a new method of predictive model development. Models were very important to the implementation of profitable promotions. Michael's approach was further developed by RD and eventually was used by all the company's editions worldwide. Although I retired in 2004 Michael and I seem to stay connected. An occasional phone call or email or Facebook banter were always interesting and always betrayed Michael's interest in doing the right thing. I shall miss him, a lot.

July 16 at 5:00 PM



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RV

Rita Valentine posted:

July 12/2020 We have lost a gold-plated original in the Hawk. I met Mike in graduate school; the only military guy in our small class of doctoral students. A man of large opinions and many words, he had seen more of the world than the rest of us. Not that we gave him any credit for that. His enthusiasm for learning frankly puzzled me, as did his passion for the Denver Broncos. Unlike the rest of the students he had spent some time in my home region, the South, but failed to appreciate it as much as I would have liked. Fortunately he had a (rarely seen) diplomatic side which he could use to spare himself bodily harm, like the time he gave, as an example of an oxymoron, the term, Southern culture---before adding, or military intelligence. He took in stride my fondness for salty language but perhaps conflated it with a certain type of sophistication I did not possess. Or so I concluded on the day he hypothetically referred to my having had, as my former boyfriend, The 39th Armored Division. Despite his years spent conforming to military discipline, Hawk harbored a rebellious streak; he wanted to be a bad boy. I'll always recall his pride the day he got his name in the Laramie paper, the inimitable Daily Boomerang. He had the distinction for earning a line in the police blotter for a bill-skip at the Gasamat. One gray frosty morning in the Laramie gloom he filled up and cruised away, pumped and dashed, probably thinking only of completing yet another tedious psychological assessment. He remained oblivious to his crime till the peace officer showed up at his door. If I recall correctly the scofflaw himself clipped out the proof of his renown and pinned it onto the psych department bulletin board, with his name hi-lighted in yellow. Hawk was an early devotee of computers, the technology that facilitated his inexplicable zeal for statistical analysis. He ran all of the stats for my thesis, gratis; his tutelage before a major test pulled me back from the brink. Years later, I thanked him by saying, Without you I would've flunked stat. Not one for false modesty he replied, Without me, you all would. Near the end of our final grad school year a mysterious notice appeared in the office mailboxes of our classmates and profs. It was the announcement of mythical achievement awards that had been bestowed on us all. Few could be called complimentary, most satirized our foibles, some made unflattering insinuations. Best temper Control, was my accolade, Doreen Daileys, Best Ability to Appear Studious, a well-endowed prof won, Best Chest. The faculty was not amused; no one claimed authorship, speculation ran rampant. Doreen and I put our heads together and quickly eliminated the suspects: ourselves and those we could be certain hadn't done it, those that were too chicken-shit to have done it, those who lacked the wit to have done it. In about 90 seconds we deduced the culprit: Hawkins! We tracked him down and forced a confession. And though I kept his secret I never quite forgave him for not giving me, Best Chest. In 2002 he, our beloved Brian Baird, and I had a dinner reunion in Portland. Hawk had had an illustrious career that had taken him far from the confines of clinical psychology. In his parting words to us, just in case we hadn't tumbled to it, he said, You both do know that all that stuff they taught us in school was crap, right? More than a few of my fondest memories of Hawk are unprintable. Over the years I was always glad to see his name in my inbox in anticipation of the best jokes, the best caricatures, the best satires. My last missive came about three months ago. In appreciation for one of his emails I had forwarded a bawdy video of a donut-eating redneck who got lucky as a result of the pandemic toilet paper shortages. It was one of my best. I guess he agreed. He replied, I love you. Mike Hawkins was one lucky man who amplified his good fortune with his own qualities of loyalty, dedication and generosity. He was at his luckiest in Panama when he met JJ, who was to become the Best Wife on Planet Earth. They forged a family whom he simply adored. I have one other clear memory: the big



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RV

guy strolling around the psych department with his first child in a Snuggli, attached to his chest, inhaling that baby smell of Nathaniels head--- the happiest man in the world.Rest in Peace, Hawk. And tell the Flying Spaghetti Monster I send my regards.RV

July 13 at 5:00 PM

LC

Libby Chambers posted:

Dear Jeanette, Chris and Nat.Please accept my sincerest condolences upon the loss of Mike, who I considered a real friend...Ill never forget his sense of humour, funny emails out of the blue, and in particular our banter about the long-suffering (AND YET OFTEN GREAT) Denver Broncos, a team we both love. We even attended a game together once, a memory I will always have. Mike taught me a lot about data, analytics, and all the disciplines he was so good at when we worked together at Readers Digest something I still truly appreciate and leverage in my professional life. A really great teacher, your dad.My very warmest regards to your family at this tough time. Libby Chambers

July 14 at 5:00 PM



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BB

Brian Baird posted:

Honoring my dear friend the Hawk.,It is so hard to think I will no longer be able to call Mike, aka Lt Hawk and hear his unfiltered contemplations about life, politics, psychology, human nature or some off color but told with great gusto anecdote or joke. What a wonderful combination of deep commitment to service in the military and to his country mixed with complete irreverence and willingness to call BS whenever and wherever it was deserved. And all done with a mix of self-deprecation and awareness of his own many strengths and occasional shortcomings. I would not have completed my graduate studies were it not for Mike who helped me become a better writer, to pass graduate statistics, and to withstand the withering attacks of a pathological professor who was bent on having me dismissed because I dared to disagree with him in class. Hawk came to my defense, helped me stay strong, and had my back through the whole process. The paratrooper guts combined with deep sensitivity and compassion and a willingness to fight for the underdog in all spheres characterized so much of how Mike was and what he did. On top of all that, Mike was incredibly smart, especially with stats, which took him to jobs and places most psychologists never inhabit. Back in the day when the computer took up an entire room and we had to wait overnight to get even a simple statistical analysis for our dissertations, Mike was ahead of us all and ahead of most of the country. He understood things deeply and could apply stats in ways that actually meant something. As young graduate students we were so privileged to get to know JJ and then to greet their first born and see their pride and love. A joy for all of us to share. And what a beautiful person we came to know in JJ. Her positive spirit, affection, lovely smile and voice, and her endearing patience and support of Michael in all things, plus her own brilliance and many talents were a perfect match for Mike. Whenever I needed him, Mike would always be there. When my parents passed away, Mike was one of the first people I called. When I faced heart surgery, Mike helped me stay strong. When I was concerned about the future of our world and country, Mike was the guy to call to share in consternation and righteous outrage and fighting spirit. I also felt a special kinship to Mike because we both came from Colorado and had a shared love of the outdoors, of adventure, of nature, and a disdain for most things phony and pretentious. To the children and grandchildren of Mike and JJ, please know that your father was loved, admired, respected and cherished by so many people. He touched so very many lives and made them better. He was fearless and kind at the same time, brilliant and self-effacing, funny as heck and always willing to stand up for a friend. Most of all, we hope you know how much he loved you all and how proud he was and happy to be your father and grandfather. Of the many things we all have to be grateful for in life, knowing Mike and JJ and having them as friends in our lives is one of the most cherished of all in my life. He will be with us in our hearts forever, and I will never forget his voice, his smile, or his great heart. Thank you to Mike for being the person and the friend you are. And thank you to his family for sharing him with us. Brian Baird

July 13 at 5:00 PM



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Charlie Ksir posted:

More than 40 years ago I was a young professor at the University of Wyoming when "Captain Mike" enrolled in graduate school. That smile is hard to forget, as well as his apparently easygoing ability to do whatever he put his mind to. I've only had occasional facebook contact in recent years, but i'm glad to have known him.

July 13 at 5:00 PM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Michael by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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