



*Miss Me,
But Let Me Go*

When I come to the end of the road
And the sun has set for me,
I want no rites in a gloom filled room
Why cry for a soul set free.

Miss me a little, but not too long
And not with your head bowed low,
Remember the love
that we once shared
Miss me, but let me go.

For this is a journey
that we must all take
And each must go alone,
It's all a part of the Master's plan
A step on the road to home.

When you are lonely and sick of heart
Go to the friends we know,
And bury your sorrows
in doing good deeds
Miss me, but let go.

Anon



In Loving Memory Of

Phil

Wanbli Wicasa

PHIL BAIRD

Wanbli Wicasa (Eagle Man)

Common among his many lifelong experiences, Phil Baird was best known as a “bridge-maker” across the people and cultures that accepted him as a humble leader.

Wanbli Wicasa (Eagle Man) entered the Spirit World on September 25, 2023 at Health Home and Hospice House/Monument Health, Rapid City, SD. Memorial services are 10:30am Friday October 13, 2023 at the Sinte Gleska Multipurpose Building in Mission, SD and 10am Saturday October 14, 2023 at the Elk’s Club in Bismarck, ND.

Phillip Baird was born to L. Raymond, Jr. and Hope Baird on March 12, 1955 at Quantico, VA when his father was stationed as a U.S. Marine.

He graduated from Todd County High School in Mission, S.D. and earned his bachelors degree from South Dakota State University. He received a masters degree from Iowa State University and an honorary doctorate from Sinte Gleska University.

During his 45+ year professional career, Phil’s work experiences included education, agriculture, bison restoration, cultural diversity, economic development, Tribal gaming, and student leadership. He held administrative positions with Sinte Gleska University in South Dakota and United Tribes Technical College in North Dakota.

Phil served in national leadership positions, most notably with the American Indian Higher Education Consortium, National Congress of American Indians, National Indian Education Association, North Dakota Indian Affairs Commission, and the South Dakota Indian Education Association.

Lifelong personal interests centered on basketball and rodeo. Phil participated in high school and independent basketball as an athlete, coach and radio commentator. For many years, he was an announcer at the Lakota Nation Invitational tournaments and the national Indian college basketball championship games.

Phil competed as a saddle bronc rider at events throughout the northern Great Plains. He was also a board member, rodeo judge, and announcer for rodeo organizations in North and South Dakota.

He produced North Dakota’s Centennial Rodeo event at the 1989 North Dakota State Fair. In 1990, he was named North Dakota’s Rodeo Man of the Year. In 1995, he co-founded the North Dakota Cowboy Hall of Fame in Medora, served as long-time president, and was inducted in 2016 with the Legacy award. Throughout his adulthood, he did extensive research and wrote articles about rodeo history.

A family man at heart, he married Anita Charging in 1987, later divorced.

He is survived by daughters, Brianna Rose Baird and Larissa Cheyenne Baird, Bismarck, ND; sons, Grant Baird, Sioux Falls, SD and Nathan Charging, Mandan, ND; ex-wife, Anita Charging, Mandan, N.D.; mother-in-law, Cleo Charging, White Shield, N.D.; brothers, Dustin Baird, Denver, CO; Santee Baird, Mission, S.D., Brian Baird, Rosebud, S.D.; Eliot Hamilton, Gray Hamilton, and Wanbli Hamilton, Porcupine, S.D.; sisters, Rachael Allen, Springfield, ORE; Elizabeth (Jeff) Garibaldi, Red Bluff, CA; Elaine Ponder, Stone Mountain, GA; Sonja Goldtooth (Dallas), Chicago, IL; Mary Baird, Rapid City, S.D. and Hail Baird, Porcupine S.D., grandchildren Gavin Christopher, Delilah Storm, Kateri Scout and Carter Patrick; and his best friend/care giver, Lynn Larson-Means.

He was preceded by his natural parents, stepmother Ardis Iron Cloud-Hamilton, Lakota (hunka) parents Wayne and Patty Evans; father-in-law Arnie Charging, Sr. and brother-in-laws Scott Allen and Dennis Bercier.

Pall bearers were his relatives and friends that accepted him as a “child of the community.”

Mitakuye oyasin.