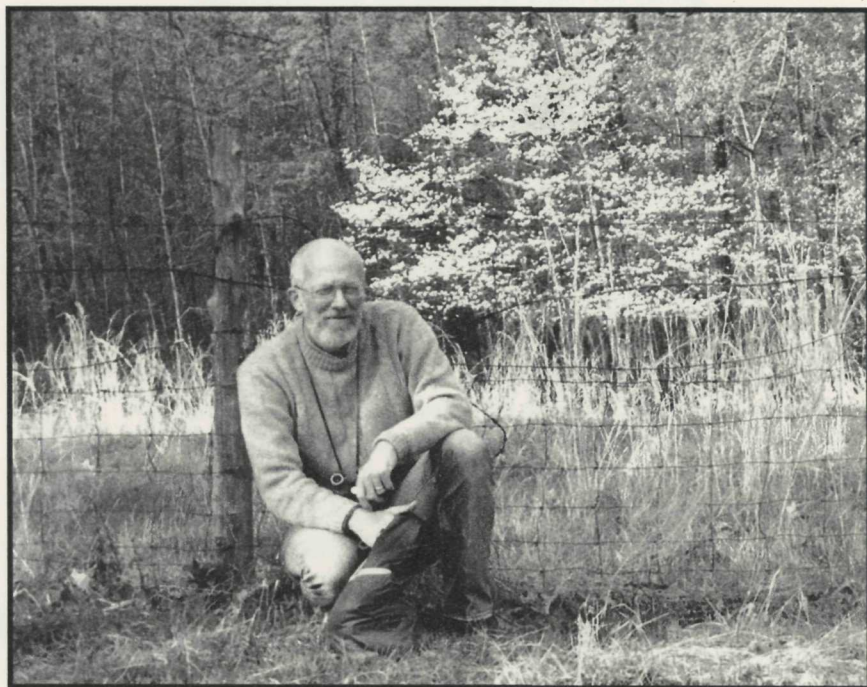


IN MEMORY OF

RICHARD WEST SELLARS

DECEMBER 31, 1935 -
NOVEMBER 1, 2017

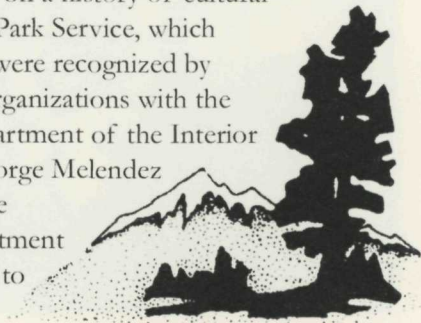


Historian Richard West Sellars died at home in Santa Fe on November 1, 2017, from dementia. Born in Decatur, TX, in 1935, he was the son of oilman Robert Thompson Sellars, Sr. and schoolteacher, Johnnie Mae Blankenship Sellars. He graduated from Baylor University with a degree in geology in 1957. After a few years in the oil business, he realized that his interests actually lay more in history, geography, and literature. He furthered his education at North Texas State University and the University of Missouri--Columbia, earning a Ph.D. in Western History in 1972.

Although his goal had originally been college teaching, he immediately found employment with the National Park Service upon receiving his degree. There he embraced a career that afforded both intellectual analysis of NPS park units and interesting travel; he visited at least 350 NPS sites. From 1979 to 1988 he headed the Southwest Cultural Resources Center in Santa Fe, overseeing programs in history, archaeology, historic architecture and submerged cultural resources. He served as acting superintendent at Pea Ridge National Military Park and San Antonio Missions National Historical Park. He also was a consultant in the Dallas County Historical Foundation's establishment of the Sixth Floor Museum.

But it was in writing and lecturing that he found the greatest satisfaction. His articles on American history and cultural and natural resource preservation appeared in numerous publications, and he frequently taught courses on preservation philosophy, policy, and practice and historic preservation at National Park Service training centers and various universities. He is best known as the author of *Preserving Nature in the National Parks: A History*, published in 1997 by Yale University Press and the chief catalyst for a major initiative by the National Park Service to revitalize natural resource management in the parks.

After his retirement in 2008, he worked on a history of cultural resources management in the National Park Service, which remains unfinished. His achievements were recognized by the National Park Service and related organizations with the George P. Hartzog award, the U.S. Department of the Interior Meritorious Service Award, and the George Melendez Wright Award for Excellence. He will be remembered for his unwavering commitment to preservation principles and devotion to the National Park Service.



WELCOME Judy Sellars

REMEMBRANCES OF RICHARD WEST SELLARS

Ben Man, First cousin and classmate

David Douglas, Director of Waterlines, American
Lands Project, and Global Water 2020

Dwight Pitcaithley, Chief Historian, National Park
Service, 1995-2005

Robert G. Stanton, Former Director, National Park
Service

SONG "Danny Boy," (one of Dick's favorites)
Gerry Carthy, Irish folk singer/musician

Oh, Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
from glen to glen, and down the mountain side.
The summer's gone, and all the roses falling,
It's you, it's you must go and I must bide.

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,
It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh, Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so!

But when ye come, and all the flowers are dying,
If I am dead, as dead I well may be,
You'll come and find the place where I am lying,
And kneel and say an Ave there for me.
And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me,
And my grave will warmer, sweeter be,
For you will bend and tell me that you love me,
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me!

Please join the the family and friends at the reception immediately
following. Shuttles back to the parking lot will run until 3:30.

...For I have learned
to look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power,
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things, Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold,
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear,--both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being...

from "Tintern Abbey," by William Wordsworth,
one of Dick's favorite poems