



Conor Lazzari Boyle

July 8, 1980 - May 30, 2022

Conor Lazzari Boyle was born on July 8, 1980 and left us all too soon on May 30, 2022. In the 15,301 days between those two dates, Conor managed to make pretty much everyone who met him fall in love with him. He was funny, kind, and caring; courageous, playful, thoughtful. A gentle giant with the biggest brown eyes and a smile that lit up a room.

Look up “wild child” in the directory. You see him there? Ten years old and perched on a four-wheeler, covered in spring mud up to his eyebrows. And there he is at thirteen, tanned and grinning, showing off the trout he just pulled from the Big Hole, with his grandpa proudly looking on at his side. That’s him too – a high schooler now, big enough to carry his mom piggy-back cross the river, but cheeky enough to drop her in.

That was Conor – a son of Montana, which made him wild; a son of Butte, which made him fun; and a son of Chuck and Coleen Boyle, which made him one of the sweetest souls around. There isn’t another like him, not with that blend of reckless and gentle. He was an original.

Conor grew up in Butte and attended local Butte public schools. He graduated from Butte High School in 1999. He was an exceptional athlete, lettering in both football and basketball. He received the Bob Rae Outstanding Athlete Award, an Honorable Mention Class “AA” Football, an Honorable Mention Class “AA” Basketball, the Radisson All Star Basketball Classic, and was an East, West Shrine Football alternate.

While the focus of his high school career was centered on sports, the legacy

of those years is the live-long friendships he made. He leaves behind dozens of friends and former teammates. Some he saw frequently, some he hadn't seen in years, but all of whom he thought of as a brother, and he will be missed by all.

Following high school, Conor followed his restless heart and moved away from home. He settled in the Denver area and would remain there for the next sixteen years. He found work with Creative Hardscapes as a driver, and, in true Conor fashion, quickly turned his co-workers into friends. Friends became family, and those who loved him in Denver will greatly miss him, too.

He developed a routine in Denver – up at 3:30am, head to the gym for a two-hour workout, then go to work. On the weekends, though, he took in all that Colorado had to offer. He went to Bronco games, concerts at Red Rocks, and of course, the mountains, the rivers, the fishing. He was a Montana boy at heart, and he took to the country whenever he could.

In 2016, he followed his heart back to Montana, back to the Big Hole and the river he loved so much. He spent as much time as he was able at his grandparent's cabin on the Big Hole, the one place where he felt most at home. The Cabin was his playground, his sanctuary, his island of peace. Many nights he spent with family around the campfire, and many days fishing up and down the river. Conor is as much a part of the Big Hole as the rocks under the water and his absence at the Cabin is a devastating thought.

Conor's presence was unforgettable, especially his ready smile and football player's build. Never a big talker, he instead was thinker, and will be remembered for his thoughtfulness. Flowers for every (and any) occasion, calls on birthdays, offers of help and company – Conor thought of it all. Every conversation with Conor would inevitably end with him saying, "Well, let me know if you need any help." He even noticed whenever his mom got a haircut and he always made sure to compliment her.

His thoughts often strayed to the mysteries of our world, and he studied the Bible looking for answers. Conor himself is now a part of that great mystery. Firm in his faith, he believed deeply in a Christian heaven, and we are

comforted by the knowledge that Conor is reunited with his beloved grandparents, his father, and all his family who passed before him. Conor's family meant the world to him, and we will miss him so tremendously.

Conor is preceded in death by his father, Chuck Boyle; his grandparents, Charlie and Irene Boyle, and Bernie and Lorraine Lazzari; cousins Danny Shields and Seth Nordhagen; and aunt Kerry McMenus.

He leaves behind his mother, Coleen Boyle, and her partner, Fred Jozovich; sister, Callie Boyle; brother-in-law, Matt Moore; nephew Caelum Boyle Moore; as well as many, many aunts, uncles, cousins, and friends. So many friends, that indeed we'd need another page to list them all, but in particular his lifelong friend Carl Daniel.

He also leaves behind his former partner, Cheri Brown, and her son Noah.

His dear doggy friends, Ralffy and Griz, will also miss Conor very much.

Donations in Conor's memory can be made to the Big Hole River Foundation.

Conor's death comes as a great shock to all who loved him. He was only 41 years old, with many years ahead, and many rivers yet to fish. If we can take anything from his death, it is that our time here on this Earth is short, and in the end, the only things that travels with us from this life to the next is love.

Conor will take that with him, all of our love. And we will grieve because we loved him so.

A celebration of Conor's life will take place on Saturday, June 4, at 11:00 am at Saint Ann's Catholic Church. A reception will follow at the Saint Ann's parish hall.

Previous Events

Celebration

JUN 4. 11:00 AM.

Saint Ann'S Catholic Church

Tribute Wall



“ *Beautiful in Blue was purchased for the family of
Conor Lazzari Boyle.*



June 08, 2022 at 09:43 PM



“ *To Coleen and family;
It's such a tragedy that a sweet, caring, and lovely lady like your.self
is going through such heartbreak. You are in my prayers.
Sincerely, Carolyn StuartbSanders*

carolyn sanders - June 06, 2022 at 10:58 PM



“ *To Collen and Boyle family, I am so sorry to hear of Conor's
passing. It is hearbreaking and my thoughts are with you at this time*

Terry Dunfee - June 03, 2022 at 10:21 PM



“ *He was an impressive human being! One memory that has stuck
with me for almost 30 years is when we were fishing on "Conor's
hole" and something happened and he said we had to go back to
the cabin but he wouldn't tell me why. About halfway back he
revealed that he had gotten a hook stuck through his thumb! He
was cool, calm, and collected. When we got back grandpa Bernie
cut the barbed end off the hook and pulled it through. He didn't even
flinch!*

Jason - June 03, 2022 at 12:12 AM

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“ I remember so many things about Conor, especially as He and Jonny were best buds in the early years and would always find ways to tease his sister Callie and Jonny's sister Hannah. I remember one day at Bernie's Pharmacy, his grandpa's pharmacy, we were all inside at the soda fountain. Jonny came in to tell us Conor had his head stuck between the bicycle storage bars. Once we figured out how to get him out, we had a great laugh. He always kept us on his toes. I love him.

Candi Nordhagen - June 02, 2022 at 10:21 PM



“ It didn't matter where we were or when, to say hi, Conor would pick me up, give me a big bear hug and call me Kimmy. He gave the best hugs!!

Kim Parke - June 02, 2022 at 09:33 PM