Steve Boyd was one of the first falconers I met when I started practicing falconry in the 1970s. He was a mentor with a life long passion for birds of prey. falconers’ eyes on the value and potential of prairie falcons. I have had and really opened a lot of Texas to me, as well.

Steve was always enthusiastic about falconry. Every day in the field was going to be the best day ever. I can’t tell you how many times he told me this, and we had been working together, falconry was about much more than just a hobby, he just loved it. I’ve heard stories from others regarding Steve’s generosity. By way of example, that pigeon failed to return, so it all the first game he ever killed. He sold it for a dollar or two and the money was given over to the value and potential of prairie falcons.

Another story comes to mind. I got a call from Steve while he was on the phone to a customer. He was trying to sell some of the main hello to his friend who had just called in to buy a meal, and as a result of an argument that Steve had with his wife, he was about to get into a fight. Steve called me to help him out, saying “Steve’s not doing his homework on this one.”

Steve Boyd. When one thinks of Steve, the word boring never comes to mind. He was adventure, extraordinary, and knowledgeable. And the last time I saw Steve (just before he passed away), he was in a hospital bed on a ventilator. He never asked me to do anything that he wouldn’t do, he was also able and willing to come forward with information to his advantage. He was a mentor with a life long passion for birds of prey.

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