



## Jack Wickliffe

September 21, 1958 - August 29, 2025

Jack Wickliffe was born in Bartlesville, Oklahoma on September 21, 1958 to Dorothy E. (Hoover) Wickliffe and Raymond A. Wickliffe, the youngest of their five children. He may have been short in stature, but what he lacked in height, he made up for in orneriness and tenacity. He was a man who enjoyed the simple way of life. He was a fan of plain black coffee, a good meal from the Copan Truckstop, and believed that cowboys should never wear skinny jeans. Growing up, he was involved in all things farming: FFA, rodeoing, gardening, agriculture, and breaking horses. Jack attended Bowring Public School and Copan Public School. He attended Tri-County Tech and received his diploma in Auto Mechanics.

After graduating from Copan High School, Jack left home to pursue his career as a thoroughbred racehorse jockey. He raced and exercised across Canada and the U.S. including Oklahoma, Kansas, Massachusetts, Florida, and California, eventually settling down in Santa Ynez as an exercise rider at Mandysland Farm. He then designed, built, and co-managed Ladyhawke Ranch. In 1991, his family welcomed a daughter, Dakota. He moved back to Copan, Oklahoma in 1995 to be closer to his family and to break and train racehorses at Two-Step Farm. In his early 40's, he moved to Florida to work at Double Diamond Farms in Ocala.

Jack spent the later years of his life touring the U.S. in his favorite Toyota pick-

up truck, playing pool, visiting an impressive list of national parks, and, eventually settling near Muldrow, Oklahoma to be near his daughter and her family. There, he enjoyed fishing, being in the hay field, and being "Papa Jack" to his beloved granddaughter.

Jack was a master carpenter and, given enough time and tools, could build anything, including the ranch in Santa Ynez, much to the dismay of the "California Tree Protection Squad and Historical Society." After enduring multiple back surgeries, he took on a new roll in the carpentry realm, wherein he became the supervisor and taught many others how to build large scale DIY projects, desks, shelving, wall decor and cabinetry.

Jack is preceded in death by his mother, Dorothy E. (Hoover Wickliffe) Ward, his father, Raymond A. Wickliffe, Brother, Raymond Dennis "Denny" Wickliffe, and two sisters, E. Hope Evans and Janice R. Cornelius.

Jack is survived by his daughter, Dakota (Wickliffe) Roe, her husband, Eric Roe, and one granddaughter, Texi, of Muldrow, Oklahoma; his sister, Peggy Wickliffe of Colorado; many friends including 3 highly revered buddies Jim Jimison, Ralph Thomison, and Anthony Silva; the ladies and gentlemen at the Bartlesville 55+ Activity Center; the crew at the Muldrow Pawn Shop; and numerous cousins, nieces, and nephews.

Celebration of Life Services will be held on Saturday, October 11th at 10:30 AM at Bartlesville Community Center - 300 SE Adams BLVD Bartlesville, OK 74003

Jeans and boots are welcome.

In lieu of flowers, Dakota has asked that donations be mailed to: 55+ Activity Center - 1400 SE Washington BLVD Bartlesville, OK 74006



# Previous Events

## Celebration of Life

OCT 11. 10:30 AM (CT)

Bartlesville Community Center  
300 E. Adams Blvd.  
Bartlesville, OK 74003

# Tribute Wall

DH

“ When I posted some memories on this site, I didn't realize that it only showed up as a comment to my cousin Carla's memory share. So I copied and pasted my memories of my much loved uncle Jack as a new post here:

*My uncle Jack was an awesome uncle for me. He is 7 years older than me and I have so many wonderful memories from my childhood and into my adulthood that I could write a book detailing every one of them. One of the awesome childhood memories I have of him was when I was very young and me and my sister April would stay for most of the summer breaks with my grandma Dorothy when she lived in Bowring, OK. Jack and my cousin Bobby would almost every time be at grandma's and Jack & Bobby would play horse and rider with me & my sister. Uncle Jack & cousin Bobby would be the horses down on their hands & knees and me & April were the riders sitting on their back while they were on hands & knees. I felt so much love from Jack & Bobby because they did the hard work of being the horses just to entertain us girls. Every summer Jack & Bobby would do this for us girls for years until they would graduate high school and went to real work. Uncle Jack always showed his love for us and spent time with us when he was in town at the same time during our summer breaks with grandma Dorothy and other holidays. Jack always gave me advice when I was a teenager and all through my adult life as well. I took woodworking classes from 7th grade through senior year and took carpentry at "Vo-Tech" during my 11th and 12th grades, so uncle Jack was thrilled bc it gave us more things in common to talk about as adults. I was a carpenter for years until I decided to go to college for a graphic design degree and journalism/advertising degree, but Jack and I still had a lot in common besides us both being short, lol. Jack always gave me great advice and we could talk frankly about everything. Jack's advice about many things were his honest and direct opinion. I valued this in him because he was brutally honest and never held back what he really thought. Jack and I stayed in contact throughout many years and then I lost contact with Jack after he left Florida for a handful of years until his daughter Dakota*

*(my cousin) had gotten married to Eric and had her wedding reception, then Jack contacted me. I was so thrilled to hear from him because I had no idea where he was traveling nor how he was doing. I was worried about him because it had been a while since I heard from him. Uncle Jack had one of the best hugs when we met up not long before Dakota's wedding reception. The night before Dakota's reception uncle Jack had gotten a hotel room and he invited me to stay with him and my aunt Peggy in their hotel room. When it was time to go to sleep, Jack gave his bed to me and he slept on the floor. Because he had back problems that I could sleep on the floor and he could use his bed, but he insisted that I get the bed. Me and Jack stayed in almost daily contact after that. When Dakota was about to be due for her baby Texi, Jack told me he was moving back to Oklahoma to be close to Dakota and Eric having little Texi. He was so proud to be around his granddaughter. He adored his little granddaughter and was so excited that he got to move there. I was so happy for uncle Jack to be around his daughter Dakota, Eric and Texi. Plus I got to go see him since he moved back to Oklahoma. We started going to the Halloween bash each year at the Cherokee casino two Halloweens ago. I thank God that we were able to get back into regular contact and that we started a new tradition of going to the Halloween bash each year. It's going to be so sad not to be able to go with each other again this year. Last year, we had photos taken at the casino event. We posed in silly photos and now I'm going to cherish those photos even more because it can't happen. I miss him so much!! At least we had more honest & open discussions about everything and he not just said that he loved me, he showed it through his actions. I am unable to articulate how much he's shown his loyalty be and how much he is missed. I love my uncle Jack and that will never die. I was blessed to have him back into my life.*

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**Denise Harkins** - October 10, 2025 at 03:03 PM

 Carla  
Evans

“ Grandpa Ray built a small corral to break horses. He left for the weekend. So uncle jack and probably my brother, Bobby decided to hang a big barrel in the center and tied it from corner to corner. Uncle jack would twist that barrel until it wouldn't twist no more then someone had to sit in the barrel . We had the gear like we was riding a bull. Hand in the air, the nod, everything. When we would nod, uncle jack would let go of the barrel and we had to ride for 8 seconds. It was big time fun til grandpa Ray got home, after getting chewed out for a long minute, we had to take every thing down. But it was fun for a minute.

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**Carla Evans** - September 12, 2025 at 11:57 AM

DH

*My uncle Jack was an awesome uncle for me. He is 7 years older than me and I have so many wonderful memories from my childhood and into my adulthood that I could write a book detailing every one of them. One of the awesome childhood memories I have of him was when I was very young and me and my sister April would stay for most of the summer breaks with my grandma Dorothy when she lived in Bowring, OK. Jack and my cousin Bobby would almost every time be at grandma's and Jack & Bobby would play horse and rider with me & my sister. Uncle Jack & cousin Bobby would be the horses down on their hands & knees and me & April were the riders sitting on their back while they were on hands & knees. I felt so much love from Jack & Bobby because they did the hard work of being the horses just to entertain us girls. Every summer Jack & Bobby would do this for us girls for years until they would graduate high school and went to real work. Uncle Jack always showed his love for us and spent time with us when he was in town at the same time during our summer breaks with grandma Dorothy and other holidays. Jack always gave me advice when I was a teenager and all through my adult life as well. I took woodworking classes from 7th grade through senior year and took carpentry at "Vo-Tech" during my 11th and 12th grades, so uncle Jack was thrilled bc it gave us more things in common to talk about as adults. I was a carpenter for years until I decided to go to college for a graphic design degree and journalism/advertising degree, but Jack and I still had a lot in common besides us both being short, lol. Jack always gave me great advice and we could talk frankly about everything. Jack's advice about many things were his honest and direct opinion. I valued this in him because he was brutally honest and never held back what he really thought. Jack and I stayed in contact throughout many years and then I lost contact with Jack after he left Florida for a handful of years until his daughter Dakota (my cousin) had gotten married to Eric and had her wedding reception, then Jack contacted me. I was so thrilled to hear from him because I had no idea where he was traveling nor how he was doing. I was worried about him because it had been a while since I heard from him. Uncle Jack had one of the best hugs when we met up not long before Dakota's wedding reception. The night before Dakota's reception uncle Jack had gotten a hotel room and he invited me to stay with him and my aunt Peggy in their hotel room. When it was time to go to sleep, Jack gave his bed to me and he slept on the floor. Because he had back problems that I could sleep on the floor and he could use his bed, but he insisted that I get the bed. Me and Jack stayed in almost daily contact after that. When Dakota was about to be due for her baby Texi, Jack told me he was moving back to Oklahoma to be close to Dakota and Eric having little Texi. He was so proud to be around his granddaughter. He adored his little granddaughter and was so excited that he got to move there. I was so happy for uncle Jack to be around his daughter Dakota, Eric and Texi. Plus I got to go see him since he moved back to Oklahoma. We started*

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**Denise (Wickliffe) Harkins** - October 08, 2025 at 10:37 PM