



Billy Ray Smith

October 11, 1931 - January 6, 2015

Billy Ray Smith – Obituary

Billy Ray Smith, age 83, a longtime resident of Hobart, Oklahoma, passed away Tuesday, January 6, 2015 at Elkview General Hospital in Hobart.

Billy was born in Sterling, Oklahoma on October 11, 1931 to Virgil Ray and Thelma Nina (Duckworth) Smith. Billy was raised in Kiowa County, Oklahoma on the family farm north of Lone Wolf and he graduated class of 1949 from Lone Wolf High School. Shortly after high school he married Bonnie Brown on December 23, 1950 at the family farm. Billy and Bonnie moved to Stonewall, Oklahoma where Billy built bridges and they also lived in Texas where Billy worked for Plains Creamery. They later moved to Hobart, Oklahoma where they have resided since 1974. Billy worked the farm and house painting and he enjoyed watching football, fishing and hunting, and he loved driving his tractors.

Preceded in death by his parents; one sister, Mary Lou; and his granddaughter, Brandy Ann Jennings; Billy is survived by his wife of sixty-four years, Bonnie Smith of the home; one son, Houston Ray Smith and his wife Poin of Hobart; three daughters, Bonita Sue Stockton of Lone Wolf; Nina Lorane Fox of Hobart; and Niva June Roberts and her husband Chris of Lone Wolf; thirteen grandchildren; twenty-three great grandchildren; two nieces; other family members and friends.

Graveside services will be 11:00 am, Friday, January 9, 2015 at Lone Wolf Cemetery in Lone Wolf, Oklahoma.

Arrangements are under the direction of People's Co-Operative Funeral Home, Lone Wolf, Oklahoma.

Please view and sign our online guest book at www.peoplescooperativefuneralhome.com

Events

JAN **Graveside** 11:00AM

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Lone Wolf Cemetery

Lone Wolf, OK, US, 73655

Comments



“ Hey Kathy, I remember the greeting from Uncle Bill, I do not recall him ever using anu other form of Hello, only "Greetings" And OMgoodness, when we lived with them, every morning I heard Paul Harvey News, and his famous words of "Good Day". Love those memories. I admire him.
His Milkman Days, (think in Pampa, was a lil young to remember which city), way back in my memory bank I have a pic of being in a car and passing him in his milk truck,
Being a farmer, got to help hoe out some them thar devil weeds from the corn and going with him when he had to assist a momma cow to deliver her calf. Oh, and if you every drove his truck at the farm for any reason, he always knew if you drove like a maniac or civil like cause he had a paint can with water in it, and if it spilt, he had a lil conversation with you, he was funny but stern.
I do wish I could have spent more time with him on his farm, I would have learned so much and I could be using it today.
And never forget how he was always painting someones home in between farming. And those Dobermans, they scared the be jiggers out of us everytime we walked in the house, all we had to do was sternly call their names, snap and point your finger at the same time tell get back in there and lay down, or something to that effect. Was quite scary though. Tella and Tulu are the one ones I remember, and never forget Missy the Boston Terrier. :P
I love you Uncle Bill, and yes, I will miss you much as well.



Lori Bell - January 10, 2015 at 09:06 AM



“ I still remember every year Mamaw getting all the red roses with the one white for their anniversary, and when they danced to "Walking After Midnight" by Patsy Cline. I always laughed to myself when he gave directions, because it was always "Yonder" and i never knew where that was. I remember going with Mamaw to take him his lunch during harvest, and she always knew exactly whete he would be, and him asking her to get the liniment when he was sore. My papa was a great man who worked hard and loved harder, who never said much but when he spoke we all listened. He will be missed.

Dawn Correa - January 09, 2015 at 11:04 AM



“ "Greetings" was the one word that Uncle Bill greeted us with every time we saw each other. I will never forget that word. When I hear someone mention or come across an old recording of "Paul Harvey" I am reminded of Uncle Bill sitting at the table with his cigarette and coffee each morning we were getting ready for school. I will never forget his dogs! I was scared to death most of the time going into the house due to his loving and friendly Dobermans! But he was always the first one to step up and make the dogs go in the other room. There are many many more memories but those are the first ones that pop in my mind. I love you Uncle Bill and I will always and forever miss you!

Kathy - January 08, 2015 at 01:22 PM



“ And then there was spoiled little Bosco, who was a whole different story!! Lol. Remember how he kept a pile of treats on the table for him so he could get them himself?

Dawn Correa - January 09, 2015 at 11:14 AM



“ Yes Dawn I remember that pile of treats. :) He sure loved his puppies!

Kathy - January 09, 2015 at 02:04 PM



“ Kathy lit a candle in memory of Billy Ray Smith



Kathy - January 08, 2015 at 01:05 PM