



Ferrel Heard

September 29, 1918 - February 3, 2011

Ferrel Lendon Heard, 92 year-old resident of West Siloam Springs, Oklahoma, died February 3, 2011, Quail Ridge Living Center. Born September 29, 1918 in Petrolia, Texas, he was the son of E.M. Heard and Lila Pior Heard. Ferrel was a Supervisor with Phillips Petroleum. He moved to Northeast Oklahoma 15 years ago. He was preceded in death by his wife Nancy Heard in 2008; one son, Curtis Heard, wife Katherine Heard in 1981, and one brother, Maurice Heard. Survivors include one daughter: Connie Butcher and husband Fred; one sister, Datha DeMoss and husband Charlie; five stepchildren; and numerous grandchildren and great grandchildren. Memorial services will be private.

Tribute Wall

CJ

“ Granddad - I knew you as Tutu. I stuck you with that name as a young child. I'm sure it wasn't your favorite nickname. :) I was always excited to go to Nanny and Tutu's house. Going there meant fun and getting spoiled. Always felt loved at your house. Camping in Colorado with you and Nanny was the highlight of the year. It was priceless family time. You were always the fisherman. I can see you in the middle of the icy stream, in waders and flicking your fly-fishing pole.

One special memory I have is when you went car shopping with me after I got back from college. You happened to be in town when I was going to trade my old worn out Mustang. I had found a sharp Pontiac Grand Prix and was going to make a deal on it. The deal didn't work out right away, so we were leaving. The manager came out and stopped us from leaving. In the end, I got an awesome deal on the car. It wouldn't have happened without you there.

Thanks for the memories. Love you, Christy

Christy Butcher Jones - September 19, 2012 at 11:25 AM

CB

“ Tribute already written, but left out my address.

Connie Butcher - September 19, 2012 at 11:25 AM

JM

“ When I think about my Granddaddy I have a picture in my mind of him fly-fishing in the mountains. I think of my Grandparent's backyard, tiger lilies lining the fence and me playing on a swing set that belonged to my daddy. I remember camping trips and giggling in the back of a camper with my cousins. Christmas' with packages piled high and the smell of my grandmother's cooking. Most of all I remember the feeling of pure love. I still love to camp. I have tiger lilies growing in my garden. I love my family the way my Grandmama and Granddaddy loved me...like no one could possibly ever love me more.

Jenny McKeown - September 19, 2012 at 11:25 AM

CB

“ When I think of my Daddy during my growing up years I have many good memories. The love, safety and stability in our home were due to his steady loving constant care along with my mother's. I think of his hands, reaching up to take hold of his as we walked up the hill to inquire about a larger house at Phillips camp before my baby brother was born, I was 5 at the time. I remember his arms around me as he carried me asleep from the car into the house many times when I was really old enough to wake up and walk. I remember those hands on back of the bicycle seat as he ran along side me over and over patiently waiting for me to get the hang of riding on my own, then tricking me by running along without holding on and -- off I went. I remember those hands on mine as I sat in his lap and "drove" home from town from far back as I can remember seeing over steering wheel. Then the real challenge of teaching me when 14 to drive a standard shift. He probably shook for many years after that ordeal but never raised his voice. I remember a loving sharing home; Momma saying "don't care what your dad says he is going to get new pair of work boots". I was so shocked to find out he had been doing without proper works boots while working out in oil fields of Texas Panhandle blizzards, extreme weather, and snakes without right kind of boots so his family could be provided for. Momma had a pair of heels she died the color of the season for many years as well. After that, I tried to keep requests to minimum after seeing the sacrifices being made for welfare of family. Low finance did not affect the happiness or the fun we had. I remember his hands untangling my fly fishing line from trees, rocks and me--over and over--with no complaint. Was teased unmercifully however! Occasionally came home in tears, would hear Momma say "go talk to her honey". Always left me feeling better--during the rough teen years. Many more good memories could record. My son was very young when Daddy left us, but he remembers his voice being kind and calming and steady. Carried him and my daughter over many mountain trails. Last time I saw him, hugged him by, then he called me back for another one of those hugs. Love you Daddy.

Connie Heard Butcher - September 19, 2012 at 11:25 AM

KE

“*Ferrel was a wonderful Grandfather. He was a kind and forgiving man and he loved unconditionally. He noticed our good qualities and complemented them. He always remembered what we were involved in and asked about them when we were together. He was a very good man with very good character. I learned a lot from him and I am thankful I had him in my life. He gave the best hugs and I am thankful for every one of them. I am so thankful that Isabella got to know him and Grandma Nancy. She has good memories of them both as do I. He was a great blessing to our family and I will miss him very much.*

Kristina Ellis - September 19, 2012 at 11:25 AM

PC

“*I never knew my own grandfathers, but Ferrel was exactly what I always thought a grandfather would be: kind, smart, interesting, and humorous. Whenever he would ask about what was going on in our lives, he would look at you and listen intently to your answer. I will miss his friendliness and his stories. May his memory live on in those of us who were fortunate enough to know him.*

Penny Carr - September 19, 2012 at 11:25 AM

RC

“*Ferrel was a good man, and stayed active throughout his life. I was very fortunate to live right down the road from him and my grandma while in high school. He always welcomed my company and would be happy to help out on any project he could. I always enjoyed his stories about being in the service and working for Phillips. Not to many men in their 80's are excited about helping to build a house, but Ferrel was, and he helped a lot building our house in Oklahoma. Ferrel was a good grandfather to me and my siblings, and will be greatly missed. God Bless.*

Ryan Carr - September 19, 2012 at 11:25 AM

DC

“ Ferrel was a grandfather and a gentlemen as long as I can think back and recall. Slim, strong in his way, glasses, and a very distinct speaking voice, as if he thought carefully about every word. Ferrel and Nancy were so different than other Grandparents I knew- off on adventures, riding motorcycles, and always doing interesting things. He seemed to me to have a certain way of accepting and loving life. He was an optimist to the end, the last time I saw him he just knew he was going to be better. "It may take awhile, but I'll get better". Well, in a way I'd like to think he was right about that, and Ferrel I bet you are feeling no pain now.

These modern times are so cold in many ways, with a webpage ending in "deceased_id=239610" in which to leave your thoughts. But some of us knew him as Ferrel, and it is up to us who knew him to honor and keep his memory, recalling moments in time - good and bad - with the wisdom of realization of the humanity of us all. Goodbye Ferrel, and I reckon I'll be round to see you by and by.

David

David Carr - September 19, 2012 at 11:25 AM

MC

“ My mother & Ferrel had quite a few good years together. They had a lot of fun. Ferrel lived a long life & did many things he enjoyed. I hope he may rest in peace now.

Michele Carter - September 19, 2012 at 11:25 AM

SH

“ Ferrel

I am so happy that you were a big part of our lives for so long. You and my mother had so many happy times together and got to travel and enjoy life. I am thankful that we could live next door and that we got to spend so much time together and experience so many things together. Traveling together to many exciting places and spending holidays together was really special.

I am also happy that my children and grandchildren knew you as another "grandpa". You were very determined and stubborn at times but I feel it also contributed to your long life. You had such a great smile for me every time I would see you and were appreciative of everything I did for you. We spent a lot of time together after mom died and in a lot of ways I think you and I helped each other in our grief. Helping you took my focus off my grief from losing my mother and maybe having me around took your focus off your being alone. I am so thankful to God that you never suffered and I pray that you are where you wanted to be in the end. With your beloved Katie.

Sherry Hunter - September 19, 2012 at 11:25 AM