



William Mack Gammill

April 28, 1941 - May 13, 2022

Allegedly born atop a pool table located somewhere roughly along the Ark. and

Ok. border in either Siloam Springs or Adelaide Ok. to Mack and Olive Mae Gammill, Billy Mack was born April 28th 1941. To be fair the details are sketchy. And there is hardly anyone left to confirm or deny the particulars. But he would be totally fine with that.

Throughout his long life he was known by many names aside from Billy Mack. Some created mystery. Some likely stymied bill collectors. Among them: William

Gammill, Somer Hogan, Fool, Prune, and Dad, as well as a good many others absolutely unfit for publication. And he was probably good with that as well.

Athletic prowess and movie-star good looks marked his early years, if high school and college yearbooks are to be believed. But confounding his mother and at least one wife, he chose instead a less conventional journey as a poet, a

writer, a teacher and a disciplined devotee of Eastern mysticism as his lifelong passions. Along the way he earned more than a few degrees, awards and honors; some of which included graduate Masters degrees in English, and creative writing from the University of Washington, University of Arkansas and Central State University where he would also later become Writer-in-Residence

from 1984-1990. He was the recipient of the “Master Poets” grant by the

National Endowments of the Arts in 1973-'74, awarded the Rotary International Scholarship to India in 1980 and was listed in Who's Who in American Writers in 1985 to name just a few.

Impossibly charismatic, (sometimes just impossible) and charming, possessing

a sharp mind, a natural comedians' timing, and a biting wit, he garnered a legendary reputation as a highly gifted and inspiring teacher and lecturer of not

only poetry, creative writing and Transcendental Meditation, but also on matters that may best be summed up as related to the evolution of spirit or spiritual growth as they call it these days. His own life, literary work, philosophy

and lectures never strayed from these themes and conveyed a profound sense

of conscious awareness, tenderness, absurdity, futility, outrageousness, humor, candor, irreverence, compassion and above all wisdom on everything from the sacred to the profane, often all within a single paragraph and more eloquently voiced than 95% of what is found under the heading Metaphysical in

any bookstore of the last 30 years.

He was a spectacular whistler who once sat at the feet of the Maharishi. He was a gentle lover of all kinds of furry critters. He was twice married. Had one daughter. He was once aggressively pursued by a bonafide movie star, humbled

to be invited (as one of very few white men) to participate in a sacred Hopi Native American ritual and thrilled to have once slept at the mouth of an active volcano with an entourage of the Dalai Lama. He was equal parts infuriating, hilarious, compassionate and wise. And for all of these things he will never be easily forgotten.

He transitioned back into the arms of the Infinite Beloved and the stars from which he came on Friday May 13th, 2022.

He is survived by his loving companion of 10 years, Sandy Rozell and his eternally adoring loving daughter, Laura Pellegrino Gammill.

Words cannot express how deeply he will be missed.

In a leap of Frogs, by W.G.

In a Leap of Frogs

Love jumps in Butter

To collect slow Forms

And Sleep like a Worm on a Leaf

Tribute Wall

MB

“ We are so sorry that Billy Mack has passed on. He was everything mentioned in his obit. He made the world a better place.

Monty & Barbara Bell

monty bell - May 18, 2022 at 07:00 PM