



Raymond Carl Talley

October 29, 1930 - December 1, 2018

Raymond Talley passed away November 30, 2018 in Eastland, Texas. He was born October 29, 1930 in Shep, Texas. When he was 8 years old, his family moved to Barstow, Texas, where he graduated from high school in 1949. He then joined the army during the Korean War. After fulfilling military duty, he attended Sul Ross State University where he earned a Bachelor of Business Degree. One of his fondest memories while attending Sul Ross State University, was working as a cab driver and transporting actors back and forth to Marfa, Texas who were involved in the filming of the movie, "The Giant." These actors included Elizabeth Taylor, James Dean, Rock Hudson and Chill Wills.

After graduating, he worked for El Paso Natural Gas before moving to Midland, Texas where he worked for several oil related businesses as an accountant. He was a founding member of the Petroleum Basin Accountants Society of the Permian Basin.

After retiring in 1995, he and his wife, Bobbie moved back to Shep, Texas, where they lived on a small farm until moving to Eastland, Texas in 2015. He loved working on various projects at the farm, including raising goats and sheep.

He was preceded in death by his parents Alva and Zelma Talley and his brother, Duff Talley. He is survived by: wife, Barbara (Bobbie) Talley; sons, Bill Talley and wife Paula, Paul Talley and wife Glenda; step sons, Alan Nunley and wife Teresa, David Nunley and wife Debbie; daughters, Sheri Hatcher and husband Jim, Karen Talley, Beverly Bister and husband Jeff, Dianne Talley, step daughter, Betty Ann Forbes and husband Stephen; brother Carlos Talley and wife Joyce; and his sister, Crystel Greenawalt. He also leaves behind 17 grandchildren and 8 great grandchildren.

It was Raymond's wishes to be cremated and laid to rest in a private ceremony at the cemetery in Shep, TX.

In lieu of flowers, please make a donation in Raymond's memory to your favorite charity.

Events

DEC No Services - Direct Cremation

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Edwards Funeral Home - Eastland
411 S. Mulberry St. PO Box 838, Eastland, TX, US, 76448

Comments



“ Eulogy of Ray Talley by his Granddaughter Heather Talley

If I had to choose one word to describe my Granddad, it would be kind. During times of loss it's a given we reflect on our memories, and in every I can remember he was always just kind.

Now, we are all here because Raymond Talley was important to us, in a myriad of different ways he's left an impression, big or small, on each of us. I knew him my whole life, but that only amounts to a fraction of the time some of you have known him. I don't have nearly as many stories I could tell about him, and I don't know his history half as well as most of you. The one thing I do know pretty well is his farm.

To me, my Granddad and that farm are intertwined. Decades ago he bought that plot of land, he put a house on it, and made it a home. I've been going there since before I could walk, and I loved it. I loved when we'd check the coop for eggs, or pick whatever was ready from the garden. At the time I didn't realize what all went into making it happen, I mean, I was a kid after all.

But for this past year I've lived on that farm, and it's made me feel closer than ever to him. Literally walking the footpaths he wore into the earth, I finally understand the struggles and the blessings of it. I better understand the life he built and lived the past thirty years. It's been a learning experience for sure- but there's been a question about this place I've had for the past month. No online article or almanac can answer me, only Granddad. The one thing I so wish I had asked him- What was your favorite part?

Was it the way fog settles in the hills in the morning? Or maybe the unclouded stars at night?

Was it making a meal with the food you grew yourself? Or perhaps sharing what you've toiled over with others?

Was it caring for the animals, watching them grow? Or finally beating the pest or predator that's plagued you?

Maybe when at last it rains after weeks of dry heat, a breaking sunny day amidst a spell of dreary cold.

Or the sunsets. The sunsets on that farm are truly beautiful.

I'm thankful to him for building that farm, for growing it into something lasting that can endure and be enjoyed for a long time to come. Even when he moved to town, he was still an integral part of that farm. And with every success I had out there in the back of my mind was the thought, "I really hope Granddad can be proud of this."

I wish that he could've seen more of the farm in these past couple months. See the direction it's growing, and know how lasting his work is. I wish he could have met my future kids to see the next generation his effort will effect.

Though he will not know them, they will surely know him. They'll know him in the stories we tell, and in the paths he walked. They'll know him in every bite of fruit from the trees he planted. They'll know him in every odd thing they find that some may call junk but granddad thought it'd be a good thing to keep around. They'll know him in the house, and the earth, and that beautiful sunset that they'll see because the foundation he laid led us here.

And for that I'm thankful.

I guess what in total I'm trying to say is- we don't really die when we take our last breath, or when we are in the ground, or ashes scattered to the wind. We live on in the memories we make and the things we leave behind. So be like the Raymond Talley I knew. Be kind and create something that you will be proud to know endures beyond your body.

Thank you.

PAUL TALLEY - January 10 at 03:13 PM