



Bill Tyler

September 23, 1942 - April 3, 2020

William Everett “Bill” Tyler of Elmore City, Oklahoma was born to Charlie and Helen (Miller) Tyler on September 3, 1942 in Odessa, Texas and passed from this life on April 3, 2020 in Ada, Oklahoma at the age of 77 years.

Bill grew up moving between West Texas and Arizona. He helped his dad pick cotton. Bill loved playing basketball, but baseball was his favorite. Bill served his country in the U. S. Navy during the Vietnam War. Bill always said he wished he would of made a career out of being in the Navy. He graduated from the University of North Texas with bachelor’s degree in business administration. On November 6, 1963, he married Reina Mae in San Jose, California. He was a buyer/planner for companies. Bill retired from Weber Aircraft in 2012. He was a member of the First Baptist Church in Elmore City. Bill spent his days watching OU softball and football. The greatest enjoyment for Bill came from watching his grandkids grow up, and watching and coaching them from the stands in any sport they participated in. The highlight of his life were the 43 years he spent with his wife. Bill was a coach, not just for sports, he coached many with his years of experience. He coached us all to be the best that we can be.

Mr. Tyler is survived by:

Sons: Glenn Tyler and wife Tanya of Fairview, Oklahoma

Eric “Boo” Tyler of Irwin, Pennsylvania

Daughters: Donna “D.D.” Tyler of Bethany, Oklahoma

Cheryl Tyler of Bethany, Oklahoma

Lacey Turner and husband Dan of Elmore City, Oklahoma

Brothers: Robert Tyler and wife Molly of St. Petersburg, Florida

Wesley Tyler of Krum, Texas

Sister: Ann Donahue of Kansas City, Missouri

10 grandchildren: Mandy and husband Robert Robinson; Vicki, Sarah, and Savannah Tyler; Erica and E J Tyler; Kaden Crawford; Jesse, Rei and Quinton Turner

3 great-grandchildren: Joslin Turner, Jaythan and Rose Tyler

Mr. Tyler was preceded in death by:

His wife: Reina Mae

Parents: Charlie and Helen Tyler

Sister: Charlene Norris

Graveside services are scheduled for 2:00 p.m., Saturday, April 11, 2020 at the Elmore City Cemetery under the direction of Wooster Funeral Home. You may send a condolence to the family at www.woosterfuneralhomes.com.

Cemetery

Elmore City Cemetery

Elmore City, Ok,

Events

APR **Visitation** 05:00PM - 07:00PM

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Wooster Funeral Home and Cremation Services (Elmore City)

105 S. Main, Elmore City, OK, US

APR **Visitation** 09:00AM - 07:00PM

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Wooster Funeral Home and Cremation Services (Elmore City)

105 S. Main, Elmore City, OK, US

APR **Graveside Service** 02:00PM

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Elmore City Cemetery

1 1/4 miles west of 4-way stop, turn left, Elmore City, Ok, US

Comments



“ A tribute video has been added.



Wooster Funeral Home & Cremation Services - April 10 at 07:46 PM



“ The world has lost a great man! He did so much for anyone and all, even those who didn't ask. My heart will live on with a huge void because of his loss. I pray that the good Lord help heal the tears and loss of their father, grandfather, but I know now all of those days he and I would talk about how much he missed his wife, at least I know he's at peace and holding her tight now. God bless all y'all!

Sheila J Odom - April 11 at 06:03 PM



“ My dad was once of a kind, and there is no one else out there like him. Trust me, I have tried to find them but have failed in that mission. He told me once that I will never find anyone to take his place. I guess you could say I was a daddy girl since I was the only girl until I was 13 years old. People always wondered why I like football and baseball so much; it was because of him. We would watch the Oklahoma Sooners on Saturday and the Dallas Cowboys on Sunday. We still shared this, especially when it came to the Oklahoma Sooners. We would talk about how the football team of the fastpitch softball team was doing. I told him about the only game I got to watch the softball team play this year. He was excited about this year's team, but he usually was when it came to the Sooners.

There is one story that always comes to mind, so let me set this up. At the time, my mom had laryngitis, and I was born with a birthmark that they told them if it ever bled, I could bleed to death. So, when I was about two years old, I was out in the yard with my older brother Glenn, which he was swinging a shovel. Of course, I got too close and got hit in the head, and yes, it started bleeding. My mom could not get it to stop and remember she had laryngitis. So, she called my dad and luckily, he is the one to answer the phone. All she could get out was to come home. In the meantime, she is doing what she could to get it to stop, but it just kept bleeding. From how the story goes, he came in the driveway sideways, and as soon as he put one foot in the front door, the bleeding stopped. They took me to the doctor to have everything checked out. Of course, I tell both of my brothers; therefore, I am smarter than they are.

I will miss my dad a lot, and there are no words that I can say to how much he means to me. I know I will see him again one day. I love you, Dad!

Donna Tyler - April 10 at 09:01 PM



“Dad there are no words that can express how much I am going to miss you. Quinton said last night that he is going to miss how fun you were the most. I'm grateful for all the wonderful memories we have made over the years. I love you Dad!



Lacey Turner - April 08 at 03:26 PM



“It's my dad, of course I have to say something. I have many great memories of our times together. Just to narrow it down to one is a very difficult task. I can start with a funny one that my brother and sisters can relate to. We all know dad like to talk to us. I mean give us speeches. Ha ha ha. It would usually always start out as a two way conversation, but quickly turn into a lecture. Be it about anything, sports or life he would give his opinion. Not a bad thing always. When I got older I had the nerve to jokingly tell him he should have been a preacher. He said why do you say that? I said cause you have always preached to me, but know I think about it your congregation wouldn't like you cause you'd make them late for lunch every Sunday. 🙏

One of my most memorable memories, of many, was with my sports. He was not only my dad but my coach for baseball, football, and one year I tried basketball. When I was, I'm not sure 10 years old or maybe 12, when I started to switch hit in baseball. I worked hard at it with his coaching and got pretty decent at it. We were playing in a tournament in Carrollton, Texas. We were doing really good in this tournament. We were playing in the championship game against one of the local Carrollton teams. My dad was so very proud of us and told us that this is the last game. Win this and we will be Champions! We had a blast. My first two at bats I hit a home run each time. I was getting ready to head to the plate for the third time and dad walked down from the third base coaches box. He said, "son, why don't you try turning around this time." With a big ole grin I said ok! I watch the first pitch and it was the same pitch I had hit out of the park the previous two at bats. I remember looking at dad and he was grinning ear to ear. Next pitch, BOOM! My first home run left handed. He was so proud! We were taking it to this team pretty good and I was headed to the plate for a forth time. He gave me nod to go left handed again. I was grinning now. First pitch was the same as the three that left the yard. I looked down to dad to get the signal and he told me to bunt. I didn't think anything of it and followed his command. After the game was over and we were driving back to Denton I asked dad why he had me bunt. I got the coaches version of, "I wanted you to see the ball better." I remember saying, "but dad, I hit three out of the yard and he threw the same pitch everytime!" With his little sideways grin and a chuckle he said, "Yeah I guess I missed that one!"

A much more serious memory was in 2014. I was on the phone with dad and we were talking about the motorcycle ministry that I am a part of called the 2nd Thief

MM. We talk about our belief in Jesus Christ. That was I believe, the first time he told me of his belief in Christ. I was so happy to hear this from him. I told him that this is awesome news cause no matter what I WILL get to see you again. Be it here on earth or in Heaven. Our phone calls after that always had a conversation of Christ or how church was. I'll close with this cause I think this is what dad would want everyone to know about his witness of Christ. No matter how bad you think your past was or maybe even you present, but let your future be with peace in knowing that you are guaranteed a spot in Heaven, and ALL you have to do is simply believe in Jesus as your Lord and Savior.

I love you dad and I can't wait to see you again!!!

Eric Boo Tyler - April 07 at 05:30 PM