

He never cared for city streets or
crowds that move too fast,
He belonged out where the wind blows free,
to a breed of men that last.
He measured time by seasons,
by the rising of the sun,
And he judged a man by how
he stood until the job was done.
The saddle is put away now,
the leather worn and gray,
The cattle are all bedded down
at the closing of the day.
He's crossed the final river,
he's climbed the final hill,
The range is quiet now,
the cowboy's heart is still.

- Western Traditional/Author Unknown

IN LOVING MEMORY

Billy Earl Adkins

May 5, 1939 ~ October 14, 2026

MEMORIAL SERVICE

Friday, October 30, 2026
1:30 p.m.
Ferguson Funeral Home Chapel
Chickasha, Oklahoma

OFFICIATING

Pastor Daniel Edwards

To share a memory of Bill with the family, please scan the QR Code.

Services by
Ferguson
FUNERAL HOME