



Richard Ray West

July 30, 1931 - November 11, 2017

Richard Ray West was born July 30, 1931, in Rush, Kentucky, to Raymond Lee West and Pearl (Alexander) West. He passed from this life Saturday, November 11, 2017, in Tulsa, Oklahoma, at the age of 86. Richard was the oldest of seven children. The family moved from Rush, Kentucky, to Gauley Bridge, West Virginia. Richard enlisted in the U.S. Air Force in 1950 and was trained as an aircraft mechanic. He married Sylvia Jane Stout, of Ringgold, Texas, on November 25, 1954. After being discharged in 1954, he joined the Oklahoma Air National Guard (OKANG) 138th CAM Squadron in 1955. He served on the maintenance team for the Talking Bird (global communications aircraft) during the Kennedy administration, and was ordered to active duty during the Berlin Crisis, Korean War and Vietnam. He was medically discharged at the rank of master sergeant in 1987. Richard was a competitive marksman on the OKANG Rifle Team and earned the Governor's Twenty Award nine times. He was also on the Oklahoma Military Department Rifle Squad, winning four national championships and setting records. Richard was a scoutmaster for the Last Frontier Council, Boy Scouts of America, for decades and enjoyed teaching boys outdoor survival skills, camping, cooking, gun safety, marksmanship, archery, and so much more. He was an avid and skilled hunter. He is survived by his wife Sylvia West, of the home; son Raymond West and wife Teresa of Tecumseh, Oklahoma; daughter Robin Chase and husband Terry, of Owasso, Oklahoma; grandchildren Ryan West, of Dallas, Texas, Rachel Lam and husband Jerimy, of Shawnee, Oklahoma, Emilie West, of Tecumseh, Oklahoma, Dani Voigt and husband Carey, of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, Mariah Washington, of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, Madison Chase, of Owasso, Oklahoma, and Lauren Chase of Owasso, Oklahoma; and great grandchildren Alanna West, Brenlee and Reilly Lam, Corbin and Garrett Voigt, and Ava and Lyla Washington. He was preceded in death by his parents. A memorial service will be held at 11:00 a.m., Saturday, November 18, 2017, at the Mowery Funeral Service Chapel in Owasso with Reverend Leonard Pirtle officiating. An inurnment will be held at Graceland Memorial Park Cemetery in Owasso. Arrangements and services were entrusted to Mowery Funeral Service of Owasso. www.moweryfs.com

Comments



“ My Dad

Thank you all for coming. I just want to say a few words about my Dad. If you knew him, you know he loved the outdoors, going barefoot, and hunting. He was a Boy Scout leader for over 30 years. He loved dogs, and was good at training them. He loved his job — he told me many times he never dreaded going to work - he enjoyed his job so much. He was a patriot - proud to serve his country - enjoyed serving in the honor guard, presenting the colors in his shiny helmet and white gloves. He enjoyed showing Boy Scouts proper respect for the flag, including disposing of old worn out ones correctly and with honor. He loved shooting all types of guns and taught us how to shoot and always be safe with guns. He gave over 30 gallons of blood through the years - he was on a schedule to donate regularly. He took pride in taking care of his home, cars, and yard, — he was meticulous - he liked to leave a pattern when he vacuumed or mowed - sometimes diagonal, sometimes not.

He was never overbearing with advice - but was there if you asked. He trusted my judgement more than I did. He was an awesome roller skater! He could dance on skates, and he could skate fast toward you, then break off to one side at the last minute. I never learned how to do that! He loved spending time with his grandkids. Loved showing you an “Old Indian trick.” He was known for phrases like - when asked how are you - “finer than a frog hair split three ways.” Or when asked if he had something - “If we don’t have it, we can get it, if we can’t get it, we’ll teach you how to live without it.”

Dad was an avid reader, and after losing most of his sight in the late 1980’s to histoplasmosis, he listened to audiobooks. I remember talking to him about losing his sight - I was upset and crying, so he told me the positive things about it, like — did you know you can smell the difference between a deer and an elk? He used to go hunting with a group of buddies every year in Colorado - they took horses with them to get up into the mountains to hunt elk. After losing his sight, Dad continued to go with them, and became the camp cook. The freezing cold did not bother him.

Dad loved to tinker in the garage and work on cars. If there was ever something he couldn’t repair, he’d say “well, if it had wings on it....” (he could fix it). He loved to joke around. At the hospital, if a nurse came in and asked “Are you Richard West?” he would hold up his arm with all the plastic bracelets on it and say “I don’t know, am I?” He was always happy to see me and my family, and was a good hugger.

He was a devoted husband to Mom, or as he liked to call her “the redhead.” When I was discussing staying in assisted living or going back to their home in Oklahoma City, I took a minute alone with him to find out what he really wanted to do. He deferred to Mom, saying “honey, my home is where she is.”

The other day, I had Dad’s belongings from the hospital in a sack in the back seat, and a friend was helping me collect tubs of pictures from Mom and Dad’s storage space. When we got back in the car, I told her I had asked him (in my mind, not out loud) to show me a sign now and then, after he passed, that he was with me —

watching over me. Right after I said that, his watch alarm went off in the back seat.
Love you too, Dad.

Robin

Robin Chase - April 23, 2018 at 04:52 PM



“ 'Raymond,\r\nI'm sorry to hear about your dad. I remember many campouts with you and him and me and my dad. He was a good scout leader and I remember him fondly.\r\nKeith Dickerson'

Keith Dickerson - November 19, 2017 at 11:48 PM



“ 'Dear Aunt Til, Robin, Raymond & families
~\r\nI |óΓé¼Γäóm so sorry for the heartache all of you are experiencing and I pray God will bring you peace and understanding.
\r\n\r\nUncle Richard was special to me and
I |óΓé¼Γäóm grateful for the time I got to share with him recently. He had a smile that warmed the room and his love for Aunt Til was special. He was attentive and spoke softly to her. I will miss him. Love you all. '

Rod and Sandie Henery - November 17, 2017 at 05:28 PM