

In Loving Memory
Daniel Sexton, Jr.

There is no death when
you live in the hearts
of those left behind.



Daniel Sexton Jr.

Born: September 16, 1925

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Died: July 16, 2010

Memorial services were at 11:00 a.m. Monday, July 19, at Cox-LaGrone Funeral Home with Dr. Stan Coffey and the Rev. Dale Moreland officiating. A private family burial was at Memorial Park Cemetery.

Daniel Sexton went home to be with his Lord on July 16, 2010, after a long battle with Alzheimer's disease. He was born on Sept. 16, 1925, to Daniel Sexton, Sr. and Ora Sexton.

He met and married the love of his life, Colleen Yancey, on July 10, 1943, in her parents' home near Hollis, Oklahoma. He worked in the oil fields when they first married. He then worked for Kraft Food in Hollis. After that they moved to Mangum, Oklahoma. He was a cheese maker in both towns.

In 1956, he went into the insurance business. He became a state sales manager in Oklahoma, Texas and Colorado. After retirement, he became a trained Christian counselor and worked at San Jacinto Baptist Church in Amarillo.

Music was an important interest to Dan. He played the harmonica since age 8. He always sang with friends and family as well as singing in his church choir.

He was preceded in death by his parents; a son, Terry Lynn Sexton; and two sisters.

Survivors include his wife of 67 years, Colleen Sexton of Amarillo; a daughter, Roxy Kelley and husband Gordon of Amarillo; a son, Yancey Sexton and wife Beverly of Mohave Valley, Arizona; a brother; a sister; six grandchildren; and 12 great-grandchildren.

(Eulogy, next page)

EULOGY of DANIEL SEXTON, Jr.

by Yancey Sexton

My father, Daniel Sexton, was born in Waco, Texas in 1925. He was one of five children. He met my mother, Colleen, and they were married in 1943. He worked as State Manager for an insurance company most of his life before retiring and moving to Amarillo, Texas. He died in Amarillo on July 16, 2010.

His father's name was Daniel. My middle name is Daniel. I subsequently passed the name Daniel to my son and he passed the name Daniel to his son. I also gave the name Michelle Daniele' to my daughter.

These are his statistics, but what do they really tell you about him as a person? Not a whole lot. They don't tell you about the type of husband he was to my mother, the type of friend he was to all of you, or the type of father he was to my sisters, my brother and me. And while I can speak of the latter quality with some authority, I can only share with you my perceptions of his other attributes culled from the 65 years that he was a part of my life.

My parents brought my siblings and me up in a house that was filled with humor. It was my father who would often go the greater lengths. My mother, my siblings and I were often laughing at his jokes, groaning at his puns, or just staring in amazement at his goofy antics unfolding before us. Even if it was you who was the butt of his joke or the victim of his deception, it was usually funny. You may not have thought so at the time, but later, after you had had a chance to settle down and think back on it, you realized it was. This is a quality I admired greatly about my father as I watched him use it to great effect. It not only got him cheap laughs around our house, but it also served to endear him to the people he met. I have heard it said countless times from some of you and others that loved him,

"Dan was a fun guy."

Yes he was, and I think we are all a little better off because of it. I personally can say that my father is one of the influences I list that have helped shape my professional career.

And while the stories are countless, I would just like to share with you a couple of my favorites from over the years. A couple of items that have been a part of our family history and have always made us laugh. Because, let's face it, this is what my father would have wanted for this day to be. Not a somber, sad event, but rather a happy gathering of his friends and family to rejoice in the fact that he has gone to be with the Father of fathers where he will spend eternity and where we will meet again some day.

When I was a teenager, about 15 or so, one morning we were getting ready for school. We kids had one bathroom to share. The girls would get a turn, then my brother and I would get a turn. I was trying to get the girls to hurry up. As usual, it turned into a name calling contest. I called my sister a frog. She didn't like that and refused to come out of the bathroom. Dad came walking by and wanted to know the problem. I told him the girls wouldn't come out so we could have our turn. So he said, "Roxy, open the door." She said no. He asked why not. She said, "Because Yancey called me a frog." Dad said, "Yancey, tell Roxy you're sorry she's a frog." I said, "Roxy, I'm sorry you're a frog."

My dad was a great counselor. In fact, some of you know that my dad spent a couple of his latter years working as a counselor at San Jacinto Baptist Church. As a young man, even as early as around age 10, I would get off track with my life and my dad would come to me and say, "Yancey, get in the car, let's go for a ride." I especially liked that when he said, "you drive." We would

drive sometimes for hours. He wasn't concerned about the price of gas back in those days. But he would get me talking about what is going on in my life, and then he would begin to bestow upon me his great wisdom. The things I didn't understand, he would explain to me. Things like, I wondered why my sisters were always getting new shoes and purses and I didn't get anything. He said he didn't know either, but girls are just that way and we guys just have to learn to live with it.

When someone close to you dies, especially a parent or spouse, you can't help but reflect. Often, those reflections lead to questions. Questions about how things might have been different. How you could have done things differently. I certainly have since my father got that horrible disease called Alzheimer's and has passed away.

Could I have called him more? Visited more? Told him I loved him more?

Most certainly! You can never do those things enough. But beating yourself up about things like this after the fact serves no purpose. It doesn't change anything. The best any of us can do is be thankful for the love we give and receive in return, and take solace in the precious memories we will always have.

I think I speak for my entire family when I say that I am grateful for the memories I will always have of my father from both my childhood and my adult life. Sure there were some trying times, every family has them, but more so there were wonderful times. I am very grateful that he was the father I was given and grateful for all that he had to offer. I am grateful that my brother, sister, my adopted sister and I were brought up in such a loving and Christ centered household. I am grateful for our family vacations that started the love affair between my parents and us kids.

When I became a parent with children of my own, I am grateful for the insight I gained into what must have been my father's state of mind when he was a new father struggling to make a living and support a family. And I am grateful to have witnessed the love he showered onto his grandchildren.

And most of all I am grateful that my dad was a Christian and that he and my mother took us to church, even when we didn't want to go. They taught us Christian values and made sure we knew the plan of Salvation. We all trusted Jesus Christ as our Savior at young ages.

Lying in bed and discussing my father recently, my wife, Bev, said this to me: "The greatest thing about your dad is that, among the tears, he loved Jesus Christ with all his heart, and he loved to tell others about Jesus. Most people can't say that, and I think it's a wonderful legacy to leave."

I'm supposedly the writer in the family, but I don't think I could have said it any better.