



## Billy Earl Richardson

December 5, 1938 - September 6, 2013

Always in our thoughts, forever in our hearts.

Isaiah 41:10 So do not fear, for I am with you; do not be dismayed, for I am your God. I will strengthen you and help you; I will uphold you with my righteous right hand.

Billy E. Richardson passed away at home peacefully surrounded by the ones he laughed with, lived for, and loved on September 6, 2013.

He was born in Clarksville, Arkansas and moved to San Antonio, Texas in the early 70's. He was a fun loving, easy going man and a free spirit. He enjoyed hunting, fishing, watching football, listening to country music and just spending time talking with the ones he loved. He was no stranger to anyone and bragged about his children and grandchildren to all who would listen.

Billy is survived by the love of his life, his wife of 51 years Beverly, his eldest son Marty Richardson, his middle son Joe Richardson, his youngest son Scott Richardson, and his baby girl Nikki Richardson Holland and husband Christopher, his grandchildren Maggie Richardson, Joe Richardson, Hannah Richardson, Lindsey Lomas, Marilyn Holland, Lance Holland and Mikayla Holland. His brother George Richardson and wife Ivon, his sister Earla Owens and husband Truman and his sisters-in-law Sherriell Trimble, Retha Maddox, Bonnie Brewster and husband Kevin. As well as numerous nieces and

nephews, and many friends he considered family.

Billy was preceded in death by his parents Jewell and Earl Richardson, his grandson Billy Joe Richardson, mother and father-in-law Alvin and Lorene Skinner, brothers-in-law Wayne Maddox and Lonnie Trimble.

This devoted husband, father, grandfather, brother and friend will be missed by all who knew him.

I am a Christian

When I say that "I am a Christian," I am not shouting that "I am clean living." I'm whispering "I was lost, but now I'm found and forgiven."

When I say "I am a Christian," I don't speak of this with pride. I'm confessing that I stumble and need Christ to be my guide.

When I say "I am a Christian," I'm not trying to be strong, I'm professing that I'm weak and need His strength to carry on.

When I say "I am a Christian," I'm not bragging of success. I'm admitting I have failed and need God to clean my mess.

When I say "I am a Christian," I'm not claiming to be perfect. My flaws are far too visible, but God believes I am worth it.

When I say "I am a Christian," I still feel the sting of pain; I have my share of heartaches, so I call upon His name.

When I say "I am a Christian," I'm not holier than thou. I'm just a simple sinner who received God's good grace, somehow.

Author unknown