



Allen Wagley,

May 6, 1927 - October 12, 2009

Allen Wagley, JR, 82, of Prescott Valley, Arizona passed away Monday October 12, 2009 in Prescott Valley. He was born May 6, 1927 to Allen and Pearl Wagley, SR in Sugar Town, LA Beareguard Parish. He worked most of his life as a Oil Field Contractor and Welder residing in Northern Europe, Alaska, and several different states in the U.S. He was preceded in death by his parents, brothers Coy and Charlie Wagley, sister Evelyn Wagley and his longtime favorite nephew and best friend Willard Wagley and his 2 dogs Flash and Hot Shot. He is survived by his wife Andrea of Prescott Valley, AZ., sons Mark (Christy) Wagley of Frankston, TX., Damon (Marisa) Wagley of Austin, TX., daughters Shelia (Jesse) Smith of Frankston, TX., Genise (Dickie) Dansby of Frankston, TX., Karen (Denis) Waugh of Corsicana, TX., Stepsons Robert Kennedy of Frankston, TX., Paul Buthley of Aberdeen, Scotland, Maro (April) Chavez of Cameron, TX., Samuel and Jose Chavez of San Jacinto, CA. 12 grandchildren and his 2 dogs Henry and Pee Wee.

Comments



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Charlie Royall - October 12, 2009 at 12:00 AM



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It was truly a privilege to work and learn from you and enlightening to be around you.
You will be missed

David Holcomb - October 12, 2009 at 12:00 AM



“ I am sorry you left so suddenly, no time for goodbye. I will cherish the memories - good, bad, and otherwise from the jungles of Peru to the long journey to Pakistan, from Texas to California to Alaska and all points in between. What a ride! You were a dear friend, a kindred spirit and mentor who taught so much to me and many others as well. I will miss you more than you know. Love you. God Bless. I leave you with the following poem which comes to mind.

Invictus

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever God may be,
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance,
I have not cried nor winced aloud,
Under the bludgeoning of chance,
My head is bloody but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the captain of my fate,
I am the master of my soul.

William Earnest Henley, 1875

Shirley Malone-Wagley - October 12, 2009 at 12:00 AM



“ I Did Not Die

Do not stand at my grave and weep;
I am not there, I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glints on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning's hush
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry;
I am not there, I did not die.
- Anonymous

Shirley Malone-Wagley - October 12, 2009 at 12:00 AM



“ Gone too suddenly and too soon, yet on to a better place for where no worries
or woes can intrude on everlasting joy
and peace will abide.

Sharon Malone Galofaro - October 12, 2009 at 12:00 AM



“ Not sure why I thought of him today. But did an internet search and was so sad to see he
had passed. I worked for Mr. Wagley at his office in Lockhart, Texas 1982-1983 as his
secretary. He was a handful but was a wonderful person to work for. Wish I could have
seen him before he passed. My condolences to the family.

Kim Jones Levensailor - September 18, 2013 at 09:34 AM