

## Walter Edgar Terry



Walter was born to his parents, Carl and Mary Evelyn (Myers) Terry, in Decatur, AL. He married Delores Finn in 1991. Walter was in the United States Air Force as a fuel mechanic and then as a boom operator on a KC 135 tanker for inflight refueling for over 20 years, when he retired with an honorable discharge. He then worked many years and retired from

Pete Lien & Sons.

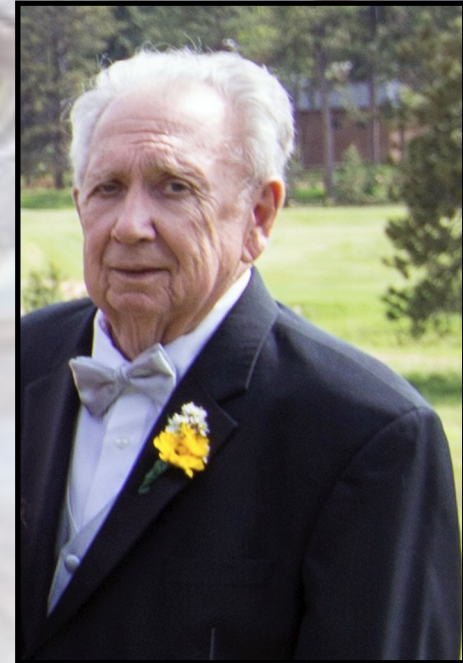
Walter E. Terry, 84, of Piedmont, SD, died on Wednesday, August 26, 2020, at Monument Health Rapid City Hospital in Rapid City, SD.

Walter is survived by his spouse, Delores; daughter, Rita (Michael) LeBlanc; son, Randy Terry; daughter, Wanda Redford, children who he raised with his former wife, Janet; as well as a host of grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Walter was preceded in death by both his parents, and his first wife, Ruth.

Walter's family would like to thank all the doctors and nurses at Monument Health Rapid City Hospital who took care of him in his final days.

Condolences may be sent to the family at [www.kinkadefunerals.com](http://www.kinkadefunerals.com).



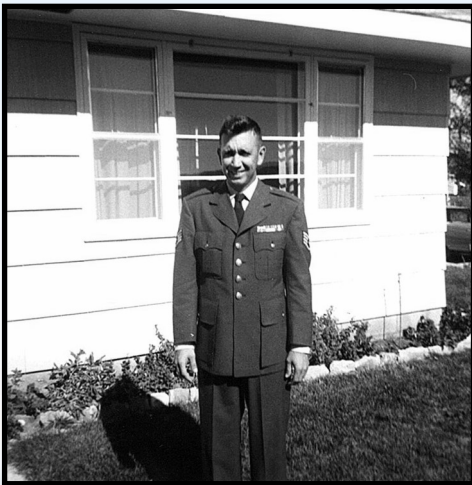
*In Loving Memory Of*

**Walter Edgar Terry**

**April 23, 1936 - August 26, 2020**

*We thank you for your presence and condolences*





# *In Loving Memory* **Walter Edgar Terry**

## *Born*

April 23, 1936  
Morgan County, Alabama

## *Died*

August 26, 2020  
Rapid City, South Dakota

## *Committal Service*

Friday, August 27, 2021, at 10:30 a.m.  
Black Hills National Cemetery  
Sturgis, South Dakota

## *Military Honors*

Sturgis Veteran's Honor Guard  
Ellsworth Air Force Honor Guard

### **High Flight**

*Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth  
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;  
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth  
of sun-split clouds, - and done a hundred things  
You have not dreamed of -  
wheeled and soared and swung  
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,  
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung  
My eager craft through footless halls of air....*

*Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue  
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace.  
Where never lark, or even eagle flew -  
And, while the silent, lifting mind I've trod  
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,  
- Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.*

