#### Sherman Leroy Huffman

After a long illness, Sherman Leroy Huffman, died at home on November 26, 2013. He was born in Sturgis to Sherman H. and May (Berk) Huffman on March 21, 1938. He lived most of his childhood in Sturgis and then moved to Deadwood.

A man who couldn't, but could, and did; a man of all trades, never met a stranger; and an old Cowboy who had an adventurous life.

As a young man he wrangled horses for the Bailey Brothers at Custer, drove a truck for the L.A.K. Ranch at Newcastle, ventured to New York and worked at various horse farms. He loved to fish and hunt with his uncle Bud and learned to be a good gardener while working at the Concorde Resort in New York.

He belonged to the Eagles Club at Deadwood and a member of the Bounty Hunters. A rodeo rider himself, he loved the PRCA Finals and was an avid fan of the PBR.

He is survived by his wife, Sandra Huffman; 3 sons, Sherman Dean of MO., Mark of Box Elder, and Audie of NY.; 3 stepchildren, Marlin Monroe of TX., Jolene Jensen of Rapid City, and Terri Smith of Box Elder. He had 4 grandsons; 8 granddaughters; 2 great granddaughters; and 3 great grandsons. He is also survived by a younger brother, Bill Huffman of Belle Fourche; sister in law, Twyla Huffman; brother in laws, Fred Smith and Harold Willis; and many nieces and nephews.

He was preceded in death by his mother and father; 2 brothers; 4 sisters; and a granddaughter.

The family invites you to join them for fellowship and lunch at the Sturgis VFW Club following the service.

We thank you for your presence and condolences.

## In Loving Memory Of



Sherman Leroy Huffman

1938 ~ 2013

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In Loving Memory Of

# and sometimes I spin a verse. I should've come on horseback not stretched out in that hearse. Sherman Leroy Huffman

Born

March 21, 1938 Sturgis, South Dakota

Died

November 26, 2013 Box Elder, South Dakota

Memorial Service

Monday, December 2, 2013, at 1:00 p.m. Kinkade Funeral Chapel

Officiating

Chaplain Julie Lantis

**Musical Selections** 

"Go Rest High On That Mountain"

"Wind Beneath My Wings"

"Far Away"

"When I Get Where I'm Going"

*Interment*Bear Butte Cemetery

Lord, I'm nothin' but a cowboy and sometimes I spin a verse. I should've come on horseback not stretched out in that hearse.

Lord, I'm nothin' but a cowboy

Don't aim to be no trouble

and my chores I sure won't shirk.

Just show me where my saddle is

and the cows I'm s'posed to work. Lord, this can't be my halo

It won't fit my head you see.

If it's all the same to you, sir

I'll just wear my old John B. I can't use these wings, sir

I could never learn to fly.

I've been throwed too many times By brones that bucked too high.

I don't meant to gripe, Lord 'bout this robe by any means

but I hope you won't mind, sir

if I wear my boots and jeans. I tried to play the harp, sir

but I just can't make it ring.

If someone finds and old guitar

I'll strum that and try to sing.

I ain't nothin' but a cowboy

no right to the golden stair. So if it be your wish Dear Lord, Send me back to South Dakota

'cause I fit real well back there.

Don't aim to be no trouble and my chores I sure won't shirk. Just show me where my saddle is and the cows I'm s'posed to work.

and the cows I'm s'posed to work. Lord, this can't be my halo It won't fit my head you see. If it's all the same to you, sir I'll just wear my old John B. I can't use these wings, sir I could never learn to fly. I've been throwed too many times By broncs that bucked too high. I don't meant to gripe, Lord 'bout this robe by any means but I hope you won't mind, sir if I wear my boots and jeans. I tried to play the harp, sir but I just can't make it ring. If someone finds and old guitar I'll strum that and try to sing. I ain't nothin' but a cowboy no right to the golden stair. So if it be your wish Dear Lord, Send me back to South Dakota 'cause I fit real well back there.

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