



## Richard Allen Bohannon

*April 28, 1953 - February 21, 2018*

Richard Allen “Bo” Bohannon, aged 64, of Whitewright, TX, traveled off into the eternal sunset on his baby blue Harley Davidson soft-tail jamming some Stevie Ray Vaughn. Being a diehard Dallas Cowboys super fan that he was, it is believed he just couldn’t accept the fact the Philadelphia Eagles won this year’s Super Bowl.

Bo was born on April 28th, 1953 in San Diego, CA (a Taurus, go figure). He realized at this young age he wasn’t born in Texas, so he put himself up for adoption. He was soon adopted into the loving Texan arms of his father, Ernest Ross Bohannon and mother, Doris Blanche Clouse. He was raised in Oak Cliff where he attended J.F. Kimball High School. He liked to buck the system and figured he didn’t need to graduate. Instead, he joined the U.S. Army at the age of 17. Bo became an Airborne Engineer and narrowly missed going to Nam. He was instead directed to Germany where he probably believed he was Steve McQueen in one of his favorite movies – The Great Escape. After the Army and gracing Oak Cliff with his presence once again, he continued to push the bar. From many of the stories he has told over the years, none of which were really confirmed, he continued his “Great Escape” from the fuzz on several different occasions.

During his time in Dallas, he gained his strong work ethic from his mother in the hospitality field. Bo worked in the hospitality field throughout his career at Love Field Airport and continued to help those in need in some form or fashion until he had enough and punched his final timecard on February 21st, 2018.

Once upon a time in bar far far away, well actually it was just in Dallas, TX, in August of 1977, while probably attempting to hustle someone during a game of pool, he looked across the room and something caught his eye. It was initially the Heineken, but then he saw a blonde long haired damsel (not in distress) standing next to the beer. Fast forward six months and wedding bells were ringing. The damsel that took his breath and beer away was Debbie Lynn Hanson. Bo and Debbie were married for four decades, just celebrating their 40th on February 2nd, 2018. To have kept Debbie for 40 wonderful years says something about Bo. He either kept her locked up in a closet and brainwashed her or she actually stayed willingly for that long. During their 40 year teenage love affair, they had three strong willed boys. The

eldest, David, was born in October 1979, the middle, Dustin, in September of 1984 and the baby of the trifecta, Derrick, in November 1987.

After having raised three boys in Oak Cliff and to make sure they didn't end up in jail or worse, he uprooted like a witness protection family and moved to the small town in the middle of nowhere, in Trenton, TX in August of 1990. Bo joined the Volunteer Fire Department in Trenton and was active in the community for 20+ years, coaching T-ball and frequently bugging the old men at "Skinner's." There was a zero percent chance that you would find someone that didn't know Bo. He also worked at the nearby thrill seekers paradise at Skydive Dallas, now Skydive Spaceland Dallas, for approximately 16 years. Bo became a household name in the Skydiving community. He looked out for the safety of "his" jumpers and made sure everyone was taken care of. He was the father of the drop zone and a second Dad to most that attended over the years. His skydive family spans the globe and all across the U.S. and Canada.

Bo leaves behind his wife (and definitely better half) of 40 years, Debbie Lynn Bohannon. He also populated the world with three sons, which in turn graced him with four granddaughters, one grandson and one soon TBD; David with wife Crystal and daughter Kennedy and one coming August 2018, Dustin and daughter Hailey, Derrick with wife Morgan and daughters Chaelynn, Everleigh and son Draevyn. He also rode off into the sunset without his brothers, Tommy and Mark Bohannon. He leaves behind numerous half-brothers and sisters, Aunts, Uncles, cousins and many, many, many other friends. He was preceded in death by his mother and father, his musical idols – Elvis Presley and Stevie Ray Vaughn and that one unsuspecting moth some time back that his son's dared him to eat. Bo would kick your a\*\* if he knew you were crying due to his passing. He would want you to keep your head held high, along with your cold beer and celebrate all the good times you shared.

In lieu of flowers or donations to the family, we ask that you donate to your local homeless shelter or food pantry. For the Skydiving family he touched, figuratively and physically, he orders you to grab a Heineken, a shot of Tequila or grab some a\*\*. Raise that drink high and have one for "HIM...HHFH!"

During his tenure at the Trenton Volunteer Fire Department and his time at Skydive Dallas, he either fought fire, jumped fire or walked on fire. At the end of the day the fire will get the last laugh. If you had the pleasure, or in a rare instance a displeasure, of knowing Bo, you know he was as stubborn as they come. Hell, we couldn't even get him to attend his own funeral. Instead, a Celebration of Life will be held on or near his birthday in April, where his ashes and attitude will be scattered over the blue skies of Whitewright, TX. Stay tuned for more information.

## Memorials

*He will be missed...*

**KENT VELOCITYMAN HILDING, MARCH 5, 2018**

*BO, we unfortunately did not know you well. We are very blessed to have met you and to have our families merge. You were an inspiration to us as Jack also suffers from COPD. Your son, David, is a gift from heaven for our family. You and yours will always be in our thoughts and prayers and we will always be here for David, Crystal, Kennedy and the new children to come. Love, Millie and Jack Foster (Crystal's aunt & uncle.)*

MILLIE FOSTER, MARCH 1, 2018

*RIP brother*

RUSSELL DAILY, FEBRUARY 28, 2018

*This obit fit Bo to a T. Gonna miss you Bo. You were always nice to have around the DZ and you and Debbie took care of us and kept us safe and happy. My sincere condolences to your family and friends.*

CALEN CHRIS CHRZAN, FEBRUARY 27, 2018

*Thinking of BO, thought you guys would like this one, I just took a quiet walk on his behalf, water pretty cold down here on the Galveston coast, Bo and I been there done that enough, 1968, I remember us being swarmed by 100's of mosquitos biting us, we were hitch hiking back to Dallas, they're still here amigo, I have bites all over my legs.*

CHARLIE BEE, FEBRUARY 27, 2018

*That obit is CLASSIC! Yep, he's grinning right now at all of those images that were mentioned. Brad and I used to spend a lot of time roaming his back forty with David and the rest of our basketball players and an arsenal of paintball guns. Bo was one of a kind and deserves a great celebration of life! We're all gonna miss that cat. Fly high, brother.*

GREG CONNELLY, FEBRUARY 27, 2018

*Blue Skies Brother, your watchful eyes will be missed!*

MIKE ANDERSON, FEBRUARY 27, 2018

*The world is not as fun without my cousin Dickie in it.*

BILL SAMPSON, FEBRUARY 27, 2018

*Even from a distance Bo always had an impact on my life. He will truly be missed.*

NEOSHA KELTON WHITE, FEBRUARY 27, 2018

*What a wonderfully appropriate tribute to Bo. I look forward to the ash dive, beer, shot of tequila and the forever popular HHFH sendoff.*

JIM & JUDITH O'TOOLE, FEBRUARY 27, 2018

*So sorry to hear about Dickie's death. Debbie and family I am lifting you all in prayer. May God comfort you during this time of loss.*

**SUSAN BOHANNAN PATE, FEBRUARY 26, 2018**

*I truly wish I could put into words how much Bo will be missed. He was a phenomenal man who is leaving a legacy of love and caring.*

**BRANT DAVIS, FEBRUARY 26, 2018**

*I'm so sorry guys. Our deepest condolences.*

**RHENTT DAILY, FEBRUARY 26, 2018**

*Blue skies Bo, you will be missed!*

**DAVID SAKAL, FEBRUARY 26, 2018**

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