



.William Len Busby

FEB 9, 1948 - JUL 9, 2018



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William Len Busby born February 9, 1948 went home to be with The Lord on July 9, 2018 at the age of 70. He was a member of the Paper Maker's Union of Bogalusa, He was a Master Cabinet Maker that he learned the skill from his father and also loved his family, hunting and fishing and the Outdoors. He also served his Country in the Louisiana Army National Guard and was of the Baptist Faith. He is survived by his wife, Linda Collum Busby of Bogalusa, sons, Allen Frank Busby and his wife Cherie of Pontchatoula, La., Kevin George Busby, Michael Len Busby and Darren Keith Busby and his wife Billie Joe all of Bogalusa, a daughter, Amy Nicole Aldredge and her husband Daniel of McComb, MS., a sister, Kim Crowe of Bogalusa, a special cousin, John Wayne Busby, five grandchildren and numerous nieces and nephews and other family members and friends. He was preceded in death by his parents, Frank and Emma Busby, and a brother, Frank Wilson.

The family would love to thank everyone at the Rest Haven Living center for the Love and Care they showed to their loved one.

Visitation will be held at Brown-McGehee Funeral Home on Thursday July 12, 2018 beginning at 11:00 A.M. until services at 2:00 P.M.. Services will be conducted by the Rev. David Easterling with the interment to Follow in the Ponemah Cemetery.

Family and friends may visit and sign our online guest book at www.brownmcgehee.com.



Allen Busby posted:

This is going to be sorta long(I'm still processing this and I'm pretty raw about it right now) I don't know if I'll ever be able to thank every person who has given a kind thought or word about my father these last few days.They say in every persons life there are moments where time stops. I was blessed to have been able to be there as my father left that worn out shell and all the weight of the world. I feel guilty about that because so many other people deserved to have that moment. I never really understood my father until that second. By the time my brother and I came into this old world my father had lost so much. I never really considered it because he never really talked much about it. When he did it was mainly about how much he missed my brothers and sister. I only had a second or maybe all the time in the world because my father was already home. I think he looked back long enough to unburden me from living with the guilt of having held him to a measure that was just not fair. In that second, that last look, I saw him for the man he really was, a man who woke up everyday burdened with loss from a chapter of life I never really understood or gave consideration too. That man was utterly shattered by the world and still he had a courage I have only witnessed in very few people. I wish more people could have been with him in that moment."If you can keep your head when all about you Are losing theirs and blaming it on you, If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you, But make allowance for their doubting too; If you can wait and not be tired by waiting, Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,Or being hated, don't give way to hating, And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:If you can dream—and not make dreams your master; If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim; If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster And treat those two impostors just the same; If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken, And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:If you can make one heap of all your winnings And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,And lose, and start again at your beginnings And never breathe a word about your loss;If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew To serve your turn long after they are gone, And so hold on when there is nothing in you Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue, Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you, If all men count with you, but none too much;If you can fill the unforgiving minute With sixty seconds' worth of distance run, Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it, - Rudyard Kipling

July 16 at 1:30 PM



Tribute Wall

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Devon Thomas posted:

Sorry to hear about Len. I served with him in the National Guard. Good memories.

July 11 at 4:12 PM



Allen Busby July 16 at 1:35 PM

I would love to hear a few sometime, I dug through a few of the old photo albums up at battalion and found a few pictures of him and the unflappable Terry Simmons. I'm pretty sure quite a few of the stories Dad told had quite a few details edited out but he always had a smile when he talked about his time in the guard.



Jodi Hutchinson Lafranca posted:

Linda, I am so sorry for your loss. Keeping you in my thoughts and prayers.

July 11 at 10:15 AM



Mary Harris Aman July 17 at 1:39 AM

i'm sorry for your loss, Linda, and am praying for comfort for you as you grieve your mate. Mary Harris Aman



Sundra July 11 at 1:27 PM

Such sad news. Linda. Wishing you peace, comfort, and hope during your journey down this path of grief and heartbreak.



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring .William by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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