



*Carpentry*  
THE ILLUSION OF PERFECTION

*In Loving Memory*  
CELEBRATING A LIFE

**Visitation:**

5:00 - 7:00 p.m., Wednesday, June 13, 2018  
Reck Funeral Home - Miller, South Dakota

**Funeral Service:**

10:30 a.m., Thursday, June 14, 2018  
Trinity Lutheran Church - Miller, South Dakota

**Minister:** Rev. Glenn Stewart

**Casketbearers:**

Steve Ford - Marc Bertsch  
Mark Nolz - David Tice

**Honorary Casketbearers:**

Rodney Gortmaker - Dennis Cundy  
All Billy's Uncles

**Pianist:** Sandi Aymar

**Song Leader:** Laela Van Zee

**Musical Selections:**

"Amazing Grace"  
"Blessed Assurance, Jesus is Mine"  
"What A Friend We Have In Jesus"

**Final Resting Place:**

Hillcrest Cemetery  
Miller, South Dakota

Arrangements Entrusted to  
Reck Funeral Home - Miller, South Dakota  
[www.familyfuneralhom.net](http://www.familyfuneralhom.net)



*Celebrating*  
A LIFE

**William "Billy" Graham**

November 14, 1971 - June 7, 2018

### Obituary

Billy went to sleep in this world the night of June 6th and woke up in eternity on June 7th. No more pain. He is free.

Bill was born in Muncie, IN on November 14, 1971 to Phyllis (Venjohn) Graham and Patrick Graham. He joined two brothers, the three Musketeers. In 1993, he relocated to Miller. He tried several different jobs and finally found a good fit at Builder's Cashway. He discovered he loved and was very good at customer relations and always tried to make himself available to help customers and friends with their projects.

In 2004, Bill found out he had a six-year-old daughter. From their first meeting, Bill was totally devoted to her and she became his whole purpose in life.

He is survived by his daughter, Destiny of Rapid City; his mother and step-dad, Gary and Phyllis Yearous of Miller; and his father and step-mother, Patrick and Silvia Graham of Kolomo, IN; two brothers, Terrence (Christine) Graham and nieces Emily and Erika, all of Brighton, MI and Mark Graham of Indianapolis, IN; grandmother, Margaret Graham; other relatives are Steve (Bonnie) Yearous and Jessica, Spencer, Tandra and Kate; and Shawn (Ron) Golden and Ryan of Madison, SD; and many aunts, uncles and cousins.

He was preceded in death by grandpa Jim Graham; grandparents, Wilbert and Dorine Venjohn; and uncles: Roger and Patrick Venjohn.

### My Journey

I once walked a journey of thousand miles,  
For a man whom I could not understand;  
And during that journey of a thousand miles,  
He put a numeric scar upon my hand.  
The scar was not big  
It did not stick out,  
But I could not understand what it was about.  
He told me "It is a marker,  
To prove that you were once mine;  
I will use it against you  
At the end of time."  
Then I felt afraid,  
Bereft of a friend;  
How would he use it against me  
When time met its end?  
Then as I retraced my steps  
Of the thousand miles I walked,  
I met another man,  
And He and I talked.  
I told Him my story  
And held out my hand;  
He then removed the scar  
and promised me some of His land.  
I thought, "Who is this stranger who  
promises gifts when we first meet,  
Who can heal my scars from my past defeat?"  
But then I thought nothing of it and went on my way,  
But I shall rue my actions for tomorrow and a day.  
For after I turned my head from the  
man walking at my side;

After I sought his destruction, no law would I abide.  
Life seemed more terrible than my first journey,  
For I had turned around and was running full speed.  
But after running for a league from that man,  
I stopped to take a rest, and noticed the  
scar back on my hand.  
Then I understood what the first man had meant,  
For when I die with this scar upon my hand,  
to hell I shall be sent.  
So I turned back to find that man who  
promised me his land,  
To ask him Him once again to heal my hand.  
But when I looked down that long and narrow path,  
I was led to assume that the man had  
left me in his wrath.  
So I went looking for that man of power and love,  
Who was more beauty than a turtle dove.  
I thought that when he saw me, He would surely hide,  
But then I got smart and looked from side to side;  
I looked left, But all was bare,  
I looked to the right,  
And He was standing there.  
I started to laugh, But then I cried;  
For this man of great beauty, For me once died.  
He spilled His blood when mine was in need,  
And in His land He has again planted my seed;  
Because the first time He promised me a home at His place,  
I was manipulated to distrust and hate His face.  
But He is forgiving, and forgave all my wrongs,  
Now in his land is where I belong.