

Go Rest High

In Memory Of

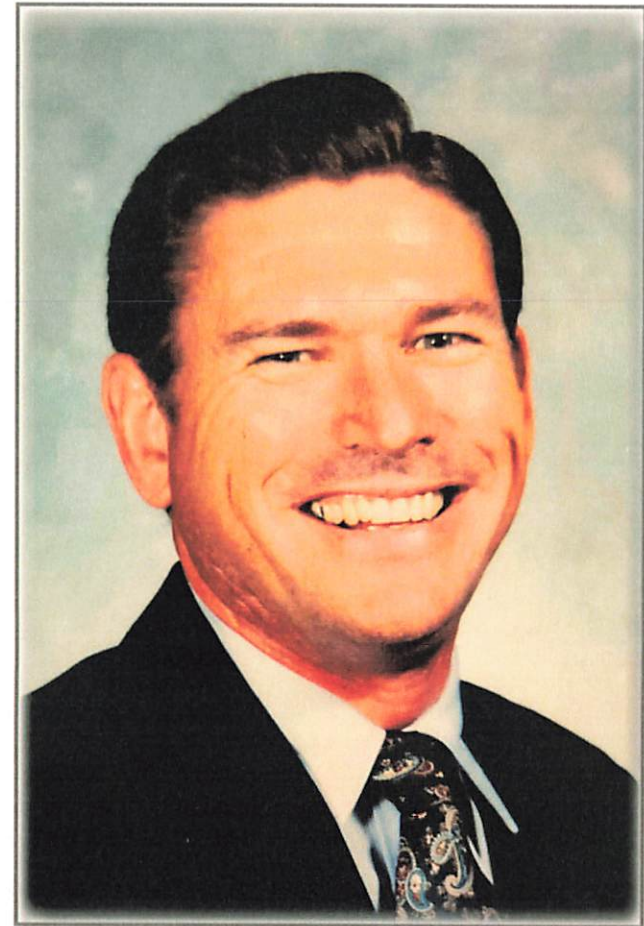
Masterful in the kitchen, friends and family members raved about Doyle's baked beans, chili, cornbread dressing, and chicken fried steak. He and Kay were known for hosting gatherings, including an annual Stone Soup event. They provided the base, to which each attendee added a can of vegetables. There was a lesson in virtually everything they did, with this one exemplifying the benefits of sharing, collaborating, and supporting one another. No party was complete without games; two of his favorites were 42 and Spades.

Doyle's storytelling was captivating. He brought his sermons to life with anecdotes that made the scriptures relatable, and in daily conversations, he delighted in laughing and bringing smiles to others with jokes and tales. He chuckled as heartily on his 100th retelling of a story as he did the first time. His infectious personality, expert oratory skills, and depth and breadth of Biblical knowledge earned him love and admiration from family members, friends, students, and congregants spanning Texas, Kansas, Alabama, Wisconsin, Mexico, the Czech Republic, and Slovakia.

In sickness and in health, Doyle personified faith, hope, and resilience, and his unconditional love and optimism were constants. He was a man of steel in his conviction and velvet in his compassion. His devotion to his children was also evident. He never missed their extracurricular activities unless they overlapped. Then, he and Kay alternated events to ensure they championed both kids. Doyle's kindness, gentleness, and gratitude were admired by all, including healthcare workers, who remarked that he had left a lasting imprint in their hearts, even as he faced his most challenging hours.

Doyle peacefully went to his reward after a life purely and gloriously lived. He was preceded in death by his beloved wife (Kay), parents (Herbert and Jewel), three brothers (Wendell, Weldon, and Glen), two sisters-in-law (Joann and Annelle), and nephew (Wayne). Left to relish his legacy of love, faith, service, humor, joy, resilience, and storytelling are his children, Evin "The Kid" (Michaela) and Heather "Punkin" Wells; grandkids, Brooke (Luke), Riley, Hayden, and Addison; brother (Ray), and sister-in-law (Sharon), along with many nieces and nephews.

The most meaningful way to honor Doyle's memory is to engage in an act of service for someone else, as nothing would have brought him more satisfaction.



Doyle Ernest Wells

September 30, 1939 ~ September 14, 2024



My flesh and my heart may fail, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever.

Psalm 73:26 NIV

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Food and fellowship will continue after the service at one of Doyle's favorite restaurants, La Fiesta, 3815 Franklin Ave., Waco. The family extends their profound gratitude for your support and prayers.

Messenger

1 Corinthians 13 NIV

If I speak in the tongues[a] of men or of angels, but do not have love, I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal. 2 If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have a faith that can move mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. 3 If I give all I possess to the poor and give over my body to hardship that I may boast,[b] but do not have love, I gain nothing.

4 Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. 5 It does not dishonor others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. 6 Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. 7 It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres.

8 Love never fails. But where there are prophecies, they will cease; where there are tongues, they will be stilled; where there is knowledge, it will pass away. 9 For we know in part and we prophesy in part, 10 but when completeness comes, what is in part disappears. 11 When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I put the ways of childhood behind me. 12 For now we see only a reflection as in a mirror; then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I am fully known.

13 And now these three remain: faith, hope and love. But the greatest of these is love.



Doyle's Life Legacy

Doyle Ernest Wells entered eternal joy, peace, and perfect love on September 14, 2024, after fighting the good fight, keeping the faith, and finishing his race. Born to Herbert and Jewel Moore Wells on September 30, 1939, in Gladewater, TX, Doyle grew up surrounded by the love of his parents, brothers, and church family. His big-hearted, storytelling father worked for the railroad to provide for their large family, while his nurturing, game-loving mother stayed home to care for their energetic boys. Doyle relied on Weldon for financial advice, Glen for support at his football games, and Ray for countless hours of fun. They engaged in daring childhood antics—like playing frisbee with metal Crisco can covers and lassoing each other from bicycles—that left their future children in awe of how they survived the early years.

In the summer of 1958, Doyle met the love of his life, Kay, when he walked into a friend's house and saw her with a five-pound pup tucked into her purse. He was immediately smitten. They enjoyed several dates before Doyle left for college to study preaching. He knew Kay was the one, but she clarified that she wouldn't sit around and wait for him. She played "hard to get," needing some convincing that he was serious about her. So, one night, when Kay was on a putt-putt outing with a schoolmate, she noticed Doyle grinning at them through the bushes and gleefully ran to him. Although Kay finished the miniature golf round, it was "game over" for the other potential suitor. That cheeky moment was the sign she needed. After exchanging letters for two years, Doyle appeared at her door, walked her to his 1956 Chevy, and proposed. Thus began a 62-year story of ministry, triumphs, and heartbreaks, enveloped in dedication and unwavering love.

Until a tumor claimed half his brain in 2001, Doyle was a preacher and teacher, embodying his profound faith in every aspect of his life. His ministry extended far beyond the pulpit, and his selfless heart touched countless lives. Whether retrieving a neighbor's cat from a roof or stopping to assist a stranded motorist, Doyle continually sought ways to help others. Even while in a rehab facility after his Parkinson's diagnosis, he ministered to a fellow patient who was going through one of life's valleys. And he did it all with a warm, magnetic smile.

Doyle was a man of many talents. As an adept handyman, he restored antique cars, built go-karts, and created intricate, historically accurate props for Vacation Bible School. For decades, he was the compelling football commentator at Madison Academy in Alabama and Childress High School in Texas. Doyle's singing voice was angelic, and his hair was legendary. According to the wind direction, he would walk sideways into a building—always with one eyebrow raised—to stay perfectly coiffed. That and a dab of Chapstick had him ready for anything.