



John Huey Golightly

January 15, 1954 - February 1, 2026

John Huey Golightly, age 72, passed away peacefully on February 1, 2026, after a full and well-lived life. He was born in Hico, Texas on January 15, 1954, to Charles and Cynthia Golightly.

John was a man who knew how to bring both steadiness and laughter into a room. A pilot by career, he spent much of his life in the skies—something that suited his calm confidence and sense of adventure. On the ground, John was known for his sense of humor, quick wit, and the easy way he could make others feel at home. He found joy in playing the guitar, often sharing music with those around him.

Above all, John treasured his family. He is survived by his sons, John and David, his daughter-in-law, Tabitha, and his beloved grandsons, Brody and Caleb, who brought him immense pride and happiness. He is also survived by his brothers, Charles Jr., George, James, and Stephen, and their families, with whom he shared a lifetime of memories, stories, and laughter.

John will be remembered for his warmth, his humor, and the steady presence he offered to those who knew and loved him. His legacy lives on in the lives he touched and the moments of joy he so freely gave.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the Hico Senior Center in John's

memory.

Tribute Wall

GS

“ My condolences to the family. I went to school with John from a very early age at Bell Elementary in Tyler, and was on several youth sports teams with him. We also played in the band together at Moore Jr. High. A funny, easy to like guy whose company was always enjoyed.

High Flight

*"Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
of sun-split clouds, — and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of — wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air....*

*Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace.
Where never lark, or even eagle flew —
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
— Put out my hand, and touched the face of God."*

Garry Smith - February 23 at 05:56 PM

RB

“ Great friend and instructor. Great friend on the RC field Better friend teaching me to fly in the champ. Reggie Brummell

Reggie Brummell - February 04 at 10:14 PM