



William Turner Wisener Jr.

April 17, 1944 - January 11, 2020

William Turner Wisener, Jr. Born April 17, 1944 in Jacksonville, Texas and passed away on January 11, 2020 in Dallas, Texas.

Preceded in death by his father, William T. Wisener and his mother, Clydelle Wisener.

Survived by his brother, Randy Wisener and his sister-in-law, Barbara Wisener; nephews Atticus Wisener and Dustin Wisener; niece Miranda Sutin and eight great nieces and nephews.

A public celebration of Bill's life, with notice, will be held at a later date.

Bill created and operated Bill's Records for forty plus years in Dallas. Memorials may be made to The American Heart Association or charity of your choice.

"Love is all you need,"

Cemetery

Restland Cemetery

13005 Greenville Avenue

Dallas, TX, 75243

Comments



“ Through the years I have helped Bill and worked for him briefly in the store and last year moving the warehouse over to the other space with just me and Douglas which was a monumental task. I use to spend many nights with him Bill singing really bad Karaoke singing "A-ha take on me with Bills baritone voice it was funny" with Em and JC, Kelly Reverb and Kevin. Bill even wrote a \$200 check so that my band could play in the "Taste of Dallas" with no questions asked. He was a giving and kind man. There was no other store like his and it's sad to see that those days are gone now. His presence will be missed just going into his store and just saying "Hi Bill!" and hearing that deep voice behind the counter.

I will miss Bill dearly and his legacy will be remembered by many people he may be gone but not forgotten.

We love you Bill RIP, my friend
Cameron Brand

Cameron Brand - January 20, 2020 at 09:02 PM



“ I have known Bill almost all of my life as my father and him were business partners and had a cool shop on lower Greenville called Jerome turner my dad and Bill's middle names. Bill will forever have a special place in my heart, I have so many memories with him as a child as a teenager, took my best friend and I to see Journey back in the 80's and as an adult. Every time I went to his shop we would both cry when we saw each other, I can hear his voice, his laughter and his smile that he had for all...Bill had a heart of gold and I am blessed to have known and loved him. You are missed Bill...I love you

Michele Becker - January 19, 2020 at 08:30 PM



“ Great story, Michelle, I remember Bill telling me about that place. I miss him so much!

Chris Richter - January 24, 2020 at 08:48 AM



“ Circa 1990, I first met Bill at the Deep Ellum lounge, 2826. He was just hanging out and spreading good cheers and vibes with all of my friends. Bill had friends all over the city. Every time I went to his store to find one of those hard to find imports, DJs from almost every radio station and club were there to see Bill. He will always be remembered as a true Dallas gift to the culture and society of Dallas and beyond.

George G Campos,
Houston, Tx

George G Campos - January 18, 2020 at 12:27 AM



“ Bill was such a towering figure in the life of young folks all over DFW, but he was also a gentle fellow who just loved the same music the rest of us did. I feel so grateful to have had him where and when we did, for as long as we did. The world was a more interesting place with him in it. He is loved and missed now, and I know he always will be. Godspeed, Bill—see you on the other side .

Bianca Christie - January 17, 2020 at 10:42 PM



“ I will always remember Bill as a kind and loving man. I visited him a few times through the years when he was selling antiques and at Bill's Records. He had a way of making everyone feel special! The last time I saw him was at our Garland High School reunion for the class of 1962. He was a treasure that will be missed.

Kathey Horton Carter

Kathey Carter - January 17, 2020 at 01:15 PM



“ I really love going to bill's He is very generous person because one time he gave me me a free kiss record and some buttons

P.S. printed off some picture that where taking at His store P.S. I miss your Story you would tell me and also Coming Every two weeks go visit your Store

I will never forget the fun memories I had coming to your store

Rip Bill Sorry I couldn't see you one last Time it's Too late



Jakob T - January 17, 2020 at 11:31 AM



“ So when Bill hired me in 1985 I had no idea this was going to be a friendship for a lifetime. He was a father to me as he was for many others. The two years I worked there are among the best of my life. A lot of people would talk about all of the strange characters that would hang out at the store and that's wonderfully true but I can tell you beyond the obvious education about different kinds of music, Bill taught us some valuable lessons about hard work and customer service. Also he only wanted honest employees and he better not hear that you were doing drugs, in a time in the 80s where drug use was rampant and even kind of promoted in some environments around music. There was none of that at Bill's. At the same time he was kind and generous and really cared about us all. It was a magical place, really..1986 was tough for a short time when Bill was robbed and attacked while depositing the day's sales and injured pretty badly. A few of us got to meet his beloved Mother who he lived with at the time. What an absolute sweet angel she was and we learned alot about Bill's childhood and teen years and found out he was even more amazing than we already thought. Years after graduation I reconnected with Bill and stayed in regular contact and visits to Dallas that I will cherish for life. I will miss our two hour conversations about life, love, and music. I could write a book about the things and stories he was proud of but one I will mention is the time a few years ago he was invited to a dinner with President Obama who he deeply admired and through his contact with the Democratic Party, he was able to get some records he thought Obama would like to the President. About a year later, he received a call from an official thanking him and letting him know one of the pictures in Architectural Digest showed a record player and next to it we're the records Bill had given the President. His records made it into the White House. One if the pictures below shows a zoomed version but Google it and you can see the full pic online. The memory of the joy and excitement in his voice during a tough time with his store will always make me smile. My stories with Bill are many but my favorite is a year ago, my 22 yr old daughter had a passport issue and was stuck in Dallas for a couple days and I got her an Airbnb and she went straight to Bill's. She helped him for a day and got to know him. Bill was so grateful when we talked about it and occurred to me that if even for a day for her, my daughter and I both worked at Bill's. As I have seen online there are so many stories that are just as unique and we all feel honored to be so touched by this beautiful person. The loss for me and the rest of the world is profound. Bill is Love and Love is Bill.



Chris Richter - January 17, 2020 at 01:48 AM



“ I too knew Clydell, she was a beautiful soul as was Bill! I can picture her house perfectly. I was so fortunate to know them both!

Michele - January 19, 2020 at 08:32 PM



“ I was lucky enough to call Bill my friend for 30 years, we had a special bond that last from when I first met him as a 14 year old who was trying to find my way through teenage angst through music, the infamous Spring Valley days. Our friendship continued another 30 years, I was so excited to introduce my son to him the first time & am so happy my son can say he knew this treasure of a man, who was always a legend & Dallas icon in his mother's eyes. I will miss him saying, without fail, "hey girl," when I walked in and "I love you, Jenny," when I had to go. The only solace I find in his passing, he is with his beloved "Mother," once again, he is without pain, or loneliness and I know when I see him, again, he's going to welcome me with all the best music. I'll forever miss you, and love you for forever & a day, sweet friend.



Jennifer Henson - January 17, 2020 at 01:28 AM



“ I will be honest, Bill was so intimidating as a youngster frequenting his shop during the Spring Valley days. I have a family now in Richardson and was fortunate enough to sneak away recently and discovered Bill's is still around and still the same bit of beautiful chaos, which he knew every in and out of! He was so kind. We had wonderful chats and sang "Edelweiss" together. We reminisced about Richardson, and Bill hugged me!!! I was so happy. Rest easy.

Amy - January 16, 2020 at 09:56 PM



“ Bill was the kindest, most empathetic, and loving person I had ever met (when I finally got the courage to strike up a conversation & introduce myself). I was 17 but I'd been to the Coit Rd. store a handful of times before I got a car. I spent much of 11th grade in there. I wouldn't call myself a close friend of his, but he was close to my only friend at that time. I listened to him talk to the guys who worked there, and customers, and I found some amazing records and he would have a story for every one of them. Bill was there for me, and he never knew anything about me except that we loved a whole lot music and it kept us going. I continued to visit him 3 or 4 times a year, but as things & people & career in my life changed I didn't make it over there near as often. I remember going in 2006, but then I don't think I saw him again until 2010 when I took my 1st born son to meet the local vinyl & all things music knickknack King. I don't have pictures of that day, but I can tell you they would've been just as sweet as these when I took son #2 to meet him on March 8th, 2015. He was so overwhelmed & we cried about how beautiful God is in all of his forms. As I stood there watching him tell my baby a story like he was a grown man, I realized I had to capture the moment. That gentle man was blessing another one of my children in his own way. He will be alive in my heart & soul until I breath my last breath.

Godspeed My Vinyl King.

I love you ☺



Kim Norvell - January 16, 2020 at 09:29 PM



“ Bill, Russell Lioscomb and I were at Cardi's on Northwest Highway the night David Crosby was arrested one the early 1980's. We always had a good time, no matter what we did!! His passing leaves a hole in my heart.

Janie Lipscomb - January 16, 2020 at 08:08 PM



“ Bill Wisener was an institution to many of us growing up in the early nighties, A true piece of DALLAS is resting with him now :)
Thanks for always having a copy of what I needed

David Bass - January 16, 2020 at 06:31 PM



“ Oh that we could all see the world and all its inhabitants through Bill's eyes. What a wonderful world it would be. I will miss you until we meet again. My love for you is never ending. Till once again I see your face I'm sending hugs to you through time and space.

Alex-Sandra - January 16, 2020 at 05:35 PM



“ You're were such a wonderful friend to decades of youth. Many grew up at Bill's Records and returned later with kids of their own. Bill was such an amazing man and such a beautiful soul. I think we all take solace in knowing that Bill has been made whole again and is flying high with Mother. I am sure they've been catching up and enjoying loads of love and laughs. Thanks for being you, my friend!! Rest in eternal peace dear soul!!



Billy Vaughan - January 16, 2020 at 04:58 PM



“ Bill was a kind sincere soul , my friend. I would call him and we would talk for one/two hours .
I will always love him . He will always live in the sunshine of my heart



Debbie Harris - January 16, 2020 at 04:32 PM



“ Love, kindness and generosity are the words I use to describe Bill.



Don Nedler - January 16, 2020 at 04:16 PM



“ Bill was always the nicest man who welcomed everyone into his store and life. He will be missed by so many.

Chris Linscomb - January 16, 2020 at 03:49 PM



“ Bryon and I only met Bill in June of 2019. We spent several hours visiting and just connecting with him before Bryon found a few vinyl treasures! Bill had an openness about him telling me about his life and never marrying...how he was as a young man and what it's like growing old and being alone. He spoke of friends he'd made along the way and recounted sweet memories of accomplished musicians he knew before and during their rise to fame. Bill was brought to tears when he spoke of the incredible loneliness he sometimes felt and how he lived and how difficult it was to travel on foot to places and such. He asked me if I was an angel. I'm not. But, it was his way of expressing his deep appreciation for the kindness and sowing down to pass the time together. He was having a terrible time with the shop and no recourse to have the roof fixed and the leaks were such a problem and created tremendous stress for him....nonetheless he said he would persevere. And, he did. I found it very interesting that he had so much pride in his shop and was even protective over where you could go and what was accessible but I think it became an unwieldy time-consuming monster and constant worry for him. There were moments there where he was so proud of the young men and women he'd known in their youth and you'd think he was a proud uncle! He had no ego about it and wasn't trying to impress anyone he just wanted to share a part of himself, his life, his NOW moment with me. It was easy to be fascinated with Bill and I enjoyed our time together and the connection he so freely gave. After our photo and hugs goodbye, Bill got his keys, walked us to the door and sent us on our way...even as a man with his teen son were greeting him...the father telling him about how he used to frequent Bill's and how it was a rite of passage that he was now bringing his son to Bill's! After we got into the car, I just wept as I put into words the emotion and feeling (intuition) I had experienced while with Bill and it was just expressions of deep longing for companionship, loneliness or isolation, and sheer overwhelm at the business situation at Bill's that didn't have a resolution. I will never forget Bill. I wanted to do more but I didn't. I don't even know if he would have allowed me to help...maybe it wouldn't have changed anything anyway. I tell you though, for all his issues, Bill's spirit was one of kindness, generosity, service, love for others without expectation of return. Whatever I have taken from this singular engagement with him, I know I want to be more like that! #belikebill #RIPbill

amy campbell - January 16, 2020 at 03:32 PM



“ Bill was my intro to finding hard to find records! His shop was down the street from me next to a grocery store on SpringValley Rd. I respect his life as a devotee of art. RIP Bill

jonathan Batres - January 16, 2020 at 03:26 PM



“ ... i first went to Bill's Records & Tapes back in 1989 and bought a record from him and that was quite the experience ... last saw Bill two years ago in 2018 and we had a nice chat about the good ole days ... blows my mind just how much of an impact Bill had on everyone and the music scene ... people like Bill don't come around often RIP

Joe Vonn - January 16, 2020 at 03:05 PM



“ I worked at the Coit and Spring Valley store from 87-90. Well, mostly I just hung out and smoked cigs with Bill at the Dr. Pepper machine. Started as a customer in 83. Bill was a sweet, funny, tireless man. I visited the store some 8-9 years after I stopped working there and hadn't seen him since. One foot in the door, he happily calls my name. I looked nothing like I did at the time I worked there. He knew who I was instantly. To think of all the faces that came in and out of that store in all that time, yet he instantly recognized me and was so glad to see me. THAT'S Bill. The same thing happened at the store in The Cedars, about 10 years after seeing him last. One foot in the door...

James - January 16, 2020 at 02:46 PM



“ A few months ago, I had inner guidance to sit down and write a letter. I sent a letter of thanks and appreciation to Bill, whom I have not seen for many years. As many people know, Bill has been a mentor and friend of my son Jeff Liles for over 40 years. Back when Jeff was a teenager, he and I experienced the far too common struggles between a dad and his son. It was into that breach that Bill stepped for Jeff, offering him the understanding I could not provide. In my letter to Bill, I thanked him for being there for Jeff when he needed unconditional love. I'm sure Bill filled the same role for many other parents and their teenagers. Of course, the common denominator for Bill and Jeff was their consummate love for music. It brought and held them together from their first meeting. I feel so much gratitude that God made Bill Wisener's gentle and loving spirit available to my son when he needed it the most. Thank you, my friend. RIP.

Allen C. Liles - January 16, 2020 at 02:32 PM



“ Bill told me once several years ago, "I see the beauty in everything God has to offer. I can't help it. If I see a leaf on the sidewalk that calls out to me, I will pick it up and bring it in the store and put it on the wall, just so I can look at it." Here's a picture of his mom, Clydelle, that hung behind his desk forever - and there is the leaf under it.

Bill's heart bigger than any person I've ever known. What a blessing he was to know in this world. Sending much love and respect to Randy Wisener and family. God bless you.



Cade J. Campbell - January 16, 2020 at 11:58 AM



“ Bill Wisener was one of the kindest, nicest people I ever met! He was my best friend in grade school and junior high school!

Joe Espinosa - January 15, 2020 at 08:52 PM



“ Omg! What was that like?

Ronnie Bruno - January 17, 2020 at 10:28 PM



“ I knew Bill as a child. I am fairly certain we both attended Pat Rathbone's kindergarten. We went all the way through school to graduation in 1962. Our mothers were friends but Bill and I were never close friends. I do remember a quiet, shy and gentle young man. I am not surprised he lived surrounded by music. May the angles sing you home Bill!

Polly Prowell Minyard - January 15, 2020 at 04:59 PM



“ My memories of Bill are with Vikon Village, I too worked there as secretary. One of my fondest memories is of Bill dressed like the Tin Man from Wizard of Oz and throwing cash into the crowds of shoppers...he was a great man. I loved him dearly and he will be missed . I have several items i purchased from him during those days..My favorite is a gift of a cement cat...I loved his mom as well.. They were staples of the flea market..my name at that time was Lynne Mason

CAROL GATLIN - January 15, 2020 at 10:22 AM



“ Me too!! My parents had the booth right beside him and I remember the tin man like it was yesterday! Clydelle was a beautiful soul like Bill, I have so many fond memories of them both

Michele - January 19, 2020 at 08:38 PM