



Michael Shawn Deardorff

January 26, 1954 - January 18, 2025

Michael Shawn Deardorff, loving husband, father and friend was born on January 26, 1954, in Lubbock, Texas, and went to be with the Lord January 18, 2025. Michael was preceded in death by his parents LeRoy and Betty Deardorff.

While his family was the true delight of his life, Michael was a dedicated professional in Broadcasting and Public Relations. He made a significant impact in the media industry, showcasing his passion and talent throughout his career.

Michael began his professional career at age thirteen working for KSEL radio under the mentorship of Bill McAlister; eventually becoming Program Director at the age of nineteen. Michael was a firm believer in "theatre of the mind" in broadcasting. Over 35 years, he created personalities including "The Big Dear", "Big Daddy Deardorff", "Rowdy Yates" and finally "Michael Shawn". His radio show, "Radiotalk with Rowdy Yates", was syndicated throughout Texas and the southern United States.

While broadcasting in Big Spring, Texas, and thereafter, Michael met one of his lifelong friends Ben Faulkner. They had exhilarating experiences traveling together with a group of friends and trailer loads of off-road motorcycles, experiencing mountains and most notably the desert on both sides of the

border in the Big Bend region of Texas.

After retiring his radio personality, he successfully owned and operated an advertising and public relations firm for fifteen years. For Michael's retirement gig, he found joy in driving luxury motor coaches from coast to coast carrying various sports teams and other types of passengers. In his final phase of retirement, Michael created "The Free Range Texan Podcast" where he interviewed musical talent of all types and brought campfire stories to life. As a contribution to the Lord's Kingdom, he produced "The John Donnerberg Podcast" sharing John's Bible teachings from Ropesville's First Church of the Nazarene.

He was most proud of his two children, Mariah and Cody. He loved and adored his beautiful wife, Kathy. They were married for almost thirty-eight years but knew each other and grew up together over fifty-two years.

Michael's family remembers him for his unwavering loyalty, strength, humor and love of great music as well as his professional accomplishments. He was a source of inspiration to all who knew him.

Cemetery Details

Miller Crematory

202 Avenue Q
Lubbock, TX 79415

Tribute Wall



“ Heaven will be busy. I can image the the stories to told. I can see Michael and Scott in a non stop conversation. I will for be grateful for the support he gave Scott. I love y'all. Kathy you're in my thoughts and prayers.

Teddie

Teddie Phillips - January 24, 2025 at 12:01 AM



“ It has sadan me to learn of Michael's death. I had the pleasure of getting to know him when we worked together driving buses at durham. He was kind to me. He will always be a good man and have a special place in my heart. Heaven gained a good man.

John D Bowlin - January 23, 2025 at 09:18 PM



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Teddie Phillips - January 24, 2025 at 12:18 AM



“ I'm sort of lost on where to start with this one... Friend; but, more than that. Mentor on how to live with grace, courtesy, and fun. Advisor at a point in my life when I had few friends and confidants. A warm soul that always let me crash at his place when I would visit Big Spring after I'd moved on to other things. We shared one of the best meals and evenings of my life - not because of the food; but, because of the companionship, conversation, and love that was shared at that table. Big Daddy - damn, even though we didn't talk; I'll miss the fact that we won't be able to going forward. RIP, Michael.

Scott Hatfield - January 23, 2025 at 04:48 PM

BH

“ I'll never forget when I got the dream job at WFAA-TV in Dallas, so many people told me I would be miserable in Dallas (to the point I started having misgivings) but it was Mike who pulled me aside and told me "When those people in Dallas see your talent and get to know you, you'll do well. Don't let anybody tell you different." I just retired after 7 years at WFAA, then 35 years shooting/writing/editing/producing Texas Country Reporter. Mike's friendship and words of encouragement are dear to me. I hope he touched everyone's life the way he touched mine. In God's embrace is where Mike is now.

Brian Hawkins - January 23, 2025 at 10:23 AM

IF GOD MEET YOUR
EXPECTATIONS, HE
WOULDN'T HAVE
THE OPPORTUNITY
TO EXCEED THEM.
- Love -

He never met a stranger. He touched ever met

Teddie Phillips - January 24, 2025 at 12:06 AM

GS

*Dear Kathy, Mariah, Cody, and family,
Michael and I were theatre buddies at Monterey High School. What sn amazing actor he was! Then while the rest of us cast and crew left rehearsals and went home to relax and study, Michael left for his next act, as a teenage disc jockey at the radio station! Many a teen went to bed after calling in to Micharl Deardorf and requesting our favorite tune! He was just amazing. Classmate by day, radio celebrity by night. How he did that I'll never know! Some people were just born with special talents from God. Well, he's now on the Mike of the most powerful powers of the air. God's Heavens. We talked offvand on by phone or social texts. Our last meeting, however, came at the celebration of life for our beloved theatre director, Mr. Harlan Reddell. Audience members were asked to speak. Michael rose from his seat and gave the most inspiring and beautiful tribute to Mr. Reddell. Nothing prepared, just from the heart! That was often Michael. I knew he was the teenager I grew up with, but now I was blessed to know the man with a lifetime of experiences but focused on what were the most important qualities in life: genuine love, compassion, understanding, and care for others. Michael, dear, as we often called you, our dear friend, I admired and respected you on the Earth and look forward to yet our greatest role; children of God, and observers of the glory of His palace, and Jesus Christ, the Savior! No greater or splendidly lit stage will we ever walk across than that one! No matter what life put in our paths, I'm reminded of that song, " The Goodness of God." I was brought up with gospel hymns but recently heard this song, and that's how I believe you would feel too. God HAS been faithful, all of our lives. Protecting our hearts against fear, failures, disappointment, regret, and turned instead into how to bless others with encouragement, hope, love. Godspeed, Michael Shaun Deardorf! God loves you, as Im sure you know by now, and so do countless others! My love and respect for you, now and always!*

Greta Corbell Sherrill - January 25, 2025 at 04:07 AM

TG

“ Mike taught me to ride motorcycles and in a week I bought one. Within a couple of months I had my first broken leg! 😬 We spent a lot of time together in junior high and some in high school. I accompanied him to Dallas to take his FCC license . He passed, I didn't! I miss Betty and LeRoy and his baby, Tempest.

Terry Gaddis - January 22, 2025 at 06:30 PM

RK

“ I loved that guy! His humor and his mind made my life better. He was a true patriot for FREEDOM. Theres an empty spot in Texas but Heaven just got the man with a smile and hug as big as Texas.

Richard King - January 22, 2025 at 05:38 PM

TD

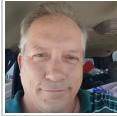
“ I remember Michael always had a smile on his face every time I would see him and was hoping to see that again, now that I'm back in Lubbock. We will see that smile on his face in heaven, now that he has gone to a better place!

Tim Dillon - January 22, 2025 at 05:18 PM

LC

“ *Such sad news. Michael and I worked together back in the mid-70s at KBST in Big Spring. He and I became good friends, lunch partners, and co-conspirators. He was bigger than life, gregarious, with no strangers in his world. I still remember the day he got his car out of the shop and we drove to Stanton and back, hitting 145 mph on the way. Felony speeding if we got caught, but he shut it down as we hit the city limits and cruised on in to Big John's Pit BBQ for lunch. Sending healing thoughts to all who knew and loved him.*

Larry Crittenden - January 22, 2025 at 02:52 PM



He lived in base housing then with Nickels. What kind of vehicle? RIP Big Daddy D.

Shane Yeager - January 22, 2025 at 03:14 PM

SH

I'm sort of lost on where to start with this one... Friend; but, more than that. Mentor on how to live with grace, courtesy, and fun. Advisor at a point in my life when I had few friends and confidants. A warm soul that always let me crash at his place when I would visit Big Spring after I'd moved on to other things. We shared one of the best meals and evenings of my life - not because of the food; but, because of the companionship, conversation, and love that was shared at that table. Big Daddy - damn, even though we didn't talk; I'll miss the fact that we won't be able to going forward. RIP, Michael.

Scott Hatfield - January 23, 2025 at 12:11 PM

EE

Mike was my inspiration as I was just starting off in the radio business. We both deejayed the evening shift at KSEL, me on the FM side doing heavy progressive, and Mike having way more fun, two studios down on AM. When the Lubbock sun went down, he was every teenager's superstar.

Sequestered in my darkened, black-light studio with Janis Joplin and Hendrix posters on the wall, and whispering into the mic (the way FM'ers did back then), I would watch Mike through the glass, literally having a ball. Spinning 45's (and tossing them like frisbees around the studio), fast-talking over every song intro (as AM-ers did back then), and....of course...flirting endlessly with the chicks on the phone. Wow did that look like a blast! That was what I wanted to do.

Long story short, I soon had the good fortune to be moved over from FM to the late night AM shift, following him. And, eventually, after he moved on to another gig, I took his place in that coveted evening time slot. Even longer story short, I spent 21 years after that in the radio business, in Lubbock, Austin and Tulsa. And, absolutely, the Big Bear was my inspiration.

I could tell other stories---like the time they caught him late at night, red-handed, tipping the candy machine over to snag free bags of munchies. But I won't. Wouldn't want to rat him out to St. Peter, as I'm sure he is entertaining and inspiring them up there with every bit as much fun, love and good cheer as he did so many of us. May he forever rest in peace.

Ed Reed Walker (Larry Edwards) - March 21, 2025 at 11:14 PM