



Mr. Don Hereford

November 6, 1953 - December 3, 2025

Donald Hayes Hereford Jr., "Little Don," was born in Waco Texas to Donald H. Hereford (Big Don) and Peggy Hooks Hereford. He was raised in Arlington, Texas until 1968, at which time, the family moved to Plano, Texas, where he resided until his death.

He attended El Centro College (Dallas) in the early 70s with an AA in Interior Design.

He retired from Alcatel as a Technical Illustrator and then pursued his love of design by doing remodels of homes, especially for friends.

Don was preceded in death by his parents and grandparents.

Survivors include his cousins, Tammy Hooks, Cindy Belcher, Richard Hooks, Mark Andros, and Phil Andros; friends, Cindi Hardin, John and Kathleen Brooks, Lon and Mary Layton, Lydia Murungi, Carol Brewer, Carol George; plus his wonderful Raywood Circle neighborhood, who really rallied around to help him in these last few months, Mike and DeAnne Rogers, Danielle Silvers, Barbara Sears, Danielle Carr, and Chris Traynor.

A graveside service will be held at 2:00 PM on Saturday, January 10, 2026, at Welch Cemetery. Interment will follow under the direction of Crawford-A. Crim

Funeral Home in Henderson.

Words of comfort may be shared with the family at www.crawfordacrim.com.

Cemetery Details

Welch Cemetery

CR 368
Henderson, TX 75654

Previous Events

Graveside

JAN 10. 2:00 PM (CT)

Welch Cemetery
CR 368
Henderson, TX 75654

Tribute Wall



“ *Prayers*



Donna Dorsey Aaron - December 30, 2025 at 11:42 AM

“Don and I became friends in our twenties, two very different lives brought together by something simple and profound—mutual respect and love. From the moment we met, we laughed, shared, and supported each other. He had a kindness that touched everyone around him.” We were friends for 47 years.

Don loved art—any kind of art—and we spent countless hours at shows, marveling together. We shared a love of nature and animals. I’ll always remember the ocean this year, when he jumped into the waves with the pure joy of a child. Moments like that remind me of the light he carried, even in ordinary times.

Don and I would often talk about things we didn’t understand in others, always saying, ‘Not that there is anything wrong with that.’ After a while, it became our little laughing point—‘Not that there is anything wrong with that.’ We also shared music, exchanging songs and moments that spoke to us.

He had a special love for his dogs. He once said that there should always be two heartbeats in a house, and his dogs were the heartbeat that completed his home. That is so much who he was—someone who noticed and loved the small, meaningful details of life.”

This Thanksgiving, we talked about being thankful for old friends. Don spoke of each of his friends with love and care. I am grateful for every moment I shared with him. His kindness, joy, laughter, and our shared understanding of the world will remain with me forever.”

I miss Don. Will speak of Don often. Cindi Lou Who