



Charles E. Taylor

APR 28, 1929 - JAN 16, 2017



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FLORAL HAVEN

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Charles E. Taylor, 87, of Owasso, died on Monday, January 16, 2017. Funeral services will be held at 12:30 PM, on Friday, January 20, 2017, at the Floral Haven Funeral Home Chapel, with burial to follow at Floral Haven Memorial Gardens. Visitation will be held from 5:00 – 7:00 PM on Thursday, January 19th, at Floral Haven Funeral Home. He was born on April 28, 1929, in Wichita, Kansas, the son of Elwood and Hazel (Roberts) Taylor. On September 5, 1953, he married the love of his life, WaNeva Brown, in West Plains, Missouri, and they shared 63 wonderful years together. He proudly served his country in the United States Army. He is survived by his loving wife, WaNeva, of the home, five children, Rebecca Lamb, and her husband, Steven, of Collinsville, OK, Nita Coffin, and her husband, Randy, of Owasso, OK, Diane Ryan, and her husband, Pat, of Houston, TX, Margaret Townsend, of Owasso, OK, and Carl Taylor, and his wife, Stacey, of Fox, OK, fifteen grandchildren, twenty nine great-grandchildren, with one on the way, five great-great grandchildren, with three on the way, and numerous other extended family members and friends. He was preceded in death by his parents, brother, and sisters. Memorial donations may be made in Charles' name to Rose Rock Hospice, 2642 E. 21st Street, Tulsa, OK 74114.



Tribute Wall

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TT

Tracey Taylor posted:

I always had fond memories of seeing Charles and his family. He would wiggle his big ears just like my Dad E.J. used to do. It's been a while since I've seen any of his extended family but like the passing of my father, it's a sad day. I wish the family my sincere condolences and prayers for healing and comfort. Tracey Taylor EJ and Bonnie Taylor's daughter

January 19 at 7:57 AM

KP

Kerry Pece posted:

Grandpa I've searched and pondered over what to say and how I feel about your passing. Are there even words that can express this situation. Feelings of regret, happiness, sadness and more flutter through my body like a butterfly. Butterflies to me always symbolized my lupus but now you like a butterfly yourself up in heaven fluttering from place to place whistling your tunes. It's times like these that we realize we need to slow down in life and make every moment count by living in the present. I've struggled for years thinking my family didn't care but I've come to realize though we aren't that huggy loving doting family, we share our love in other ways. From playful pranks to onery teasing you did it all. You might not have bounced us on your knee or kissed us goodbye but you always said stay safe with a twinkle in your eye. I've always giggled when I see duck tape. I'll never forget playing in the living room and hearing grandma hollar at you for taping a hole in your pocket closed with duck tape. In pretty sure the words dammit Charlie escaped her mouth. Or what about how you fixed the broken tree limb with it and grandma just shook her head. The greatest memory though is you giving my daughter hell. You called her George and she looked at you as if you lost your marbles. She said uh no I'm Cady and you again called her George so she said fine then your George and I'm Charlie. After that you called her Charlie. The day you passed through streaming tears she looked to the sky and said it's okay grandpa George I'm the Charlie of the family now and I've got them. Are you up there enjoying the show? I bet there are some wonderful headlights huh grandpa? You were always up for making us laugh and grandma was always smacking you and saying Charlie stop it. Did you get a big bowl of butter pecan ice cream when you arrived? I used to think you were so gross eating frozen butter lol. Grandpa I know that you didn't want to leave us here alone, but I do know you took a piece of us when God called you home. I know you've been watching the light that held promise of peace and rest. So now we will all journey to the last place you will lay, but luckily you taught us how to be strong along the way. Though we called you a grumpy old fart, we knew your kindness in our hearts. So grandpa while we miss you and we wish that you were here the memories you gave us all will remain clear. So now when the wind blows a breeze across our face, or the raindrops splatter on the concrete we will know that you are surrounding us and whistling amazing grace. So fly high grandpa with that smile upon your face, and please whistle loud enough for us to hear you from your final resting place.

January 18 at 7:59 AM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Charles by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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