



Charles Louis Meadows

July 9, 1925 - December 29, 2019

MEADOWS, Charles Louis, 94, resident of Prattville, AL, peacefully went home to be with the Lord on Sunday, December 29, 2019. A funeral mass will be held on Saturday, January 4, 2020 at 1:00 p.m. at St. Joseph Catholic Church with Father James Dean officiating. Burial will follow in Prattville Memory Gardens. Visitation will be held on Saturday at the church in O'Connor Hall from 12:00 p.m. until 1:00 p.m. Mr. Meadows was preceded in death by his loving wife, Anne Meadows; daughter, Theresa Jeanette Meadows; son, Stephen James Meadows; grandson, Daniel Foutch-Galaska. He is survived by four daughters, Deborah Galaska (Patrick), Betty Flaherty (Joseph), Allison Meadows, Patricia Meadows; son, Michael Meadows (Korreen); 15 grandchildren, Mary Spahn (Pete), Daniel Galaska, Rachel Foutch, Aaron Foutch, Noah Galaska, Joanna Galaska, Susanna Galaska, Samuel Meadows, Shelby Anne Meadows, Shelby Wyatt, Bailey Meadows, Jamie Tillis (Andrew), Charles Meadows, Jessica Toole, Michael Meadows; 10 great-grandchildren; and numerous extended family and friends.

Cemetery Details

Prattville Memory Gardens

841 Fairview Avenue
Prattville, AL

Previous Events

Visitation

JAN 4. 12:00 PM - 1:00 PM (CT)

St. Joseph
511 N. Memorial Dr.
Prattville, AL

Service

JAN 4. 1:00 PM (CT)

St. Joseph
511 N. Memorial Dr.
Prattville, AL

Tribute Wall

“ Charles Louis Meadows, Charley, Dad, Opa, Senior Master Sergeant, I never thought I'd (along with Tisha) be blessed to spend your last moments with you, December 29, 2019. While I would have preferred a more hand-holding “It's okay, Dad” moment, I was relieved that you died peacefully and not alone. It was painful to see you suffer so much. First, through the enormous grief you felt watching Mom decline and you being by her side throughout that. Second, your own pain and suffering and loss of independence, an independence I was both proud of and frustrated by, in your declining stages. But, mostly proud. You taught me to be independent. I sense that same pride and frustration in Joe, friends, co-workers, and anyone else I come in contact with. You knew the importance of keeping active. You cut the grass yourself almost until the end of your life. I believe if your eyesight hadn't gotten so bad, you probably would have cut the grass right up until your final day on earth. Your tenacity was admired. No one understood what your goal was with moving the bricks and stone pavers in the back yard, but sometimes it made sense when you'd tell me your goals. It really was your gym and playground, wasn't it? It kept you strong and active and independent.

You showed me the importance of an education. I always knew you to be curious and always seeking knowledge. You had a thirst to learn everything you could about Philosophy, Religion, and History. I remember you quoting information you'd study to us as a way of learning it yourself. While I can't claim the same college success you had, you did pass on that love of knowledge. You always told me learning can be done both inside and outside of a formal education arena. You were right. I have learned far more outside of my own college education, but it gave me the spark to continue learning about what mattered to me. Thank you for encouraging me to learn.

You ensured me a religious upbringing, so that I might choose to continue that, regardless of which direction I took. Faith and basic religious principles were important to you. I got them. I don't always practice them, but you did your part in making sure I learned them. The rest is on me. I guess we're all sinners, right? You taught me to not fear death.

You lived a Patriotic life. I picked up on that in an overloaded Toby Keith song type of way. Thank you for that. Your service as a Marine, Full Time Guard and mostly Air Force is a reason for you and everyone to be proud. You believed in it and served your country through WWII and Vietnam. You always found a way to get us to Air Shows and Independence Day celebrations. Those were memorable events.

You took care of your family and made wise financial decisions that allowed you and Mom to be taken care of in your later years. I know you struggled many years with what little you had to raise a large family, but you kept at it and planned for your retirement.

You had your own demons and fought and succeeded in overcoming them. Again... tenacity. I am inspired to work through my own.

You liked to be alone in a houseful of people. I get that now. Surrounded by love, but in your own world.

BF

(Continued...)

You had an odd, sarcastic sense of humor. My sense of humor isn't quite the same, but you taught me the importance of having one. It has gotten me through many a tough situation. You made me / us laugh at your little idiosyncrasies. The way you made me / us laugh when you mispronounced handkerchief (hand-ch-ch-cher-keef) or esophagus. Your silly knick-names for people were amusing. Tishy Baby, Oops Allie-M, Steve-O Dorado. The way you constantly referred to your female dog, Dori, as "him" or "he." Who are we to say? The way you went from thinking dogs were "just dogs," until you got Dori, and you loved her like any dog lover can understand. Your ability to pass gas without caring who heard it embarrassed us all, but now brings laughter and smiles when we tell the stories. The way you blamed Mike and asked him if he "dropped something" or when you exclaimed, "BONGO!" The way you asked Mike, "Are those your cousins?" every time we passed a cow in a field.

I know we had a special relationship, one that others couldn't understand. But, WE knew. We could get angry and frustrated with each other and eventually be back to our normal. We knew we communicated differently from each other, but we could explain those miscommunications to one another. I'm sorry for making you crazy at times. I especially enjoyed the years you let me interview you about your life. I found out so much about you and will forever have those memories in writing. It was nice to hear you speak of your pride in each of your children and, especially, Mom. I know that giving compliments did not come naturally to you. That was a wonderful way for us to spend time together. It may take me years to organize those words, but I have them down.

Your visit to Germany and time spent with Joe and me around your trip to Lourdes was special and memorable. We went to so many wonderful places. I was glad to have you experience travel with me. It was nice to have you to ourselves, without the responsibilities of your home life, and seeing you enjoy one of the things you thoroughly enjoyed... travel. You taught me to love learning about other cultures and places. You gave me opportunities to do so, even when money was short. I remember when I was in High School in England. I came home with information about a class field trip to Russia. I wanted to go there so badly. I was certain you and Mom would say it cost too much even though the school covered the bulk of that expense. When you told me I could go, I was so appreciative. I don't know how you came up with the money, but it was clearly as important to you as it was to me. My love of travel continues, but in our own country now.

You taught Sunday School, coached baseball, ministered and taught Financial Peace to those in prison. You volunteered at your church above and beyond teaching Sunday School. You volunteered to help build parks in your community. You drove us to and from dances, field trips, jobs, athletic events. You let us borrow your car, even though we rarely replaced the gas we used. You were a Master Gardener and could grow roses like nobody's business.

A few years ago, you trusted me to organize and purge your files. You were clearly afraid to throw away anything. I alternated between laughter and confusion when I'd go through your many saved papers, mail, memoirs, and photos. My unexpected surprise and gift was how going through those files would give me a window into your mind and soul. I learned much about you. I found things that meant a lot to others and passed those on. I was glad those weren't sent to the landfill or shredder, as were the recipients.

Dad, 94 years of a very full, interesting, and meaningful life is something to be proud of. You did so much. You gave so much. I love you and miss you. I know you are enjoying your reunion with Mom and all of your loved ones who have passed on. Thank you for the memories.

*Your Loving Daughter,
Betty*



“ *Full Of Love Bouquet was purchased for the family of Charles Louis Meadows.*



January 03, 2020 at 02:43 PM



“ *Medium Dish Garden was purchased for the family of Charles Louis Meadows.*



December 30, 2019 at 05:42 PM