

CHARLES DAVID PIPES

June 10, 1923

March 28, 2009

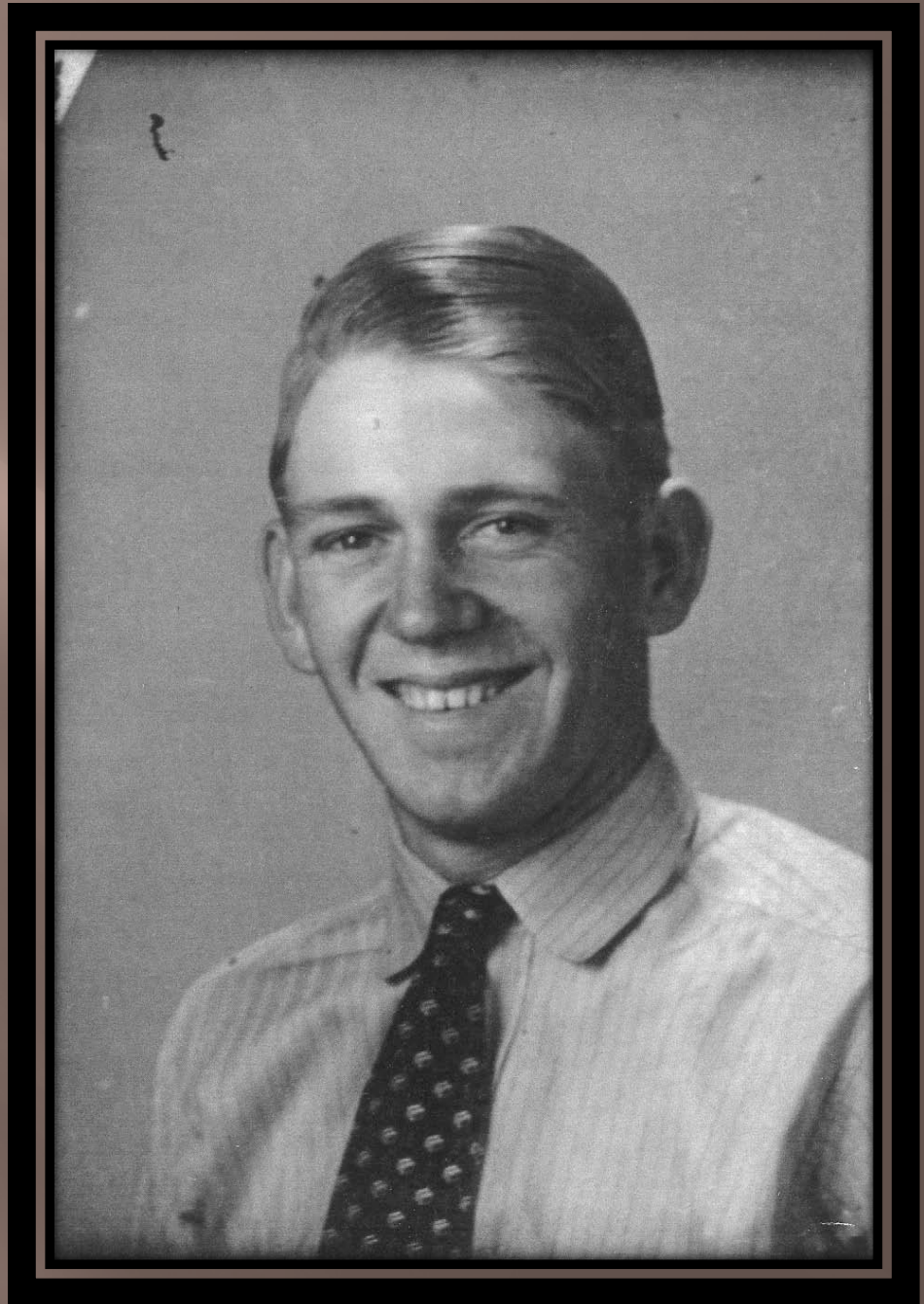




- ▣ On his father's knee...
- ▣ the second son of Brann & Pauline



- ▣ “CharDavid”
- ▣ “Pokey”
- ▣ Growing up in Thurber...
- ▣ Huckaby...
- ▣ Tarleton State



Brothers & Sisters







Boy meets girl...



- ▣ Spivy: “Let’s go to the Riverside Church. I hear they have some pretty girls over there.”
- ▣ Pipes: “O.K.”
- ▣ “Wow!”

The love of his life, Betty Meggs Pipes



MARRIED JUNE 20, 1946

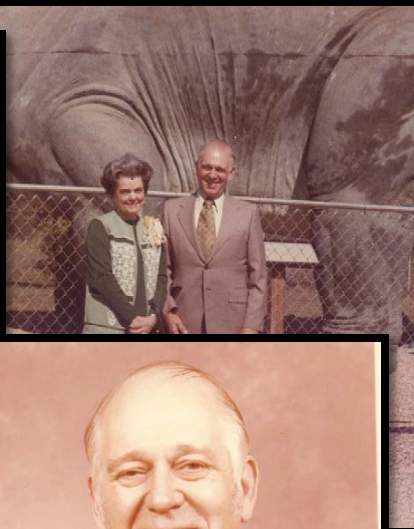




















50TH ANNIVERSARY



60TH ANNIVERSARY





We walked hand in hand
through life.

Cruising Hawaii



Glacier Bay



PRINCESS CRUISES 

REGAL PRINCESS

Alaska

Fatherhood



- ▣ David Meggs, 1948
- ▣ Mary Nel, 1951
- ▣ Melinda Beth, 1953
- ▣ Bryan Charles, 1956













Grandchildren:

Jolene, 1978

Bryan, 1979

Jill, 1982

James, 1983









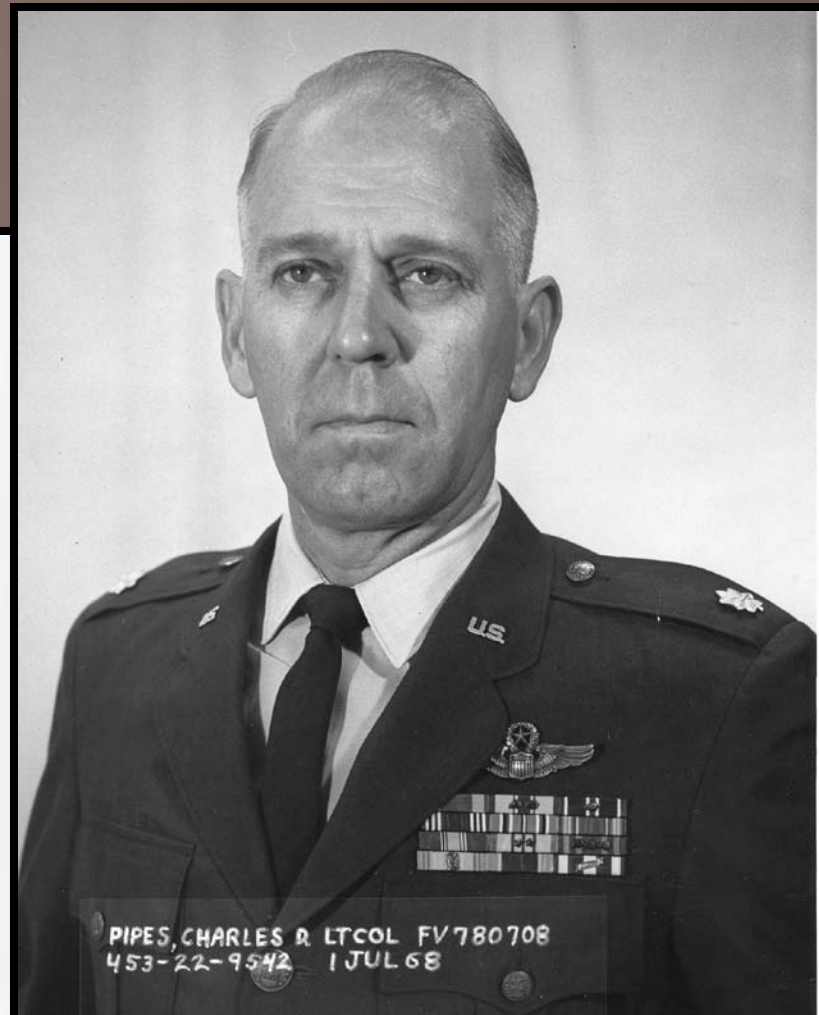
Great Grandkids

Lacey, 2002

Lindsey, 2005



In uniform...



Taking care of Gran



“Charles was always
taking care of someone.”





Waffles

He rewired the garage so he could use a half dozen waffle irons for breakfast in the yard. Or in the immaculate garage if it rained. A garage with 2 chandeliers.



Charlie's Angels

Hobo Stew

Frosties

Bread for Impact

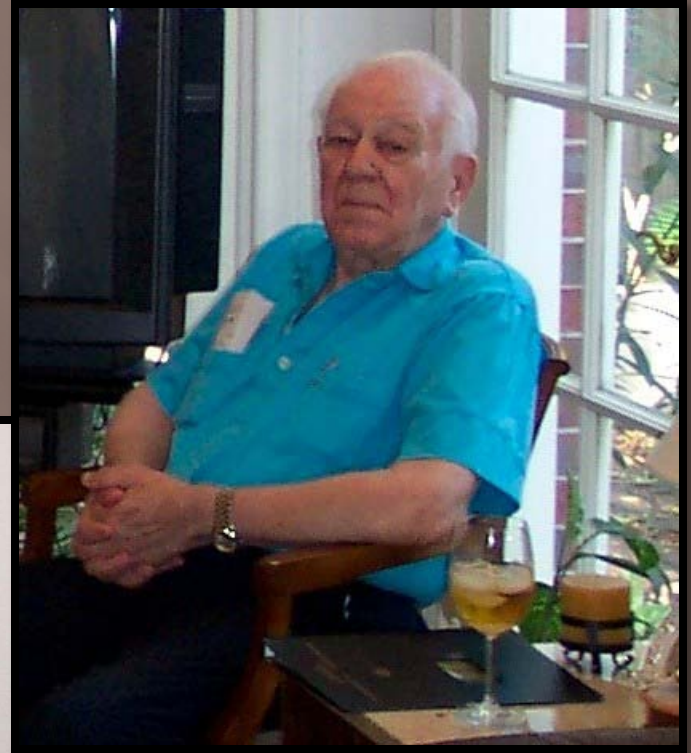
Farmers' Market

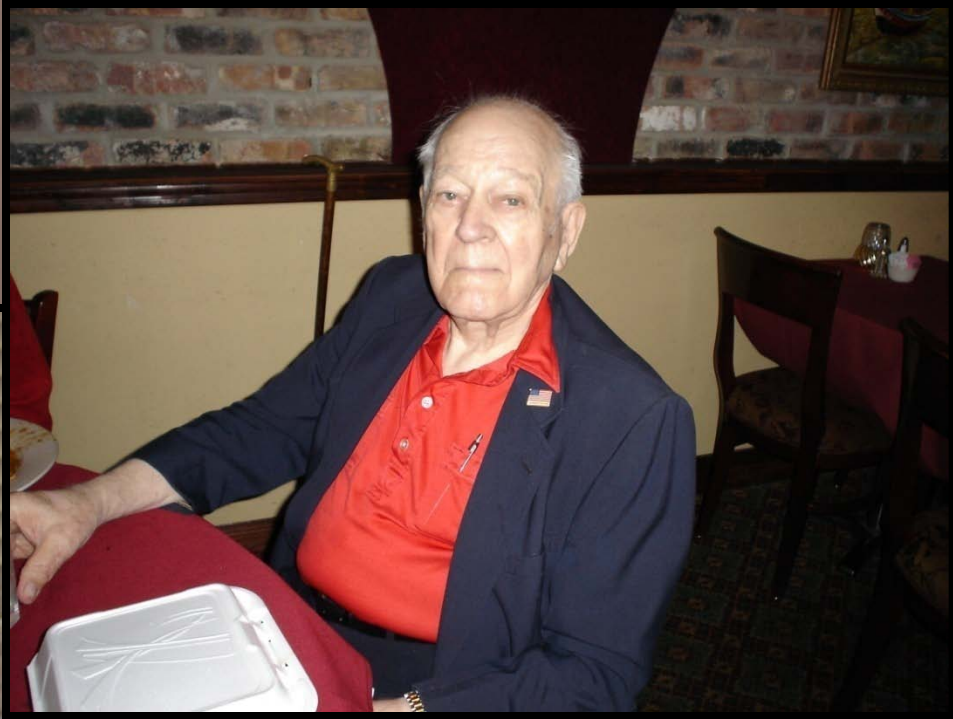
A good joke

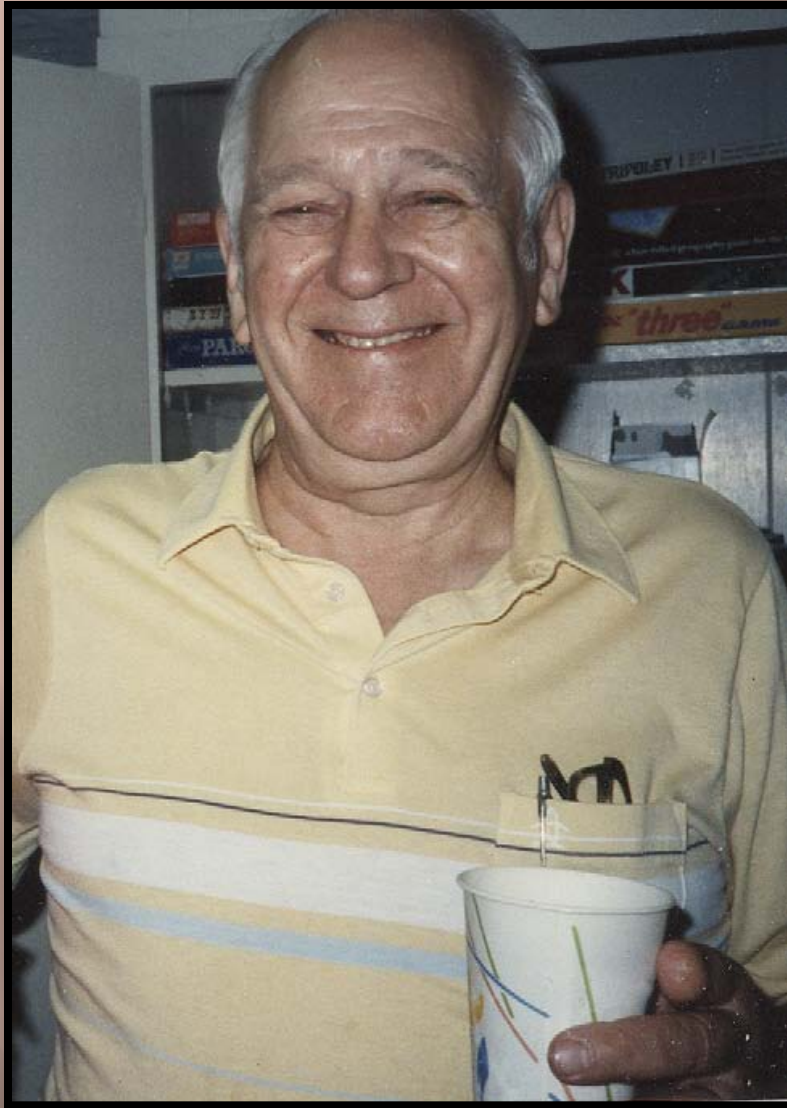
A Hershey Kiss for the Girls

















A good man--loving,
much loved,
and greatly missed.



Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds — and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of — wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up the long, delirious burning blue
I've topped the windswept heights with easy grace
Where never lark, or ever eagle flew.
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

▣ High Flight by John Gillespie Magee, Jr.



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