



Charles Edward Renshaw

August 8, 1939 - February 10, 2021

Charles Edward Renshaw 1939-2021

Born: August 8, 1939. Carmi, Illinois

Died: February 10, 2021. Oak Grove, Missouri

In between: A whole lot. Buckle up.

Uncommonly handsome, if he was your type, his spirit animal was a VW camper bus. He drove a lot of cars. Some old. Some new. But none quite matched him like those VW's, which were full of just-be-yourself energy and a maybe-we'll-get-there level of reliability. Nearly all of his 13 children enjoyed (for a bit), and then endured, hot road trips piled in one of them.

Eighty-one years of life may seem like a long time but the Marines, 13 kids born in five decades, five wives (verified), float trips, trips to Jamaica and Mexico, untold amounts of black coffee, tobacco, sweets, and jewelry (including bells, plural) really fill the time.

Let's begin.

Born August 8, 1939 to Edward and Edna (Yes, Ed and Edna) he was one cute kid.

Like his father, Charles joined the military. In 1956 he took a train from Illinois to San Diego, California for Marine Corps training. It was a relatively short stay. A leg condition that he had successfully concealed in order to join was later discovered. He was honorably discharged but not before they took a sharp photo of him.

After attempting military service for his country, he returned to Illinois where he entered another service. His father was a barber. Charles became, as he always referred to it, a hairdresser. A natural at the customer relations side of the business, rarely could he meet a woman without giving her a compliment on her bag or shoes. Eventually his talents led him to settle in Kansas City, Missouri, where he lived for the remainder of his life.

Many women fell in love with him. And he them. In the 1950's, in Illinois, he began a family with Sharon (née Jay) having five children Mark, Carrie, Troy, Candy, and Tonya.

Later with Bobbi (née Carpenter) he had Wayne (Edward), Eric, and Krissie. Then with Tomisine (née Glick) he had Charles (Louis). Finally, with Melody (née Fulton) he had Valley, Charles (English), Rachel, and Bronté. Yes, those names in that last litter are all real names. And yes, two boys were named Charles but they usually went by middle names so it's cool.

Playful by nature, he loved little kids. He observed that new kids allowed him to recycle all of his old jokes every few years. His kids observed that some of those recycled jokes were actually funny.

Commonly known in the family as The Picture. It was taken in 1984 during a Christmas visit by his adult children to Kansas City, Mo. His kids lived in several states at that point. Here Charles is surrounded by all of his children living at the time. He is pictured holding the child who held him on his last day.

Charles was equal parts a cuddler and someone who played dirty when wrestling with his kids. (Slightly related note of advice from Charles on fighting: Do everything you can to avoid a fight. But if you can't, then the first punch usually wins and there's no rules in a real fight).

He was plenty ornery with his kids. More than one son received cold water squirts from a spray bottle after not getting out of bed on the first of two wake up calls for school. He could take it as good as he gave. As his peripheral vision began to weaken with age, gummi bears were known to hit him. They flew through the air from dark corners in his house he could no longer see. After a few impacts he'd say, "I know that's you, [suspect of the moment's name]. I know you're over there somewhere." He never demanded the sporadic barrages stop. It was fair play as he saw it and he enjoyed it.

His beard was eventually joined by nearly pirate levels of jewelry. And bells. Multiple bells. You might think one bell jingling on your person at all times would be enough. You'd be wrong. He was proof that every bell needed bell friends. His approach could be heard distinctly at great distances.

He loved great danes, playing volleyball, yoga, racing dirt bikes, Harleys, wearing berets (for awhile), birds, float trips, (the chronically underrated color) purple, butterfingers, cream horns, pecan pies, sweets of almost all kinds, smoking tobacco, blue cheese dressing, black coffee and black licorice. He loved kisses from his kids, who gave them to him despite all that tobacco, coffee, blue cheese, and licorice. He enjoyed sitting at a table drinking coffee with a friend. Most often with his great friend of many decades Dan Haupt who also wore plenty of jewelry and had a massive beard. The two could spend hours sitting at a table somewhere like the Corner Restaurant drinking coffee, talking, and people watching.

He was always himself and he wanted everyone else to be themselves, especially his kids. He'd say "Be you. A good you." He enjoyed hearing one of his kids listening to music he had never heard before. A high compliment was something like "I really like your eclectic taste in music."

At times his eccentric style and love for his kids intersected. One school year in the late 1980s he served as a "room parent." After the home room teacher realized he was serious about wanting to help with special events, he was invited to help with Halloween on very short notice. To get there in time and in costume he just dressed up as a hippie with clothes he had in his closet. The costume was very convincing.

As a guy who always had a lot of look, he appreciated the efforts of others, especially his kids. And there were a lot of looks. The 1970s, 80s, and 90s multiplied by several kids in their teens and 20s is a run for the ages. Biker shorts, bangs, polyester, baggy--like really baggy, cut-offs, frosted tips, streaks, perms, nail polish (not just the girls), grunge, glam, bandanas, braids, high waisted, low waisted, mustaches, pony tails, and on and on. He enjoyed watching their journeys in personal style.

Sometimes he would say that having his kids "Gives my life meaning." He didn't say that to suggest that being a parent is for everyone, but rather because having kids was essential to who he was.

Charles Renshaw passed away the morning of February 10, 2021 with the calming voice of his second youngest child in his ear. Sitting beside him in her home where she had tended to him in hospice for the last month of his life. She told him how much she loved him. He could no longer speak but his mouth moved in response, mirroring her words.

All of his children, who were able, saw him. Said hello. Said goodbye. He saw them and knew them. Said he was proud of them. Who they were. Who they were becoming. He did not want to leave them, but he was calm and content.

Charles often said “You give a present to someone because you want to, not because you want anything back.” He lived that belief and treated every visit as a gift. One day, a relatively large group of his children visited him in hospice all at once. The next day another who couldn’t be there the day before asked if he had had a good time. His response was simply, “I loved it.”

He was preceded in death by his grandparents Claude and Vivian, father Edward and Edward’s wife Connie, daughter Toyna, son Eric, and his great friend Dan Haupt.

He is survived by his mother Edna Daily (née Ritchie); sisters Andrea Calier, Debra Shewmake, Cynthia Garner; brother Darrin Daily; children Mark, Carrie, Troy, Candy, Wayne (Edward), Krissie. Charles (Louis), Valley, Charles (English), Rachel, Bronte; grandchildren (little) Mark, Crystal, Donnell, Cody, Brandon, Joshua (C), Jamie, Joshua (W), Christina, Noah, Grace, Alexander, Eryka, Lola, Cash, Abraham, Faye, Marin, Hudson, Emmery, Hanna, Zachary, and more to come; as well as great-grandchildren and other extended family too large to list.

A memorial in honor of the life he lived and lives he touched was held in the home of one of his children on February 21, 2021. Those who could safely attend in person, did. Others attended virtually. Links for viewing appear below. Many stories were told of a life well lived. He will be forever missed.

If you wish to do something in his memory, love a child near you. Encourage them to be the individual they are. And consider adding a bell to your look.

Slideshow <https://tinyurl.com/CRMemoSlideshow>

Video played <https://tinyurl.com/CRVidforMem>

Eulogy <https://tinyurl.com/CRMemoEulogy>

Tribute Wall



“ *clare & daka purchased the Arrive in Style for the family of Charles Edward Renshaw.* ”



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