



Charles Bennett

November 29, 1931 - November 10, 2020

On Tuesday, November 10, 2020, Charles F. Bennett, a loving father, passed away at the age of 88.

Charles was born November 29, 1931 in Albuquerque, New Mexico to Annie Gladys (Gott) and Charles Claude Bennett, the youngest of three sons. Family knew him as "Fred". He was raised on a farm in Mountainair, New Mexico and always talked fondly of his beloved New Mexico. He was orphaned at an early age and later graduated from Rogers High School, Rogers, Arkansas.

While serving in the Air Force, he developed a life long love of mechanics and aviation. He could identify any type of airplane flying overhead. He was proud to have served 50 years working in aviation, ending his career with American Airlines in Tulsa.

Charles was a laid-back kind of guy with a soft and loving heart. He will be remembered as a sweet and affectionate father.

He is survived by a Daughter Kathy Bittle and husband Lynn, Daughter Karen Mullin and husband Marvin and Son Robert and his wife Sherri. Grandchildren, Ryan, Wade, Grant, Scott, Shawn and Jennifer and many great-grandchildren.

He is preceded in death by his parents, brothers and his wife, Doris.

Due to COVID, the family requests no visitation and will hold a small private graveside service for his children only at Memorial Park Cemetery.

Moore's Southlawn Chapel 918-663-2233

Comments



“ Our many years with Charles are fond memories full of laughs, stories and hugs usually around a good meal. When you saw Charles you always saw Doris. They were inseparable and always traveled with an entourage. We love you and know that you are flying high with the love of your life.
The Vanderpools



Deborah Vanderpool - November 13, 2020 at 09:12 AM



“ Uncle Fred and I grew up together with his brother, my father Paul Bennett and mother Wanda Bennett. I believe that he lived with them from around age 12 when his parents,

Clyde and Gladys Gott Bennett died. We lived on a farm and had a wonderful childhood playing in Sugar Creek. Mother said she would never had made it without Fred (as we always called him) - he hung my diapers on line when it was freezing cold and I am sure that I am the person that I am today is due to Uncle Fred. We grew up as brother and sister with my little brother Carl. We lived across the road from Grandma Lillian and Grandpa Clint who lived him as a grandson. Mother would call and ask Grandma to make cornbread for supper and Uncle Fred would run across the field to get it. We at ate lots of pinto beans from the farm near Mountaineer, New Mexico where the Bennett's homesteaded and Fred was born and raised in his early years. I was lucky to one summer to New Mexico with Fred and he showed me the homestead house, farm and school house where his mother, Gladys taught. He loved New Mexico and made several trips back to visit. One of my craziest memories was how Fred would take us to the creek where there was a slew and we could wade out in hip waist water in the middle of the night and grab frogs!! Then Mother would cook the frog legs and they would still hop out of the pan. After Fred returned from the Air Force, he and Dottie moved to Tulsa and started their family on three beautiful children Kathy, Karen and Robert. We spent many wonderful times visiting with them - swimming at Grand Lake and playing on the farm the.

After Daddy died, Mother and Fred remained very close and enjoyed visiting with each other - there last visit was in nursing home where they laughed and shared memories.



Barbara Bennett Spickes King - November 12, 2020 at 07:09 PM



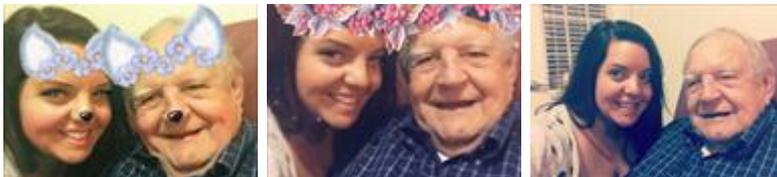
“ You’ll never find a more caring, giving and helping person than Charles Bennett. He had exceptional mechanical skills, developed through 40 years before retirement from American. The retirement party at base was quite overwhelming for a most deserving person. After AA, Charles worked many years at Neosource repairing aerospace parts using his many mechanical talents. He always had fun to hear stories. My favorite was when he was at AA, and it was time for a smoke break. Whether you smoked or not, it was in the union contract. A new guy said he didn’t smoke, but Charles told him to act like he did, or that break won by the union might eventually go away. I never tired of that story, even after hearing it 30-40 times. Charles, am so glad you’re at peace and thank you for the privilege of our many years together. Bill Graif



Bill Graif - November 12, 2020 at 11:21 AM



“ A story I always loved my precious Gramps and Grams telling me was the time they attempted to share that Gramps was not indeed my “real” grandpa but a “step-grandpa”. I looked at Charlie and said, “you ARE my real grandpa! We have the same color eyes and the same cheeks!” From that day on we were best friends, a bond I never held even with my own “blood” grandfather. Family doesn’t always mean blood and I am thankful for having the best grandfather there ever was. Sharing some of the last photos we took together, he thought the filters were hilarious and we ended up laughing until we cried Miss and love you so much, Gramps - Ashleigh Graif



Ashleigh Graif - November 11, 2020 at 09:03 PM