

Remembering

Special Thanks

The Metcalf family would like to express sincere thanks for the outpouring of love, condolences, encouraging words and prayers that have been shown, and to any and all that have assisted in any way. We appreciate every gesture of kindness that has been extended to us.



*"When someone you love becomes a memory,
the memory becomes a treasure."*

— Unknown



Charles Metcalf Sr.

April 1, 1965 — September 17, 2026

Obituary

Charles Metcalf was born on April 1, 1965, the third of five children to Milton and Eva Metcalf. He graduated from Western Hills High School. After high school, he enlisted in the Marines, where he was assigned to heavy artillery duty.

Charles absolutely loved spending time with family and friends, cooking for the people he cared about, and traveling. He never thought twice about taking whomever was in his presence out to eat and spending his last penny having good food with good friends. He'd give away his last and think nothing of it.

He was always on the move, and anyone who knew him knew he couldn't sit still for more than a blink. He'd jump in his car and tear up the highway from state to state with his bobblehead dog "Road Dog" riding shotgun on the dashboard, keeping watch over every mile. He had no shortage of stories to tell about the adventures him and Road Dog traveled together.

Charles was a free spirit who marched to the beat of his own drum. The moment that travel bug hit, the moment he decided he'd been in one place too long, the highway would start calling his name, and off he'd go. One of the finest traits he inherited from his father Milton, was if someone down the road, or clear across the state needed help, he was already on his way.

The word "no" was a personal challenge to Charles...it activated something in him. If you specifically asked him not to do something, you already knew, deep down, he was going to do it anyway. When he called, in his mind everything was a matter of urgency, or he was 'telling you', what he 'needed' you to do for him... it wasn't an ask it was a direction, at least for us siblings. And you'd have to tell him, "No, Charles." But Charles was going to be Charles. As much as he could push people right to the edge...for everything he was, and everything he wasn't he always kept you laughing, and he always made sure you were well fed. He had a good heart and within his own limitations, he was a good man, loved by many.



Charles leaves to cherish his memory:

Son: Charles Metcalf Jr.

Grandchildren: Royalty Jones and Raynier Jones

Brother: Kevin Metcalf Sr. (Libra)

Sisters: Darnetta Metcalf and Terrie Evans (Roy)

As well as a host of nieces, nephews, other relatives and friends



He is preceded in death by:

Parents: Eva & Milton Metcalf Sr.

Brother: Milton Metcalf Jr.