

*Grandpa and I love to fish.
We carry our buckets and poles.
Just the two of us together,
a quiet day at a fishing hole.
Grandpa shows me how to cast,
and shares his tips on bait.
He models calm and patience,
imparts life lessons as we wait.
He shares stories of trophy catches,
and ones that got away.
He tells me of his life in the good ole days.
As the sun sets across the water,
we take in the parting view,
Our buckets full of memories
and perhaps a fish or two.*



**CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF
Kenneth Raymond Wirths**

BORN
September 10, 1942

PASSED AWAY
March 31, 2026

SERVICES
5:00 p.m. ~ Wednesday, April 22, 2026
Allee-Holman-Howe Funeral Home
Camdenton, Missouri

MUSICAL SELECTIONS
“Green Green Grass of Home”

**ALLEE-HOLMAN-HOWE FUNERAL HOME
CAMDENTON, MISSOURI**



Program custom designed by
ALLEE
HOLMAN-HOWE
FUNERAL HOME





Kenneth Raymond Wirths, son of Raymond, Sr. and Claudia (Woydzaik) Wirths, was born September 10, 1942, in Wichita, Kansas.

He departed this life on Tuesday, March 31, 2026, at Lake Regional Hospital, at the age of eighty-three years, six months, and twenty-one days.

He was preceded in death by his parents and his brothers, Keith Wirths and Gerald Wirths.

Kenny is survived by his children, Kimberly Wirths of Harrisonville, MO, Kelly Wirths (Shanna) of Roach, MO, and Kristina Wirths of Joplin, MO; grandsons, Kobe and Kennen Wirths of Roach, MO;



siblings, Ronnie (Carol), Gary (Janet), Carol O'Conner (Jerry), Wayne (Patricia), Jimmie (Diana), Raymond, Jr. (Mary), Joanne Knight (Michael), and Randy (Natalie).

Kenny grew up in Wichita

and moved to Roach, Missouri, in 1968 when his family business, Wirths & Sons Manufacturing, Inc., expanded into the sawmill business to supply their growing pallet manufacturing business. In 1988, he separated from the family operation to form Wirths Lumber Company, Inc. He operated the business supplying pallet lumber, pallets, crating, and sawmill operations until his retirement in 2004. Kenny enjoyed working the land at his farm and was an avid trap shooter in his younger years.

Kenny dearly loved his grandsons and cherished every moment spent with them. To them, he was more than "Papa." He was a teacher, a guide, and a steady presence. He taught them how to bait a hook and cast a line with patience, how to track and respect the land while hunting, and how to take apart and rebuild equipment with care and determination. He believed that the best lessons



weren't spoken, but shown - through calloused hands, and time spent side by side. Whether knee-deep in a creek, walking through the woods, or bent over an open engine, he passed down not just skills, but values: hard work, resilience, respect for nature, and pride in doing things the right way.



Those who knew him will remember his quiet strength, his willingness to help anyone in need, and the way he made time for what truly mattered: family. His legacy lives on in the lives he shaped, especially in the grandsons who will carry his lessons forward every time they



cast a line, head into the woods, or pick up a wrench.

Kenny will be truly missed by those who loved him, but never forgotten.