



## Charles F. Leighton

March 8, 1933 - March 23, 2013

Leighton, Charles Frank "Chuck", of Creve Coeur, Missouri was born March 8, 1933, in St. Louis, Missouri to Charles and Genette (nee Hunecke) Leighton and entered into rest, Saturday, March 23, 2013, at his residence, in Creve Coeur, Missouri at the age of 80 years and 15 days.

He is preceded in death by his parents.

He is survived by his wife, Nancy (nee Petterson) Leighton, of Creve Coeur, Missouri, (married January 28, 1961), three (3) children, Andrea (Steven) Richardson, of Maryland Heights, Missouri, Charles (Cindy) Leighton, of Windsor, Colorado, and Kathleen Leighton, of Wildwood, Missouri, four (4) grandchildren, James Richardson, Michael Richardson, Joshua Leighton and Karissa Leighton, one (1) sibling, Joan (Joe) Pfeifer, of Affton, Missouri, and many other relatives and friends.

Charles was a member of Kirk of the Hills Church. He enjoyed M & M's, Garfield and wood working. Charles is fondly remembered and will be dearly missed by all who knew and loved him.

Visitation Saturday, March 30, 2013 from 10 a.m. until time of Service at 11 a.m. at Bellerive Funeral Home, 740 N. Mason, Creve Coeur, MO 63141, (314) 878-8228. Interment Bellerive Gardens.

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# Tribute Wall



“ *Charles F. Leighton*

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January 06, 2023 at 10:46 PM

“ He was Kathleen's Dad to me, but I learned about and saw his love for music, history, movies, dogs, candy, the sun, and laughter. When I would call the house he would answer the phone with "Clancy's Bar and Grill!" At first I hung up thinking I had the wrong number. Later on I would just ask for the Daily Special and we would talk a little and laugh about something until he would give up the phone. On a trip to Chicago for Kathleen's birthday he and I would sit at the dinner table and talk quietly and laugh. He walked a lot slower than us, never complaining, never asking for or expecting special treatment, and never wanting to take a cab. So, as we walked up and down Lakeshore Drive, he and I would lag behind; make fun of things, talk and laugh some more. Every morning he would walk out dressed in khaki pants, a plaid shirt, and yes, his "white pimp shoes." And every morning Kathleen would make fun of him and his shoes. I'm pretty sure he packed those shoes just for that reason! He had a wicked sense of humor. He could certainly dish it out, but could always laugh at himself. He loved his dogs, and ours too. The feeling was mutual. He thought no one would notice when he dropped some food on the floor for them, or would slip it to them under the table. Funny how they always hung out right next to him! Our dogs were always soooo happy to see him. They would walk right across his lap to try and kiss him, and he would protect himself and feign pain. We knew the real Chuck Leighton was gone when he took no interest in the dogs, and they no longer took an interest in him. Oh, and you certainly can't talk about him with mentioning ice cream in the same breath. Kathleen bringing her Dad chocolate concretes from Silky's healed him during his hospital stays more than once. If he didn't want anything else, a little Silky's would always work. Even to the very end, music played an important part in his life. When words couldn't reach him the sounds of two of his favorites, Bolero of the Girl from Ipanema always could. His eyes would be closed, but his feet and legs would be moving in time to the music. I think that is where he is now. He is reading a good book with the music blaring, sitting in the sunshine, and more than likely sharing a good laugh with those that he loved.

**Diane Kondrick** - April 12, 2013 at 12:00 AM

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“ Aunt Nancy, Chuck Jr., Andrea and Kathleen, and my Mom You all have my deepest sympathy on the loss of your husband, father, brother, and grandfather. Uncle Charles, in my memory, was a funny, warm, and caring man. I remember how he and Mark had a lot in common. Now, Uncle Charles is up in Heaven with Mark, looking down upon us and knowing how much they are both loved and will be missed. Uncle Charles is in a much better place, and living with no more pain. He is with our Risen Lord on this Easter weekend. Love Cheri Tiburzi

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**Cheri Tiburzi** - March 28, 2013 at 12:00 AM