



Charles Winston Ramsey

September 15, 1944 - February 9, 2016

Charles Ramsey, 71

Charles Winston Ramsey, 71, of Austin, Texas, passed away peacefully on Tuesday, February 9, 2016. He was born on September 15, 1944 in Panhandle, Texas to Mel and Pearl Ramsey. He is a 1962 graduate of Amarillo High School and attended West Texas State University in Canyon, Texas. He took pride in his service as a member of the U.S. Marine Corps Reserves.

Survived by his wife Jean of Austin, daughter Auralie (Paul) Ruggiere of Corinth, son Steven Aichlmayr (Zachary Herrera) of Austin, sons David Ramsey (Jessica Hunley) and James Ramsey of Austin, sisters Ellen Watson of Lubbock and Sylvia (Mark) Askew of Telephone, grandchildren Aaron, Anna, and Vivian, many cousins, nieces, nephews, extended family, and many friends. Charles was a loving husband, father, uncle (self-proclaimed "greatest uncle", grandfather and friend to all. Preceded in death by his parents, his three sisters Patricia Ramsey, Joyce Johnson, and Wanda Pirtle, and his brother, Buck Ramsey, and his treasured canine companion, Miss Otis.

A lifelong supporter of the Democratic Party, Charles passionately championed the welfare and dignity of those less fortunate and equality for all. He was generous, understanding, and supportive to his children. Other than his family, Charles' greatest love was his fifty years in the telecommunications industry, in which he began as a lineman in the analog era and ended up a highly valued technician in the digital age of fiber optics and internet.

Telecommunications was truly his “calling.”

To those who knew him, Charles was a quick friend and eager debater regarding his convictions. He loved humoring himself and others by writing and sharing stories of his life and views of the world. In his own words, “I have lived a full wonderful life and each new day is just plain ol’ wonderful.”

Memorials in his name may be made to the Democratic Party, UNICEF, or a local homeless shelter in your area.

Tribute Wall



“ *Charles Winston Ramsey*

October 05, 2023 at 10:58 AM



“ *Charles Winston Ramsey*

October 04, 2023 at 06:25 PM



“ *Charles Winston Ramsey*

September 26, 2023 at 10:57 PM

ML

“ I never knew anyone that liked their job as much as Charles, you'd think he'd want to retire, relax a little! No, not him he said this was where he belonged, and he enjoyed every bit of it! To think that someone was around back when they talked using cans and a string...(chuckle) He would have liked that joke and one comment like that and he'd come back quick as a whip with some story making us laugh. I ended up going to the position in the grooms dept, that he left (that's how I met Charles) and he sure came up to check on me and make sure that the "guys" were treating me right! He always tried to make people feel good. He was always kind, funny, ornery, just an overgrown little boy, always shuffling about passing out good cheer and lending an ear. Such a story teller, many of us got emails of his stories and I still have a few of his tall tales and will keep them to read and cheer me up when I'm down. We all know it probably took him an hour or 2 to peck on the keyboard with his 2 fingers...lol.
He touched so many of us and he will be missed dearly!!! -Michelle Lord

Michelle Lord - February 17, 2016 at 11:40 AM

Jeffery
Carter Sr

“ To Jean and the family. We send are condolences and prayers of peace and comfort during this time. My! how he loved his family. I feel like I know you all from the stories Charles shared.

There is so much I could say about Charles. I met him in 2006 when he came to work with Broadwing Communications in the group that I was in. His Wit, charm and attempts to be as good as his brother Buck at Poetry are some of my fondest memories. Some of his humor shown through his poetry was sometimes directed at my wife Barbara and daughter in-law Liz as he always petitioned them to leave Jay and I and run away with him. Sometimes, with the way Barbara wanted to keep tabs on him I thought she was considering it LOL. My wife and kids loved him. He was a part of our family and we will miss him dearly. Then there was his bursting through the door at work and singing *The Eyes of Texas* for all to hear. On his last Birthday here in Tulsa. I gathered some guys and we sang it to him. In true Charles fashion. He complained about our key. Charles was truly an Icon here at Level 3 Communications. He was a friend to so many people. He won't be forgotten. I am sure Charles has left memories, sayings and actions that will be echoed for years to come. One thing he said in the email when he left for Austin gives me comfort. He said, *If it don't turn out well. Remember I had a good ride.*



Jeffery Carter Sr - February 17, 2016 at 11:08 AM

JY

“ Charles was one of the sweetest men I have ever known, He would often come by singing his Texas Rose song to all of us Okies! You never walked away without a smile after a conversation with Charles. He are all much better off after knowing Charles and he will be missed so very much.

Jeanne Yarbrough

Jeanne Yarbrough - February 17, 2016 at 11:04 AM



Barbara
Carter

“ No words can ever say how much we love and miss you Charles, and just knowing that you are no longer here makes me sad but as I sit and think of what a great guy you were i can't help but put this big grin on my face as a reminder that you will always live on forever in our thoughts as well as our hearts. R.I.L. my friend.



Barbara Carter - February 16, 2016 at 10:28 PM

KV

“ Everything Heather and Mary shared was also my experience with having Charles as a great friend. I have shed many, many tears these last few days and I am sure there will still be moments yet. He was funny, ornery, but a passionate advocate for the underdog. From my first day here almost 5 years ago, he and I batted sarcasm and wit back and forth every single day and it kept up till almost the end. As ornery as he was, he was an avid listener when I was going through some tough times and shared some sound advice and encouragement on many occasions, always letting me know to keep my chin up. I called him Mister and he called me Blondie, blonde jokes always inserted as often as possible LOL. He shared much about his love for Jean and his children and grandchildren. He was very proud of them! He got to meet my younger two son's here at work and was always letting me know that they were good kids and underneath the sarcasm, that I was a good Mom and to keep taking care of them. He was like a big brother, always watching out for me. Even when he was back home, I had shared with him this past December that I was going to drive to Colorado to deliver my youngest son back to his Army base the first part of January, after Christmas leave, and he immediately started in about getting my car checked for road worthiness (checking fluids, tire pressure, having a car kit etc.) and what I needed to do to stay safe on the road. :) That was him. He was funny but when he was serious, he meant business because he always wanted his family and friends safe.

One of my favorite memories was planning his 70th Birthday here. In perfect Charles fashion, he let me know for a few months out that his Birthday was coming up and it was a big one. We all had a great time celebrating this milestone with our beloved friend and letting him know he was and always will be loved.

He loved his family, he loved his friends, he loved Texas! You can take the boy out of Texas but you couldn't take Texas out of the boy and it wouldn't have been right any other way.

Charles, you are deeply missed but always, always forever in our

hearts! Our lives have been enriched for your friendship! I'm going to miss being able to IM you at any given moment during the work day to say hi and wish you well. Everything we do here at work will always have a part of you in it. Thank you for your service to our country and for your never ending friendship.

Kim VanDorn - February 16, 2016 at 12:10 PM

KI

“ 1 file added to the album *New Album Name*



Kim - February 16, 2016 at 11:41 AM

MD

“ *My dear friend Charles has walked on. I had only met him once while in Tulsa for training, but we communicated daily in our jobs. He became my mentor, my biggest fan, the best listener & always had the best advice. I could always rely on him to provide a different point of view. He helped me grow not only in my job, but he had such insight into life as well. I'll miss you my dear friend...you lived a full and long life & were ready for your next journey...you knew. Till we meet again. ❤️*

Mary Durocher

Mary Durocher - February 16, 2016 at 11:17 AM

“ This is something I wrote while I spent the morning crying upon hearing the news:

Today I found out that a friend of mine has died. When Charles first moved in to the office across from mine I was alarmed. I was bound to offend this old guy and I was anticipating getting disapproving looks for not constantly being A Lady and probably having formal complaints issued against me. It had happened before.

Charles turned out to be generous of nature and humor. He met me where I was and quickly became a friend. He was kind, funny, and fierce in his beliefs. Charles believed that we can be better as a species and nation. Charles believed in helping others, defending, championing others. My sweet old Marine would send me quotes celebrating the birthdays of famous and important women from history that inspired him. Of people who fought to make the world a better place for people.

Charles had that ability to be mildly dirty and inappropriate in the manner that only old men can pull off, where you laugh and it comes off as charming rather than become offensive. Every morning was started with a hug and "good morning babydoll". Only man in this building that can get away with calling me that without needing stitches; I will miss it horribly. I wish you could have seen his mischevious grin, with his tongue peeking out, and doing a silly hip wiggle when he was having a good day and feeling ornery. Charles listened with absolute and complete focus. My old man, as I called him, never redirected conversations to be about him, he listened. Listened, offered opinions and insight from his experiences, without judging, belittling or acting like the conversation was taking too long.

There were lots of days when we didn't have much going on when he'd tell me stories of his days in the Marines, early days in the phone industry, and life growing up. Always with humor. Always with him as the patsy, other people were never the bad guy or ridiculed. I

was surprised to find out he was a Marine, so many make sure to work it into every. single. conversation. Not him, he was proud of his service but it wasn't a big deal, it was just another part of him. I tried to make sure he had a piece of cake on the Corp birthday though.

I'm rambling but I can't help it. It hurts. And this time I don't have him to wrap me up and pat my back while I fall apart. I'm going to miss you Charles. I'll think of some act to honor you like you requested. It's going to be damn hard to find something worthy of you though.

Heather Thomas - February 16, 2016 at 11:08 AM