



Charlotte Marie Clark

October 6, 1936 - June 26, 2016

Charlotte Marie Clark was born October 6th in 1936 to the loving couple of James and Molly Quinill. By the time she was seven she had learned to work a farm, ride a horse and survived a family car accident that permanently injured her lung. She grew up in an idyllic American lifestyle, surrounded by a large family that doted on her as the first of her generation on both her paternal and maternal sides.

All her cousins were as close to her as brothers and sisters, even after her little brother, Jimmy, was born. She idolized and treasured her Grandparents, Grace and J.D. Randol, and passed on their lessons to her own children. She graduated from Pauls Valley high-school in 1955 (Go Panthers!) and soon dated, then, married the handsome, bad-boy sailor from her home-town; Harold Dean Clark. They struggled to make ends meet while starting their own family. First came Shawn Renee, her dark haired living-doll full of imagination and wit. Next came Stacy Dean, the spitting image of his grandfather, James, and smarter by half. Years later, times became better for her family in the rural town of Maysville and they were joined by her youngest son, Harold Ryan, the most rambunctious and independent of her bunch.

Throughout the eighties and nineties, she weathered many changes of fortune. She watched her daughter get married to Bill Ward, a tall young man who would become as close to her as one of her own children. Both her sons went off to school, the youngest into Kindergarten and the oldest into the University of Oklahoma (Go Sooners!). Soon, she faced her greatest

challenge when Harold filed for divorce and she suddenly found herself a single mother. Despite those years of hardship, she managed to make a good living for herself and, eventually, even for her entire family. She would eventually retire from the Federal Aviation Administration in Oklahoma City after 22 years of faithful service to the American people.

Though her living family is small, it has grown over the years. Her bright and beautiful grandchildren; Alicia and Elizabeth Ward, went on to marry and start families of their own. She was awe-struck and grateful for each of her great-grandchildren she was able hold onto and thank God for; Jace, James and Mark. She spent her retirement years with her youngest son and his wife until they were joined by Alicia, Parker and Mark Jones. Her last year on Earth was her happiest yet, being part of a vital and young family, helping to raise her youngest great-grandson. Helping to pass onto the next generation what she had so generously given to us.

She died June 25th, 2016 in St Anthony's hospital due to complications from a recent stroke.

She was preceded into death by her grandparents: J.D. and Grace Randol, her parents; James and Molly Quinill, her brother and his wife; Jimmy and Carmalita Quinill. As well as her son; Stacy Dean Clark and her grandchild; Elizabeth Kay Glenn. She is survived by her daughter and son-in-law; Shawn Renee Ward and Bill Nathan Ward, her youngest son and his wife; Harold Ryan Clark and Cherie Christine Clark, her grand-daughter and grandson-in-law; Alicia Renee Jones and Parker Dan Jones with their son Mark Ryan Jones. Her grandson-in-law Steve Glenn, father to her great-gransons; Jace Nathan Glenn and James Wayne Glenn. Her cousins and surrogate sisters; Sherian Nations and Barbara Luce, as well as their amazing children. And her nephew and niece and their families; Clayton Quinill and Christi Lynn Livingston.

Cemetery Details

Rock Cemetery

3 miles west Hwy 9 1 mile north N1990
Granite, OK 73547

Tribute Wall



“ *Charlotte Marie Clark*

October 08, 2023 at 02:10 PM



“ *Charlotte Marie Clark*

October 04, 2023 at 11:28 PM



“ *Charlotte's son Stacy was my dearest friend for over 35 years. I will never forget the day we met, when their enormous Buick pulled up in front of my house. From then on Stacy came to visit and play games every Sunday afternoon at 1 pm. I knew her from the beginning as a kind, generous, loving mother. As Stacy and I grew up together I came to know her better; never in my life did I ever hear her speak an unkind word of anyone, anywhere, anytime. She was a uniquely good spirit who was a blessing to everyone who knew her.*

Years later, after Stacy's untimely death, I was able to share with her some home movies I had made of him in better times. It was a wonderful moment, having him back for a brief time with her and Ryan and his wife. In some small measure I was able to repay just a little of the kindness she had shown to me over the years.

I miss Stacy and his mom, and think of them every day.

Brent Capps Zenobia - December 14, 2017 at 11:49 PM