Charles Scott Shearer

July 12, 1959 ~ August 23, 2019

Charles Scott Shearer, age 60, son of Charles Eugene Shearer and Geraldine Romney, beloved father of Flannery, Grace and Isabella, cherished brother, uncle and friend; accomplished artist; and outdoor enthusiast; died August 23, 2019.

He lived in and loved both Utah and Wisconsin. He was a devout Utah Utes fan. So many of his favorite hats and clothes were the signature red and black of a Utah Man. He loved skiing in the Wasatch Mountains with family and friends and exploring the beauty of the entire state , parks, trails, rocks, rivers. Much of his life was spent in the Lake Koshkonong area of Wisconsin, dangerously operating a chain saw, building fires, planting trees and watching birds with his best friend and brother, Doug. He religiously watched every first half of the Green Bay Packers games but could also be counted on to shut it off at halftime if they were trailing and exclaim loudly, "The Packers sure suck today!". He loved to run errands and go shopping with anyone who would invite him into the car and could spend hours in a hardware store looking at nuts, bolts and screws. He excelled at taking things apart and putting them back together again while kicking them and muttering under his breath and then grunting loudly and proudly when he got it all to work properly again. He was a builder of many things , fences, houses and his beloved Wisconsin "Man Shack", where he created beautiful pieces of art while jamming to classic rock. He hated playing games but would always wholeheartedly agree because he loved nothing more than be seated around a large table with his family, talking, laughing, telling stories and pretending not to be competitive. Many a Christmas was spent with his children in a rousing game of Christmas Bingo where the awarded prize was always the biggest bag of M&Ms he could find and which he insisted be shared with him, no matter who the winner was.

The subjects and mediums of his lifelong artwork changed many times over the years , oils, acrylics and pencils of wildlife and common household objects; watercolors in his sketchbook of places that he visited and enjoyed. He was most at peace outdoors, especially when he was close to the water. He spent much of the last two decades of his life teaching and leading the young men he was associated with through his various church callings how to survive outdoors, how to build the best campfire, set up a proper tent, to drink tea made from pine needles and how to thoroughly enjoy a well-constructed smore. There wasn't a hamburger created or a rack of ribs that was not his most favorite thing. He loved to go out to eat for any meal, especially again with the family that he adored and wanted to spend time with. He almost singlehandedly kept companies who produce saltine crackers and potato chips in business. He loved to get lost in the history of our nation in books, the History Channel and family vacations which he would always begin by strapping on his fanny pack, much to the horror of his children. He would record them over and over in locations all over the country. He would always ask, "Where are we kids?", to which they would respond with a rolling of their eyes followed by the announcement "Boring, USA!" He wanted to understand and be close to his children and so he spent time learning about the things they were interested in ,

Flannery's flourishing tattoo business, Grace's very specific make up habits, "chick flicks" and superhero movies, Isabella's love of books caused him to make numerous attempts at reading the Harry Potter series and any book she was enjoying. He sang ridiculous songs to his children throughout their lives, told them the same jokes over and over, apologized during every phone call for his own shortcomings as a father and expressed sincerely how deeply he loved each of them and was proud of them. He was always the favorite Uncle Scott, known as Scotty Boombalotty to the oldest or that Bald Guy to the young ones.

He was loved more than he knew. He was cherished more than he realized. He was ours. He will be missed but we are confident that he is at rest and in the arms of our Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ.