



Charles Brownyard

July 18, 1938 - July 16, 2025

My father Charles Edward “Chuck” Brownyard was my hero. He passed away on July

16 th , just 2 days before his 87 th birthday. He fought Alzheimer’s and dementia to the end.

He is survived, by his loving wife Carol May Brownyard, my sister Lynn Brownyard, and

me (James Brownyard), his grandson Nicholas Brownyard (my son).

Dad was born in July 18, 1938, to Margaret Mary and Shelmerdine John Brownyard,

and grew up with two younger brothers, George and John, in Sunset Cliffs, Point

Loma, and Ocean Beach neighborhoods of San Diego. He graduated from Point Loma

High School. He joined the Marine Corps Reserves August 17, 1961, he was a tank

crewman. Honorable Discharge at the rank of Sergeant, August 16, 1967.

He met the love of his life (Carol May McCusker) when she was 15, as she was walking

in her neighborhood. He persistently pursued her. Meeting her father and who told him

where to find her. They were married January 30, 1965. He and my mom Carol were

inseparable, and were married for 60 years.

Dad worked for CalTrans for more than 30 years. He started as part of a survey crew

and worked his way up to an onsite engineer for the bridge department. Some of his

most notable projects included: The Coronado Bay Bridge.... The Highway 805 Bridge

over Mission Valley,and the Pine Valley (Interstate 8) Bridge. He continued

working after retirement on the trolley system in San Ysidro.

I would tease my father about making my sister and I slaves. We learned so much

about concrete, rebar, sidewalks, and shoveling rock and sand we could probably open

our own business. He loved his concrete and rebar.

I was also his gopher when it came to working on cars, starting as early as 5 years old.

He even taught my sister how to replace the clutch and change the oil on her first car.

Family Summer vacations, meant road trips in the 1968 Charger. We traveled on two

occasions to my mom's home town of South Portland, Maine. While visiting family

along the way we also went to so many National Parks and Monuments, I can't count

them all. This included driving through more than 40 states on these road trips.

When I was old enough, I bought that Charger with 218,000 miles on it.

Dad helped me rebuild a defective rebuilt motor. Bigger, stronger, faster.

Then of course I had it painted a loud Daytona Yellow.

The neighborhood knew when I got home from work.

Dad also helped neighbors and family work on their cars, he was handy enough making

the neighborhood safer from rattle snakes. I helped once..... It was scary at 12 years

old.

Dad loved his tennis. He was a fanatic. He drove us crazy, telling us about the latest

techniques, he would learn from his coaches. Shoe Goo was always around extending

the life of his tennis shoes.

Dad was known as man of faith, helpful, friendly, and honorable and he will be missed...