



Charles Eugene Labat

May 8, 1931 - April 18, 2017

Charles Eugene Labat was 86, when he peacefully passed away at Huntsman Hospital in Salt Lake City, Utah. Charles was born on May 8, 1931 in Deweyville, Texas to Eugene and Mildred Labat.

Charles was raised in Oakland, California. Charles went to Heald Engineering College where he graduated with a BA in Civil Engineering.

Charles married Joan Freitas in 1953. They had 5 children. Joan passed in 1976. Charles married LaDonna Thomas on March 6, 1981 in Walnut Creek, California. It was love at first sight.

He retired from California Transportation as a Residential Engineer after 31 years of service. He moved to St. George, Utah with his wife LaDonna enjoying their retirement playing golf and traveling with friends.

He is survived by his wife LaDonna and his precious dog Winnie, his brother Jamie Jamieson and children, Renee Labat, Doug Labat, Billy Labat, step-daughters, Renee Gunson, Lynn Riccabona and grandchildren Scott and Tommy Riccabona, Douglas Jr., Angela and Hilary Labat.

He was preceded in death by wife Joan Freitas and sons Michael and Brian Labat.

Celebration of Life Memorial will be held on April 28, 2017, from 1:00-3:00p.m.
at Bloomington Country Club, 3174 South Bloomington Dr., St. George, Utah.

Tribute Wall

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“ CHUCH LABAT HATES LADONA HE SAID THAT SHE IS APILL ADKED LOSER AND WISHED MERRYED LOSER THAT NEVER HAD NOTHING AND NEVER DID NOTHING IN LIFE AND HER TWO LOSER DOTERS ALLWAYS TRIING TO STLL FROM THE LABAT FAMILY WILL THATS MY DAD HAD TOLD LOVE YOU DAD AND U WHERSO RIGHT LADONNA S FAMILY ARE THE BIGEST LOSER

William labat - March 05, 2019 at 06:50 AM



“ My two sisters and I spent a lot of time with Uncle Gene, Aunt Joan and our 5 cousins in Oakland and then in Walnut Creek. Thinking about those fun times puts a smile on my face. We lived in that pool and only came out to eat and go to sleep. 8 Kids and sometimes more, swimming and running through the sprinklers on those warm summer days and nights. I remember the one time we went to the house and Uncle Gene's face was all scraped up and he looked horrible. When we asked what happened, we were told he had adjusted the brakes on his bike and was going down the steep driveway and flew over the handlebars landing on his face. Ouch! He was a tough guy and I will admit sometimes he scared me, but he was a playful uncle with us in the pool and we knew he loved us. I will always remember seeing the orange CalTrans truck in the driveway. Rest in peace, as you have certainly earned it.

Love, Teresa Stothers Coleman

Teresa Coleman - April 27, 2017 at 07:44 PM

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“ One of my strongest memory of my Uncle Gene was him teaching me to dive in his pool in Walnut Creek. My mother had never really learned to swim and was rather terrified of the deep water. As a result we had many early swim lessons and I could swim quite well but regardless my mother had me wearing an old school flotation device around my waist if I was in the deep end. Uncle Gene had me on the side of the pool trying to learn to dive from a kneeling position first. Of course I could never really feel how to dive into the water because I would barely break the surface when the flotation device would bounce me back up to the top. Uncle Gene says "God damn it Rita, I can't teach her to dive with this thing on! She needs to take it off. She can swim and I'm right here!" Nope ... My mother refused. He gave up and persisted even with that ridiculous thing causing problems. I think he managed to teach me how to dive off the board in one day. I was pretty stoked! I'm not a great diver but I am respectable and I know I never got another lesson from anyone else. Thanks Uncle Gene! I hope your visiting with a bunch of loved ones and having some laughs.

Carole Stothers - April 27, 2017 at 03:20 PM

 Jamie
Jameson

“ *In recent years our communications have been lengthy, heartfelt telephone calls where Gene shared his love and concern for all of our family. I already miss him, the sadness is mine. But this is about my brother. We are twenty years apart and our early relationship was one of him being more of a father than brother. I gave him plenty to do chasing me around. When Gene and Joan came home from their honeymoon, I could not wait to tell him Mary Lou and Rick had short sheeted the bed and filled it with rice. I got yelled at by Rick but hey it was my brother. As I was growing up Gene gave me many great memories; learning to waterski in the delta, weeks of vacation at Lake Shasta, he even let my friends come too which made us a group of about 8-9 kids, Pismo beach surfing on the board Gene and I made in the garage on Monte Vista (man I had the worst itches on my arms from the fibreglass) , when Gene tried surfing the board flew up and hit him in the head (no serious injury, just headache) we all laughed our heads off. Cosmic payback was having to eat sand with his Pismo clam chowder! Gene had us all come up and stay in Tahoe while he and LaDonna were there for skiing. Very cool. He was so generous he had the place for both weekends so all could come. Our family dinners at Gene's were so fun and everyone had lots of laughs as well as gourmet Thanksgivings and Christmas's. I had fun golfing with Gene before he moved. I have a lifetime of memories and he lives on my attempts at a zest for life and living life to the fullest.*

RIP big brother, Alan

Jamie Jameson - April 26, 2017 at 05:28 PM