



Mr. Charles Leslie Hixon, Jr.

October 10, 1940 - March 13, 2026

Charles Leslie Hixon Jr., a man who never met a stranger, never passed a body of water without wanting to fish it, and never once let work get in the way of a good adventure, passed away at 85 Friday, March 13. Born Oct. 10, 1940, in Williamsport, Maryland, Charles came into the world about 50 yards from the Potomac River, and if family lore is to be believed, he was in it shortly thereafter. He and his younger brothers, John and Earl, liked to joke that they swam before they walked. Knowing how much time Charles spent on or in the water in his 85 years, that was probably not much of an exaggeration. He was the son of Charles Leslie Hixon Sr. and Ruth Kirby Hixon, and grew up with the outdoors as a way of life. He was a Boy Scout, though the wilderness didn't need to teach Charles much. He already felt at home there. He graduated from Williamsport High School in 1958 — no small feat for a boy whose teachers were competing with daydreams of open water and uncharted territory. He made most every high school reunion, because Charles believed in keeping in touch and showing up for the people who mattered. He continued his coursework at Hagerstown Community College, all while quietly plotting his next escape into the wild. In early 1968, he was commissioned as a Maryland State Trooper after completing the six-month training academy. He rose through the ranks and later became Chief Deputy Sheriff for Frederick County, overseeing Maryland's largest county and its jail. He was proud of that work, even if it sometimes was keeping him from hunting or fishing. In 1973, he made the trip of his dreams: western Montana, where he landed his first

elk. A part of him never really left. Three years later he married the love of his life, Kaye, in September 1976 — the Bicentennial year. They built a home in Middletown, Maryland, and life was good. Then a punishing snowstorm rolled in during the winter of 1986, and Charles did what Charles did: he made a decision and stuck to it. He told Kaye he wanted to move to Florida. She pointed out that he had never actually been to Florida. “If we don’t like it,” he said, “we’ll move back.” They never moved back. They landed in Plant City, Florida, the winter strawberry capital of the world. Kaye transferred to the Tampa VA Hospital, and Charles discovered the Sunshine State had been waiting for him all along. He shifted careers, drawing on what he’d learned helping a friend build Frederick Tile in Maryland, and launched his own business: A.K. Ceramic Tile. For the next two decades, he built a reputation for quality work, subcontracting for premier home builders and commercial clients including Walmart locations across Florida. A.K. Ceramic just celebrated its 40th year — a legacy that speaks for itself. But Florida didn’t just give Charles a business. It gave him golf and saltwater, and those two things rewired him completely. He came to golf later in life, which makes what he did with it all the more remarkable. He worked his handicap all the way down to 5, remarkable for someone who first picked up a club close to his 50th birthday. He won club championships at Walden Lake Country Club and made a habit of putting other people’s money in his pocket and reminding them about the match’s outcome on the 19th (or 20th) hole. And he never — not once — fudged a scorecard. In a game where cheating is practically an art form, Charles carded his scores honestly every single time. His friends knew it. His competitors knew it. It said everything about the man. Twice a year, he made his way to Florence, South Carolina, for the legendary golf trips with his lifelong crew from Maryland — a group known, with great affection, as the Frederick Hackers. For nearly 40 years, they gathered there. The golf was secondary. Friendship was the point. On the water, he was equally at home. He owned several beautiful boats over the years and spent countless hours on the Gulf of Mexico. On more than one occasion, the workday ended a little

early when the tide was right or there was a tee time that needed to be filled. Charles was a man of deep fraternal loyalty. He became a Master Mason with Medairy Lodge No. 140 in Williamsport back in 1964 and kept that commitment for life. He was a member of the Williamsport Sons of the American Legion, the Redmen Conococheague Tribe/Council, the Frederick Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, and the Maryland State Police Alumni Association. He gave back quietly, consistently and without any interest in recognition. In 2003, he and Kaye bought a motorhome and pointed it west. On a stop overlooking the Pacific Ocean, the very next motorhome to pull in was from Lakeland, Florida, neighbors from 12 miles away. Charles took that as confirmation that the world is small and he was exactly where he was supposed to be. That trip sealed it: Florida may have become his forever home, but the West, especially Montana, had his heart. He and Kaye returned 10 more times. His health presented challenges along the way, but Charles drove every single mile they logged. He was not a man who let challenges make decisions for him. There was always another adventure to plan, another road to take, another reason to load up and go. He is survived by his beloved wife, Kaye, who was his partner in every sense — in the tiled floors of a growing business, in the front seat of a motorhome, in the history of a country they both loved fiercely, and in a life built on the radical idea that if you don't like where you are, you can always move to Florida. Charles Leslie Hixon Jr. never met a stranger. He never wasted a sunny day. And if there's water up there, he's already wet a line. Expressions of condolences at www.HopewellFuneral.com.

Tribute Wall

AD

“ *Amie DiCocco purchased the Full Of Love Bouquet for the family of Mr. Charles Leslie Hixon, Jr..*



Amie DiCocco - June 01 at 09:22 PM

BS

“ *I grown up beside the Hixon family, but I was 10 years younger then Charles. I never knew where he went or what he did in his adult life. I remember him having a strong voice when little and I always liked his mother Ruth and two brothers I called Johnny and young brother Earl. What a beautiful life Charles and rest in peace in heaven. My condolence to his wife Kaye and prayers for lost of your husband and friend 🙏💕🙏*

Brenda L (Kinzer) Sterling - March 24 at 07:50 PM

EA

“ *Sending condolences to Charles Hixon's two sons, Randall Hixon and Scott Morris. Noticed they omitted from the obituary.*

Edwina Alicea - March 23 at 04:51 PM

PM

“ *He was a good friend - could tell great stories - he always talked very highly of his wife. He was a good man.*

Paul Marshall - March 20 at 05:11 PM

ED

“ *Many good memories with you and Charlie, so sorry to hear this, prayers for you, Kaye. There are no words that makes it easy*

Eddie - March 18 at 03:46 PM

AS

This is really hard, as my wife and I had the privilege of visiting with Kaye and Charlie at their Polk City, Florida home just a few weeks prior to Charlie's passing. It was a total shock when Kaye called. Our friendship started many years ago in Maryland and even after we all went our separate ways we always kept in touch and we played lots of golf together over these many years. Charlie was part of a golfing group made up of friends from Maryland for our twice a year weeklong golf trips, and it became larger blended group when we settled in with a great bunch of folks and golfers from the Florence, South Carolina Elks Lodge during our many trips. Our group to a man feels we became better people for having the honor of being part of Kaye and Charlie's life. Rest In Peace our Friend.

AI Debbie Smith - March 19 at 10:29 AM

TS

Kay, so sorry for your loss. I know exactly what you are going through, I lost Beth on the 18th and trying to deal with the loss. You are in my thoughts and prayers and if you need a shoulder to cry on, let me know, we can cry together. Lots of Love.

Tom Sistrunk

Tom Sistrunk - March 29 at 10:02 AM

AL

Kaye I received your note of Charles passing, please feel free to call me anytime. We were spending the month of March on st Simons

Anne Low - April 02 at 01:45 PM