



Terry Ray Craft

November 1, 1959 - January 2, 2019

Terry Ray Craft, 59, of Edwardsville passed away peacefully at his home on Wednesday, January 2, 2018 surrounded by his family.

Terry was born November 1, 1959 the son of Edward and Norma Matney Craft.

He was in the 1977 graduating class of Turner High School. On July 23, 1979 he married the love of his life, Robin Lynne, who survives of the home. Terry was a character and people always remembered him even if they met him once.

Terry is survived by his wife of 39 years, Robin; his father Edward and his wife Carol Craft; son Robert Edward Craft of Edwardsville; sister, Debra Vertz (Randy); granddaughter, Kasey Craft; sisters in law, Christine Roberts (Kevin) and Jennifer Dearing (Phillip Hendrix); and father in law, Robert Campbell (Dee Ann).

He is preceded in death by his mother, Norma Craft; grandparents, Floyd and Erma Matney; granddaughter Kaylee Craft; grandson, Kyle Craft; mother in law Rebecca Dearing; and homie Craig Dade.

No services are planned at this time, Cremation arrangements are under the direction of Maple Hill Funeral Home. Terry will be laid to rest with his

grandchildren at Maple Hill Cemetery.

Cemetery Details

Maple Hill Cemetery

2301 S 34th St
Kansas City, KS 66106
(913) 262-6610
info@maplehillfuneralhome.com

Tribute Wall



“ Terry Ray Craft

October 08, 2023 at 10:59 AM



“ Terry Ray Craft

September 17, 2022 at 08:24 PM



“ I'm so sorry. Terry used to work with my former spouse, Tim Dunfee. They were very close. Terry was so funny, but sensitive too. I remember him talking about his grandma. I met her once. He said that he would go mow her grass and after she died he cried every time he drove by her house. He was a good guy.

belinda dunfee - January 09, 2019 at 10:50 PM



“ Terry, I had not seen you for years, being in oregon an other states i was too far away. Did see Debbie a frw times when back there for a vixit. Debbie so sorry for your loss. Your Aunt Velma Abbott.

Velma Abbott - January 05, 2019 at 02:58 PM



“ Worked with terry for many years he was a good man hard worker and crazy has hell . Peace brother.

Rob osborn aka BEAR - January 05, 2019 at 12:24 PM

 Amber
Gouvion

“ I remember meeting your Dad when we were in elementary together. My condolences and prayers.

Amber Gouvion - January 04, 2019 at 02:18 PM

JS

“ Jay and I are shocked at the loss of a good friend! We used to get together often when our kids were little but as things do we drifted apart but always remember our friends Robin and Terry. We were playing cards at their apartment when the Hyatt walk way collapsed!

We often were at each other's houses having fun, while the kids played!


Terry's smile, laugh, funny and happy attitude will be missed, but we are sure he's in heaven smiling!

Jay and Cristy Shultz - January 04, 2019 at 01:18 PM

TC

“ Sorry for your loss. God bless Terry J Clark

Terry J Clark - January 04, 2019 at 12:16 PM

 Kelly
Oldridge

“ Miss you Uncle Terry. So many memories...from the posters in your garage, to lighting your flatulance, to you taking my wedding video. My greatest memory of you is you carrying me up Pierson Tower so I can be like the other kiddos and throw my 'shoe' down that summer (when I had a cast on).

You introduced me to Bon Jovi, among other bands, vegetable stew (when I hate tomatoes).

Our summers at Nonie's--lighting fireworks, making Fourth of July a memorable holiday.

You will be missed---but you will live on with all of these memories and more!

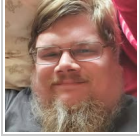
So glad you are out of pain - please give Nonie and Grandma Craft a hug for me.

Kelly Oldridge - January 04, 2019 at 10:11 AM

 DV

“ I miss you already brudder, my heart is just breaking. You were my little brother, I was supposed to go first..... but I am so glad you are out of pain. Will think of you and smile everytime I eat a "hambooger"

Debra Vertz - January 04, 2019 at 08:34 AM



“ 2 files added to the album Memories Album



Robert Craft - January 04, 2019 at 06:09 AM



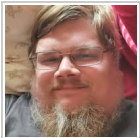
Awwe, Caleb with his Uncle Grampa!

Kelly Oldridge - January 04, 2019 at 10:15 AM



May solice be had in the memories that we hold

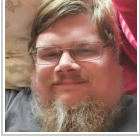
Michael Dade - January 04, 2019 at 09:59 PM



“ 2 files added to the album Memories Album



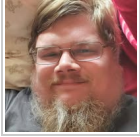
Robert Craft - January 04, 2019 at 05:58 AM



“ 46 files added to the album Memories Album



Robert Craft - January 04, 2019 at 05:56 AM



“ Most people would remember my Dad as the class clown that was always laughing & joking around & talking waaay too loud...and there is no doubt that he certainly was that guy. That being said though, growing up with him as my Dad, I got to see the other side that a lot of people didn't see much of. The old man could be harsh and criticizing and the most stubborn man alive...who always thought he was right. Some might not like this man as well if they were to meet him on an everyday basis cause he always told it how it was with no fucks given, but I'd give anything to have him back right now.

It was this side of him that taught me so many life lessons...how to do things right AND wrong, how to use what you had around you to fix things or at least bandage them enough to get by with for the time being, & most importantly, how to be a man true to yourself no matter the situation. This was the man who didn't coddle me & showed me how to do things so I knew how to do them myself in case I had to in the future. Even if he ended up doing it 20 wrong ways before he got it right, he never gave up. This was the man who would get frustrated & yell while a 4-year-old me was up his ass & all in the way while he tried to fix broken things in the garage, but would eventually say "fuck it" & let me roam around even though he knew it would take him 5 times longer trying to keep me out of shit. This was the man who made a 10-year-old me fetch tools for him while he was under the car getting his hands dirty & who would get irate if I brought him the wrong tool for the 10th time but would lay there under the car explaining how to tell the difference in what tools were used for what & what wrench/socket sizes meant till I brought him the right one. This was the man that would piss off a 13-year-old me by shutting my video game off before I got to save & tell me to get my ass outside. This was the man who showed me the difference between being a Dad & a Father. He showed me the line between being the "funny friend" Dad & the "do what the fuck I told you" Dad. He taught me that any deadbeat POS with a sperm count can be a Father, but it takes a real man to be a Dad.

As I got older & stopped being such a little shit, he had less reason to be the asshole Dad and more chances to be the funny friend Dad. Probably 90% of the time he went off fishing or whatever, he wanted me to go along with him. Those bonding moments are some of the best memories of my life & I'll carry them with me till the day I pass on. We would go fishing & "camping" and even if everything went wrong we would always end up having a good time one way or another...& trust me, things went wrong a lot...HAHAHA. He often let me bring my best bud, Ryan, along for our shenanigans which meant a lot to both of us, but I think it meant even more to Ryan. My parents welcomed him into the fold & ended up being more like parents to him than his own ever were. Being an only child, my buddy Ryan is the closest thing to a brother I ever got & I'll always be grateful to my parents for being so welcoming to him. I know my Dad especially is a prime reason Ryan has some great memories to remember also.

Dad did so much for people regardless if they would do the same in return. He would give you the shirt off his back in a snowstorm if you happened to need it. I remember so many times he would be in the middle of something, someone would call & need his help & he would drop whatever he was doing right then & there and go out & lend a hand no questions asked. My Dad was truly one of a kind & the world grew a little darker with his passing...there will never be anyone like him again, but our memories of him will brighten the day & live on. His laugh & orneriness were infectious. I wouldn't be the man I am today if he wasn't a part of my life.

I know I didn't say it as much as I should have, but I love you so much, Dad. Hug my babies for me & keep the beer cold, we'll party again when I get there.

Robert Craft - January 04, 2019 at 05:30 AM

RB

I think I'm still in some kind of surreal shock, but I couldn't make it through what you wrote without waterworks. One of the greatest people that I've ever known. He is one of a very few people that I let myself get so close to. He truly was like a father to me, and I will never be able to repay that. He will never be forgotten for what he did for people, and he did more than I can put into words for me. Love ya man, and Rest in piece.

Ryan Bouray - January 04, 2019 at 05:59 PM