



Glen Lee Burrow

January 22, 1951 - February 1, 2025

Glen Lee Burrow was born on January 22, 1951, to Ethel Vada Burrow and Chester Burrow, both of whom preceded him in death. He died on Saturday, February 1, 2025 in his Fresno home after a prolonged illness. Glen attended Roosevelt High School (Class of '69) and later, Fresno State University. He always loved football, and this quiet man could become quite animated at every game. He was a member of the Bulldog Foundation and loved supporting his alma mater.

In the 1980s he gave his life to Christ, and he loved supporting his church, Butler

Pentecostal Church of God. There he taught Sunday school to middle-schoolers

and despite their high-energy, Glen loved every minute of it. Glen and his wife became active in their church's food ministry and despite his illness, he always

wanted to know what we distributed for the month.

Although Glen was not the most demonstrative man, he loved his God, his church,

and his family. He is survived by his wife of 48 years, Wanda Burrow, and their children; Priscilla Burrow, Felipa Gareffa, and Brandi Flynn. He also leaves one

brother, Lonnie Burrow, four grandchildren: Christopher Dean, Brittany

Burrow,

Mallory Gareffa, and Paxton Gareffa, as well as three great-grandchildren. His was

a blended family and he would often state that there are no “steps” in his family, only daughters.

The family requests that in lieu of flowers, donations be made in Glen’s name to

Butler’s Pantry using either of the following links:

https://www.butlerpcg.org/donate/?donate_to=Food+Ministry or via Zelle to admin@butlerpcg.org and they can add a note

Previous Events

Visitation

FEB 13. 11:00 AM (PT)

Chapel of the Light
1620 W. Belmont Avenue
Fresno, CA 93728
michael@chapelofthelight.com
<http://www.chapelofthelight.com>

Celebration of Life

FEB 13. 11:30 AM (PT)

Chapel of the Light
1620 W. Belmont Avenue
Fresno, CA 93728
michael@chapelofthelight.com
<http://www.chapelofthelight.com>

Tribute Wall



“Dad was a big introvert. So, I know not very many people knew him like his family did. He was stoic to most of the world, but to us he was often silly. He taught me, without actually saying it, that there was a difference between being childish, and child-like. I’ve held on to that my whole life.



Growing up dad was always whistling, singing, or playing drums on his belly. He’d take well-known children’s songs and often change the words. As it turns out, the song “Home on the Range” does NOT end with the cows getting pregnant all day. He’d sing “Oh my darling Clementine” often. It was so engrained in my childhood that I chose it as my piece for my high school piano recital. I can hear his voice singing it so clearly, even though I haven’t heard it in over a decade.

Dad loved a lot of things. God and family of course. Everyone knew that. But he also loved music, westerns, classic cartoons, silly MTV skits from the 90s, Star Trek, comic book heroes, classic cars, Fresno State Bulldogs, Disney, and anything collectable. And everything was collectable to dad! He probably has over a million marbles. Exact count TBD!

CCR was his favorite band. Whenever they’d come on the radio he’d ask, “Who’s this, Brandi?” and of course I knew the answer because he’d only ask when it was CCR. He’d always get excited for Led Zepplin too. Particularly that bell part of Whole Lotta Love.

Dad has taken me to the FSU basketball and football games my whole life except for the 14 years I was away from home. But then we picked it up right away as if that was where we belonged. Dad’s attendance at the games slowly faded over the last 5 years of his life. He didn’t get to come to any games the last 2 seasons. It wasn’t the same without him. As a kid I knew it was gameday when I could smell his cologne. If I smelled Old Spice in the house and it wasn’t Sunday, I’d better go get my red shirt on!

We didn't have a lot of money when I was little, but dad always made sure to spend time with me. We used to have the occasional daddy-daughter date at A&W. We'd share a root beer, then go see a \$2 movie. If he had cash to spare, we'd get some fries. Those were some of my favorite days.

Dad was also very intelligent. He was great with math and money. My sisters may disagree with me on this, but dad taught math very well. He helped me get ahead in school.

More than anything on Earth, dad loved mom. He loved to give her gifts. For the last 10 years, maybe a little more, dad wasn't doing so well. Last Valentine's Day dad was already bedridden and had been so for about 5 months. But he just had to get her a Valentine's gift that he saw in a commercial (I think).

My parents were a great team. Where one was weak, the other was strong. I always felt like there was a well-balanced team in the house. This dynamic duo has now been separated by death, and my heart aches so much for my mom. Dad was very ill and miserable. He is at peace now. But mom is still here, half of a whole. She is a very strong person, no doubt, but I know she's hurting. After all, your spouse is the one family member you get to pick. I pray for mom to be bathed in peace.

Brandi Evans - February 18, 2025 at 06:30 PM

“ From Terri Kinder:

Recently, my Uncle Glen passed away and has gone to his eternal home to be with the Lord. I Just wanted to share some things I will always remember about him. Uncle Glen had a subtle sense of humor that many may not have known, but he really was very funny. When He would make funny comments normally only a few people nearby would hear. I remember He was devoted to the Lord and actively involved in church, and he was also a passionate Fresno Bulldogs fan—I'm pretty sure he thought he was their #1 Fan. (Tell Brandi Flynn to show you her Bulldog Face he would make her do when she was little if you haven't seen it)

Though I haven't spent much time with him in the last 25 years or so, I'll always remember how mysterious he seemed to me as a child. Unlike our loud family, I always remember him quietly in the corner, observing. Most people didn't even notice him there, and I think that was how he liked it.

I always found him funny and often wondered why he didn't speak up more. The things he said could have made everyone laugh if they had only known. I never remember him raising his voice or showing anger;(I'm sure he did sometimes, just never around me) he always had a smirk on his face, that made you wonder what he was thinking.

The last time we spoke, several years ago, I called to talk to Aunt Wanda, and he answered. We chatted for a bit, and I was surprised by how much he knew about what was happening in our lives in Oklahoma, even though it had been so long since we had spoke. Uncle Glen was quiet and observant, but also deeply caring and funny—qualities that I'm not sure everyone got to see.

My thoughts and prayers are with Brandi, Felipa, Chrissy, and Aunt Wanda, who just celebrated their 48th wedding anniversary. I pray they find peace and comfort during this difficult time. I love y'all.

Wanda Burrow - February 11, 2025 at 04:37 AM



“ *Glen a few years ago unofficially became the mayor of McAllen Texas. Quiet reserved. Glenn had the best sense of humor and was serious about anything he said so you couldn't tell if he was joking or not. The best brother-in-law that girl could have. He loved and cared for his family. please pray for my sister and their girls for strength and comfort. until we all meet again.*

vicki Athey Okoiruele - February 10, 2025 at 10:28 PM



“ *3 files added to the album Photos*



Brandi Evans - February 10, 2025 at 06:54 PM