



Standifird "Stan" Neal Shelton

July 29, 1963 - November 24, 2025

Standifird Neal "Stan" Shelton, 62, of Enid, Oklahoma, passed away on November 24, 2025, in Enid, Oklahoma. Stan was born in Enid on July 29, 1963, to Robert Neal Shelton and Betty Leigh Formhals, spending most of his life in northwest Oklahoma and making homes in both Woodward and Enid. Stan dedicated the majority of his life to public service through law enforcement. Over the years, he served as a park ranger, police officer, detention officer, and security guard. He took great pride in his work and in the communities he served. One of his dreams was to ride in an LAPD cruiser and write a book about his experiences as a law enforcement officer.

A man of many interests, Stan was an avid shooter and firearms enthusiast who especially enjoyed loading his own ammunition. He also had a passion for restoring vintage televisions and radios. Though known for his grouchy demeanor, he was loved by many for his humor and was often someone's unexpected favorite person.

Stan's greatest joys in life were his daughter and granddaughter and the deep bond he shared with them. His pride in them was immeasurable.

Stan was preceded in death by his mother, Betty; his brother, Richard Shelton; and his parents, Robert and Earlyne Shelton.

He is lovingly remembered by his daughter, April Martin, and her husband, Chad, of Woodward, Oklahoma; his granddaughter, Aspen Milledge, of Glasgow, Scotland; and his beloved dog, Oski, his constant friend, always by his side.

Tribute Wall

AM

“ I miss you so very much Grandpa. This past week I have used lots of music to get me through. You remind me of two songs, “Knockin On Heavens Door” by Bob Dylan and “Cottonwood” by twenty one pilots. The first one I heard on a walk in the park a few days after you left us. It was raining slightly, you would call those cloudy gray days “Glasgow Days.” The song came in, and I thought of you.

*“Mama put my guns in the ground
I can't shoot them anymore
That cold black cloud is comin' down
Feels like I'm knockin' on Heaven's door”*

We had very drastically different interests. The one thing about us is we couldn't be any more different. But you always found a way to bond with me with what I did know. I did ballistics courses in university, and I remember you being so excited to talk about what I'd learned. You'd ask me to calculate different things for your bullets and guns. You'd ask me about soil chemistry because that was my dissertation project, and you enjoyed old gas stations and how a common reason they got shut down was environmental concerns. You may not have understood fully, but you observed and asked questions.

Our bond was so close. In your camera roll photos, my mom found a screenshot of you telling me you love me, and I, of course, replying. You felt the need to keep that, cherish it forever. I would've given you so many “I love you”s. I wish you had a chance to reply to the last one I sent you. It still waits for you, Grandpa. I know you'll answer one day.

I've done a lot of missing you this week, and I'm blessed to have so many memories with you I couldn't possibly write them all. I'll end this with a line from Cottonwood:

*“I look back in time through a telescope
I've been catching my,*

*I've been catching my
My reflection already looking."*

Aspen Milledge - December 02, 2025 at 10:25 PM

AM

“ I miss you so very much Grandpa. This past week I have used lots of music to get me through. You remind me of two songs, “Knockin On Heavens Door” by Bob Dylan and “Cottonwood” by twenty one pilots. The first one I heard on a walk in the park a few days after you left us. It was raining slightly, you would call those cloudy gray days “Glasgow Days.” The song came in, and I thought of you.

*“Mama put my guns in the ground
I can't shoot them anymore
That cold black cloud is comin' down
Feels like I'm knockin' on Heaven's door”*

We had very drastically different interests. The one thing about us is we couldn't be any more different. But you always found a way to bond with me with what I did know. I did ballistics courses in university, and I remember you being so excited to talk about what I'd learned. You'd ask me to calculate different things for your bullets and guns. You'd ask me about soil chemistry because that was my dissertation project, and you enjoyed old gas stations and how a common reason they got shut down was environmental concerns. You may not have understood fully, but you observed and asked questions.

Our bond was so close. In your camera roll photos, my mom found a screenshot of you telling me you love me, and I, of course, replying. You felt the need to keep that, cherish it forever. I would've given you so many “I love you”s. I wish you had a chance to reply to the last one I sent you. It still waits for you, Grandpa. I know you'll answer one day.

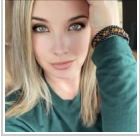
I've done a lot of missing you this week, and I'm blessed to have so many memories with you I couldn't possibly write them all. I'll end this with a line from Cottonwood:

*“I look back in time through a telescope
I've been catching my,*

*I've been catching my
My reflection already looking."*



Aspen Milledge - December 02, 2025 at 10:25 PM



“ I miss my Dad more than I can put into words. His passing was so sudden that I’m still trying to catch my breath and make sense of a world without him in it. I’ve struggled to find the right words because nothing feels big enough to describe how much I loved him or how much he meant to me. I carry so many regrets about the time we lost and all the ways I took for granted that he’d always be here. I truly thought we still had years ahead of us.

My Dad was an incredible Grandfather to my daughter. He never missed an activity, event, or milestone—he showed up every time, with pride shining in his eyes. The way he loved her, and me, is something I’ll hold close for the rest of my life.

People keep telling me how proud he was of us, and hearing that brings both comfort and heartache.

I miss laughing with him. I miss our witty banter, and the way making him laugh made me feel like I’d won a prize. He had this warmth, this presence, that filled a room. Without him, everything feels a little quieter, a little dimmer. The grief is heavy, and I often feel lost without him.

There are things that keep resurfacing—dreams of his that went unfulfilled. He always wanted to visit California: to see the Queen Mary, visit the LAPD Museum, find his Uncle Standifird’s grave, and dip his toes in the Pacific Ocean. We planned to go together, the three of us, but his health kept getting in the way. I wish with all my heart that we’d made it in time. My daughter and I plan on making the trip together spread his ashes in all the places he hoped to go.

I’ve taken custody of his beloved dog, Oskie. He adored her, and they were inseparable. Anyone who knew my Dad knew Oskie too—they were quite the pair. Taking care of her now feels like carrying a piece of him with

Dad was only 62. It feels unfair, too soon, too sudden. But I hope he knew how deeply he was loved. I hope he knew how much he shaped my life, even in the moments I didn’t say it out loud.

I love you, Dad. I miss you more than I can ever express. Thank you for everything—for your love, your humor, your support, and the memories I'll carry forever. I hope you've found peace.

April Shelton-Martin - December 02, 2025 at 01:41 PM



“*Ive had the pleasure of knowing Stan for the past four years. What started as coworkers during his time as a security guard, grew into an almost unexpected friendship between the two of us. Once I started to clean for him it grew into him becoming family. On cleaning days, he spoil me and my partner with donnios. We'd sit on his porch for a dinner break and listen to his stories or listen to him explain all the different ways he spoiled Oski that day. He'd send me a picture of Oski almost weekly, telling me that she misses me and i must come visit her soon. When i'd be at work, he'd come in to shop and say hi to me everytime and of course, bring oski as well. He was such a light in the lives of those who knew him. A wonderful father and friend. I'll treasure the time I had with Stan. Rest in peace, we'll miss you a lot.*”

Faith Oshiro - November 30, 2025 at 09:18 PM

BM

“ Although Stan came into my life recently, he has had a lasting impact on me. Stan to outsiders could be grouchy, hence the nickname Oscar the Grouch, but once you earned his trust you discovered the protector within him. Beneath his rough exterior was a heart that cared deeply and I was lucky enough to see it. He loved to tell stories about the good old days sometimes sad and tender sometimes absurd and most of those stories had me laughing until my sides hurt. My days cleaning his house we're never quiet, he would follow me from room to room telling me stories about this or that, always talking about his daughter and granddaughter with so much love and pride in his eyes. He would complain about Oski and how spoiled she was and then go on to tell me about every new thing he just bought her. What started as a client relationship became something far more precious a friendship built on trust and humor and care his passing leaves me with a profound sadness but also with gratitude for the laughter we shared and the lessons he taught me. I will always carry him with me not just as someone I worked for but as someone I truly cared for. There was no one else like him, and he will be leaving a Stan sized hole in the hearts of everyone who loved him.

Breanna Moore-Cowin - November 30, 2025 at 09:08 PM

“*Stan was a life long friend, my best friend, and the brother I never had. In the last few years of his life we talked and messaged pretty much daily. My wife and I came to see him every fall for a few days and she counted him a friend as well.*

After his most recent hospitalization, things changed for the worse and he was only able to communicate with me sparingly. We had planned to make a trip to see him, but we were too late. As some of his family members have expressed, we are devastated by his passing. The loss is palpable.

The day following his passing, I was fortunate enough to have jobs that took me deep into the Boston and Ozark Mountains in Arkansas. The drive was long and provided time to ponder. Perhaps too much time. The day began cold and misty, but gave way to partial sunshine. The wispy clouds clung to the clefts between the mountains but occasionally they would be bathed in the sunlight against a sky of pale blue. I seemed to drive from one climate zone to another.

That has been the way with my sorrow too. The storm closes in, obscuring all. I can't see more than a few feet. I mourn.

Then the storm parts, when the clouds become sheer, and I glimpse another time, another land, another place. Through tears, I see comfort. Up on ahead. It will come. For now there is mourning. I am sad for the loss of my friend, my brother. I grieve for the years we might have shared. I grieve for others he has left behind who must navigate life without him. I struggle with the loneliness, the heaviness, and the moments when the bottom seems to drop out altogether.

As I drove through the hills and turns, I experienced my own roller coaster of emotions. I cried for the loss of an amazing friend, yet I also laughed as I recalled many of the fun times we shared, the constant jokes he told, and his one of a kind sense of humor.

Too often we think of our friends as a pleasant accessory to life – a nice diversion, but we need them desperately. We need others to walk by our side. To encourage, to strengthen, to correct, to challenge, to confide in. To see beyond our failings and love us anyway.

Thank you for being my friend, Stan! I love you, my brother!

-Jeff

Jeff - November 26, 2025 at 12:41 PM