

Eric Henry Brickley
April 13, 1965 - May 25, 2019

“Be Not Afraid”

OPENING PRAYER

LITURGY OF THE WORD

First Reading

Wisdom 4:7-15

Second Reading

I John 3:1-2

The Gospel

Matthew 5:1-12

HOMILY

“How Great Thou Art”

Prayers of the Faithful

Response:

“Lord, hear our prayer”

The Lord’s Prayer

Eulogy

CLOSING PRAYER

PRESIDER: Saints of God, come to his aid. Hasten to meet him, angels of the Lord.

ASSEMBLY: RECEIVE HIS SOUL AND PRESENT HIM TO GOD THE MOST HIGH.

PRESIDER: May Christ, who called you, take you to himself; and may the angels lead you to the bosom of Abraham.

ASSEMBLY: RECEIVE HIS SOUL AND PRESENT HIM TO GOD THE MOST HIGH.

PRESIDER: Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him.

ASSEMBLY: RECEIVE HIS SOUL AND PRESENT HIM TO GOD THE MOST HIGH.

Military Honors by
United States Navy
Southeast Texas Veterans Service Group

Dismissal

“Navy Hymn”



Eric **H**enry **B**rickley, 54, of Lumberton, died Saturday, May 25, 2019 at Christus Hospital-St. Elizabeth, Beaumont. He was born in Beaumont on April 13, 1965 to Lucy Ruth Law Brickley and Harold Leo Brickley and was a United States Navy veteran.

Eric lived in Beaumont till his father was transferred for work and took his family with him to Singapore where they lived for 3 years. Upon returning the family decided to establish a new home in Lumberton and so Eric graduated from high school there in 1984 and soon afterward enlisted in

the navy serving for 4 years. He was awarded a Good Conduct Medal, National Defense Service Medal, Letter of Commendation and Sea Service Deployment Ribbon. Like so many of the men and women who chose to serve, he returned not physically wounded but terribly scarred just the same. This was something he faced just as stoically as any of the other obstacles that presented to him throughout his life. In spite of this fact, he could not have been more proud of the time he spent in the service and as an added bonus it afforded him the opportunity to bond with his father on a level that they both shared. When he returned home he settled in Lumberton and began his new job as an operator at the City of Beaumont water department. Eric started many lasting deep friendships there and we can only wish that they know how much that meant to him. He continued to work in this position for 26 years up until the day of his death.

In his personal life, when he came home he had a wife in tow and as usually happens became a father. This to him was to be the pinnacle of his life. This little girl quickly became what drove everything he did. No one ever had more pictures or videos on their phone of their kid nor would you find anyone more insistent that you view every last one and derive as much joy from them as he got. His all encompassing adoration of this child was fascinating to watch unfold as she grew from an infant

to where she is today and it became increasingly impossible to keep from being drawn in with him as he experienced the wonder of a growing child. As difficult a task of adjusting to his death will be for us to endure, his absence from her life will certainly be the hardest thing to witness in years to come.

Explaining who Eric was as a child is much more of a challenge. Maybe imagining a mixture of the Snoopy cartoon character Pig Pen and Dennis the Menace and throw in a few of the guys from The Little Rascals you might be able to conjure a similar character in your mind's eye. His older sisters lovingly assigned him the nickname of 'Eek' which in hindsight worked really well as he was seemingly always dirty, forever getting into jaw dropping mischief and displaying a never satisfied curiosity of the mechanical workings of anything to the point of destruction. These descriptions were as much a part of him as that silly grin he never lost. Dirty is more or less self explanatory if you take it to extremes, mischief might be explained as taking the garden hose and filling up the car with water and curiosity would be taking a sisters bike apart then putting it back but leaving out all the 'extra' pieces. If it had any screws to be removed, it WAS NOT safe. He sure kept mom's attention directed his way and that is no small feat when there are five other kids also trying to make their voices heard.

Getting through school presented him with some issues but his determination and perseverance gifted him with the path that allowed him to reach that goal. I can only address my interactions and observations as I was out of the house as he got older but it seems that in high school he had little problems finding girls to date. In fact as I think more on it maybe I should say that that ability probably at times did cause him considerable problems. His sisters tend to be up to their hips in the extreme end of animal rescue, occasionally to their own detriment, and he did the same with people



and more often than not with the same calamitous results. But these experiences failed to change him or slow him down. He was without fail who he was till the end. However that just really speaks to the fact that he did have a kind, open and giving heart. In the end all he ever wanted was to be liked and respected for who he was as a son, brother, husband, father and uncle. And to that I say my dear brother...well done.

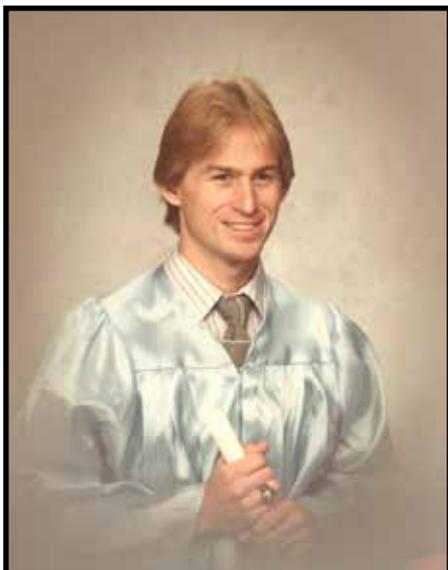
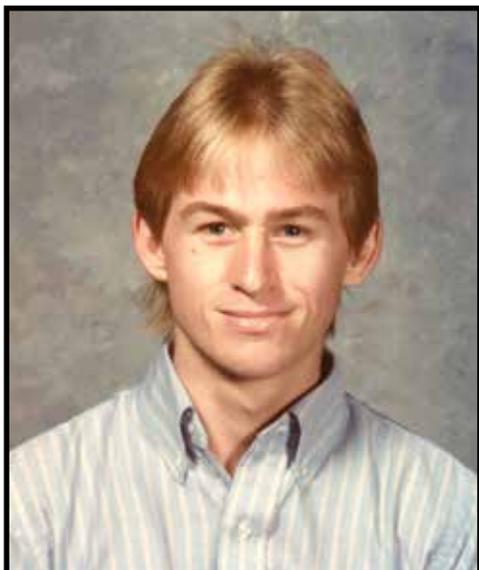
I am going to take the liberty of declaring as an irrefutable fact that most who crossed into his life found an unsophisticated but at the same time complex man. He was not at any time what is called high maintenance. Eric much preferred to blend into the background as opposed to standing out in the crowd. That was just where he was most comfortable. Try as he might to camouflage his presence, you could always feel him back there. That was comforting and somewhat amusing because he was no chameleon. His family and true friends never had to question the fact that he cherished having them in his life and he always made sure there was room for someone new. There is no replacement for him and our lives are diminished by the fact that we will never be able to laugh with him again or ask for his help with all the things he could do or was willing to try to do for us or get mad at him for being such a supreme dolt about somethings or thank him for just being there for us or just stand there looking into his eyes for no other reason than that we just wanted to see him because he deserved that much from us. For everything you did in your life, brother, I hope you know that we could not be more proud, love you more nor want you to be anything different than what you were.

Survivors include his mother, Ruth Law Brickley of Lumberton; daughter, Heaven Leigh Brickley of Orangefield; sisters, Bonnie Blackman and her husband, Bob, of China; Mary Clare Brickley of Beaumont; and Bootsie Baker and her husband, Melvin and Bridget Canady and her husband, Gordon, all of Lumberton; nieces and nephews, Heather McGown, Chris Mickle, Shannon McGown, Lee Blackman, Jessica Dorsey, Sara Herrington-Olson, Reid Todd, (godson) Keaton Baker, Jude Canady, and Carsyn Canady, and a host of relatives and friends.

He is preceded in death by his father, Harold Leo Brickley and brother, Robert Harold Brickley.





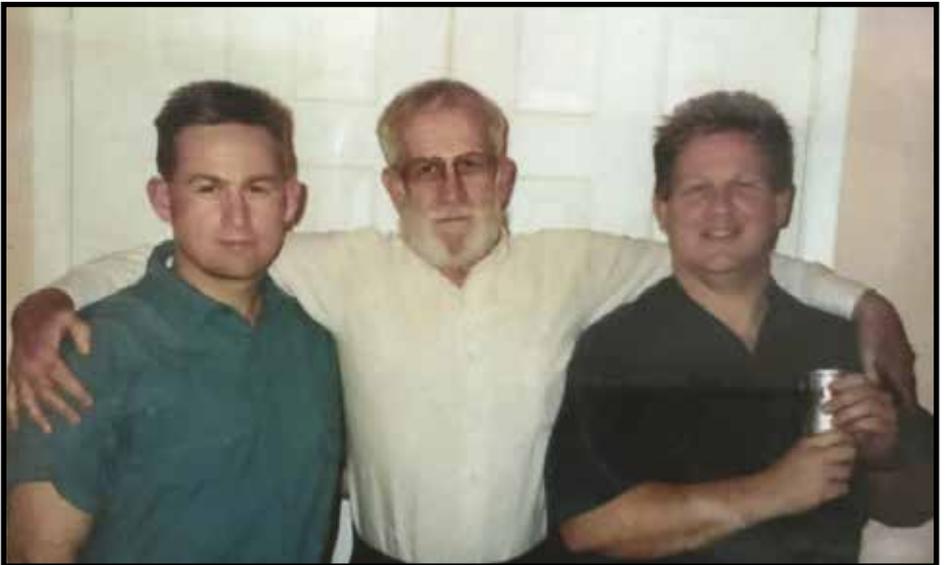


Eric and I shared many cars throughout high school. Almost every car my dad bought us Eric wrecked ... I remember waking up one morning and hearing my dad yell... “Eric, a tailgate just doesn’t fall off a car by itself!”



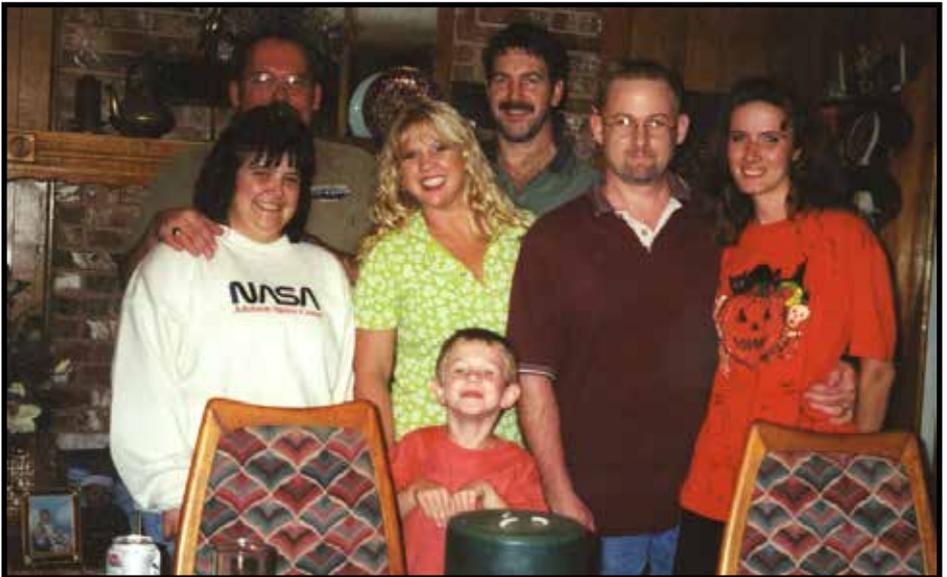


I think Eric could swim before he could walk. Not like a tadpole but a bluefin tuna it was impressive and he could hold his breath underwater for impossible lengths of time. As a teen he got into scuba diving and was a volunteer with Lumberton fire dept along with his brother Bobby as a rescue diver in village creek. It seemed only fitting he would join the navy and become a sailor proudly following in his father's footsteps.



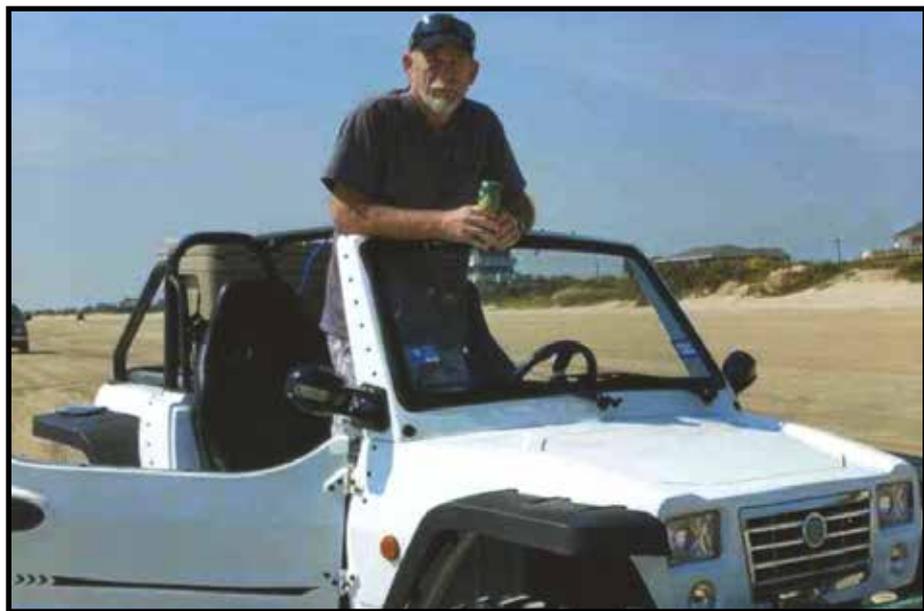


Uncle Eric was gold!





He loved that old red jeep, I'm not sure how it even still ran. When he found out Carsyn was getting a Jeep as her first car, he mailed a Jeep Accessory magazine to our house, with the pages turned down on everything she needed!





People often say actions speak louder than words. This held very true with Eric. He never was man of many words but was always there for his family. I remember at family functions he was always there standing in the back with that little smile just listening and watching everyone. I got the feeling that he was just so happy to be in the presence of what matters most in life. Family. When I went in to have Slade, Eric was there waiting to catch a glimpse of the newest family member. They told me when the nurses would open the door he would peak through the crack trying to get a sneak peek of the newest little one. We could all learn something from Eric when it comes to this. We often forget about family in our busy lives with work and everything else we are trying to juggle. So maybe we all need to step back and just enjoy the moment a little more, put down your phone take a look around and really just take in what's going on. I know Eric is with us today standing back watching us all together listening to us with that little grin. Today is just a little different. Today he's our guardian angel.





Funeral Service

Saturday, June 1, 2019 11:00 a.m.

Broussard's Chapel

Beaumont, Texas

Deacon Garry LeBlanc

Pallbearers

Todd Holcomb

Daryl Hargrave

Rick Labbit

Ted Stieghorst

Corey Dorsey

Keaton Baker (Godson)

Honorary Pallbearers

Chris Mickle

Jude Canady

Private Family Committal

Broussard's Crematorium

Beaumont, Texas

Memorial Contributions

Wounded Warrior Project

P.O. Box 758517

Topeka, Kansas 66675-8517



Broussard's
Established 1889

Please sign Mr. Brickley's guest book and share your memories at
www.broussards1889.com