



Eddie James Choate

November 27, 1932 - December 14, 2018

Celebrating the Life of
Eddie James Choate

Monday, December 17, 2018 2:00 p.m.

Toledo Baptist Church

Burkeville, Texas

Reverend Cliff Schadler

“How Great Thou Art”

Welcoming Remarks

Obituary

Prayer

Eulogy

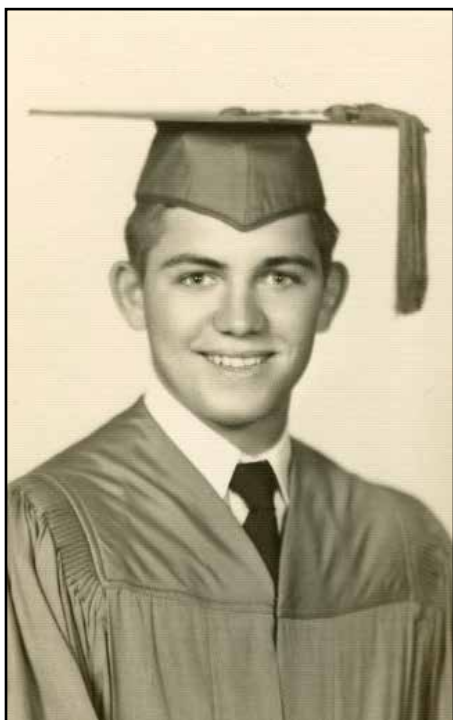
Mark Choate

“Beulah Land”

Message

Closing Prayer

“Go Rest High on That Mountain”



Eddie James Choate, 86, of Beaumont, died Friday, December 14, 2018. He was born on November 27, 1932, in Port Arthur, to Carmen Riviere and Whitney Choate. Eddie was a United States Army veteran and he was a retired electrician.

He is survived by his wife, Bethel Choate, formerly of Port Arthur; children Mark Choate and his wife, Nancy, of Beaumont; Steven Choate, of Joplin, Missouri; and Cindy McNamara and her husband, Jude, of Katy; sister, Lorraine Anderson, of Port Arthur; grandchildren, Brandon Drake and his wife, Audrey; Megan Choate; Danielle Drake; Alex Albair; Kaytelyn Borne; and Konnor Houston; and four great-grandchildren.

Eddie is preceded in death by his parents; and brothers, Glen Choate and Kenneth Choate.

















Interment
Toledo Bend Cemetery
Toledo Bend, Texas

He Grew the Tree

*He molded and built a small lonely hill
that He knew would be called Calvary.
Then He made the seed that would grow to be
thorns that would make His son bleed.
Then He made a green stem.
Gave it leaves and then gave it sunshine and rain
and sheltered it with moss.
He grew the tree He knew would be
used to make the old rugged cross.*

*With tears in his eyes God looked down through
time saw Him spat upon rejected and mocked.
Still He knew the tree He knew would be
used to make the old rugged cross.*

*Nothing took His life with love he gave it.
He was crucified on a tree that he created.
With great love for man
God gave with his plan.
He grew the tree so that we might go free.*

*Still He grew the tree He knew would be
used to make the old rugged cross.*

Lyrics by Barbara Mandrell



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