



Margie McIntyre

June 3, 1933 – September 14, 2019

Celebrating the Life of
Margie McIntyre
Tuesday, September 17, 2019 4:00 p.m.
First Pentecostal Church
Silsbee, Texas
Reverend Homer Looper
Reverend C.M. Duplissey



“Shouting on the Hills”
Buck Hudson

Obituary and Opening Remarks

“If Heaven’s A Dream”
Brother C.M. Duplissey

Tribute by Charles Brewer

Message of Comfort
Reverend Homer Looper

Closing Prayer

“By and By”
Stephanie Cloud



Margie Ree McIntyre, 86, of Silsbee, died Saturday, September 14, 2019. She was born on June 3, 1933, in Livingston, to Clara Johnson Kinard and Elton Kinard.

Survivors include her children, Tommy McIntyre and his wife, Dolly; Kathy Brewer; Jimmy Brewer; Shirley Cook; Cyndi Brewer; and Judge Charles Brewer and his wife, Michelle;

grandchildren, Clay McIntyre, Adam McIntyre, Tommy McIntyre, Jr., Curtis McIntyre, Joseph Cook, Chad Brewer, Kaylee Barnhart, Blake Brewer, Dollie Willis, Nichols Salter, Victoria Salter, Joey Bozyone, Jonathan Bozyone, Jamie Brewer, Katie Brewer, Candi Brewer, Johnny Brewer, Brandilyn Smith, Garrick Erickson, Michael Erickson, Steven Beck, and Jeremy Beck; forty-five great-grandchildren; siblings, Ima Jean Rainey of Houston; Linda Pryor and her husband, Reverend Paul, of Midland; Ginger Koopman and her husband, Garland, of Santa Fe; and Shirley Fontenote and her husband, Raymond, of Nederland.

She is preceded in death by her parents; husband, L.D. McIntyre; children, Harold McIntyre, Brenda Salter, John Brewer, Jr., and Sharon Erickson.







My mother and I had a very special relationship. Maybe it was because I was the baby of 7 children. While my older brothers and sisters were more outgoing and liked to go find adventures away from home, I never liked being too far from her. When they would go spend the night at daddy's or with one of our grandmother's, I would try to be brave and do it, but just couldn't.

When it got dark all of those ghosts would come out and I wanted to be safe at home with her. My parents divorced when I was very young and I hardly remember them living in the same house. I grew up watching my mother raise and support 7 kids working a minimum wage job at West Gipson's Department Store. She was not a complainer so I didn't understand back then what kind of sacrifice this really was. Now that I'm grown and do understand, it makes me love and respect her even more. Another thing I didn't know is that we were poor. She probably could've gotten some type of government support, but she was better than that and went to work everyday. She always managed to find money to do special things for us. We always had new school clothes and would take trips to the Dam to go fishing. She took good care of us.

The best thing she did for us was making sure we were in church. Church was more important to her than anything and she lived for God at home just like she did there. She taught her kids the right way to live. I wish I could say that I always followed her direction and never caused her any worries, but that hasn't always been the case. I pulled many shenanigans as a young person and I've even pulled a few as an adult, but there was one person I could always count on to help me out of, or pray me out of trouble – and that was my mother. She wasn't going to let anything happen to her baby.

I was 16 years old when my mom married LD. It had just been the two of us for many years, so I knew life was about to change. She knew just how to balance our new life with him and he became much more to me than a stepfather. She and LD took many great trips together and she became a beloved part of the lives of his family from Oklahoma. She loved to go there and spend time with LD's brothers, their wives and children. She, LD and LD's sister, Syble, also took many long trips together. You saw a lot of those pictures during the slideshow earlier. These were very happy times.

My mother's home was the gathering place on holidays. There was never a question of where we would spend Thanksgiving or Christmas. It was not unusual to have 50-75 people at my mom's during these times. She would spend days preparing cakes, pies, southern side dishes and of course her famous chicken and dressing. The more the merrier was the motto of my mother and LD. Some of the best memories we have of my mother are the holidays that she always made so special for all of us. If only we could go back and experience those just one more time.

She went on to become a grandmother about 22 different times and she was the same kind of grandmother as she was a mother. My kids couldn't have hand-picked a grandmother that loved them more than Memaw did. When Michelle and I were young, we had many struggles. My mother and LD were both faithful to help us with babysitting, so being at Memaw and PawPaw's house was just a normal way of life for our kids. It was their second home. My mother reinforced biblical principles with them. She would always tell them she was praying for them. As they got older, they would call her with troubles and ask her to pray. They had great confidence in their grandmother and her prayers. There are so many hard things about losing my mom, but one of the hardest is knowing that she's not here praying for us anymore. I sure hope all of those prayers live on because we're going to need them more than ever now.

My mother was the strongest woman I've ever known. She always loved you, but she didn't mind telling you when you were doing something that went against biblical teaching – and this included her kids and grandkids. She was a prayer warrior. She prayed all the time. She was a woman of great faith. She always told us "God is able," or "God will do it!" My mother buried 4 grown children in the last 11 years. FOUR CHILDREN. I know that she grieved for them deeply, but you would never know it because she didn't cast her cares on us – she did what the bible said and cast her cares on The Lord. I know that God took care of my mother in a special way because you don't bury 4 children and stay the same. But my mother stayed the same – ever faithful, ever committed and prayed the prayer of faith until the end.

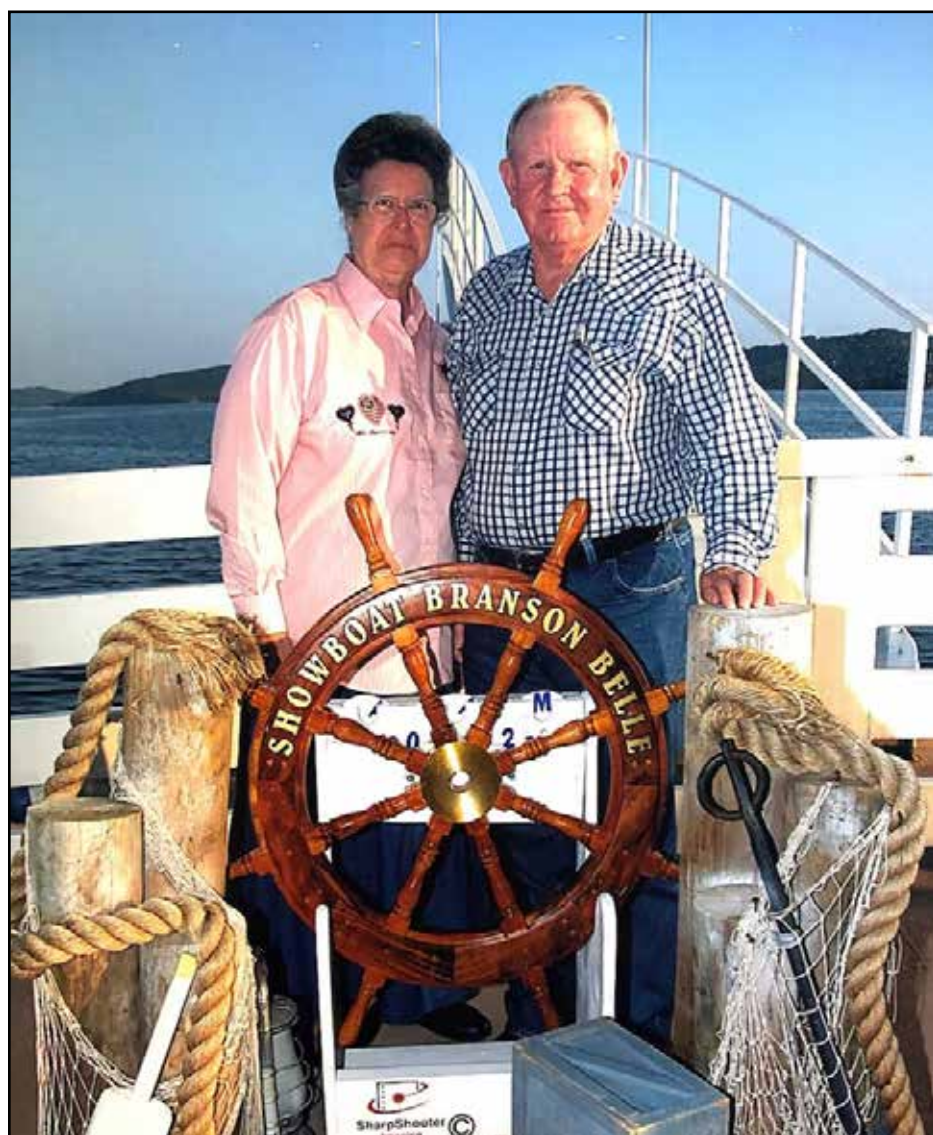
I had the privilege of caring for my mother through this illness that happened shortly after we lost my brother in 2017. It wasn't always easy, but my mother took good care of me, so I wanted to take good care of her. I'm so thankful that God gave me such a precious and special mother. She led a life that is the perfect example of how to get to Heaven, and I know that's where she is. I wanted everyone here today to know just how special my mom really was.

I love you, Mommy.
Charles







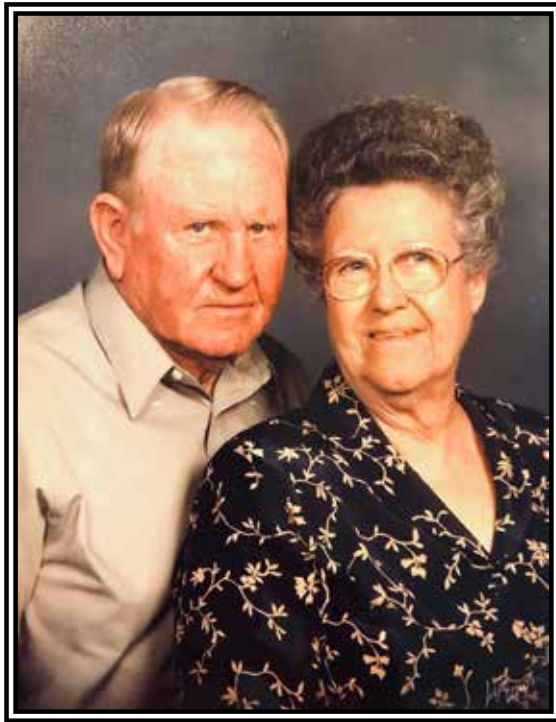












Pallbearers

Chad Brewer
Blake Brewer
Chris Willis
Joseph Cook
Buck Hudson
Nubbin Cooper

Interment

Old Hardin Cemetery
Kountze, Texas



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