



Blain Mical Padgett
January 27, 1997 - March 2, 2018



Blain Padgett was born in Beaumont, Texas, and was the first child of Wyndi and Mical Padgett. He grew up in the small town Sour lake, Texas, and grew up with the most supportive, loving community. Blain grew up playing baseball, football, and basketball with his best friends, that he carried with him until the day he left this Earth. Alongside of him he had two sisters, me (Kenedy Padgett, a year younger than him) and Kamryn Padgett (13 years old), who looked up to him, loved him, and who were proud of him in everything he did. Blain was not only the best brother, son, and best friend to

us, but he protected and stood up for us every single day of our lives. Kamryn and I loved being Blain's little sisters. He loved picking on us and making us laugh.

Blain attended Sour Lake elementary filling the halls with laughter and joy with his sweet smile and big dimples. His teachers loved that goofy kid and were very patient with him, Lord knows he was a lot to handle. When our baby sister, Kamryn, came along I remember him being so proud of her. He would carry her around everywhere and just always show her off. All of his Sour Lake Elementary teachers were a big part of his life when he was a student there, but are still a huge part of Blain's life because they are our mom's coworkers and friends.

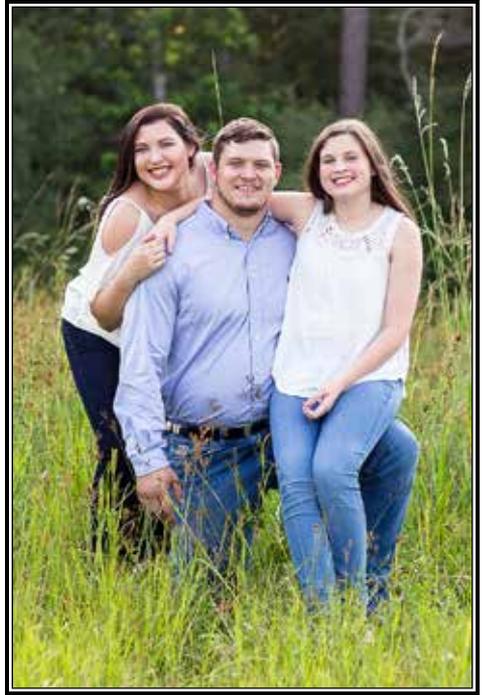
After elementary school he moved on to Henderson middle school right down the road. Blain had played T-ball, little dribblers, and flag football, but his true love for sports excelled in middle school. Blain was a true UT football fan, because of his true hero, his dad. Our dad played football for UT in college and Blain just knew he wanted to follow in his dad's footsteps. Every picture Blain was in, you could always count him

holding up the “hook em” sign. Blain was always surrounded by his best friends whether they were playing Young Guns, Twin County baseball, or Hawk Football. Even though Blain’s love for football over took all sports, he played select baseball to be with his closest friends. Blain played for the Young Guns, coached by his dad and all of his “second” dads. We traveled on the weekends, had tailgates before and after the games, stayed up late at the hotels by the pools, and most of all we loved each other like a family. Growing up in a small town like we did, Blain had an extended family that loved him more than ever. I thought he was this amazing guy, even at that young of an age, that I looked up to and wanted to be his best friend. When he played for the Young Guns I remember I would play with him and his friends. I remember I would play football with them in the yard and the guys wouldn’t want to tackle me or would be too scared to give me the ball. Blain would tell them, “It’s okay, she will be tough enough. If she wants to play, then let her play and don’t go easy on her.” He taught me to throw the football the “correct way”.

When he went to high school, I remember him being so excited about football. He wanted to be the best even as a freshman. He hurt his back and had to sit out his freshman year, but went to every practice and wanted to be with his team every step of the way. After he was healed and got back to the game, he excelled. He grew, physically and emotionally. He became a leader on and off the field. Blain was that guy. When he walked down the hall ways all you saw was him glowing with laughter and joy. He would walk by people and everyone had to mess with him or say hi to him. I remember him being everyone’s favorite person, and I was so jealous of that. Now that I look back at it, it all makes sense. He was my favorite person, and he deserved all the praise he received. Not only did all of the kids love him, the teachers, the principle, the coaches, the trainers... Everyone loved “Big B”. Seeing him on the field was mesmerizing. I saw the way he helped his team mates up when they were down (physically and mentally).



I saw the way he would get in someone's face when they weren't showing respect to someone on the team, or not doing their very best. I remember the nights him and dad would be in front of the TV showing what Blain should do in certain situations on the field. I would just pause the TV and watch them amazed at how they just bonded. Blain was the one kid who honestly LOVED just being with his family. Blain would love to hang out with Mom and Dad. He would mess with Mom and knew exactly what would get her laughing after a long day at work. No one could ever make their day like him, and I strive to



be as good as him when it comes to making someone's day in such a little way. During high school Blain defended me in every way, especially when it wasn't asked for. If you knew Blain, you knew he wouldn't let anyone or anything hurt me. If he ever even expected my feelings to be hurt, he would come up to me and say, "Who are they and what did they say? Why didn't you tell me about it?". That is just what kind of guy he was. He stood up for everyone he loved and if you hurt them you hurt him. Blain loved going hunting and fishing. He loved going to the Jones Hunting club with his friends or the "Jones Boys" and sitting by a fire listening to his music. Blain had a love for the old country music "real country music". His favorites were Keith Whitley, Merle Haggard, George Jones, and Waylon Jennings. He had our Poppi's guitar with him the last time he came home, and he was playing a piece of a song him and his roommate, Jack played together. He had his big legs propped up, head back, and said "When I listen to music or play this guitar, all my stresses and worries just go away. Music eases my soul and just makes everything better". One of his favorite things was hanging out with all of our second cousins that were more like best friends to him. He loved sitting by a fire, listening to our cousin Court play his music. He told me one time, "If I could play music and go to the NFL, my life would be

made”. He had an old soul that just wrapped you in and made you feel at peace with everything.

When Blain decided that he was going to attend Rice University, I was so excited that my permanent “body guard” was going to be out of those Hardin Jefferson halls. When we dropped him and Roe off at their dorm, I hugged him and it hit me; My best friend will not be one wall away from me. He wouldn’t be making me late to school, or take all the hot water. I then realized that I needed to cherish every moment with him, and I’m so glad I did. Blain lived his first 2 years at Rice University with his lifelong friend and HJ football buddy, Roe Wilkins. Blain and Roe were used to woods and mud and trees, so you can only imagine them getting used to the concrete, city life. They wouldn’t have made it without the other and I thank God Blain had Roe.

His sophomore year he was named defensive lineman player of the year, and I wish I had a video of his facial expression when he found that out. He knew he was good, but he will never know how GREAT he was. Once Blain started football at Rice I saw the making of a determined, inspiring man. Blain would call my dad and ask him “I know I am only a freshman, but how am I supposed to wake them up and make them be serious about this? What can I do to make this team better?”. Again, that is the kind of Man he was. He would work hard, and still ask what can I do. The thing is Blain didn’t think this was out of the ordinary. In fact, no matter how proud we were, or how much praise he deserved he would never

fail to tell me how proud he was of ME. He would tell me “Kenedy you are going to be the most successful out of us. You are going to be the best nurse this world will have”. He was our Rock. The thing my family and I enjoyed the most was going to



watch him play. I remember the excitement we would have driving to all of his games. He was our hero. My dad changed from being a UT Alum and fan, to being a whole hearted, full force Rice Owl fan. When Blain became a Junior, he moved into a house with some of his closest friends JT, Jack, and Trey. They were his brothers and I'm so thankful that God put them in his life and they could put up with the boy from Sour Lake. I would go and stay the weekends with him and his friends. I enjoyed it so much. He was honestly the coolest guy I knew and no one will ever compare to how amazing he was. Going to his house, you would realize how every guy needs a woman to visit and clean every once and a while. I think he would wait to do the dishes or clean his clothes until I came over. I would wash his dishes, mop his floor, and pick up after him. I would act like it was a burden, but secretly I loved it. I loved doing stuff for him, because he did everything for me. I know now why our mom never complained when he would bring all his laundry home from Rice. She was glad to do it. She was just so excited to spend time with her B!

Blain loved Food! Blain loved his momma's cooking. He still had her cooking casseroles and sending them to him in Houston for him to enjoy with his roommates. Our dad works every day in Houston and was so lucky to spend so much time with Blain while he was at Rice. He loved going to watch practice and take Blain to lunch. Blain loved that time together as much as dad did! Blain loved just spending time at home with friends and family whenever he could just sitting by the fire, listening to music, and hanging out with all of us!

Blain was a big, tough, football player, but that isn't what defined him. Blain was a kind hearted, loving, and joyful man who would do anything for the people in his life. He could warm your heart with those sweet dimples, and make all of your worries go away with the big, bear hugs. Blain would tell me, "Kenedy, you are the bravest and happiest person I know." And



it just blew my mind that this inspiring, strong guy is telling ME this. He will never understand how much he meant to not only me, but everyone his sweet smile touched. Hug your loved ones and your friends. Tell them they are amazing. Tell them you are thankful for them. Blain was my best friend, my rock, my support system, I know how much he loved me and our baby sister Kam. Even though we are selfish and believe that 21 years wasn't enough with our Blain, God worked through him every minute of every day. Blain is in paradise with his favorite people, Merle Haggard and George Jones, waiting to show us around. Please when you think of Blain think of striving to do your best and enjoy every minute you have with your loved ones.

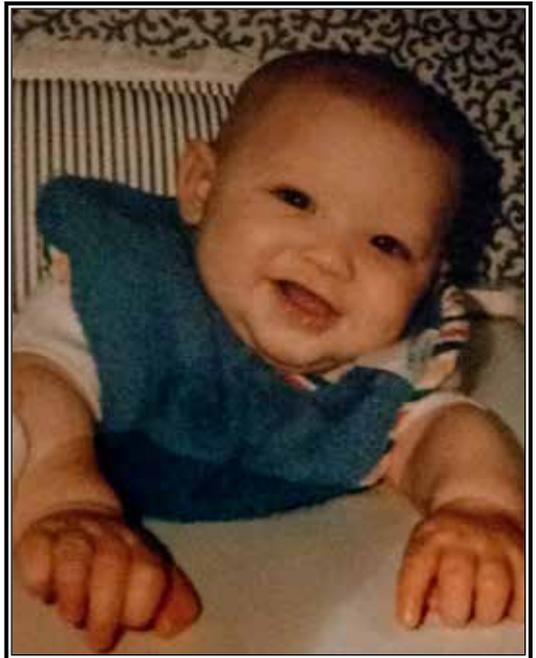
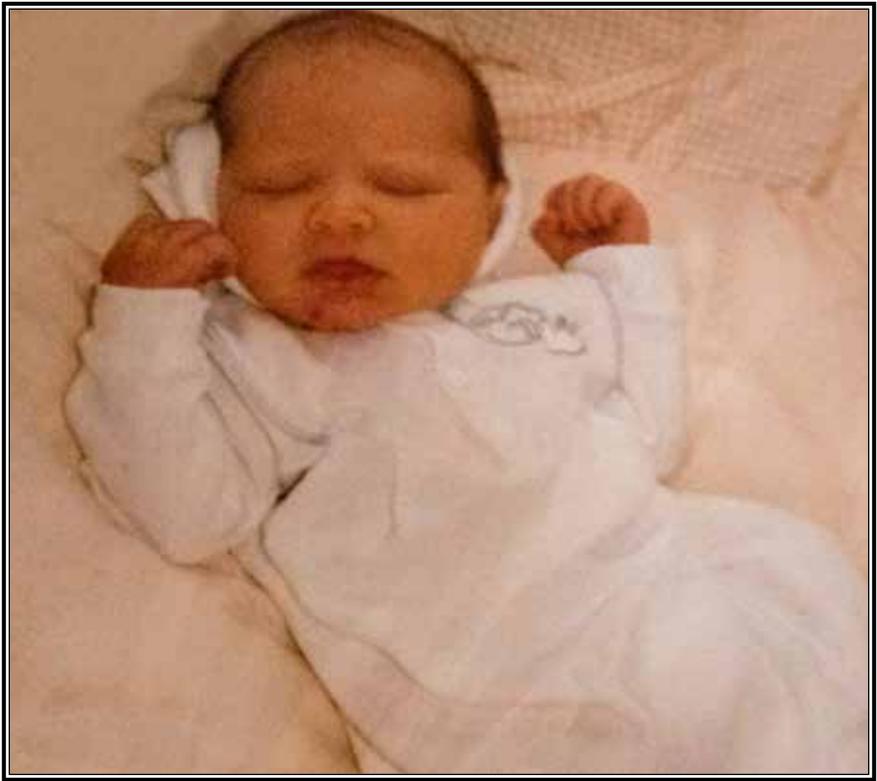
Survivors include his parents, Mical and Wyndi Padgett of Sour Lake; sisters, Kenedy Padgett and Kamryn Padgett; grandparents, Dick and Carole Marsh, Linda Zaring, and Wayne Padgett and Aline Bickley, all of Beaumont; aunts and uncles, Cory and Staci Marsh, James and Stephanie Padgett, Kyle and Kim Padgett, and Steve and Sheri Velez; great-aunts and uncles, Jim and Renee Nance, Mike and Stephanie Nance, Wendy and Pam Nance, David and Sheila Willis, Ray and Debbie Elliott, Marsha and John Froehlich, Nancy Yetter, Lisa and Rick Miller, Chris and Dorinda Padgett, Lee and Darla Padgett, Waylon and Debbie Padgett,

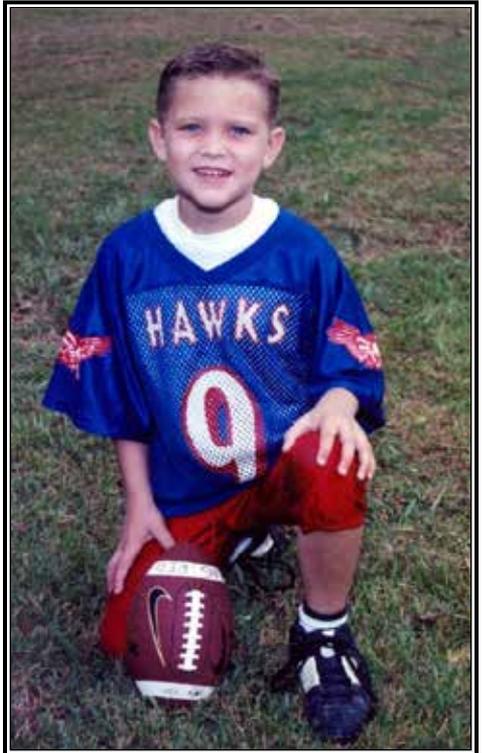
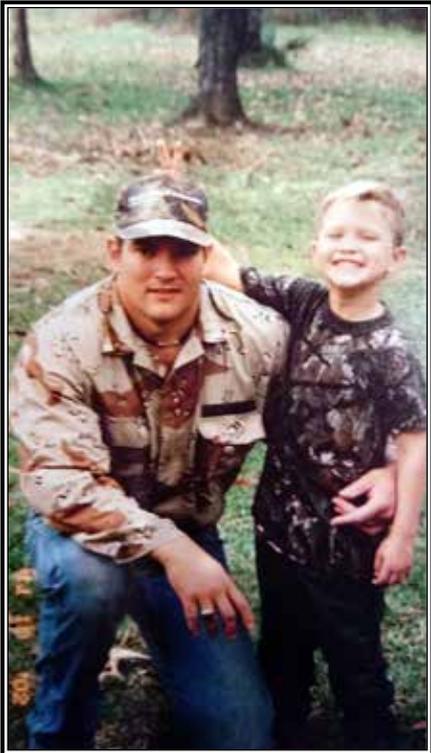
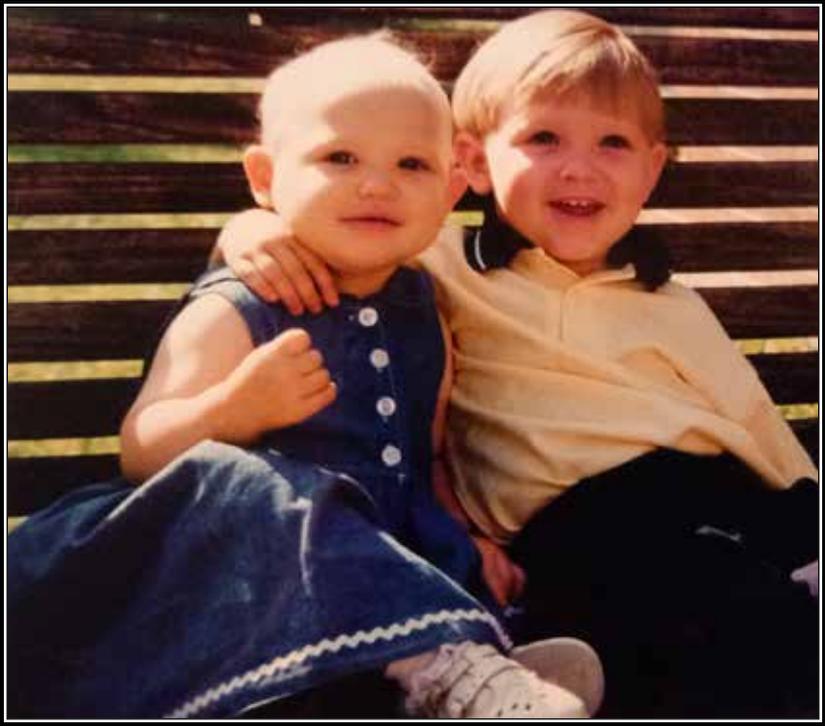


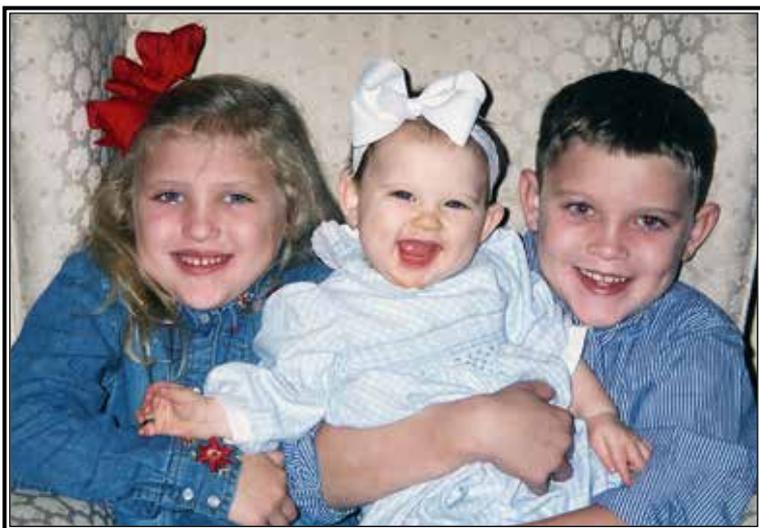
Carolyn Baxter, Pat Griffin, Susie and Will Tinkle, Tommy and Lynn Phillips, and Scot Marsh; cousins, Grayson Padgett, Kathryn Padgett, Raegan Padgett, Logan Padgett, Nance Marsh, Tanner Marsh, Priscilla and Phillip Alexander, Kylan Padgett, Kassler Padgett, Kendall Padgett, Luke Velez, Evan Velez, and Claire Velez; second cousins (over 50), The Nance Bunch, Elliott Bunch, Padgett Bunch, and the Tinkle, Griffin, and Phillips Bunch! Blain was so close to these cousins throughout his life and they have been a huge part of his life and him of theirs.

He is preceded in death by his great-grandparents, Wendell and Maxine Nance, Raymond and Kathryn Elliott, Cleo and Tally Padgett, Katherine and Tommy Thompson, Dick and Lyska Marsh; and other family members, Xander Miller, Stephen Padgett, David Zaring, James Griffin, Ken Griffin, John Craig Froehlich, Lindsey Willis, and Owen Padgett.



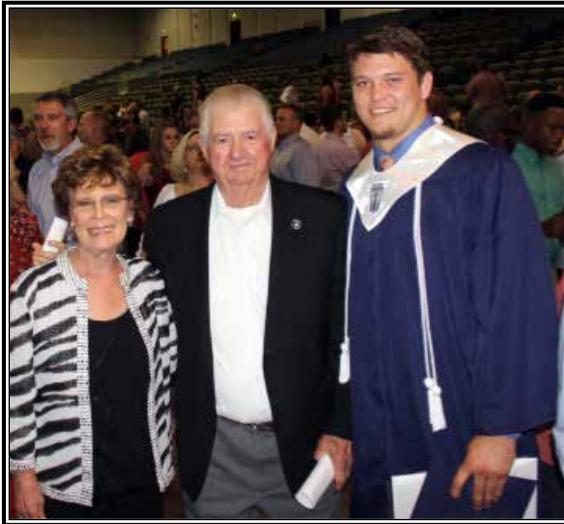




















Pallbearers

JT Granato
Luke Thomas
Trey Martin
Jack Fox
Brady Wright
Roe Wilkins
Travis Coe
James Sanft
Carl Thompson

Honorary Pallbearers

Rice Owl Football Team

Interment

Rosedale Cemetery
Sour Lake, Texas

Memorial Contributions

Blain Padgett Scholarship Fund
c/o Wesley United Methodist Church
3810 North Major Drive
Beaumont, Texas 77713
<https://www.shelbygiving.com/g3/h>



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