



Doyle Edwin Dawson

October 13, 1928 - February 9, 2023

Celebrating the Life of
Doyle Edwin Dawson
Sunday, February 12, 2023 10:00 a.m.
Broussard's Chapel
Beaumont, Texas
Pastor Richard Shreve

“Old Rugged Cross”
by Elvis Presley

Welcome and Opening Prayer

Special Memories
Angela Lewis

Time of Sharing

“Will the Circle Be Unbroken”
by The Statler Brothers

Message

Closing Prayer

“Daddy’s Hands”
by Holly Dunn

Doyle Edwin Dawson was born October 13, 1928, and he passed away on February 9, 2023.

Mr. Dawson had a wonderful 94 years on this earth, but his life came with many peaks and valleys along the way. Raised in the farmland and cotton fields of Northeast, Louisiana, he lost his father as a teenager and as the oldest of five siblings he quit school to earn enough money to support the family. He worked as an auto mechanic in Bastrop, Louisiana, and after leaving Louisiana he made short stops along the way in Kentucky, Houston, Port Arthur, then settling in Groves, Texas, to raise his family, all the while working as an auto mechanic until he found his calling as a car salesman. He excelled and eventually was managing a major auto dealership in Beaumont, Texas, for used and new cars. Later he teamed up with his longtime friend Simmi Polk and they started their own business in the early 70's as Polk & Dawson Motor Co. Eventually he opened his own car dealership as Doyle Dawson Motor Co. and that evolved into Dawson Marine with multiple stores in Beaumont, Jasper and Houston. After a very successful and long career, he retired from his work at the age of 88 in 2016.

Doyle Dawson was quite the outdoorsman, had a passion for hunting whether it be ducks, dove, quail, hogs or deer. He hunted from Louisiana, East Texas, West Texas, and South Texas, over many many years. Some of his very best friendships came while he shared these experiences.

Doyle was a talented musician, playing the guitar, fiddle, piano and harmonica, all self-taught. He took in so much enjoyment while playing and entertaining.

He was an excellent cook, being able to cook for both small and large groups. Amongst his friends and family, he was well known for his specialties like homemade chicken & dumplings, gumbo, wild game dishes, homemade biscuits and cornbread, outstanding BBQ and much much more. Nothing made him happier than watching friends and family indulging in joy of his cooking.

As our father, our friend, our family he was there many times for family guidance, financial assistance, leadership, and most of all love.

Mr. Dawson is preceded in death by his wife, Belinda Dawson; parents, Wesley Monroe Dawson and Ella Lee Tharp Dawson; three brothers, James Wesley Dawson, Henry Earl Dawson and Huey Lee Dawson; and three half siblings, William C. Dawson, Mildred Dawson Stutts, and Gladys Dawson Pickren.

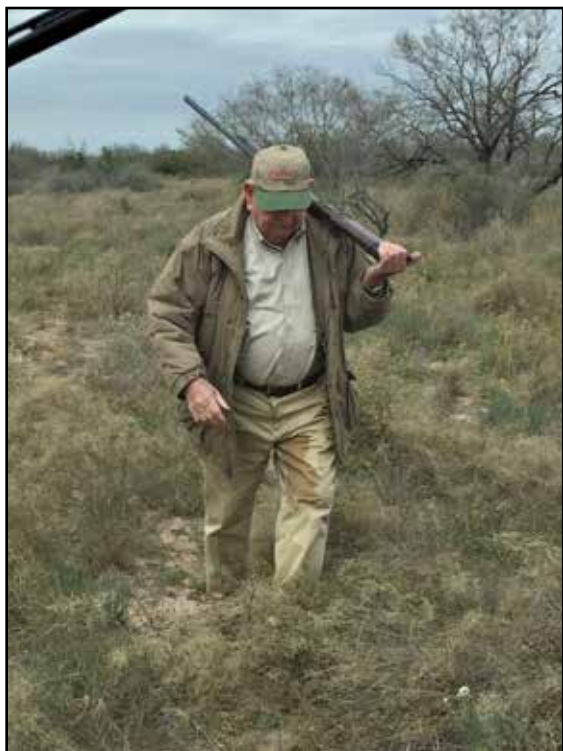
He is survived by his children, Gail Hollier and husband, Rodney Hollier; George Wesley Dawson and wife, Karena Dawson; and Neko Dougherty; one brother and sister, Charles Dawson and wife, Martha Dawson Paine; seven grandchildren, Michael Landry and wife; Jason Landry and wife; Michelle Murelle and wife; Angela Lewis and husband; Jennifer Dawson; Lindsey Dougherty, Bryce Durham; eight great-grandchildren; and one great-great-grandchild.







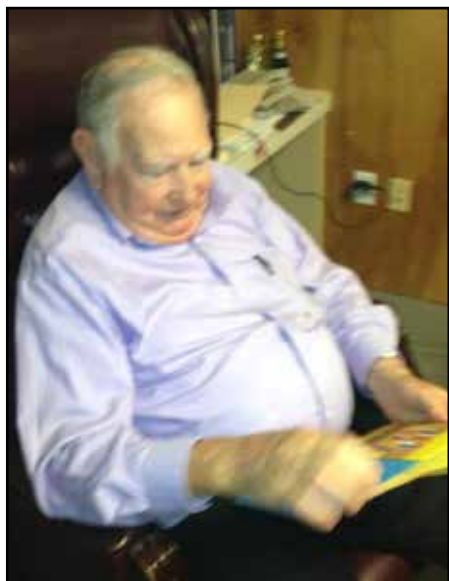




I was going to talk with dad and ask him, Dad do you remember when Wes and I were little and you would come home from work? We would usually be in our P-jays because it was late and you worked long hours. As soon as you walked in the door we were both running and screaming Dad, Dad with such excitement to see you. You would pick both of us up one in each arm kissing us and telling us how much you missed us. It was always nice when you would have a long week end off usually around Christmas time and we would go to Mamie's house and arrive in the early hours of the night around 2 am and Mamie would be awake waiting on us. We were always safe with you. I will always think of you when I see Geese flying south. I remember you pulling your truck off of the road to stop and watch the Geese and listen to them as they flew over. You loved nature and taught Wes and I to do the same. Mine and Wesley's childhoods were full of adventure. Camping trips in the summer at Lake Sam Rayburn. Usually arriving late at night and you would pitch a tent, but many times on a clear night we would sleep on cots outside and look at the sky filled with stars shining so brightly. One night there was an unusual noise and I envisioned a bear coming into our camp. I jumped into your cot and you laughed telling me," Monkey it is just a possum not a bear." The next morning we went fishing and you fried fish for us. I remember every time we went to camp at that spot you would tell me that you were going to buy the land one day and you did. So many memories, too many to write but are forever seared in my heart. Your gentle touch and warm blue eyes. Many words of encouragement and you always believing that we could do anything we wanted to do. There was never a doubt that things would always turn out okay. You taught me how to believe in myself. I am forever indebted to you Dad for all you shared and the love you gave us. You were an amazing Father. I think of a song by Dan Fogelberg called The Leader of the Band and one lyric in the song says, The leader of the band it tired and his eyes are growing old, but his blood runs through my instrument and his song is in my soul. My life has been a poor attempt to imitate the man, I am just a living legacy to the leader of the band. I will close with and Irish Prayer, May the road rise to meet you, May the wind be always at your back, May the sunshine warm upon your face, The rains fall soft upon your fields and until we meet again May God hold you in the palm of his hand.













Pallbearers

Jason Landry
Michael Landry
Josh Landry
Mitch Murrell
Jason Lewis
Weston Lewis

Honorary Pallbearer

Jim Dawson

Graveside Service

Sunday, February 12, 2023 2:00 p.m.
Fairmount Cemetery
13991 Highway 87
Hemphill, Texas

Broussards
Established 1889

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