



Jonathan David Crain

December 18, 1987 - September 1, 2024

Celebrating the Life of
Jonathan David Crain
Saturday, September 7, 2024 2:30 p.m.
Broussard's Chapel
Silsbee, Texas
Minister Chris Eppler



“Amazing Grace”
Congregational

Obituary and Opening Prayer

“Precious Memories”
Congregational

“Mansion Over the Hill Top”
Congregational

Message of Comfort

Closing Prayer

“When All of God’s Singers Get Home”
Congregational



Jonathan David Crain, 36, of Evadale, died on Sunday, September 1, 2024. He was born on December 18, 1987, in Apple Valley, California, to Shelia Scott Crain and David Crain.

Jonathan grew up in California, Oregon, Hawaii, Pennsylvania and Tennessee, where he was Valedictorian of his high school, Walker Academy. He was an excellent soccer player and swimmer. He moved to Denver, Colorado where he attended the University of Colorado and spent his spare time snow skiing

in the Rocky Mountains. He moved back to Tennessee and continued working toward a major in psychology at Middle Tennessee State University in Murfreesboro, before deciding to move to his family homestead and settle down in Evadale. Jonathan had a tender heart and an adventurous spirit. He loved snow skiing and being in the outdoors, movies, and music. He cared very much for the elderly, loved to make children laugh and always wanted to help people. Jonathan especially loved his dogs and his family.

Survivors include his parents, Shelia and David Crain, of Evadale; siblings, Donna Slagill and her husband, Kevin, of Honolulu, Hawaii; Karen Crain of Evadale; and Christopher Crain of Redwood City California; and nephews, Connor Slagill and his wife, Angela, of Cary, North Carolina; Dusty Slagill of Honolulu, Hawaii; and Tyler Slagill of Falls Church, Virginia; and furbabies, Uno, Butters, and Biscuit.

Amazing Grace

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The exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness toward us through Christ Jesus.

G-3-SOL↓

Eph. 2:7

G-2

1. A - maz - ing grace how sweet the sound That
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And
3. Thru man - y dan - gers, toils and snares, I
4. The Lord has prom - ised good to me, His
5. When we've been there ten thou - sand years, Bright

saved a wretch like me! I once was lost,
grace my fears re - lieved; How pre - cious did
have al - read - y come; 'Twas grace that bro't
word my hope se - cures; He will my shield
shin - ing as the sun; We've no less days

but now I'm found, Was blind, but now I see.
that grace ap - pear The hour I first be - lieved.
me safe thus far And grace will lead me home.
and por - tion be As long as life en - dures.
to sing God's praise Than when we first be - gun.

John Newton, 1779

Arr., Edwin O. Excell, 1910

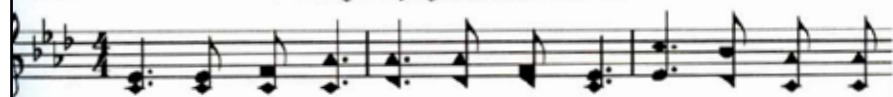
Precious Memories

464

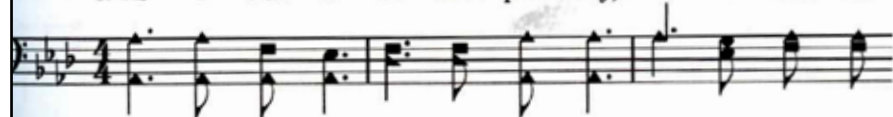
4 - SOLI

*They shall abundantly utter the memory of Thy great goodness
and shall sing of Thy righteousness. Psa. 145:7*

C-12



1. Pre - cious mem - ries, un - seen an - gels, Sent from some - where
2. In the still - ness of the mid - night, Ech - oes from the
3. As I trav - el on life's path - way, Know not what the



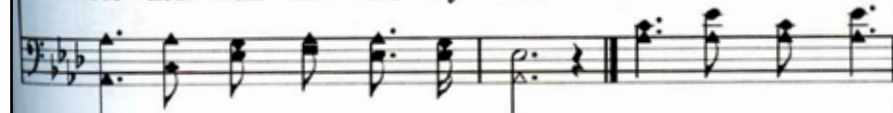
to my soul; How they lin - ger, ev - er near me,
past I hear; Old time sing - ing, glad - ness bring - ing,
years may hold; As I pon - der, hope grows fon - der,



D. S. - In the still - ness of the mid - night,



And the sa - cred past un - fold.
From that love - ly land some - where. Pre - cious mem - ries,
Pre - cious mem - ries flood my soul.



Pre - cious, sa - cred scenes un - fold.



how they lin - ger, How they ev - er flood my soul;



Mansion Over the Hilltop

I. S.

Ira Stanphill

C F C G7

1. I'm sat - is - fied with just a cot - tage be - low, — A lit - tle sil - ver
 2. Tho' oft - en tempt - ed tor - ment - ed and test - ed, And like the proph - et
 3. Don't think me poor or de - sert - ed or lone - ly, I'm not dis - cour - aged,

C F C

and a lit - tle gold; But in that ci - ty where the ran - somed will shine,
 my pil - low a stone; And tho' I find here no — per - ma - nent dwell - ing,
 I'm — heav - en bound; I'm just a pil - grim in — search of a ci - ty,

CHORUS

G G7 C F C C7 F

I want a gold one that's sil - ver - lined.
 I know He'll give me a man - sion my own. — I've got a man - sion just
 I want a man - sion, a harp and a crown.

C G C C7

o - ver the hill - top, In that bright land where we'll nev - er grow old; — And some day

F C G G7 C

yon - der we will nev - er more wan - der, But walk the streets that are pur - est gold.

232 When All Of God's Singers Get Home

F - 2c - SOLI

*I heard a great voice of much people in heaven, saying,
Hallelujah . . . unto the Lord our God. Rev. 19:1*

H-2, S-4

1. What a song of de-light in that cit-y so bright Will be
2. As we sing here on earth, songs of sad-ness or mirth, 'Tis a
3. Hav-ing o-ver-come sin, "hal-le-lu-jah a-men" Will be

waft-ed 'neath heav-en's fair dome, How the ran-somed will raise hap-py
fore-taste of rap-ture to come; But our joy can't com-pare with the
heard in that land o'er the foam, Ev-'ry heart will be light and each

songs in His praise,
glo-ry up there, When all of God's sing-ers get home.
face will be bright, God's sing-ers get home.

Fine

Chorus

When all of God's sing-ers get home, Where nev-er a sor-row
When all of God's sing-ers get home,

will come; There'll be "no place like home,"
or heart-aches will come; There'll be no place like heav-en my home,

D.S.

Luther G. Presley

Chorus: V. O. Stamps

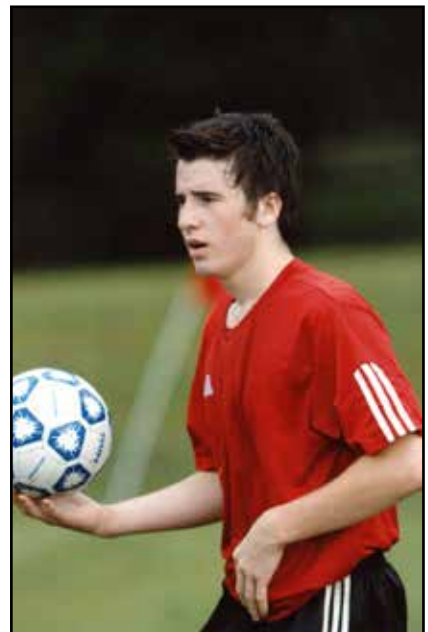
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Virgil O. Stamps

















A skier wearing a red and grey jacket, goggles, and a white helmet stands in a snowy forest of birch trees. The skier is holding ski poles and is positioned in the lower left quadrant of the image. The background is a dense forest of birch trees with snow on the ground and branches.

Pallbearers
Chris Crain
Kevin Slagill
Connor Slagill
Tyler Slagill
Kevin Scott
Darrell Crain II

Interment
Hardin Memorial Park
Silsbee, Texas

Broussards
Established 1889

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