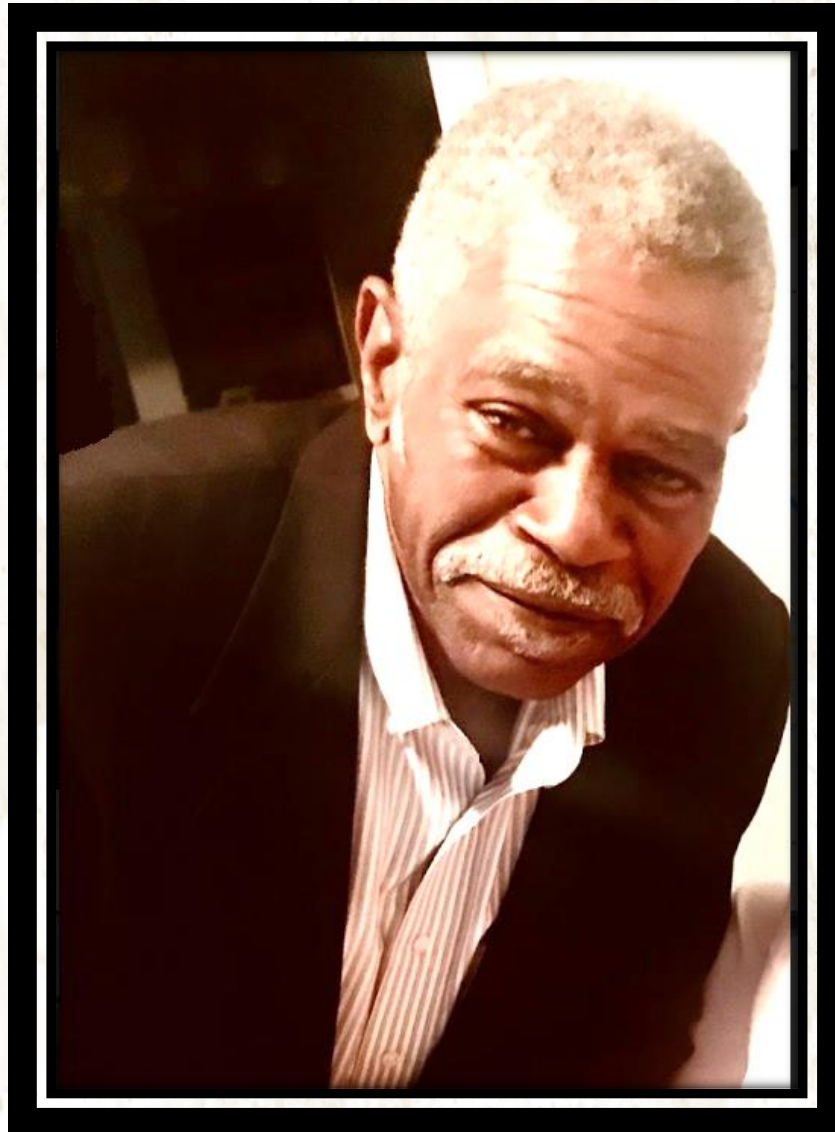


*In Loving Memory
of
Craig Stephen Jaco*



*Sunrise
October 21, 1961*

*Sunset
June 4, 2022*

I have gone to a better place. Weep not for me, but celebrate, the life that I lived. I have found peace and rest. Be glad for me, I ache no more, and my frail body No longer pains me. I now rest with the one who gave me life. I glory in the joy that I have Found eternal peace. Weep not for me, for I will always be with you.

*Saturday, June 18, 2022
11:00 o'clock a.m.*

*Eastern Star Missionary Baptist Church
Rev. Lloyd W. Scott Sr., Officiating
548 15th Street ♦ Port Arthur, Texas 77640*



ORDER OF SERVICE



Prelude.....Soft Music

Processional.....Family and Ministers

Musical Selection.....Eastern Star Choir

Scripture Reading

(Old Testament).....Brother Frank Hamilton

(New Testament).....Dr. Airon Reynolds, Jr.

Prayer.....Pastor Degol

Soloist.....Brandon Bartie

A Brothers Tribute.....Michael Jaco

Church Resolution

Other Resolution.....Dorothy B. Jackson

Expressions

Special Song.....Lincoln Class of 1980

Obituary.....Read Silently

Selection.....Male Choir

Words of Comforts.....Minister

Hymn of preparation.....Eastern Star Male Choir

Eulogy.....Reverend Lloyd Scott Sr.

Recessional



Obituary



"Let not your hearts be troubled; believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and will receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. John 14: 1-3

Craig Stephen Jaco, of Port Arthur, Texas, departed this earthly world on Saturday, June 4, 2022 and received his Heavenly wings, after a valiant battle with cancer. Craig was born on October 21, 1961 to the union of Allen (PaPa Jack) Jaco Sr. and Geraldine Jaco.

Craig was a proud graduate of Lincoln High School's class of 1980, and a member of Future Teachers of America, Senior Executive's Club, Football and Baseball Team, and he proudly served as Sergeant at Arms for the Class of 1980's 40th reunion. He accepted Christ at an early age and was an active member at Eastern Star Baptist Church, where he sang in the Male Chorus. Craig was employed by Texaco in Port Neches, Texas as a security guard, he worked as a Collector for a Collection Agency in Houston Texas and worked through an agency for The City of Port Arthur.

Craig enjoyed playing dominoes, was great at being a comedian with his friends, worked as a handy man, and never missed the opportunity to play the lottery.

Craig was preceded in death by his son Jordan Jaco and his father Allen Jaco, Sr.

He leaves to cherish his memory, his mother, Geraldine Jaco, the love of his life, Linda Broxton, his children Jasmine Jaco of Lake Charles, La, and Skyler Jaco of Houston, Tx; three sisters Rose Stephens and Paulette Peoples of Houston, Tx, Atarre McGlory of Port Arthur, Tx, two brothers, Allen Jaco Jr. (Sharon), and Michael Jaco both of Port Arthur, Tx, seven aunts, Hattie Finney, Julia Coleman, Bernadette Coleman, Mary Jaco Lavalias, Alberta Breaux and Roberta Thompson of Port Arthur, Tx, Shirley Smith (Charles) of NC, and a host of, nieces, nephews, relatives and friends.

Everywhere Craig went he was loved by so many people. During the time of his illness many of his classmates, including but not limited to, Stephen Jones (Lump), Michael Howard, Phillip Mathews, Marla Jaco, Drenell Trahan, Denise James and Linda Broxton, checked on him day in and day out and we appreciate you for that.



To The Love of My Life

*The day you left you took a part of my heart with you.
Hold on to that until we meet again in the morning.*

Gone but never forgotten

Love you always . . . Linda



MemoriesLight The Corners of My Mind





Tribute to Our Brother



If love could have saved him, he would have lived a thousand years. I am overjoyed by the love Craig was shown in his life, by the people who touched his life and the lives he touched.

We're born and we die and the things that happen between the beginning and the end is the stuff that defines us. It tells the story of who we are (were); it reflects the lives we touched and the things that touched our lives to make us who we are (were).

Craig was a mama's boy from the time he was born. I don't know if that's a good or bad thing so don't judge it. Just know that wherever my mom was sitting, that gentle soul was sitting at her feet, asking for more food. He looked to eat!

Once, when Craig had the mumps, his throat was so swollen he could barely swallow so he had to eat soft foods on a night we were having fried chicken. Fried chicken night was like Christmas come early! Craig wanted that chicken so badly that he cried and cried, in this hoarse deep voice, - you know how your voice gets when you have a sore throat - he cried to have some of that fried chicken and finally he wore Mother down and that night he earned the nickname "CHOKER"! (Get with us later and we'll tell you who named him)

Craig was a kind and patient brother who would always yield to what you wanted to do, if you thought it was best. I don't remember a lot about what he enjoyed, he was such a quiet child. I remember he liked and played baseball and he would do almost anything you asked!

Most of my memories of Craig as a young unmarried adult have to do with him borrowing my Volkswagon convertible and taking my daughter Portia with him across the pier or to the park to pick up girls. He said my baby was a magnet for the girls to come over and talk to him! Anybody else remember that?

Craig and my younger daughter Kalah had a very special relationship and while I wasn't always privy to their time spent together, he would always laugh heartedly and say, "that's my n---a!"

Craig was a great influence on my son, Anthony and I always enjoyed their closeness. He used to bribe my son with skittles candy, and I can recall when he and one of his friends were out all day and night with my toddler and all Craig fed my child was skittles that day. Best day of Anthony's life!

I can also recall that he had a sweetness about him and when you pointed it out, you'd see his bashful smile. He'd be the one to bend over and buckle my mother's shoe before heading out to church and I can recall how sweet of him that was. He was a gentle soul until you made him mad, and even then, in a discussion or argument, he'd never try to talk over you. He'd get silent and say, "are you gonna let me speak?" There was something respectful in that he wouldn't talk over you. I liked that about him. I felt he wanted peace, not disharmony and that takes self-control.

We all make good and bad choices in our lives, sometimes through no fault of our own. Like most of us, Craig went through a period in his life when his choices caused most of us heartache. That was a tough time for our mother, but nobody prayed harder for him than her! He blamed no one but himself and when the time came, after many years of being lost in those choices, he returned to us and became closer to God and to his family.

He loved all his relatives and friends and of course, there were some that he visited more than others, but it was no reflection of a lack of love. I was always amazed at the obedience he felt toward our Aunt Hattie. I think he and her talked as much as she and my mom did, like friends.

While in the "world" Craig missed out on time with his children, Skyler and Jasmine but I know he loved them. Sometimes I find that when you miss that time, you miss the connection that could have been established and it's difficult to get to the relationship you dreamed you could have but I know Craig loved his children. We shared tears about his love for them and that he did not know how to sincerely reach their hearts.

There's a picture of Craig at his daughter's graduation. He's standing close to her but afraid to put his arm around her, for fear of rejection, so to break the ice I yelled, "hug her". He did and you can see the pride in his smile. Look at that picture; it's in this program. And you'll see more of him and both his children hugging and the proud smile on his face. Look closely, I'm telling you, you'll see it! There's a sweetness and a look of appreciation about it too!

Those who are in Christ are distinguished from unbelievers by the fruits of the spirit and I know that Craig was a believer, that he loved the Lord, that he loved his parents, his girlfriend, his children, his siblings, his pastor, his aunts, his uncles, the beloved Class of 1980 (all of them). I love him for that!

Thank you to Craig's friends who checked on him, visited him, cooked for him (Denise James), picked him up for work (Lump – Stephen Jones) and brought him home, cried with him and wiped his tears. Thank you for dressing him, and counseling with him, for those 4:30 a.m. check-ins on your route to work (Michael Howard), for the supplies you brought in and the conversations you shared, (Phillip Matthews). Thank you, Linda, for being the love of Craig's life. Isn't it wonderful when you can say you were with the "love of your life"? It's beautiful!

Rest in Peace my dear brother. I will miss you!

Paulette & Rose



To My Brother

*I said a prayer for you to thank the Lord above
for blessing me with a lifetime of your tender-hearted love.
I thanked God for the caring you've shown me through the years,
for the closeness we've enjoyed in time of laughter and of tears.
And so, I thank you from my heart for all you've done for me
and I bless the Lord for giving me the best brother there could be!*

Love You, Potsie



Memories of My Brother

*How well I do remember all the special times we had as we
were raised side by side, sharing good times, sharing bad
times. Sometimes we would disagree but always made up in
the end, but as we grew to be adults, we became the best of
friends. Then you heard the voice of Jesus Greatly calling
from on high. He was holding out his loving arms, but I
could not say "goodbye". So, I said "see you later" Dear
brother, wait for me In the beauty of God's Heaven Where
the best is yet to be!*

Love You, Michael



Neices & Nephews

Unc,



You were one of a kind - an imperfectly perfect person, filled with love, who never missed an opportunity to make me smile. There are few words to express the deep sorrow I've felt since your departure from this earthly life, but I find solace in knowing your pain has ended. Although you left before any of us were ready, the time that you spent in my life, and the lives of my children and husband was not only unforgettable, but joyful beyond measure. It's not often that life brings us someone as special as you, Unc, but I'm immensely grateful to have been loved by you.

Love,

Niecey Kalah

*A Tribute to my Uncle Craig
A beautiful memory dearer than gold
of an uncle whose worth can never be told.
There's a place in my heart, no one can fill
I miss you Uncle Craig and always will.*

Love, Niece

Marlease



From A.J.

No more pain Unc no more suffering to be absent from the body is to be present with the lord Get your rest Uncle Craig until we meet again.....

UNCLE CRAIG

I remember as a little boy I could not say Uncle Craig, I would say "uncle red" and when I became a father, my children could not say Uncle Craig, they too called you "uncle red", wow how funny that was to me, especially when you said "don't correct them Anthony" with a big smile on your face you said, "I like it". You have been a big part of my life and I am going to miss you. Uncle Craig, as I write this, I'm laughing to myself because I never told my mom about all the bags of bags of skittles you bribed me not to tell my mom what took us so long to pick her up from work that night! Gone from my sight, will always remain in my heart, I love you Uncle Craig and I will never forget you!

Love you always, Anthony



Dear Uncle,

In Romans 14:8, Paul wrote, "For if we live, we live to the Lord, and if we die, we die to the Lord. So then, whether we live or whether we die, we are the Lord's."

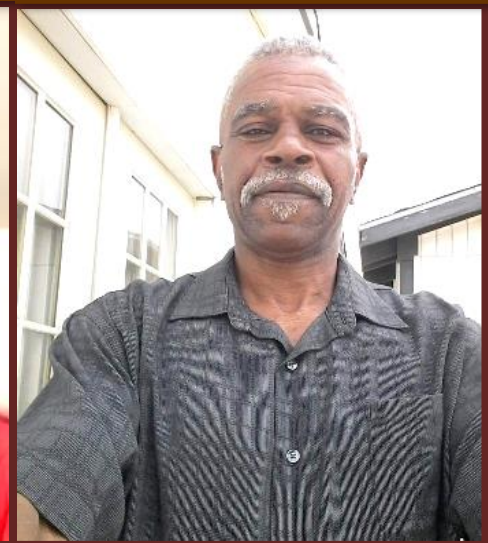
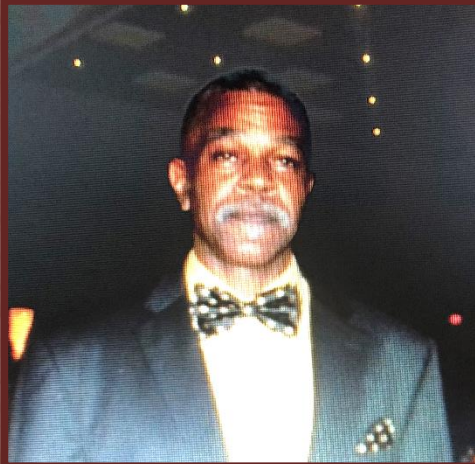
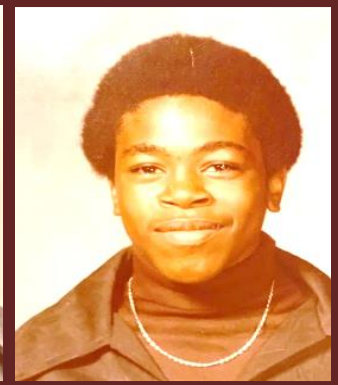
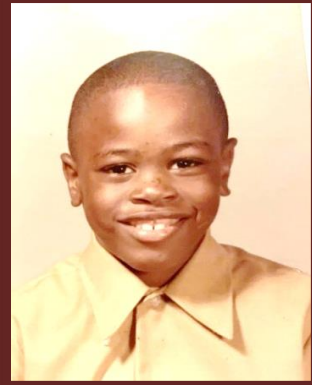
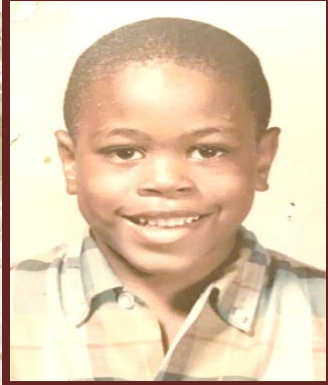
How unfathomable that the people who we love so deeply and cling to so tightly do not belong to us at all. How humbling that we are incapable of keeping them for a moment longer than God allows. How infinitely loving that Christ, who also left us before we were ready, gave us the Holy Spirit, whom He called the Comforter. I felt that comfort the day after God called Uncle Craig home because that was the day we celebrated Pentecost, the day the Holy Spirit descended on the apostles and other followers of Christ. The Lord takes, but He also gives.

Most of all, I am comforted that Uncle Craig no longer needs faith--confidence in what we hope for and assurance about what we do not see. Standing face to face with God, he now knows for certain what we only hope for: that the present sufferings of this world are not worthy to be compared to the future glory.

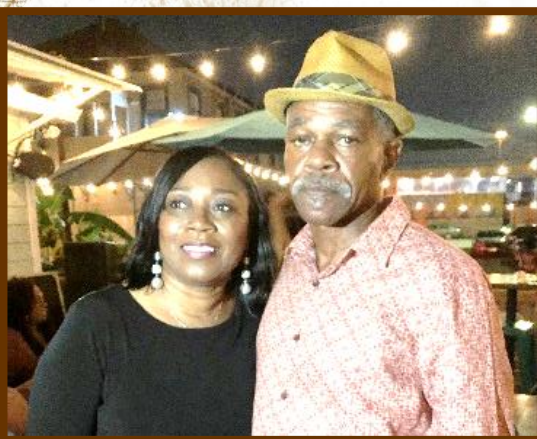
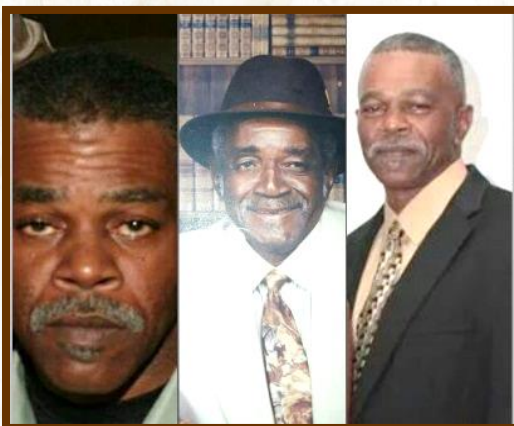
RIP, Love Portia



Remembrance of Craig



Family Memories



Family Memories

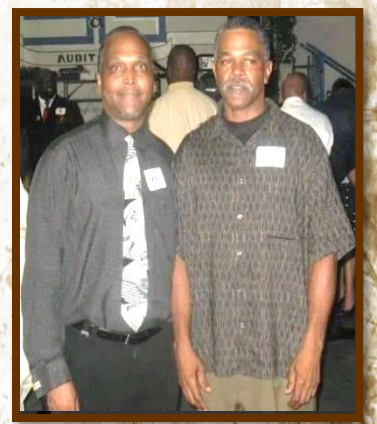


Lincoln Class of 1980 Memories



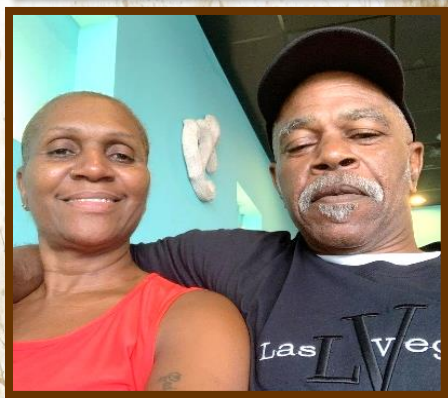
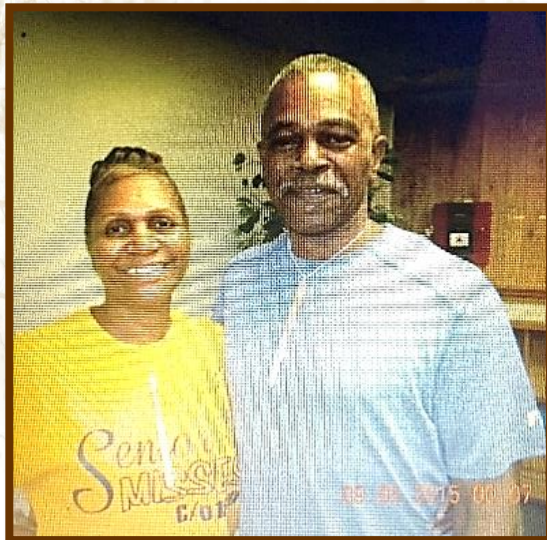


Lincoln Class of 1980 Memories





Lincoln Class of 1980 Memories



Active Pallbearers

*Stevie (Lump) Jones
Philip Matthews
Allen Jaco, III*



*Michael Howard
Roman Watkins
Anthony Stephens*

Honorary Pallbearers

*Allen Jaco, Jr
Drammond Odoms*

*Michael Jaco
Chris Goudeaux*

Acknowledgement

Class of 1980

*We thank you for your dedication, love and support to our brother, Craig. We appreciate and thank you from the bottom of our hearts for letting us know just how loved Craig was by his classmates.
The Jaco Family*

*Perhaps you sent a lovely card or sat quietly in a chair.
Perhaps you sent a floral piece, if so, we saw it there.
Perhaps you spoke the finest words, as any friend would say.
Whatever you did to console our hearts.
We Thank You So Much
Whatever the part.*

Sincerely, The Jaco Family

Interment

Live Oak Cemetery

*Final Arrangements Entrusted to:
Gabriel Funeral Home
Port Arthur, Texas*

The Repast

*Hosted by Phillip Matthews, Michaels Howard and the Class of 1980
Sacred Heart Catholic Hall
1001 Grannis Avenue
Bleeding Heart Spray, Corsages, & Boutonnieres by Ann Brown from
"Touch of Elegance Florist", Beaumont, Texas (409) 893-4133
Casket Spray by McCleney's Florist, Beaumont, Texas*