

Dad even though this hurts, I will always keep a smile in the mist of this pain. I will forever keep thinking of you. I Miss Ya Dad. I Miss Ya Dad,

Love Michael

You were more than a grandfather — you were a hero. And me, welcomed with open arms as your own.

From your grandsons and daughter in law, Coco



MILES AND MILES AWAY

Grandpa, Grandpa

Didn't matter how many times we called your name you heard us Miles and miles away No matter where when or why.. you came to see us from miles and miles away Sometimes when you'd take us to school we thought we wouldn't make it for miles and miles away If a good ole knee swanging song played, you'd hear it from miles and miles away And when we needed a good laugh, your voice carried for miles and miles away What about now? When I think about the stories you shared with us... The moments we had felt like home, singing in your truck, planting in your garden... The days we would travel together and I knew I could ask you for anything... Even with silver in your hair you had a heart of gold.. With electric in your legs and jazz in your hands... no one could dance like you. Grandpa I miss you..and I miss our fun. Our memories are second to none... and now if I cry because you've somehow slipped away from me... I'll be okay, because if you're in my heart.. you can't be miles and miles away

Love Kiara, your granddaughter



"I'LL ALWAYS MISS YOU PAPA"

Papa, you wore your hat proud, A cup of laughter wherever blues music was loud. Crystal Springs breeze, your garden in bloom,

Your fast feet danced through every room. "Gunsmoke" on tv, your western golden smile, Dollars each visit, made my childhood worthwhile. Church on Sunday, Church's chicken in hand, Soda, chips, yes pepper no salt, you understand. "Livey dog!" You'd always say "Haha ho ho ho!" your laughter lit up our days. Strong handshake, brotherly love always near, Sisterly care, and family so dear. Enjoying summer heat at LCB residence, The mark you made is purely evident. Riding slow in your signature truck, You made sure to visit your granddaughter before trying your luck.

Words mean something, actions mean everything, Lifelong memories with my Papa every family gathering. Thank the Lord every day He wakes us up, Thank the Lord for the patience that builds us up. Blessed be the Lord who has given rest. And filled our hearts with Papa's best. Roads you walked, along with a heart so bold, As I grew, I knew you were growing old. Throughout college, you asked, "Are you done yet?" School rides, cherished times I'll never forget. Brown like your drink, Gray as your hair faded away, Forever and ever, your love stays, I'll always miss you, Papa, each and every day.

Your favorite granddaughter,

Jameelah



WE MISS YOU, BROTHER

God saw you were tired and called you home, Now you're at peace, no more to roam. You loved the Lord and walked His way,

So we'll see you again one sweet day.

You were more than a brother—you were our friend, Always there, right to the end. With your big heart and gentle care, You gave so much just being there.

We miss your laugh, your voice, your face, No one else could take your place. But we know you're safe above, Surrounded by God's perfect love. Until we meet again someday, In our hearts, you'll always stay.

Love,

LeRoy, Lorene, Carolyn and John Earl

PALLBEARERS

Jeffrey Jones

Shylo Brown

Michael Jones

RaShon Hayes

David Daniel

Mi'Kel Jones



HONORARY PALLBEARERS

Leroy Brown

Roosevelt Terry

John Earl Brown, Sr.

Carnell Hayes

FLOWER BEARERS

Nieces and Friends of the Family



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The family of Leslie Curtis "L.C." Brown would like to express our sincere gratitude for all the acts of kindness, prayers, calls, visits, and words of comfort shown to us during this time of loss.

A special thanks to the staff of Claiborne County Nursing and Rehabilitation Center, Arden Hospice, and Claiborne County Medical Center. May God continue to bless each of you for the love and support you have shown.

~With Heartfelt thanks, The Family~

REPAST

The Chaparral
6012 Thomas Road
Crystal Springs, MS 39059



HERITAGE FUNERAL SERVICES

421 W. CUNNINGHAM AVE

TERRY, MS 39170

(601) 878-8008

IN LOVING MEMORY



LESLIE CURTIS BROWN "LC"

SUNRISE

JANUARY 14, 1939

SUNSET

JUNE 10, 2025



SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 2025 ~2:00 P.M.

GREATER PLEASANT VALLEY BAPTIST CHURCH

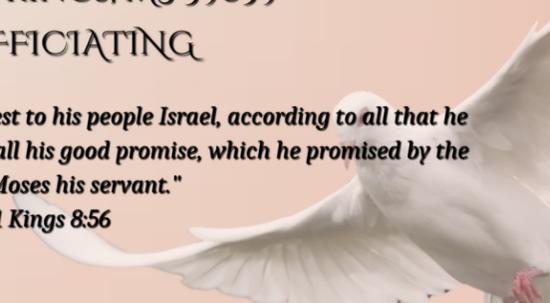
31150 MS-27

CRYSTAL SPRINGS, MS 39059

PASTOR JIMMY L. BLACK, OFFICIATING

"Blessed be the Lord, who has given rest to his people Israel, according to all that he promised. Not one word has failed of all his good promise, which he promised by the hand of Moses his servant."

~ 1 Kings 8:56



LIFE'S REFLECTION

A TIME TO BE BORN:

Leslie Curtis Brown began his life on January 14, 1939, as the third-born son among nine children to Julius and Bessie Brown.

Affectionately known to most as "L.C.", a name that stayed with him throughout his life.

A TIME TO LIVE:

L.C. was a longtime resident of Crystal Springs, MS. He accepted Christ as his Savior and was baptized at an early age at Pleasant Valley M.B. Church. His faith was deeply rooted in daily gratitude throughout his 86 years.

Early in life, L.C. moved to Jackson, MS, where he began work as an Orderly at Baptist Hospital. He took pride in his role, transporting patients to and from surgery with compassion and diligence. Later, he worked as a janitor at Crystal Springs Middle School. Following retirement, he continued his lifelong passion: Gardening and became fondly known as the "Vegetable Man." Taught by his father, Julius, Gardening ran deep in his roots. L.C. often said, "I'm just like him." Whether it was light rain or heavy heat, L.C. worked his garden with care and consistency, providing fresh vegetables to neighbors and families around town.

A TIME TO UNITE:

In time, he remarried Mrs. Bessie Mae Allen, a union that later concluded amicably. Before that, he was married to Lottie Mae Taylor; sharing many years together until her passing. While in Jackson, MS, he met Ella B. Jones. Although they were never formally married, God blessed them with two children along with a bonus son.

A TIME TO BE REMEMBERED:

L.C. will be remembered as a man full of personality, laughter, and a natural entertainer who could light up any room.

Whether through a story, a quick witted remark, or his signature dance moves, he knew how to bring joy to those around him. His vibrant energy was contagious, and his presence unforgettable.

He believed in kindness and lived by that principle, offering a generous heart and open spirit to all he met.

More than anything, he cherished simple pleasures: good music, a freshly tilled garden, a sunny drive with the windows down, and the company of loved ones. His legacy is not only in the vegetables he grew but in the lives of those he touched.

A TIME TO DIE:

On Tuesday, June 10, 2025, God called L.C. home to rest. He departed this life peacefully. In this transition, he reunited with loved ones who passed before him-his devoted parents, Julius and Bessie Brown, four of his brothers; one beloved sister, Earline; his former wives, including Lottie Mae Taylor and Bessie Mae Allen; the mother of his children, Ms. Ella B. Jones; and many other cherished relatives and dear friends.

A TIME TO MOURN:

L.C. leaves his legacy to a loving family. He is survived by his daughter, Demetrice (David Daniel), and son, Michael (Caconica Jones), and beloved son, Jeffrey Jones; grandchildren, Kiara and Jameelah Jones, Mi'Kel and Micah Jones, D'Ella and Dayjah Daniel; brothers, Leroy Brown (Diane Nelson), and John Earl Brown (Brenda Brown); sisters, Lorene (Carnell Hayes) and Carolyn Brown along with a host of cousins, nieces, nephews and great nieces and nephews.

FOREVER IN MY HEART

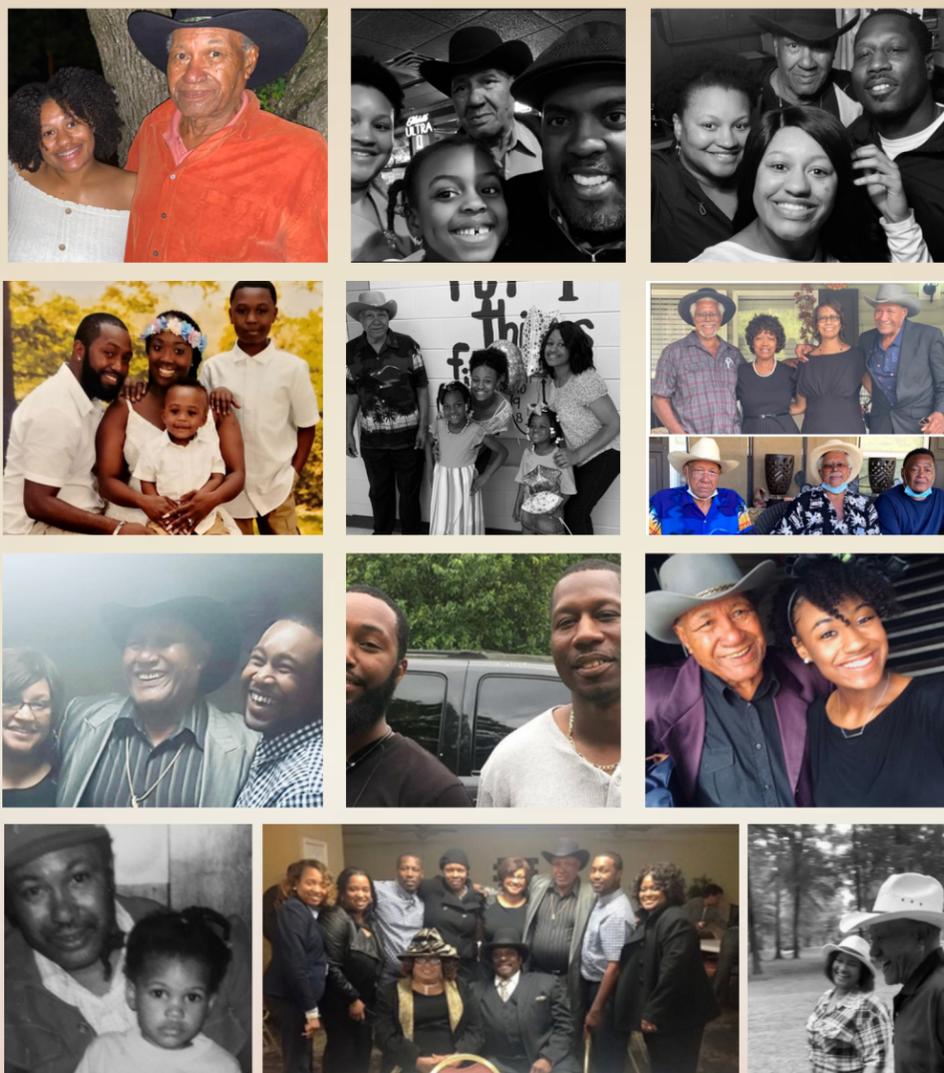
"Oooh, it's a lot of people in the world, but we all have to leave one day," you'd always say, because you knew this life was temporary. Your love lingers here in every small way. A heart FULL of joy. A strong man with a clever mind. You taught me more than any book. Like how to make a garden grow— "Don't just plant it and walk away, You gotta work it, water it, and know what to do." I learned from you that life takes effort. You knew the Lord, and thanked Him each day just for waking up and breathing air. You trusted in God's endless love— And mine for you is always there. When I was little, you'd try to sway me from choosing the most expensive cereal. But in the end, you always gave in— And that's the part I cherish most. Passing down strength and wisdom, you showed me how to survive and to never sit still. A love that time can't kill. A dancer and jokester. You'd carried your heart on your sleeve. I surely got my spark from you. I'd even prank you back when I got wise— you'd laugh, or ask if I'd lost my mind. If I could dance with my father again, just one more spin, one more sway— To feel your arms and hear you laugh would brighten the darkest day. So now I hold you in my heart. Every step and prayer I send. A love like yours will never end.

Love You Daddy,
Demetrice



We'll miss your voice, your jokes, and your spirit. Your love is with us everyday.

From David, D'Ella, and Dayjah Daniel



ORDER OF SERVICE

MUSICAL PRELUDE

PROCESSIONAL Clergy & Family

MISTRESS OF CEREMONY Sister Darlene Black

PRAYER Rev. David Daniel

SOLO Carolyn Evans

SCRIPTURE READING Pastor Joseph Terry
Old & New Testament

TRIBUTES:

As A Friend Lisa Gallaway
As A Niece Erica Evans Latham
As A Daughter Demetrice Jones

SOLO Pastor Jarrod Dixon

POEM Shylo Brown

OBITUARY Read Silently Soft Music

SOLO Nathaniel Williams

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Sister Darlene Black

EULOGY Pastor Jimmy Black

SONG Pastor Jarrod Dixon

HERITAGE FUNERAL SERVICES

DIRECTORS IN CHARGE

RECESSIONAL

ALREADY KNEW

When I try to remember when we first (1st) met- I come up with nothing. I have to admit- But this I know, still stand true I could always feel energy, from all you do. -who was this man now with my mom kinda loud, but full of cheer as she clinches his arm. Couldn't help but like him, he was as contagious as a cigarette. Ever meet a person with a genuine demeanor, so straight and clear. It's like looking at silhouette. "L.C." like Jacob, was ah man of the field. He worked hard, pedal produce, loved life and it's evident as he lived. Amazed at humbleness, he loved what he do. For all the skills God bless him, I figure nothing he can't do?-One thing you can trust, he loved ah good boxing match. Find him on a couch, big ole plate, feet kicked up is where he's at. Thanks for stepping in, volunteering to be a father figure. Taking me and mom to Kung Fu movies, Big John's, Fish Hut as I got bigger. Momma, L.C. and me like amigos make three (3). Time adds more, so Demetrice makes four (4). Before our ever, one more surprise, well guys Mike makes five (5). I've always been thankful, got a lot of pride, but sure I admitted that, I Love You. I really wanted to thank him for so much whenever he talked, it seems like you already knew.

Until We Meet again,
Jeff

