

Active Pallbearers

Paul Broussard
Nathan Hayes
Julian Morris Guillory
RJ Lemay

Tristan Manning
Shane McZeal
Shay Sinegal
Courtland Sweet

Honorary Pallbearers

Donald Alexandre, Jr
Troy Coaston
Benny Freeman

Derrian Guillory
Kanaan D. Guillory
Jaylyn Helaire

Phillip Jones
Tyler Reaux
His coaches

His football teammates from NVHS 2016-2022

His classmates from NVHS 2022

Acknowledgements

The family of Kristos would like to express their sincere gratitude for the outpouring of love you have shown in this difficult time especially the St. Joseph and Maurice community, his family and true friends, his teachers, his parents' colleagues, and Kanaan's friends.

To the parents who have lost their babies and still reached out to us in your grief. Your shared strength and support of us has made a difference; you have said all that we are experiencing makes sense and not to feel crazy or ashamed.

God chose us for this club, but we don't understand.

To our family and friends who have wrapped their loving arms around us and accepted our call to stand near us. We can never thank you enough.

To the colleagues of David, Starlette, and Kanaan who asked if we needed and said we are praying. We can never thank you enough.

If we missed anyone, please know what you have done, expressed, or prayed has not gone unnoticed. Please continue to pray for us as we will for you.

As his boys have said, "Long Live Kristos!"

Respectfully,

The Guillory Family

Interment

St. Alphonsus Cemetery
Maurice, LA

Repast

St. Joseph Church Hall
8005 Maurice Ave.
Maurice, LA 70555

Arrangements Entrusted To

Syrie Funeral Home, Inc.
1417 E. Simcoe St.
Lafayette, LA 70501

Programs by: Miracle Designs, LLC, Miracle Layne, Owner

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Kristos DiShon Guillory

Sunrise:
December 2, 2003

Sunset:
July 12, 2026

*Forever
in our Hearts*

FUNERAL SERVICES:

**Saturday, July 25, 2026
11:00 a.m.**

St. Alphonsus Catholic Church
8700 Maurice Ave
Maurice, LA 70555

Fr. Joseph Sai Tran, SVD, Celebrant

Obituary

Kristos DiShon Guillory was born on December 2, 2003 to David M. Guillory and Starlette D. Guillory. He was the oldest of two sons. He entered into eternal rest on Sunday, July 12, 2026.

Kristos graduated from NVHS in 2022. After school, he worked several service jobs. He had big dreams but could not settle on just one. He wanted to open a kennel for bullies, have a food truck, work with cars and seriously considered attending SLCC in the fall for mechanics.

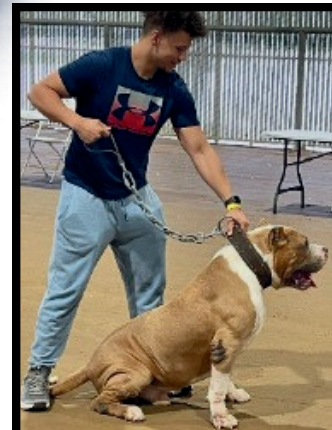
Kristos loved people and poured his love into them. He was very charismatic. He loved to make people laugh and smile. He was good at mimicking people. He loved spending time with his Nanny Shandre and Uncle Shay who he called “Unc”, his Aunt Patsy and cousin Jaylyn. With them, he found people who scolded, listened and then shared a meal. He is fondly remembered by his teachers as a loving child with a quick smile. His extended family were his boys Nathan Hayes, RJ Lemay, Tristan Manning, and Hayden Seaux. He had a big love for Creole Cuisine and wanted to share food with everyone before he scarfed his food down. He would cook for everyone including his parents, brother, grandmother, aunts, Uncle Shay and his second momma Shandre. He teased his parents that he was a better cook than them and for some dishes, he was. On the days he didn’t cook, you better believe he was asking Pops and Mama if he could bring food. Most importantly, he loved cooking for his boys. His philosophy: if he was eating, you should be too.

Tos’ passions were powerful and as big as him. He was his Mama’s Silverback. He wasn’t a quiet kid. He banged through the house even when he wasn’t mad. He loved football, powerlifting, fast cars and dogs, especially his dog, King. He spent many hours writing football plays. His love of powerlifting was cultivated by Coach Hebert. It was a passion he continued after high school spending two-three hours at Red’s three to four times a week. He did not want to miss a day of his training. Even traveling, he was going to find a gym and make a quick friend. And of course, he loved fast cars.

Kristos leaves to mourn his parents, David and Starlette Guillory; his brother, Kanaan David Guillory; his maternal grandparents, Rita J. Sinegal of Maurice and Albert Prejean, Jr. of Lafayette; his uncles: Derran Guillory of Oberlin, LA, Morris Julian “June” Guillory of Breaux Bridge, LA, and Shay Sinegal of Maurice; his aunts: Kathleen (George) Coaston of Heyward, CA, Patsy (Gilbert) of Mallett, and his aunt/Nanny Shandre Alexandre of Maurice; his cousins: Derrian Guillory, Toni Coaston, Troy Coaston, Jaylyn Helaire, Sicily Alexander, and Donald “DJ” Alexander, Jr. Even further, he leaves his great aunts: Grace Hebert, Betty McZeal, and Gale Mouton along with a host of cousins, friends, teachers, coaches and the community. Along with the above, he leaves his chosen brothers: Paul Broussard, Benny Freeman, Nathan Hayes, RJ Lemay, Tristan Manning, Cortland Sweet, and Hayden Seaux.

Kristos is preceded in death by his paternal grandparents, Julian Morris Guillory, Sr. and Julicia Guillory, and his cousin Christian Guillory.

The Mind of Tos



The night sky

For a gift so beautiful,
Such as the night sky,
So much to observe,
Boring to the blind eye.

So many stars illuminate the night,
Little sparkles here and there,
What a wonderful sight,

Then there's the moon,
Round and so full,
High in the sky,
I feel it's gravitational pull.



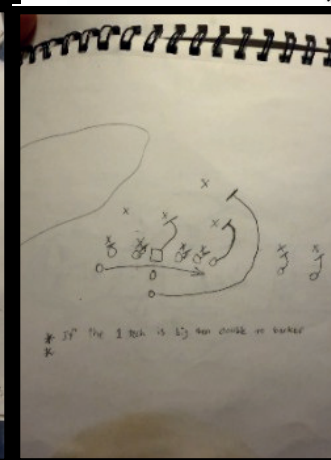
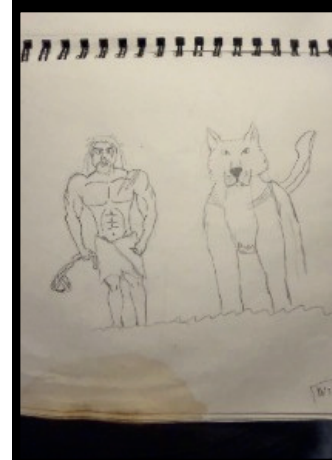
Fears

Are you afraid of the dark?
For Something's lurking in the shadows,
Whispering in your ear,
When facing your toughest battles.

Now you're stuck,
Afraid to take risks,
Scared to take chances,
Asking yourself what is this?

The answer is clear,
Your heart rate increases,
For this is fear.
Start clutching your Jesus pieces.

"Fear of what?" you may ask,
Time to delve deeper,
Don't live with regret,
One day we all see the reaper.



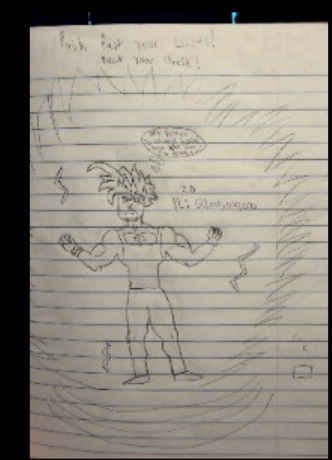
Me

It's time to move on,
Start to learn self-love,
Heal my scars,
And move freely as a dove.

Turn my pain into passion,
For I cannot bleed,
On those who really love me,
Yes it is true, indeed.

To regain the sparkle in my eyes,
I must melt the ice around my heart,
Accept the past for the past,
And begin a new part.

As a young man,
Must work on a better me,
Continue to strive,
And be the best I can be.



To Tos, My Brother

Last Sunday morning, I thought I was getting waken up to go to work and instead I was woke up to terrible news. My built in best friend for all 17 years of my life is gone. I am never going to hear and see him barge into my room in the middle of the night telling me about his day and me telling him about mine. Never gonna hear his heavy footsteps throughout the halls in the house. I will never be able to go on late night car rides with him and me acting like I despise his music (it recently just started to grow on me). I will never get to hug him during the tough losses we had again, and I will never get to argue with him again.

My brother Kristos is gone, although me and him definitely may not have expressed our love in healthy ways. He loves me and I love him. I'm going to miss the conversations, us being able to sit down and rant to each other for hours about anything. We both had future plans set for the both of us. Who am I supposed to celebrate my 18th and then 21st birthday with now?

Throughout these past few days it has been a wave of emotions: anger, regret, and sadness. Anger, wanting to question God on why my brother is gone. Regret, wanting to know what could I have done differently? Sadness, for I no longer have my protector in human form. I sat in your car, your room, held on to your pillow, and car keys just to be able to get one last thing from you. I still wait for you to walk through the door and wish this is all just a bad dream.

I know though that at those pearly gates, God and all his saints and angels welcomed you. Please watch over me, be my guardian angel and my guide through this thing we call life because I really planned on growing gray and old with you. I was gonna be the paran to your future children. We had so much discussions about our future.

One thing about Kristos is that he showed genuine and compassionate care for his loved ones. He wore his heart on his sleeves, and would rip the shirt off of his back to give to you if that made you feel warm and comfortable. He viewed his friends as his extended family, and lots of his friends have grown to be friends of mine as well.

I would like to extend a warm thank you to all of the support me, my mom, dad, and family received over these past few days, from co-workers, friends, family, and more. It truly means a lot to us to see how many people cared for Kristos. These words of encouragements and prayers reminds us to keep our trust in God for he is the one who orders our steps!

Love,
Kanaan



Mass of Christian Burial

Reading of Rosary (9:00 a.m.)Prayer Group

Opening Hymn “Goodness of God”

Opening PrayerFr. Joseph Sai Tran, SVD

Liturgy of the Holy Mass

First Reading (Isaiah 40:1-5, 24-31)Amanda Caffery

Responsorial Psalm (Psalm 23)Kanaan Guillory

Second Reading (Romans 6:3-9)Gale Mouton

Reading of the GospelFr. Joseph Sai Tran, SVD

HomilyFr. Joseph Sai Tran, SVD

Prayers of the FaithfulToni Coastan

Liturgy of the Eucharist

Presentation of GiftsShane McZeal and Kathleen Coastan

Offertory Hymn“I Trust In God”

Communion Rite

Holy Communion

Communion Hymn“How Great Thou Art”

Meditation Hymn“Really Gonna Miss You”

Reading of the Obituary

Final Commendation and Farewell

Concluding RiteFr. Joseph Sai Tran, SVD

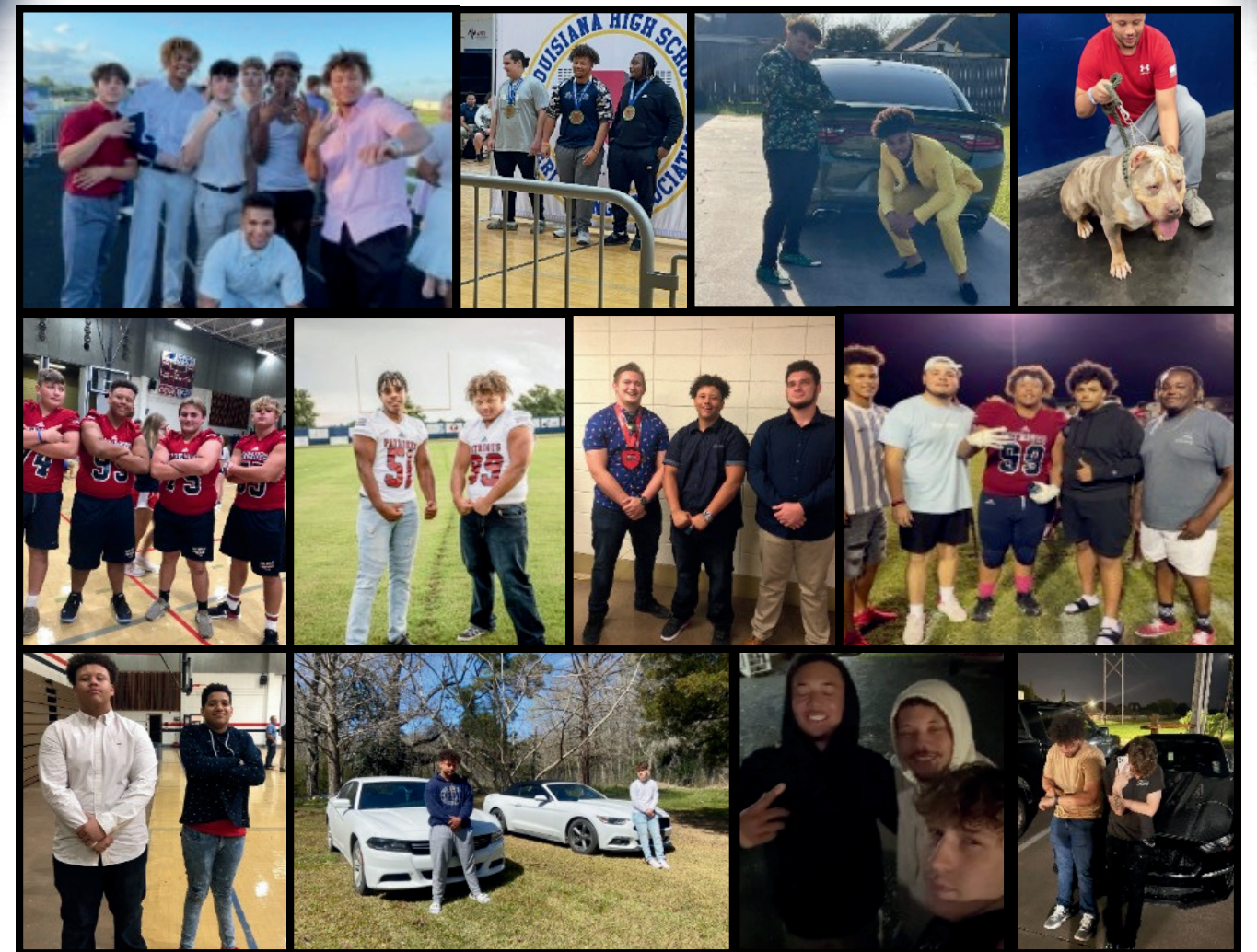
Recessional Hymn“A Change Is Gonna Come”

MusicianKanaan Guillory

The Love of Family



Snapshots of Friendship



From Pops and Mama,

To paraphrase Ted Kennedy, KRISTOS had everything except length of years. However, as his Pops says, in these 22 years his legacy is loving everyone. His heart was big just like him. If we can love like him, the world would be a better place. His smile would light up the darkest nights. His purpose in his short life was to teach everyone to LOVE, and by the show of support, he fulfilled his purpose.