Reflections of His Life

Eric Jerome Jackson, 41, left this world on the evening of September 10, 2026. Despite having glasses with lenses so thick they could practically see into next week, Eric could never find anything without me. Keys, wallet, phone—you name it, he'd lose it. But this time, I am certain of one thing: Eric found Heaven.

Eric was born on March 20, 1985, and spent his childhood and adolescence in Alabama. He was always a little embarrassed to share that he'd been homeschooled and for those of you who just learned that I'm sure it answers a few questions you've had over the years. But from those humble, slightly awkward beginnings came a brilliant, determined, endlessly curious man.

One of Eric's proudest achievements as a young adult was being selected to join the United States Air Force. At the time, only a small percentage of homeschooled applicants were admitted, and Eric's phenomenal test scores earned him that honor. The Air Force took him from Alabama to Texas, New Mexico, Korea, and ultimately South Carolina, where he built a life, a family, a community, and a home.

Eric's love affair with computers began in childhood, with the legendary game Oregon Trail—because who doesn't enjoy a little dysentery, famine, and lack of natural resources with their childhood education? That early fascination grew into a lifelong passion for technology. During his military career, he developed a deep expertise in IT, earning several honors and medals, including the National Defense Service Medal, the Korean Defense Service Medal, and the Global War on Terrorism Service Medal, among others. After leaving the military, Eric continued his IT career in various manufacturing corporations, but ultimately found his home at Nephron Pharmaceuticals. He took immense pride in being part of the Nephron family—but his greatest pride was belonging to the IT Team. Eric would regularly declare that the IT Team was the real reason the drugs were made, and he loved to jokingly boast that he was a "drug dealer," something most people would refrain from announcing quite so gleefully.

For a man who came from humble beginnings, Eric's accomplishments were many. Yet, nothing meant more to him than his three children: Carolina, Faith, and Cayden. You were, and always will be, the greatest joys and achievements of his life.

To Carolina, Faith, and Cayden:
Your father's love is woven into who you are. It lives in your laughter, your stubbornness, your intelligence, your sense of humor, and the way you care for others. Though you cannot see him or slip your hand into his anymore, his love is still beside you—quietly, steadily, in every moment.
More than anything, your dad would want you to smile without guilt, laugh loudly, live fully, and love fiercely. He would want you to chase your dreams, take up space in this world, and never dim your light. Let the goodness he poured into you show up in the way you live. That is how you keep him close by carrying forward the courage, joy, and love he always saw in you.

I would like to say that I, Courtney, was Eric's next greatest love, but I would be lying. That title belongs to his passion for competitive shooting and the incredible family he found through the United States Practical Shooting Association (USPSA). Eric began shooting several years ago and, in true overachiever fashion, he excelled. He earned multiple first-place finishes and countless other accolades. But more important than trophies or titles was what he found there was patience, purpose, and a community where he truly belonged. Eric was recently described as a pillar of the USPSA community, but the truth is that shooting and his USPSA family were his conviction.
To his USPSA family:

Thank you. You gave Eric far more than a hobby, you gave him a home. You gave him a place where his enthusiasm was understood, his efforts mattered, and his passion was given room to grow. Through your encouragement, your shared knowledge, your inside jokes, your long days at the range, and your support, Eric gained confidence and discovered more of what he was capable of. He found a place to teach and to mentor new shooters, younger shooters, people switching divisions or gun type, anyone who needed a patient hand and an encouraging word. What may have felt to you like an ordinary match, a small adjustment to his or your stance, or a simple word of encouragement given or accepted often became the highlight of his week and, by extension, of our life together. You helped him grow, not only as a shooter, but as a person. You challenged him, believed in him, and allowed him to give back. For someone who loves Eric, there are few gifts greater than that.

Eric spent a large majority of this adult life with me, Courtney. In all that time, we never had a day without laughter, mostly laughing at each other, at life, at the chaos of our shared world, and especially at our strange little zoo, our dogs Penelope, Rexx, and Meme, and the cat that was forced upon us, Cosmo. Loving Eric, building a home and a life with him, and being his best friend will always be the best part of me. Eric, thank you for choosing me, for loving me, for trusting me with your heart, your children, and your USPSA family. Thank you for the late night talks, the sarcastic comments, the hugs that fixed everything and nothing at the same time, and the way you always made sure we laughed, even on the hardest days.
Throughout our years together, we were blessed to maintain and form deep and incredible friendships with so many individuals and couples who became our chosen family.

To our friends, our chosen family:
Your friendship mattered deeply to Eric. You were not background characters in his life, you were what made his life good. We have lost the same person, but each of us has lost a different, irreplaceable relationship. I know you carry your own heartbreak, and I see it. Thank you for the happiness you brought him, for the stories, the trips, the game nights, the texts, the favors, the calls that Eric ALWAYS took on speakerphone, and the ordinary days that became extraordinary simply because you were in them. Thank you for every kindness and every gesture of love, many of which Eric may never have found adequate words to thank you for. As we learn to live with this loss, I hope we will keep saying Eric's name. Please tell me the stories I haven't heard and remind me of the things he did that made you laugh until you cried. Hold onto the whole person, not only the pain of losing him, but the joy, absurdity, goofiness, and warmth of having known him. Your friendship meant so much to Eric. It means so much to me. Neither of those truths ends with his death.

Eric is preceded in death by his mother, Dorothy Jackson, and several aunts, uncles, and cousins. He is survived by his loving partner, Courtney Sanders, her loving family and friends, and their beloved, eccentric animals Rexx, Meme, and Cosmo. He is also survived by his father, Charlie Jackson, his siblings Charlene Coleman, Charles "CJ" Jackson, and Sara Jackson, his children, Carolina and Faith (Brooke), and Cayden (Laura), and many other family members who loved him deeply.

Eric's life was a tapestry of service, curiosity, mischief, and love. He was a son, a father, a partner, a friend, a mentor, a veteran, a "drug-dealing" IT guy (in his words, not HR's), and a fierce competitor who still somehow managed to make room for love, gentleness, and kindness.

Eric may have needed help finding his keys, his phone, and just about everything else, but he never once lost sight of what truly mattered, his children, his family, his friends, his passions, and the people he loved. He found his place in this world. And now, I am certain, he has found his place in the next.

Order of Service

Musical Prelude
Alan Jackson
Amazing Grace

Prayer
Minister Keith Griffin

Reflection (Two Minutes Please)
Gavin Sanders

The Price Family
(Frank, Heather and Ira)

The Lee Family
(Ryan and Jessica)

The Evans Family
(Rebecca and Travis)

The Leggett's and Edwards' Families
(Thomas and Billie Leggett and James and Lesleigh Edwards)

Courtney Sanders

Selection
Go Rest High on the Mountain
Vince Gill

Words of Comfort
Minister Keith Griffin

Recessional

Inurnment
Fort Jackson National Cemetery
4170 Percival Road, Columbia, SC 29229

Commital, Prayer and Benediction

Floral Bearers

Family and Friends

Pallbearers

Family and Friends










Expression of Gratitude

In lieu of flowers, please consider making a donation to the Tim Gaskin Legacy Foundation in honor of Eric. Tim and Eric were both competitive shooters who shared a genuine love for the sport and always supported and encouraged one another. Their friendship and passion for shooting created a lasting bond that we will forever cherish. Through the work of the Tim Gaskin Legacy Foundation, both Tim and Eric's legacies can continue to make a difference supporting the sport they loved while giving back to the community. To learn more about the foundation or to make a donation, please visit www.TGLegacyfoundation.org

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UNITED STATES PRACTICAL SHOOTING ASSOCIATION
DVC



IN REMEMBRANCE OF OUR BELOVED

Eric Jerome Jackson

March 20, 1985 - September 10, 2026

Thursday, October 15, 2026
1:00 PM

JP Holley Funeral Home Northeast Chapel
9010 Farrow Road, Columbia, SC 29203
Minister Keith Giffin, Officiating