

LOUIS ESTMON BROWN

December 21, 1957–March 30, 2020



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A CELEBRATION OF LIFE



LOUIS ESTMON BROWN

As it was in the beginning

The world of 1957 was rife with discord: An influenza pandemic left 1 million people dead worldwide in its wake. Nelson Mandela—accused of high treason against South Africa—was held in a Johannesburg prison. The Presidential Palace in Havana, Cuba, was attacked. Earthquakes rocked San Francisco, California, and Guerrero, Mexico.

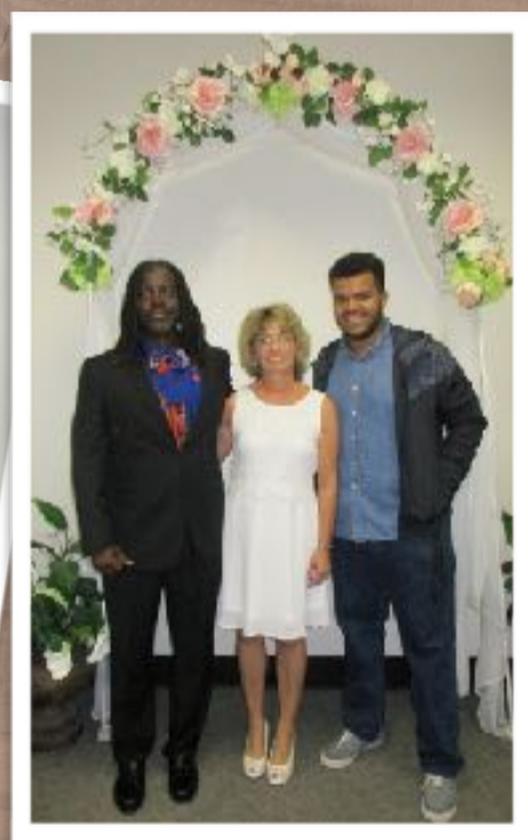
That winter, on December 21, an estimated 279,640 babies were born throughout the world. And that day in Chicago, Illinois, the Lord God, Jah, blessed Clarethia and Robert with a boy they named Louis. He burst onto this earth plane with curiosity, enthusiasm, and optimism in sharp contrast to the happenings of the world. He was a student in Chicagoland schools ultimately graduating from the historic Robert Lindblom Technical High School and attending Clark College (now Clark Atlanta University) in Atlanta, Georgia.



He enlisted in the United States Air Force and earned the rank of master sergeant. During his tenure as an airman, he lived in several places, including Winnweiler, Germany. He served as an Air Force weather forecaster using his talents to harness the power of weather to ensure the success and safety of people and missions. He received the Korean Defense Service Medal, the National Defense Service Medal, the Global War on Terrorism Service Medal, and the Humanitarian Service Medal. He also received the Air Force Achievement Medal for outstanding achievement rendered on behalf of the Air Force and the prestigious Air Force Commendation Medal for distinguishing himself by meritorious achievement and service. He was honorably discharged on February 28, 2010.

*One love, one heart /
Let's get together and feel all right*

Raised in the Baptist Church, he was drawn to Bob Marley who had an innate ability of infusing his music with a sense of spirituality. Like Marley, he envisioned a unified and inclusive world. He was a true “people person” who loved being around those from all walks of life. Whether he was attending a Reggae Festival or celebrating his favorite holiday—Christmas—you could count on him for his vibrant personality and positive outlook on life even as he battled an illness.



He was happiest exploring new vistas and frontiers; he delighted in making meaningful connections. Indeed, he loved his family and friends and he was committed to their overall wellbeing. He brought this perspective to his work with the West Palm Beach Field Office of the United States Citizenship and Immigration Services. He worked with applications for naturalization and always looked forward to performing citizenship ceremonies as the final act of people becoming US citizens. On January 12, 2018, he married his soulmate, the former Petra Kessler. Together they built a life of One Love in West Palm Beach, Florida.

So shall it be in the end

Louis Estmon Brown is an ever-living, ever-faithful, ever-sure beloved husband and father. He transitioned from this life on March 30, 2020. He was preceded in death by his mother, Clareth Brown; and his father, Robert Brown. His memory will be cherished by his wife, Petra Brown; and his sister, Patricia Brown. His legacy will be sustained by his daughter, Regina Alexis Brown; and his son, Robert J. Brown. Others who count it a blessing to have known “Lou” are his step-children and grandchildren, Daniel and Emilie Nowak, Caroline Kessler, Andre Kessler Weil, Stephanie Kessler, and Fiona Kessler; his cousins—especially Lorraine Hibbert—and his friends—including, Tracy Barber, Tony Burks, Parry and Peggy Colbert, Fred, Randall Richie, Al Moreno, Jerome Pofi, and Prabhu; and a host of extended family and loved ones.





IN LIEU OF FLOWERS

St. Jude Children's Research Hospital

Lou's favorite charity was St. Jude Children's Research Hospital which has the first and only National Cancer Institute-designated Comprehensive Cancer Center devoted solely to children. St. Jude Children's Research Hospital is a not-for-profit, section 501 (c)(3) corporation. You may donate by mail with a check or money order payable to ALSAC/St. Jude Children's Research Hospital, 501 St. Jude Place, Memphis, TN 38105. Please write "In memory of Louis Estmon Brown" on the memo line. You may also donate by phone by dialing 800-805-5856.

REFLECTIONS by Petra Kessler Brown

My Love,

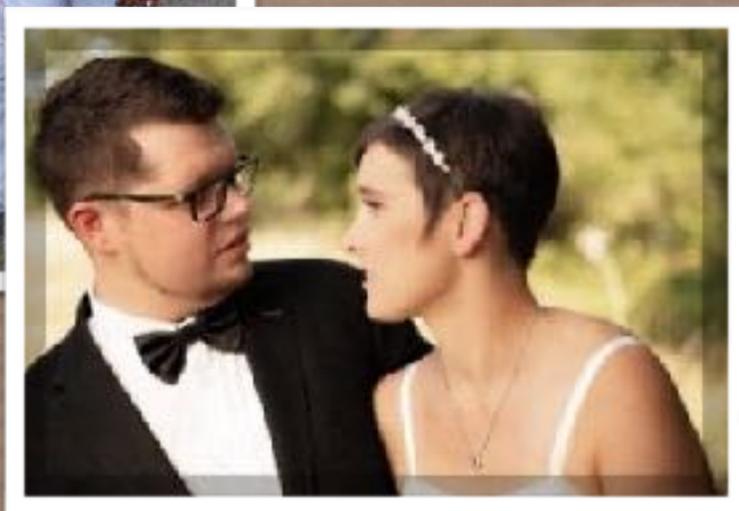
It's so hard to believe you are not with us anymore. Though you have left this world, you never will leave our hearts!

We didn't get the chance to spend all the time together we wanted; but, believe me, I enjoyed every single minute! The time we had together was just great and amazing!

I know where you are now, you are feeling better. No pain and no fighting illness anymore. You are in a better place where you look down on us. Once I was your Angel and now you are mine!

I love you and every second you are not with me, I miss you more! This is not a "Goodbye" forever, because we are going to meet again sooner or later.

Rest in Peace, My Love!



REFLECTIONS by Robert J. Brown

No matter how you knew him—Slip, Lou, Louis, MSgt. Brown—you would never forget his face or his personality after you met him. For me, he was Dad. My Dad was a one of a kind guy. You couldn't fake his positive spirit and his caring soul. Unfortunately, after a short 62 years, God has called another angel to the sky.

Anyone who knew my Dad knew his soul was about 20 years younger than his actual age. Because of this, he still had a lot of plans and a lot of love to give. He was needed for something bigger in God's plans. Everything he did was for the improvement of his friends or his family at any cost. That's the kind of man I will strive to be. I strive to be the kind of man who provides for his family and does everything to make sure they are safe and secure. The kind of man who makes his friends and family laugh every time he sees them. The kind of man who has the best advice for every situation where you need help. The kind of man whose kids never have to worry.

My Dad always took care of us and he always opened his arms to us with love and support. He told us no matter what we did, he was proud and loved us. He told us to do what will make us happy. He may not be here with me physically; but, he will always be here with me in spirit. He'll be watching down and continuing to protect and support me because that's what he always did. His spirit will forever live on and his life will be celebrated and never will he be forgotten. I love you, Dad, and I can't wait to tell you about all I will achieve when we are together again.

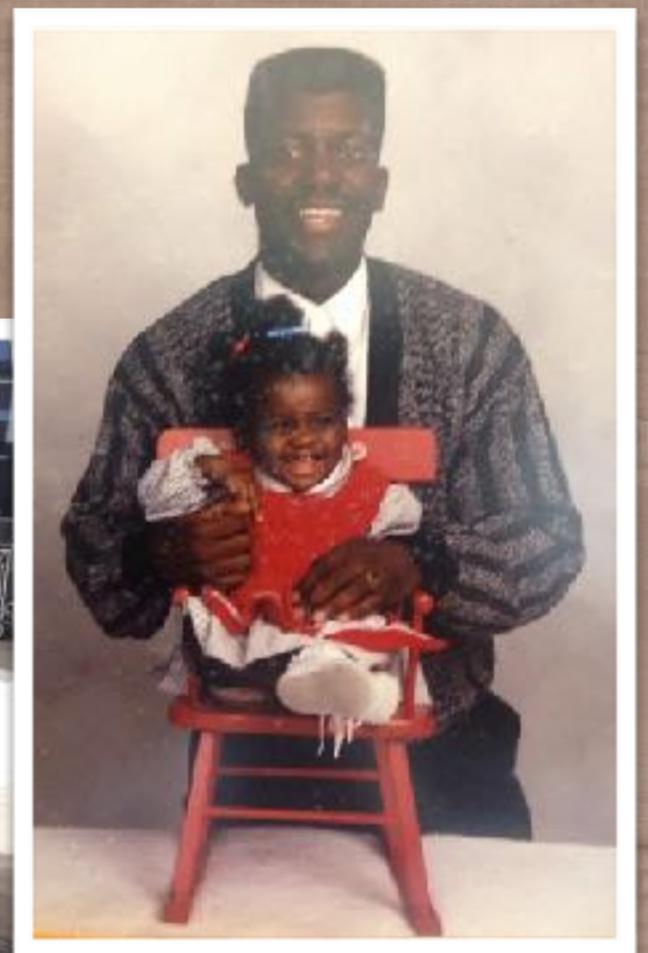


REFLECTIONS by Regina Alexis Brown

My dad is in my very first memories. My mother always said that if she didn't see me come out of her body, she would have assumed, he found a way to birth me. He gave me so much his whole life. I got my love for music, travel, and my charisma from him. He taught me how to love, he was my biggest supporter always cheering me on in all that I did. He told me I never had to be afraid to come to him if I was in trouble because there was nothing so bad that I could do that would change his love for me.

He used to take me to the beach when I was young even if it was cloudy or drizzling, just because he knew it made me happy. It made him so happy just to bring people joy.

My dad was the best and as long as we all contribute and continue to share about him, he will live on in our memories. I only wish everyone could have met him. He was so loved and his personality was so big in the best ways. The world will never be the same without him but I think all over the world, we have little or big pieces of him that we carry on our hearts.



REFLECTIONS by Michelle and Jay Shepherd

I first met Louis at Tinker AF Base Barber shop over 20 years ago. Every week he'd come in for a cut and he just made my day with his laugh. I couldn't wait to tell him the bizarre stories at the time I had encountered. When he met my husband, Jay, they'd chit chat about Cubs how they are both die hard fans. Jay said, "I'm glad he got to see the Cubs finally win the world series!" Louis was a true friend. We were so glad that he was able to attend our wedding back in 2012. I remember he encouraged me to attend nursing school and to stop doubting myself that at any age I could achieve this. I've been a nurse for 6 years now.



REFLECTIONS by MSgt Randall Ritchie, USAF, Retired

My I first met Lou Brown when I was stationed from Traben-Trarbach (German military base) Germany to Sembach Air Base Germany in 1998. During our time there, he was my colleague, my subordinate, and my friend. We worked hard to ensure our customers across Europe had the best weather information to provide safety for tens of thousands. When we weren't working, we sometimes bowled together on the unit team; we even won the Kaiserslautern Military Community Championship one year! We watched and talked sports. We supported flight and squadron functions. Lou was a joy to be around, and he was always someone ready to help others in need. I—and many others—will miss him. Greatly. I know when we join Lou upstairs someday, he'll have the big screen on the biggest ballgame of the day and the beer ready for all of us in the cooler. Good-bye Lou. Until we meet again, Brother.



REFLECTIONS by MSgt Tony Lamair Burks, USAF, Retired

My Rasta brother, Brother Louis Brown. Gone but not forgotten. May Jah keep you in his loving arms. Your "Free Spirit" will live on in the hearts of each person you came in contact with during your time here on earth. Rest Well Rasta. Keep it on dem "One Drop". Sending much Love to your wife Petra Brown and your family.

As Bob Marley would sing:

I know Jah's never let us down; / Pull your rights from wrong:

I know Jah's never let us down. / Oh, no! Oh, no! Oh, no!

They made their world so hard / Every day (we got to keep on fighting), every day;

They made their world so hard / Every day (the people are dying), eh!

(dread, dread, it dread, dread) Oh, whoa! Make dem a-go on so:

But read it in Revelation (dread, dread, dread, dread):

You'll find your redemption / And then you give us the teachings of His Majesty,

For we no want no devil philosophy; / A you fe give us the teachings of His Majesty,

We no want no devil philosophy!!

Positive Vibration:

There's a natural mystic / Blowing through the air

If you listen carefully now you will hear / This could be the first trumpet

Might as well be the last / Many more will have to suffer

Many more will have to die / Don't ask me why

Things are not the way they used to be / I won't tell no lie

One and all got to face reality now / Though I try to find the answer

To all the questions they ask / Though I know it's impossible

To go living through the past / Don't tell no lie

There's a natural mystic / Blowing through the air

Can't keep them down / If you listen carefully now you will hear

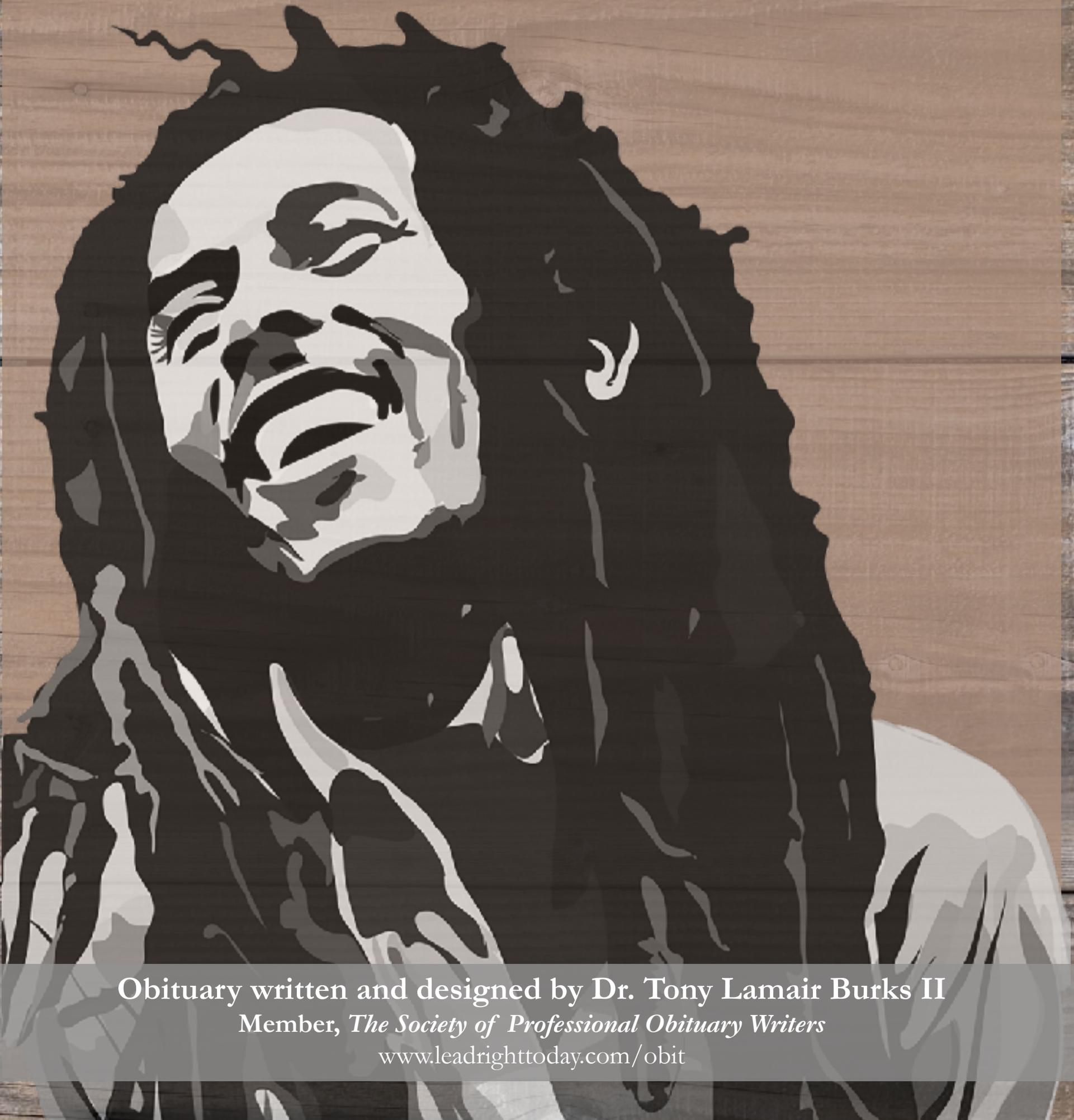
Such a natural mystic / Blowing through the air.

Love you, Bro!!!



OUR APPRECIATION

When speculation became reality, when good health transformed and hope faded, Jah granted us serenity and blessed us to have family and friends who gave us loving support, fervent prayers, and encouraging words. We are thankful for the love sent our way during Lou's illness and our time of bereavement. Please join us in remembering the African Proverb, "As long as we speak his name, he shall live forever!"



Obituary written and designed by Dr. Tony Lamair Burks II
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