



Chris C Crabtree was born on November 10, 1934 in Tompkinsville, Kentucky and went to be with the Lord on January 18, 2020 at the age of 85. He is preceded in death by his wife Jean Frances Crabtree, and his father Chris Crabtree, his stepfather Lawrence Huff (Pop) and mother Lucile Crabtree-Huff, his son Chris Crabtree III (Trip), his sisters Mary Crabtree, Sue Womble, Dollie Jackson, and brothers-in-law Jack Womble, Wayne Jackson and Audie Carlock.

He is survived by his loving wife, Anni Crabtree, and his children, Kevin Crabtree (wife Rosa), Keith Crabtree, Kim Crabtree-Brisco (husband David), step-daughter Sue Masoner and step-son Charles Weisbrich (wife Missy) and his sisters, Kitty Carlock, Janice Anderson (husband Fred), and Regina Marshall (husband Eddie), as well as his grandsons, Trevor Stotko, Paul Ortega, Evan Brisco, Nicholas Crabtree and granddaughter Anni Weisbrich, and numerous nieces and nephews that he loved dearly.

Chris was in the United States Navy from 1953 to 1956 and served two of those years in sea service aboard the USS Zellars DD 777. Upon returning from the Navy, Chris ended up pursuing a career with Olivetti as a top salesman of mechanical typewriters. Eventually, his salesmanship landed him a job with the Lexitron Corporation where he sold some of the first word processors in the United States.



As well as being an active father in lives of his family, Chris was most proud of being a Scoutmaster of Boy Scout Troop 561. He thought it was a blessing to help young men develop good character and become responsible citizens in hopes for a better future.



After the passing of his wife Jean, Chris took up the art of poetry and became very active for numerous years with the Alamo Area Poets of Texas and the San Antonio Poets' Society, where he was named San Antonio Poet Laureate in 1997. Chris shared his love for creative writing by teaching various workshops and seminars across the United States and earned a large collection of awards and most importantly thanks from students who attended his workshops and seminars over the years. Chris was also an author of 12 poetry chapbooks and published one book entitled "The Dust of Summers Past" that was a sprinkle of fiction and non-fiction.

In addition to his love of poetry, Chris enjoyed experimenting in the "culinary arts"; he made the best pot of beans, rattlesnake chili and side of cornbread this side of the Mississippi! He was also an avid Spurs fan, book lover, especially author Louis L'Amour, an avid gun collector and war documentary aficionado.

Chris was also an active member of the Helotes Masonic Lodge in the early 1980's until he transferred his membership in 2018 to the Prairie Lea Lodge in New Braunfels. Chris sponsored many men who wanted to become a Freemason.

He was a long-time member of the United Methodist



Church including Palm Heights and Chapel Hill. He will be dearly missed by all who knew and loved him. He gave all that he had to his family, friends, and God. Some described Chris as having a larger than life personality and shoes that can never be filled.

His family would like to thank the wonderful and loving care that he received from Compassus Hospice. A special thank you goes to his nurses, Caitlin, Melissa, Bonnie, Jennifer, Angela, Araceli, April, Chaplains Rob and Harry, volunteer/assistant Olga and administrator/friend Stacey.



In lieu of flowers, the family wishes for donations to [Compassus Living Foundation](#) in honor of Chris C Crabtree.

Friends and family are invited to visitation on Thursday, Jan 30th, 2020 at Funeral Caring USA (17331 IH-35 Suite #100, Schertz Texas 78154) from 1-7PM. On Friday, Jan 31st, 2020 at 10AM, a celebration service will be held at Coker United Methodist Church (231 East North Loop Road, San Antonio, Texas 78216), followed by a reception at the church, and then interment at Fort Sam Houston National Cemetery (1520 Harry Wurzbach Road, San Antonio, TX 78209) at 2:30PM under Shelter #3.

I will whisper your name

in reverence I pray your name in my sleep
I will whisper my love in your ear
I will cling to your memory as vines growing
on the hallow halls of learning
yearning to whisper your name

to a million stars I speak your name
to birds that fly I sing your name
to every blade of grass, green or brown
I will speak your name in soft sound
I whisper your name

I will mark my time, wait my wait
pray for kindness from the gods of fate
my patience will not grow thin
waiting till once again
when I will whisper your name

--Chris Crabtree