

LIFE STORY

Christopher Nichole Jackson, Sr., affectionately known as "Chilli," entered this world on September 11, 1965, in St. Louis, Missouri, born to the loving care of Betty Ann Jackson and Nathaniel B. Stevenson. From the very beginning, Christopher carried warmth and humor that made him unforgettable. Growing up in the heart of East St. Louis, he attended District 189 Public Schools, where his quick wit, joyful spirit, and love for "joaning" earned him the nickname that stayed with him for life "Chili." Friends teased that he turned bright red whenever he got cold, a story that followed him through every season of his life.

In 1983, Chris proudly graduated from East St. Louis Senior High School, Home of the Flyers. His loyalty to his hometown and classmates was unmatched. He rarely missed reunions and cherished the lifelong friendships built in his early years. Chris often said, "If I was rich, I would have never met all the great people I know." He had a way of valuing people above everything else.

After high school, Chris answered the call of duty and joined the United States Navy, serving his country with honor. The brotherhood he built with his fellow servicemen remained strong long after his time in uniform. When his military service ended, Chris made Jacksonville, Florida, his permanent home.

Christopher devoted many dedicated years to the United States Postal Service, a job he truly loved. As the beloved Commissioner of the Football Pool, Chris took pleasure in connecting with his coworkers, keeping everyone's picks organized, and maintaining a sense of camaraderie. Even during hospital stays, Chris continued running the pool proof of his commitment to community and to the people he cared about.

On September 15, 1990, Chris married the love of his life, Yvonne Catherine "Cathy" or "Cat" Harvey. Their union blossomed into thirty-five beautiful years of devotion, laughter, and unwavering partnership. Together, they raised three wonderful sons: Brandon, Christopher, Jr., and Dominic. Being their father was one of Chris's greatest joys, and watching his family grow filled his life with purpose. His grandchildren, Dae'ana, Lauren, Jacob, Jaxson, and his sweet "Little Big Baby," Delaney held a special place in his heart and brought him immeasurable happiness.

Chris's love extended far beyond his immediate family. As a devoted godfather to Patrinia Rolack, Erica Stevens, Keneen Cummings, Destiny Taylor, Joshua Middleton, Rayniah Lewis, and Montreal Harvey, he proved time and again that love is something meant to be shared generously. He was their "gentle giant."

Spiritually, Chris was nurtured at Pentecostal Saints Tabernacle under the leadership of his uncle, Bishop James A. Stewart. His faith grounded him and helped shape the compassionate, generous, joy-filled man whom so many cherished.

A deeply meaningful bond connected Chris to his older cousin Earnstine "Mamie" Titsworth and her husband, affectionately known as "Daddy." Their guidance, their love, and their pride in the man he became stayed with Chris throughout his life.

Blue was Chris's favorite color, and he wore it proudly alongside orange to represent both East Side Senior High School and his beloved Denver Broncos. Known for his jokes, riddles, and unforgettable storytelling, he had a special talent for brightening a room. Chris often called family and friends just to say, "Have you heard this joke?" His laughter was comforting, familiar, and healing like coming home.

A man of deep compassion, Chris never met a stranger. His heart had room for everyone. He lived his life with a "glass half full" outlook, choosing kindness every time. Even throughout his battle with cancer, he remained courageous, gracious, and without complaint, an example of strength and faith to all who loved him.

On November 25, 2025, Chris heard the gentle whisper of his Heavenly Father calling him home. With peace and readiness in his spirit, he completed his earthly journey and entered eternal rest.

Chris was preceded in death by his beloved mother: Betty Ann Jackson; brother: Willie Bryant Jackson; sister-in-law: Katherine "Nell" Fields; father-in-law: Bernard P. Fields and his cherished cousin, Mamie ("Daddy").

Left to forever cherish and honor his memories is his devoted wife: Yvonne Catherine Jackson sons: Brandon, Christopher, Jr., and Dominic (LaShonda); grandchildren: Dae'ana, Lauren, Jacob, Jaxson, and Delaney; father: Nathaniel B. Stevenson (St. Louis, MO); siblings: Paul Jackson (St. Louis, MO), Allen Ray Stevenson (Atlanta, GA), Yolanda Jackson and Elizabeth Jackson (St. Louis, MO); Venis Sims (Atlanta, GA) and Melody Robinson Bojang (Texas); mother-in-law: Yvonne Brunson; sisters-in-law: Bernadette Fields and Brendell Fields; brother-in-law: Leroy Hartley, Jr. and a host of uncles, aunts, nieces, nephews, cousins, classmates, U.S. Navy brothers, postal coworkers, and countless friends who will carry his love forward.

Christopher "Chili" Jackson was a gentle soul, a rare gift, always genuine, uplifting, warm, and full of joy with a steady presence. He was an angel on earth not because he was perfect, but because he cared deeply, loved freely, and made everyone feel seen. His legacy of laughter, compassion, and kindness will live on in the hearts of all who knew him. He will be missed beyond measure. His laughter, his kindness, his stories, and his love will remain with us always.





People tell me you're "in a better place," but they don't understand my better place was anywhere you were. You were my safe harbor, my steady ground, my gentle certainty in a world full of noise.

I talk to you in the quiet moments folding laundry, washing dishes, doing all the little things you once teased me about. I whisper your name into the stillness just to feel it on my tongue, because saying it feels like keeping you alive for one more heartbeat.

Some nights, grief comes crashing in like a wave too heavy to bear, and I break open in the dark wishing for one last hug, one last laugh, one last ordinary moment that I never knew was a goodbye.

But love, our love has never left me. It hums in my chest, it steadies my shaking hands, it wraps around me when the loneliness grows louder.

I will carry you the rest of my days in every choice, in every sunrise, in every quiet courage I didn't know I had, until losing you demanded it.

And when my time comes and the veil grows thin, I pray you'll be the one waiting on the other side smiling that familiar smile that once made the whole world feel right.

Until then, my forever love, I'll live with both the sorrow of missing you and the blessing of having loved you with every beat of my grieving, grateful heart.

You were my once-in-a-lifetime. You are my always.



TRIBUTE TO OUR FATHER

Dad, your passing is still so new that every breath feels different as if the air changed the moment your soul slipped into God's hands.

We walk through the house and feel the shape of you everywhere: the way you laughed in the kitchen, the way you called our names, the way you made everything feel safe simply by being here.

Now the quiet is heavy, and the days feel longer, because the center of our family, you is no longer sitting at the table smiling at all of us.

We look at Mom, and we see your love in her eyes. We look at each other, your sons, and realize we are pieces of you your hopes, your lessons, your strength passed down, like a blessing we didn't know we'd need so soon.

Dad, we've cried together in ways we never did before, holding each other the way you held the family together. It hurts! God, it hurts! but even in the pain, there is something holy, something sacred, because love this deep does not disappear when a heartbeat stops.

We feel you in every prayer. We feel you in every breath of wind that brushes our shoulders like a father's hand still guiding his boys.

Sometimes grief comes all at once, and we crumble. Other times, we feel calm so sudden we know it can only be you your spirit steadying us, reminding us that family is forever, and you are still part of ours.

We talk to you, Dad. We ask for your strength when we don't feel strong enough. We ask for your wisdom when we don't know what to do. And in the deepest part of us, we believe you hear every word because love doesn't end when a life does. It only changes form.

One day, when this raw pain softens and the tears fall less sharply, we'll look back and see that your love never left it just lives in different places now: in Mom's courage, in our unity as brothers, in the family you built with your hands, your heart, your faith.

Dad, we miss you with every heartbeat. We honor you with every breath. And we promise you this: your family will hold together—your sons will stand tall, your love will live on, and your spirit will guide us until the day we walk toward you again and feel your embrace in the light of the next world.

We love you, Dad.

Your family carries you forever.





Grandpa, we miss you so much, your hugs that felt like home, your laughter that made everything happy, and the way you always made time for us.

Even though we can't see you,
we know God has you in His arms,
and sometimes we feel you
in the warm sunshine
or in the soft breeze that tickles our faces.

We remember your stories, the things you taught us, and the way you made us feel brave just by being nearby.

When we pray, we talk to you, and it feels like you are listening, smiling down, guiding us, helping us be kind and strong.

We promise to love each other, to share, to laugh, to care, just like you showed us.

Your love stays in our hearts forever, and we carry it wherever we go.

Grandpa, we love you always, and one day, we know we will see you again, in heaven, in the light, and we will hug you forever.



PALLBEARERS

FLOWER ATTENDANTS

Friends of the Family

Friends of the Family

INTERMENT

Monday, December 8, 2025 10:00AM LANE 3 Jacksonville National Cemetery 4083 Lannie Road | Jacksonville, Florida 32218

REPAST

Abyssinia Missionary Baptist Church Multipurpose Room 10325 Interstate Center Drive | Jacksonville, Florida 32218

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We, the family, would like to express our deepest gratitude for the outpouring of love, support, and kindness shown to us during this difficult time. Every message, call, visit, meal, and gesture of compassion has brought comfort and strength as we navigate the profound loss of someone so dear to our hearts.

Christopher touched many lives with his warmth, generosity, and quiet strength. Knowing that he is remembered with such affection brings us immense peace. We are truly humbled by the support of friends, family, neighbors, and all who shared in his life's journey.

Thank you for standing with us, for honoring his memory, and for helping us carry forward the love he left behind. Your kindness will never be forgotten.

With heartfelt appreciation,

-THE JACKSON FAMILY



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