



Joshua Lee McClain

September 14, 2019 - September 14, 2019

Joshua Lee McClain, 42, a native of Grand Prairie and resident of Maine, passed away on Saturday, September 14, 2019 in Atlanta, Georgia.

Joshua was born on April 15, 1977, and attended school in Grand Prairie where he graduated from Grand Prairie High School. Joshua found solace and comfort in his life, moving to Maine where he spent time playing his guitar and drums.

He is survived by his mother, Kathy McClain; maternal grandparents, James A and Martha Allen; paternal grandfather, Roy Lee McClain and a sister, Jenice McClain.

He was preceded in death by his father, Barry Lee McClain; paternal grandmother, Lois McClain and brother; Jason McClain.

Tribute Wall

SS

“ *There is still not a single day that goes by that I don't miss you...and there never will be.* ”

Sarah Schmidlin - January 08, 2025 at 07:25 PM

JJ

“ Oh Lackey, where to begin. I guess for you and I it all began at Bonnaroo sometime around 2005 but the memories seem fuzzy until a year or two later. I think the moment I really fell in love with you was when u picked up horse poop with your bare hand and yelled “gooballs 2 for 5,” tossed it on the ground and then asked “why does my hand smell like s***?” From then on we were family. Every summer this giant festival was like a mix of going to war and a family reunion. I cried everytime I left u guys and we parted ways after it was over. Then you came to stay with us in NJ while my crazyass was preggo. You stayed for 4-5 months helping Rob make our downstairs apartment livable but I think you mainly stayed to make sure Rob survived my pregnancy. You taught Rob so many tricks tiling, spackling and painting. You were an artist at whatever u touched, even after copious amounts of booze and other substances...Allegedly. You were always up for a last minute show to sell beer and dollar tacos or a good ole fashioned Jersey death march/swim/hike as u called it. The colder the water, the better in our eyes. When I was in labor upstairs having a home birth, Emma made me a nest for the baby out front next to the porch. Her having so many puppies, she knew a baby was coming. That day you went to the bar to get drunk because u were so nervous and called that evening to see how everybody was and if u could return home. You stayed about 2 wks after baby came and even reluctantly held him with a big smile—Uncle Lackey. Then u made your way up to Maine. Vacationland. Your happy place. You returned a few months later and stayed for a few more weeks helping us renovate our upstairs this time and then back to Maine. I didn't see u again until this past April, 7 years later. We had an epic reunion with all our old friends and swam in the freezing ocean and talked about how well we were all doing. We laughed hard and came up with new inside jokes about malt vinegar and tick checks. We did a cheers to all our lost soldiers. Now here we are with another lost soldier and a huge hole in our hearts. Cheers to u my friend, my brother, the smartest person I have ever known with the greatest sense of humor. You were painfully truthful always with zero filter. One of the few people in the world who I could show my

whole self to that would never back down and helped make me feel whole. A soulmate of a friend. You had a heart of fn gold mixed with thermite. RIP sweet Lackey. SNC will never be the same without u. King of all the slow kids. Love u forever, Jersey



Jersey Jenn - October 10, 2019 at 11:15 AM