



Clint LeClair Simonton

October 18, 1972 - September 27, 2024

Clint LeClair Simonton was born on October 18, 1972 to Eileen Faye and Danny LeClair Simonton. He went to meet his creator and savior in heaven on Friday, September 27, 2024, at the age of 51.

Clint was raised in a loving home on Cinmac Street. He grew up to be the man he was shaped by a strong-willed and faithful dad and a caring and devoted mother, a set of sweet grandparents, Granny and Paw-Paw Barker and one set of ornery ones, MeMaw and Pa Red Simonton, and little twin brothers, Quinn and Justin, of whom he thought the world.

His family was everything to him and as the first-born, he was everyone's favorite little entertainer. His Uncle Steve loved taking him to the pool hall and his Uncle Bobby was his fishing buddy. Aunt Gum would take him riding around and listen to "funky town." His Aunt Boov just took him everywhere. Aunt Michelle, Uncle Bob, Uncle Leneiol and Aunt Paula all helped shape him into who he was. You don't have to be blood to be family; Uncle Bucky proved that. He loved being around his cousins Aubrey, Misty, Tyler, Nicole and Sim, and his childhood bestie and life-long friend Shawn. He loved fishing with Darron, aggravating Grog, crazy antics with Smitty and his built-in sister, sweet Shawndra Dee. He was a Lindsay Leopard and was so proud to wear the number 61 under the Friday Night Lights with all his best friends lined up beside him and the rest of them in the stands cheering for a team that might

not have won them all, but the bonds they shared they kept for a lifetime. He was number 36 on the Leopard baseball team and was known for taking one for the team, anything to get on base and help out his Leopard brothers. He also was credited with hitting the first home run over the left field wall on the brand new Lindsay baseball field. He was proud to have served as the president of the Lindsay High School Class of 1990.

When it was time to leave home, he chose to go to Blue River. I mean Murray State in Tishomingo. He earned his Associate Degree and graduated with honors in May of 1992. If they had been issuing degrees in penny ante poker, then he, Subby, Cody and the rest of the guys would have all graduated with honors. Wherever Clint was, there was laughter and fun. He was just that guy.

He then transferred to Oklahoma State University where the stars aligned for him. Clint fell in love with the girl who would become his lifelong best friend—even though when he took her on their first date, he ran out of money and she ended up paying his way into the movies. After cramming two years into three years because he always made time for the good times, he graduated from OSU with a bachelor's degree in journalism, broadcasting and public relations. Again, he could have majored in Tumbleweed calf fries, Eskimo Joes and beverage tasting along with Andy, JP, and all the friends from back home, because everyone was welcome wherever Clint was.

After graduation, Clint moved to Duncan and worked for the National Rural Water Association where he traveled all over the United States putting on state conferences and promotions, speaking to crowds of hundreds each week. He was a natural on the stage. He could talk for hours, born to entertain a crowd. He always seemed to know exactly what to say.

After six years of dating, he popped the question to Sara with a style all his own. He was so excited to give her that little diamond. He pulled up in her

parents' driveway in that green Ford Ranger and said "Hey Baby, look what I got ya!" Even though it wasn't really a question, she said yes and they were married at the Candlelight Wedding Chapel in Las Vegas, Nevada, on September 26, 1998 with Elvis singing "Can't Help Falling in Love With You." It was the closest thing to a fairy tale they could imagine, a night of food and wine with family and friends, limos, shows, dancing at Studio 54 and laughter. The one thing that was ever present in his life was laughter. After a week in Cancun, they came back to a huge home-town reception and began their life together.

In a little house on Choctaw Street, Clint began working as an insurance agent for New York Life. They literally lived on love and vegetables grown in the back yard because both of them were building businesses from scratch. Not sure why, but the thing that grew best was Eggplant. So he ate eggplant parmesan, fried eggplant and eggplant in every way you could imagine with never a complaint. Broke but happy, those early years were fun—cookouts with friends, catfishing in the Washita, all the lake trips and the legendary New Year's Eve parties.

And the concerts...there was always a way to scrape enough money together for them. His love for concerts started in high school and he literally saw hundreds. He loved the music, the atmosphere and most of all, his friends who accompanied him. Just a few he saw were ACDC, Metallica, Aerosmith, Def Leopard, David Allan Coe, Tom Petty, Lynard Skynard, Steve Miller Band, but his all-time favorite was seeing the Rolling Stones at Owen Field in Norman. That was the last major one he attended. The next one was a completely different vibe....The Wiggles.

Clint went through a life-changing event on April 4, 2002, the day his sweet Charley Rose was born. He became the proudest, most responsible, helpful and dedicated dad there ever was. It was a wonder they got to leave the

hospital with her because he asked the doctor “How long until she gets her eyes open?” like she was a kitten. Still not sure if he was serious or not. He was a diaper-changing, book-reading, nap-time buddy for that little girl who stole his heart.

When Owen came along, he was never so proud to have a little boy to play baseball with and take fishing. He would get on the floor and play trains and race cars and talk about dinosaurs and space rockets. Owen wanted to know how everything worked and Clint was glad to fill him in on everything he knew.

And then came Henry...Clint's world changed again when they took him straight out of the operating room to NICU. They soon found out that Henry had a spinal cord defect and his life was not looking like a normal road. But Clint was a rock through it all, although he was probably scared to death. He never wavered. He never acted worried or confessed any doubt. At Sara's weakest point, scared to death and crying out to God “Why would our baby Henry have to deal with this, all the surgeries and doctors and pain?” Clint calmly said, “Why not Henry? God always provides for us. He knows we can take care of him with the best doctors and decisions. He knows we will do our best for him all his days, no matter the outcome.” That was Clint's logic in life. Trust God, do what is right and live your life for the ones you love, give everything you have. And God came through. Henry grew into the biggest, smiliest, funniest and orneriest little guy ever. Clint always knew what to say.

Clint took on many roles as a dad. He was a coach for Henry, a gym buddy for Owen and the greatest teacher Charley ever had. He loved being their dad and he wanted them to have all the fun. He taught them to snow ski and wakeboard, fly fish and target shoot. He took them kayaking, river rafting, hiking and camping. If it was active and outside, he was all about it. And if he ever put on the “Hot Dog Shirt” they knew it was gonna be a great time! He wanted them to see all the things that make America the greatest country. And

so, every year, he would take his family to the mountains, out on the oceans, the beaches, the lakes and the rivers. He took them to National Parks and Battlefields, monuments, museums and historical places so he could instill in them the love he had for his country and the God who created all this surrounding beauty.

Clint really did love animals. He really had to because Sara loves animals and she passed the animal loving genes onto their kids, so over the years they have had numerous dogs, cats, hamsters, a fish and a turtle. They never had birds or rabbits or snakes but Charley's cat Tiger would often bring more pets in to play and Clint would faithfully put them back outside. All the animals loved him, all of them wanted in his lap. He and LeeRoy, the goldendoodle, were special friends. Every day as soon as he came in from work, LeeRoy was ready with the tennis ball, and Clint could never say no. He also couldn't say no to giving all of them treats. That might be why some of them have weight issues. Clint was always generous.

He loved the outdoors. He spent most of his free time outside. He loved the clouds and sunsets. He loved sitting in his hot tub, looking at the stars and listening to Quinn and Molly's beagle howl. He loved being in the woods, just listening and watching, and waiting for that big buck to stroll by. And it did, but never while in was hunting season. He did get a few over the years, just never the big one. But oh, the feral hogs were slain by the thousands. He loved going out a night and stalking those poor piggies. They didn't have a chance! He was an excellent marksman.

In Clint's public life, he was a great servant. He served on the school board and hospital board. He was a member of the Lions Club and Chamber of Commerce. He loved this town and school and gave back in the best way he could, his wisdom. In board meetings he didn't talk a lot, but when he spoke, others listened. He didn't speak without thinking. He didn't just fill the room

with noise. He spoke up for what was right and true and honest. That was just who he was.

In his career, he moved on from insurance to mortgages, always in sales and always on commission. It was high pressure and lots of drive time, so nothing made him happier than when he got to come on board with First National Bank, in his own hometown, helping out his own people. He liked his boss and his co-workers. There were many days he would come home telling us of the shenanigans at work. Although he aggravated them mercilessly, he loved his bank girls. He liked seeing people and helping people. His customers became his friends and he seemed to know everyone in town. Sara learned not to be in a hurry anywhere with Clint. He couldn't leave a restaurant without making his rounds, shaking hands and saying hello to everyone he knew. Maybe he should have been a politician, but he was too honest for that.

Clint was a proud American and patriot. He was a conservative and had a great passion for talking politics. He loved reading about American History, the discovery, and the wars. He loved discussing it and dreamed of traveling the route of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. He loved this country and all the freedoms it represents, especially the right to bears arms, and he did just that, everywhere he went. He probably broke a few laws but he was always ready to defend the people he loved. That's just who he was.

He was not without faults, but was so quick to apologize, and to forgive. He was loyal and faithful always. He was caring and loving and kind. I know without a doubt he is in heaven, not because he lived in this way but because he accepted Christ in Mrs. Mary Finley's class at Calvary Baptist Church and was then baptized on April 19, 1981, and re-baptized on July 29, 2009. Clint knew Jesus Christ as his personal Lord and Savior and it showed in the way he loved his family and the way he raised his kids. He became a member of the First Baptist Church of Lindsay on January 1, 1984 and truly enjoyed the

discussion and wisdom he gained in his Sunday School class. He respected those men and the way they lived their lives and aspired to do the same, honorably. In Sara's eyes, he always did just that. He was a man of honor.

The last decision he made---although it is hard on all of us---but we're thankful because he is in the presence of God with eternal joy and the stress of this life is gone. He shielded the ones he loved from everything, never wanting them to worry. He gave Sara a card when they were dating that said, "Grow old along with me, the best is yet to be." And he is still with her. She can feel him in every hug given. She knows he is here because of every kind gesture that has been offered in his absence. She hears him through the wisdom that Charley Rose speaks. She can see him in the determination, loyalty and honesty of Owen. He makes her smile through the love, humor and laughter of Henry, which in time will return.

So don't be sad. Be glad for Clint. He is with the One who first loved us, his creator and his God. Know that you will see him again, if you have received that same salvation. And if you haven't, please do. We are not promised another day.

A celebration of life for Clint Simonton was held Thursday, October 3, 2024 at 2:00 PM at the First Baptist Church in Lindsay, Oklahoma.

Services are under the direction of Scott and Angel Wilbourn of Wilbourn Family Funeral Home.

OBITUARY PENDING

Previous Events

Memorial Service

OCT 3. 2:00 PM (CT)

First Baptist Church
401 sw 3rd St.,
Lindsay, OK 73052

Tribute Wall

JD

“ *Another imposter in lindsay, robbing the good hard working person, fraud.*

Jd - July 27, 2025 at 09:04 PM

BB

*Friend, this act of cruelty and cowardice will be among your regrets.
Pax et lux*

BA Butler - December 08, 2025 at 06:14 AM



“ *A sympathy card was purchased for the family of Clint LeClair Simonton.*



October 07, 2024 at 06:07 PM

SK

“ *Smitty & Kristi purchased the Simply Elegant Spa thiphyllum for the family of Clint LeClair Simonton.*



Smitty & Kristi - October 02, 2024 at 09:11 PM

DR

“ I am so sorry for your loss . I remember Clint as such a sweet, kind boy. You and your family have my deepest sympathy and are in my prayers.

Debby Ramsey - October 02, 2024 at 08:43 PM

NV

I am so sorry for your loss, Mr. Clint was an exceptional man, polite and very nice. I believe that he is with his creator. God bless his family in earth.

Nelly Vazquez - October 20, 2024 at 12:49 PM

JG

Clint was always kind to my only daughter Amira, they worked together and he had a kind heart. She would tell me stories of how he would cheer her up when he thought she was sad. I remember him but didn't have a close relationship with him. I know that he must have a a beautiful soul to be so thoughtful.

Jen Gupta - February 02, 2025 at 07:35 PM

GR

“ I remember the year at Judgement House, Clint's part was Jesus in Heaven. Brought me to tears. Loved him more than he ever knew. Love you Sara, Owen, Henry, Danny and Eileen! And other members of this great family

Grams - October 02, 2024 at 07:52 PM

CM

“ My deepest sympathies on the loss of Clint. The families are in my prayers.



Carolyn Malena-Franklin - October 02, 2024 at 06:18 PM



“ *Peaceful White Lilies Basket was purchased for the family of Clint LeClair Simonton.*



October 01, 2024 at 03:15 PM



“ *Eric lit a candle in memory of Clint LeClair Simonton*



Eric - October 01, 2024 at 02:00 PM



“ *Vickie Wood lit a candle in memory of Clint LeClair Simonton*



Vickie Wood - October 01, 2024 at 11:43 AM