

Memorial Service

12:00 p.m., Saturday, April 6, 2024
Cam-Plex Heritage Center
Gillette, Wyoming

Officiant

Pastor John Wilson

Speakers

Judd Brost

Jessica Brost

Music

“Where You Are Tonight”

“Lord It’s Hard To Be Humble”

“Lord Build Me A Cabin In Glory”

The family extends an invitation to a luncheon and a time of fellowship following the service.



Jess Morgan Brost, a beloved husband, father, grandfather, son, brother, and friend to many, passed away on March 15, 2024, at St. Vincent's Hospital in Billings, MT at the age of 63. Born on February 2, 1961 to Herman and Kay Brost, Jess led a remarkable life filled with dedication to his family and passion for his work. Jess was a man of many talents and interests. He excelled in mathematics to the point where even NASA considered recruiting him, but Jess's heart was always with his cows and ranching. His career took him from the oilfields of Ridge, MT to Black Thunder Mine near Upton, WY and back again to Ridge, where he worked as an oil field pumper, roustabout worker, and finally as a dozer operator at MTI. In addition to his successful career in the oil industry and ranching, Jess was also an accomplished handyman and known as “Mr. Fix-It” amongst family and friends. His hobbies included hunting, fishing, arrowhead hunting, golfing and his great love of music and singing, but above all else, Jess found true joy in taking care of his cows – except for #20, his arch nemesis. Jess's proudest accomplishments include marrying Linda Kuhbacher in 1987 at St. Mathew’s Catholic Church in Gillette, WY. Together they raised four children: Kaleb [Katie] Brost, Jessica Brost, Eli Brost, and Judd [Ali] Brost. Each child brought immense joy into Jess’ life as his family meant everything to him. He was predeceased by his father Herman Brost in 2004 and every "crazy-eyed cow" whoever tested Jess’ patience. He is survived by his loving wife Linda Brost; children Kaleb [Katie], Jessica, Eli, Judd [Ali]; granddaughters Grace and Hannah Brost, as well as Carter Maye Brost; mother Kay Brost; sisters Johanna Wills, Suze Bayne, Sally Sawyer; brother Jake Brost, his second family the Iossi’s; along with a host of other relatives and friends whose lives were touched by Jess' kindness. Jess will be deeply missed but never forgotten for the love he shared with those around him and the legacy of hard work he leaves behind. Memorials and condolences may be sent in care of Gillette Memorial Chapel 210 West 5th Street, Gillette, WY 82716. Condolences may also be expressed at www.gilletteremorialchapel.com

Forever In Our Hearts....

Jess Brost



February 2, 1961

March 15, 2024



Rita Mashak
Guy Casablanca
Corrine Thompson
Funeral Service-Monuments-
Advance Planning-Cremation-
Lending Library, Learning to say
goodbye; children's tour.

*Please scan the QR code to
share a loving memory or
tribute.*



My Bible

You were a loving gift from my wife before we were married - I think about 22 years ago. She wrote a dedication inside your cover that took up a whole page. It has inspired me every time I look at it.

Through the years you have been with me through thick and thin.

You were there when Linda and I started our lives together and believed for a better life. Your scriptures have been the foundation for our life and the basis for every decision that we have made.

Your words guided us through 8 moves and 4 career changes. You have been our source of faith through all of life's ups and downs. You gave me hope and courage when I was attacked by a spirit of fear and have been my source of strength to stand up to every spiritual attack in my life.

You are full of the wisdom and knowledge to bet through and be victorious in this life no matter what comes against us.



When Kaleb was born and the doctor thought he wouldn't live; when Jessica was 6 weeks, starving to death, the doctor said we needed a miracle; and in later years when Jessica was diagnosed with diabetes. When Eli was paralyzed and through his entire recovery, and the many other times that Eli has needed help and healing.

You were there when each of my children needed help, You were there when my children received Christ as their Savior. You watched them grow into powerful witnesses for the Lord and have been a witness to Judd's intense spiritually.

Your pages are stained with my tears as I walked through the trials of life and sought my Lord through his word.

Your pages are stained with blood from a cut that Jessica got while seeking wisdom as a young girl.

You are full of notes, with underlined and highlighted scriptures. The corner of one page is missing, lost in a search for the promise of Isaiah.



Your cover was leather, but it got dry and cracked from laying on the dash of my pickup. In order to preserve you, I covered you in duct tape. you don't look like much with your many stains, tattered and torn edges, and a frayed duct tape cover, but you are my source of God's living word. You are my most trusted friend; you have seen me at my weakest point and always helped me through. You have heard me utter the prayers that no one else will ever hear; you have gotten me through the unspeakable things in my life.

I lost you sometime this month and have no idea where you are. Yesterday I mourned that loss, and I cried many times as I thought of all the trials and tribulations you have seen me through. I know that I can buy a new bible any time that I want to; my house has many bibles in it. Although I can get a new one that is built better, and has bigger print, maybe even two translations in the same book with a full quill ostrich cover... I will never be able to replace my old friend.

Written by Jess around 2008

