



## Paul Jesse McDowell

June 17, 1954 - June 8, 2025

On the morning of June 8th, 2025, just shy of his 71st birthday, Paul Jesse McDowell passed peacefully from this world into the arms of his Savior. He left behind a legacy of quiet strength, deep love, and a testimony of redemption that touched more lives than he ever knew. Born in Woodward, Oklahoma, on June 17, 1954, to Guy and Argene McDowell, Paul was the baby of eight siblings; a fact he rarely let anyone forget and often used to his advantage. He grew up in a home filled with hard work, loud laughter, and strong faith, values that carried him through every chapter of his life. Paul married the love of his life, Joyce Marie (Moles) McDowell, with whom he built a family rooted in love, grace, and a good bit of mischief along the way. Together, they raised four children. Three daughters; Candace, Clairissa Lynn, and Terri and one son, Christopher Jay McDowell, who preceded him in death and who he longed to see again in heaven.

He was a proud grandfather and great-grandfather. His grandchildren and great-grandchildren include DJ and Allison Henderson and their sons, Carter and Logan; Damon and Makela Robinson and their four sons, Kyce, Silas, Edison, and Alek; Kaylon Greer, Anissa Mitchell, Ryly Mitchell, and Zayne Greer. His beloved fur babies Otis, Leo, and Shadow were a constant source of comfort, companionship, and dog hair.

Paul's life was filled with both struggle and triumph. He spent many years

working in the oil field before facing his battle with alcoholism. In 1987, by the grace of God, he found sobriety. That marked the beginning of a new chapter. He returned to school, earned his undergraduate degree in social work, and then went on to seminary, where he received his Master of Divinity. During that time, he served as a student pastor and later became an ordained elder in the Methodist Church.

Paul served many congregations with humility, a sharp wit, and a heart for the broken. He didn't preach at people; he walked beside them. He ministered not from a pedestal, but from the trenches of real life, often saying, "what I got, you got", "you're my superhero", and "it'll be okay." And when he said it, you believed him.

He was a man of many talents. He crafted beautiful jewelry, most of which was gifted to family members he loved dearly. His passion for silversmithing started when he built his own oak workbench in college; a piece still used and admired today. His backyard shop was his sanctuary, and even in his final days, his biggest concern was getting back to that little haven to tidy some projects up.

He also had a quiet gift for writing; his words had a way of reaching right into the soul. But Paul would never call himself a writer. In fact, he rarely took credit for anything. He was humble to the core, always convinced he was "just a guy," never realizing the profound impact he had on so many.

Paul's love knew no bounds. He gave grace freely and didn't have a judgmental bone in his body. He could argue passionately on matters dear to him, but at the end of the day his heart was always soft. He had a way of making people feel seen, safe, and loved. If you needed encouragement, a laugh, or a reminder that life wasn't over yet, you called Paul. And he always

answered.

He was never too busy to cheer on a grandchild at a game, take his boys hunting, make a trip with a great-grandson to Nocona, Texas, for a “big boy baseball glove” or to just be there. Those memories will live forever in the hearts of his boys- just like he will.

He served the Lord not just from the pulpit, but through action. He organized toy drives, started Celebrate Recovery programs, volunteered at Cross Point Camp where he was known as “River Rat”, helped with local elections, mended fences (literally), and always stood up for the little guy. If something needed doing and it would help someone else, Paul was there on the frontlines without fail.

He was preceded in death by his parents, Guy and Argene; his son, Christopher; his siblings Elaine, Donald, Guyla, Earl, and David; and several beloved pets that surely greeted him at heaven’s gates.

He is survived by his loving wife Joyce, his children; Candace and Dow Henderson of Kingston, Oklahoma, Clairissa Lynn Mitchell of Fort Bragg, North Carolina, and Terri and Richard Greer of Kingston, Oklahoma, his grandchildren and great grandchildren, his brothers Joe and Jay, and a gaggle of nieces, nephews, cousins, friends, church family, and more spiritual children than he could count. His reach was wide, and his impact eternal.

A Celebration of Life will be held at 2:30 PM on June 28, 2025, at Cross Point Camp in Kingston, Oklahoma. Weather permitting, we’ll gather at the cross overlooking the lake; just the way he would’ve wanted. If it rains, we’ll move to the tabernacle.

In lieu of flowers, the family invites contributions to the memorial fund

established in honor of Paul. These gifts will help cover final expenses and support a lasting tribute to him at CrossPoint United Methodist Campground, a place that held deep meaning in his life. Contributions may be made to: First United Bank or <https://givebutter.com/pauljmcowell>

The family extends heartfelt thanks to the caregivers, family, friends, and hospital staff who stood with him and with us in his final days. Your kindness will never be forgotten.

And if Paul were here now, he'd throw up that "I love you" hand sign, give you a crooked grin, and say with full confidence: "It'll be okay." 🙌 😊

# Previous Events

## Celebration of Life

JUN **28**. 2:30 PM.

Cross Point Camp  
Kingston, OK

# Tribute Wall

MR

“ <https://givebutter.com/pauljmcowell>

*We are so deeply thankful for the overwhelming outpouring of love, support, and prayers during this time. Your kind words, thoughtful gestures, and presence- no matter how big or small- have truly carried us. There are no words that will ever be enough to express how grateful we are for each and every one of you.*

*In lieu of flowers, we would be honored if you would consider donating to this memorial fund instead. Our goal is to place a bench in Opah's memory at Crosspoint Camp, a place that held such special meaning in his heart. If you feel moved to help or contribute in any way, please consider donating through this link. Every bit helps us honor him in a way that reflects the love he poured into all of us.*

*Thank you again from the bottom of our hearts.*

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**Makela Robinson** - June 17, 2025 at 02:21 PM

BB

“ <https://givebutter.com/pauljmcowell>

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**Brenda Batman** - June 17, 2025 at 01:22 PM

BB

*In lieu of flowers the family greatly wishes your thoughtful donations .*

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**Brenda Batman** - June 17, 2025 at 01:24 PM

BB

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



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**Brenda Batman** - June 16, 2025 at 04:13 PM

GM

“ *I have many loving memories with River Rat. He was there for me and my family during high highs and low lows. As a teenager he helped shape me into the adult I am today. One such learning memory is we were working the high ropes together, we got into a sticky situation and needed to do a rescue in the middle of the course. All was well and we got the camper safely to the ground. During the rescue we had disagreed on how that rescue should be done and after the campers had left we got into a heated argument about it. I don't remember what was said but I will always remember how he made me feel. He listened to my point of view with love and respect, he disagreed with me but did not belittle me or make me feel like my opinion was not important. In hindsight I was probably just being a snotty teenager. Haha! That conversation has always stuck with me, it taught me how to handle conflict in a way that shows respect for the other person while still disagreeing. A valuable lesson that I hold dear. He was a wonderful man, I'm sure him and my father are causing some good trouble in heaven together. -Georgia Minter (Baby Bear)*

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**Georgia Minter** - June 14, 2025 at 10:44 AM

DA

“ One of my earliest memories Uncle Paul, Dad, Chris, and I were going to Enid for some reason. Uncle Paul was driving, Dad riding shot gun, while Chris and I bounced around the back of whatever vehicle we were in. We were into the Gloss Mountains and Uncle Paul kept showing us different funny outlines on the horizon. Uncle Paul said "that one looks like a monkey on a telephone", and we all just fell apart laughing.

*I know in my heart he is hanging out with Chris and my Dad right now. Laughing.*

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**Davey** - June 13, 2025 at 10:51 PM

CL

*Beautiful 🥰*

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**Clairissa Lynn** - June 14, 2025 at 02:30 AM

DP

“ Prayers for comfort and peace to the McDowell family and dear ones that loved, and were loved by Paul. He truly had a rich life that enjoyed many people from a wide circle of experience. In the 80's he was our neighbor and nice daddy of Terri Jo that our daughter Robin loved to hang out with. Paul and Robin's daddy worked together many years in Woodward. The years brought many changes but we always stayed in contact even long after Bob passed away. My deepest condolences to all. May your faith sustain and comfort you knowing Paul is dearly missed, lovingly remembered and in the presense of our gentle redeemer. Debbie Stone Paul.



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**Debbie Stone Paul** - June 13, 2025 at 08:57 PM

CR

*Known Paul and his family "forever". Knew them when his parents had cafe on Main Street in Woodward. Worked across street at Quincy Johnstons. Pauls brother Jay Jay was good friends with my brother Jake. Lived miles apart but became reunited thru facebook. Had many good talks and visits thru facebook.*

*God will sustain this beautiful family .. giving them peace thru this difficult time. Sending thoughts.. love.. peace thru this situation. Paul and his mother must be making those wonderful cinnamon rolls for all of heaven. God Bless*

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**Clara (Castor) Gastineau Redding** - June 14, 2025 at 12:44 PM