



Jim C. Beattie

June 18, 1951 - April 23, 2025

Jim C. Beattie, 73, of Jackson died Wednesday, April 23, 2025 at Mercy Hospital Southeast with family by his side.

He was born June 18, 1951 in Cape Girardeau to Paul K. and Thelma I. Moore Beattie.

Jim was a graduate of Jackson High School and attended Missouri Baptist College.

He retired from AmerenUE where he worked as a master control technician at the Rush Island power plant. He also worked at the Union Electric water plant in Cape Girardeau for many years. He worked for the City of Jackson in the 1980's and '90's as an assistant to the city engineer. He also did surveying and was a draftsman on many homes in Jackson. Additionally, he served as an alderman for the City of Jackson.

Jim was a jack of all trades, a handyman who could fix anything. He was the best knot tier, having learned the skill while in the Boy Scouts where he attained the rank of Eagle Scout.

He liked collecting "How To" books, dirt bike riding, fishing, and driveway sitting which included watching hummingbirds.

He was a longtime attendee of First General Baptist Church of Jackson.

Survivors include daughter, Karyn Simmons of Jackson; two sons, Mark (Lora) Beattie and Jonathan Beattie of Cape Girardeau; two brothers, Don (Diana) Beattie and Tom (Lisa) Beattie of Jackson; and six grandchildren.

He was preceded in death by his parents.

The family plans to have a private service at a later date.

Interment will be at Cape County Memorial Park in Cape Girardeau.

Memorial contributions may be given to Alzheimer's Association or American Diabetes Association.

Online condolences may be made at www.fordandsonsfuneralhome.com.

Ford & Sons Funeral Home - Jackson is in charge of arrangements.

Cemetery Details

Cape County Memorial Park

2315 Highway 61 N
Cape Girardeau, MO 63701

Tribute Wall

PA

“ Family . That’s what you meant to me. You came into my life in 2012 and made everyday better and having you remain in my life for 12 years was a true blessing . My last communication with you was 11-28-24. I knew something was wrong and I knew you weren’t going to tell me or maybe you just weren’t able to tell me. There weren’t many days that we didn’t stay in touch and had many talks about so many things and so many what ifs. What if something happens to me . You would hear from my daughter or Jane and if anything happened to you I would only know when the phone calls and texts stopped coming or Jane saw or heard something . I have no explanation but today 5/2/25 I opened Google and typed in your name and hometown . There is was the one thing I didn’t want to ever see. But I decided you made the decision that it wasn’t fair that you would have had people to reach out to you and I didn’t . Thank you for the tap on the shoulder to do what I did today. I’m broken again in my life . You said I could be broken as long as I promised not to stay there. I’ll keep my promise but for now I’m broken. You always wanted to comeback as a cat (silly man) so that I could find you and spoil you the way that I spoil my zoo as you teased me of having . I always told you that you know I would do just that. RIP Jim you were/are loved and you are missed 💕💕

Pam Anaya - May 02, 2025 at 01:35 AM



“ Simply Elegant Spathiphyllum was purchased for the family of Jim C. Beattie.



May 01, 2025 at 04:01 PM

SM

“ Jim Beattie is a wonderful happy high school memory. I would pick him up in front of his home on my way to JHS every morning. He was always on the curb, waiting, and ready to go. And then I'd remind him, "Do you have your COE notebook?" "Oh, no," he'd say, maybe including an expletive ... and then he'd run back in his house to get it. He also called our COE teacher by his first name. Who did that? Jim did. He'd occasionally ask me to go to Wib's for lunch. "No, Jim, I can't afford that." But sometimes he did talk me into getting a minced Wib's BBQ. He and I attended some kind of car club rallies where we'd be positioned at KFVS hill and we'd list the times that the drivers came through. We also went to a couple of drag races in St. Mary's or Ste. Genevieve. (I think I was usually the driver then too.) What a fun time we always had. Then he asked me to a Demolay dance. Really? I was shocked! I bought a boutonniere for him, he picked me up at my house (for a change, LOL) but he didn't bring a corsage. I left the boutonniere in my home fridge. Once we got to the dance, Jim apologized, said he didn't know there were supposed to be 'flowers' and I never told him I had had one for him. He was really embarrassed, but we still had a great time! Then there was our ?10th? 25th? JHS reunion? Jim was there alone, as I recall, and my husband, Roy, was not a 'local' and Roy was ready to go home before the dancing started. Roy sweetly asked Jim to get me home safely. And Jim did. Jim Beattie was honestly my 1st "guy" friend. I was safe with him, like my girlfriends. I felt like we were just real people, real friends. Best of all? Jim Beattie never even tried to kiss me. I'm sure it would have ruined our friendship. I'd like to think I was his 1st "girl" friend; two happy like-minded souls navigating our high school years in an unusual coexistence. Rest in unique, happy peace, my friend. My memories of you are wonderful. My saddest condolences to you, his family and friends. I'm so sorry for your loss. Hugs, Sande Beard Meyer

Sande Meyer - April 28, 2025 at 10:40 PM

PR

“ I was privileged to be Jim’s companion and caretaker during the last years of his life. Although Jim was a complex and unique individual, the last year was probably the most special of all the years I knew him. He always had a story to tell, knowledge to pass on, and intelligence to make the best of the hard times. He will always remain in my thoughts, having taught me many lessons in life as well as how to live through some tough situations and how to persevere. He will be greatly missed by me and my little dog too. Rest easy Jim, no pain, no more sorrow, confusion or sadness, forever in the arms of the Lord. Fly high sweet companion. You are now at home. I will always love you and keep you in my heart forever. Until we meet again.



Pam Riley - April 26, 2025 at 12:48 PM