



Brian Mathew King

April 2, 1985 - April 17, 2026

Brian Mathew King, 41 of Ozark, Arkansas passed away, Friday, April 17, 2026 at his home. He was born April 2, 1985 in Fort Smith, Arkansas to Clinton Dean King and Janice Wootton King.

In his 20's Brian pursued his dream of acting after a cold call to a talent agency landed him recurring work on the hit show One Tree Hill. He went on to work on a variety of projects such as Eastbound and Down and The Secret Life of Bees, before permanently returning to Arkansas for the birth of his first nephew.

He attended film school at University of Central Arkansas before finding his true passion in the hospitality industry. Brian loved helping people feel important and valued through a good meal, kind conversation, and connection with each other.

Brian was loved by a small army of family, friends, and colleagues who were touched by his quirky humor, deep compassion, bedrock faith, and total devotion.

He is preceded in death by his paternal grandparents, Otha Leon and Iona Rudean King; maternal grandparents, J.B. and Eula Faye Wootton; and paternal uncle and aunt, David and JoAnn King.

Brian is survived by his parents, Clinton and Janice King of Ozark; one brother, Nathan King and wife Jamie of Conway, Arkansas; three nephews and one niece that he treasured, Ethan King, Jonathan King, and Mathew King and Anna King, which he loved to spoil with regular gifts.

Visitation will be 6:00 P.M. to 8:00 P.M., Wednesday, April 22, 2026 at Shaffer Funeral Home, 2315 West Commercial Street in Ozark.

Funeral service will be 10:00 A.M., Thursday, April 23, 2026 at Shaffer Funeral Home in Ozark, with Reverend Nathan King and Reverend Jordan Snow officiating, with burial at Cemetery Ridge, Heritage Road in Ozark.

Serving as pallbearers will be Justin Rowe, Jeremy Rowe, Aaron Wootton, Jason King, Joshua King, and Bradd Maddox. Serving as honorary pallbearers will be Ethan King, Mathew King, Jonathan King, Anna King, Brad Caldwell, Jeremy Cameron, and Aaron Nichols.

*In lieu of flowers, friends of the family has set up a link and ask that donations be made to support the cost of Brian's final arrangements at <https://tinyurl.com/BrianKingArrangements>.

To leave an online memorial visit www.shafferfuneralhomeweb.com

Cemetery Details

Cemetery Ridge Cemetery

Heritage Road
Ozark, AR 72949

Previous Events

Visitation

APR **22**. 6:00 PM - 8:00 PM (CT)

Shaffer Funeral Home
2315 West Commercial Street
PO Box 680
Ozark, AR 72949
(479) 667-4147
shafferfuneralhome@gmail.com

Funeral Service

APR **23**. 10:00 AM (CT)

Shaffer Funeral Home
2315 West Commercial Street
PO Box 680
Ozark, AR 72949
(479) 667-4147
shafferfuneralhome@gmail.com

Burial

APR 23 (CT)

Cemetery Ridge Cemetery
Heritage Road
Ozark, AR 72949

Tribute Wall

BV

“ 1 file added to the album Slideshow



Byron Lasater V - April 28 at 01:43 PM

MA

“ Dear Brian,

I don't really know how to do this. I've started this letter so many times and sometimes I laugh & other times I feel like my entire body is about to collapse.

*I don't know how to stand here and talk about you like you're not about to walk in, laugh at me, and tell me “ uNTq”
For anyone who knows me & Brian they know we had our own language , some of our words , acronyms and phrases caught on to the outside world and I giggle when I hear them.*

You'd probably interrupt this whole thing, throw in a few “bledges,” and somehow make everyone laugh in the middle of something that feels impossible to laugh through.

And that's the thing about you...

Even now, in the middle of the worst pain I've ever felt you still make me laugh.

And I don't know whether to be grateful for that... or mad at you for it.

Because I am heartbroken.

Completely, deeply, gut-wrenchingly heartbroken.

You weren't just my cousin.

We were like siblings. We moved in together when we lived in conway. You picked out my house & I just said ok , whatever fine without even looking at anything else , because we needed something right then and I trusted that you had searched through everything you could find bc that's what you did in everything you did. You researched , you knew random facts , hidden gems , and

history of all kinds of kinds.

I remember the first night in my college dorm room you came over and we watched Napoleon Dynamite, laughing so hard we couldn't breathe. Tears flowed down our faces , we bought action figures , vote for Pedro buttons , tshirts, car air fresheners & my mom and Janice genuinely thought we had lost our minds. They thought it was so dumb and couldn't understand what in the world was funny about any scene.

*Or the time you thought you were rescuing a sweet kitty cat...
Creeping with Emily cline in that garage
"Here kitty kitty..." "here kitty kitty" . You couldn't
Wait to snuggle up to that thing
Like you were about to adopt it.
And then it turned, showed you what looked like 5,000 teeth, hissed
at you & you realized that opossum wasn't into being snuggled .*

Fearless... until you absolutely weren't.

And then there was Guatemala.

You eating rotten fish like it was completely normal... knowing full well we were sharing a room & bathroom with terrible plumbing and a shower curtain as a door

And me covered in Super Cola because I was told putting that in a spray bottle was somehow a good tanning strategy, you laughed so dang hard while I was trying to scrub fire ants and exotic bugs off my body , running past that goat we had made friends with all week , about to puke as it's hanging from the tree beside us split down the middle with its tongue out since they were celebrating our visit and made us "lunch" , all to enter that shared one man camper travel sized bathroom... as you belly laughed knowing that Guatemalan fish was welcoming me when I flung that door open.

you stood there laughing, fully aware of the chaos you had

contributed to.

Laughed laughed laughed. For the record I told you not to eat that fish, but you were such a food lover . I knew it was bad when our entire spring break trip one year revolved around Paula Deans Buffett . I lectured you the entire way home about spending \$20 on Paula Dean gift shop chapstick but you were grinning ear to ear saying that hamburger meat loaf forever changed your life .

Brian... you didn't just love food.

You had a relationship with food.

From Cheesecake Factory to The Melting Pot, to your absolute devotion to Taco Bueno, El Chico, and On The Border

You weren't ordering off menus.

You were the menu.

You had your own recipes, your own combinations... things that weren't even listed, but somehow existed because you asked for them.

Like you unlocked a secret level of dining the rest of us didn't know about.

And you loved your mom's cooking in a way that wasn't just appreciation it was comfort, it was home.

Food was never just food to you.

It was connection.

It was joy.

It was love.

And that's who you were.

You brought people together.

Whether it was working at Texas Roadhouse and lighting up when family walked in...

Or at the Holiday Inn Resort, making sure your family had the best rooms balcony views, special treatment...

Even during a hurricane, you always kept the effort up. When I'd come and visit you in Wilmington you had all the plans mapped out and we always had the time of our lives.

I remember the time we went to a concert in Atlanta and some man followed us to our car. I was wearing a fur coat straight , a naive college kid and I was in a deep conversation with you turned around and you had your umbrella turned around closed poking at him like you were about to gauge his eyeballs out, I heard " git.. you better git.. git own outta here ". I said what in the world are you doing lol he hollared get in the car !!!! lol

Brian made everything better. We wore each other out but we had a very special connection.

Even though his apartment in the king valley filled with every Harry Potter thing imaginable about sent me into a frenzy.

Brian didn't just like things...he lived them.

He believed in magic.

And I think... in a way... he was part of it.

And in his final days...

When he could barely talk...

When eating was hard...

We all saw it.

And it hurt.

It hurt more than I can explain.

But even then...

You were still you.

Teresa and my mom made some of your favorite things again.

*And you started eating a little... the pasta... the chicken spaghetti...
cherry syrup over crushed ice*

And for a moment, it felt normal.

*You were so sick but found a brief moment when I thought you were
about to tell me you were in pain or something so serious but nope.
We were laughing about how Clinton could not be trusted around
the brownies.*

And I remember thinking...

When

You leaned in, so serious...

Barely able to talk...

And I thought

This is it.

He's about to tell me & Teresa something important.

Something deep.

Something I need to remember forever.

And you whispered...

“What we gotta do... is put a little bit of what appears to be white icing... make it look like icing... but really it'll be sour cream... and the moment he tries to scarf one down, he'll gag and straighten up...”

We laughed so hard.

Even at your weakest...

You were still planning chaos.

Still making me laugh.

Still being you. And pranking your dad keeping him young

And I will never forget that.

I will never forget you.

And a couple weeks before...

You gave me your Loungefly backpack.

And your hat with your portrait drawing on it from our trip with Clarissa , Kayla and ashley to Myrtle beach .

Even when it should've been completely all about you, you were still giving me pieces of you to carry forward.

And I will.

I will carry you in everything.

In every joke.

Every song. Especially our Johnny & June duets ..

*Every time I say "bledges" and confuse someone.
Every little Britain comedy reference .. I can hear you now saying
"call me bubbles dawling everybody does "*

But Brian...

As much as I miss you and I miss you more than words can hold

I have peace in one thing.

You knew Jesus.

*You knew exactly where you were going. Because you told me ..
you said I know where I'm going , I'm going to be fine , I'm going to
see my uncle David and Aunt Joann & part of me wishes they were
here with me during this , I'm going to see our cousin Jess , I'm
going to trout fish & meet Grandpa King & my grandparents .. I'm
can't wait to be at the feet of Jesus*

*"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in
me.*

In my Father's house are many mansions...

I go to prepare a place for you."

John 14:1-2 (KJV)

I can picture you there...

Already making people laugh.

Already finding the best food.

Probably asking for something that's not even on the menu.

And somehow... they're letting you have it.

You're not in pain.

You're home.

And even though that gives me comfort...

It doesn't take away how much I miss you. You

Because you were supposed to be here longer.

We had more to do.

More memories.

More "bledges."

But this is not the end.

Janice , I'll say it again. Brian told me many times . I worry about my mama. I want her to find joy still when I'm gone . I want her to laugh and smile again and to know I'm just waiting for everyone living a life that is so incredible that it's sometimes unfathomable .

He said I love my nephews and my niece and I want to make sure they get what I scheduled for them to have from me. He loved his big brother and looked up to him so much and was really thankful for how hard his Dad tried to be there for him during his last days here.

"For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life...

Nor things present, nor things to come...

Shall be able to separate us from the love of God."

—Romans 8:38-39 (KJV)

So this isn't goodbye.

It's just...

See you later.

I love you Brian. More than ONE TREE HILL

Always.

Love

Your cousin Magean

magean - April 23 at 09:57 PM

MA

“ Dear Brian,

I don't really know how to do this. I've started this letter so many times and sometimes I laugh & other times I feel like my entire body is about to collapse.

*I don't know how to stand here and talk about you like you're not about to walk in, laugh at me, and tell me “ uNTq”
For anyone who knows me & Brian they know we had our own language , some of our words , acronyms and phrases caught on to the outside world and I giggle when I hear them.*

You'd probably interrupt this whole thing, throw in a few “bledges,” and somehow make everyone laugh in the middle of something that feels impossible to laugh through.

And that's the thing about you...

Even now, in the middle of the worst pain I've ever felt you still make me laugh.

And I don't know whether to be grateful for that... or mad at you for it.

Because I am heartbroken.

Completely, deeply, gut-wrenchingly heartbroken.

You weren't just my cousin.

We were like siblings. We moved in together when we lived in conway. You picked out my house & I just said ok , whatever fine without even looking at anything else , because we needed something right then and I trusted that you had searched through everything you could find bc that's what you did in everything you did. You researched , you knew random facts , hidden gems , and

history of all kinds of kinds.

I remember the first night in my college dorm room you came over and we watched Napoleon Dynamite, laughing so hard we couldn't breathe. Tears flowed down our faces , we bought action figures , vote for Pedro buttons , tshirts, car air fresheners & my mom and Janice genuinely thought we had lost our minds. They thought it was so dumb and couldn't understand what in the world was funny about any scene.

*Or the time you thought you were rescuing a sweet kitty cat...
Creeping with Emily cline in that garage
"Here kitty kitty..." "here kitty kitty" . You couldn't
Wait to snuggle up to that thing
Like you were about to adopt it.
And then it turned, showed you what looked like 5,000 teeth, hissed
at you & you realized that opossum wasn't into being snuggled .*

Fearless... until you absolutely weren't.

And then there was Guatemala.

You eating rotten fish like it was completely normal... knowing full well we were sharing a room & bathroom with terrible plumbing and a shower curtain as a door

And me covered in Super Cola because I was told putting that in a spray bottle was somehow a good tanning strategy, you laughed so dang hard while I was trying to scrub fire ants and exotic bugs off my body , running past that goat we had made friends with all week , about to puke as it's hanging from the tree beside us split down the middle with its tongue out since they were celebrating our visit and made us "lunch" , all to enter that shared one man camper travel sized bathroom... as you belly laughed knowing that Guatemalan fish was welcoming me when I flung that door open.

you stood there laughing, fully aware of the chaos you had

contributed to.

Laughed laughed laughed. For the record I told you not to eat that fish, but you were such a food lover . I knew it was bad when our entire spring break trip one year revolved around Paula Deans Buffett . I lectured you the entire way home about spending \$20 on Paula Dean gift shop chapstick but you were grinning ear to ear saying that hamburger meat loaf forever changed your life .

Brian... you didn't just love food.

You had a relationship with food.

From Cheesecake Factory to The Melting Pot, to your absolute devotion to Taco Bueno, El Chico, and On The Border

You weren't ordering off menus.

You were the menu.

You had your own recipes, your own combinations... things that weren't even listed, but somehow existed because you asked for them.

Like you unlocked a secret level of dining the rest of us didn't know about.

And you loved your mom's cooking in a way that wasn't just appreciation it was comfort, it was home.

Food was never just food to you.

It was connection.

It was joy.

It was love.

And that's who you were.

You brought people together.

Whether it was working at Texas Roadhouse and lighting up when family walked in...

Or at the Holiday Inn Resort, making sure your family had the best rooms balcony views, special treatment...

Even during a hurricane, you always kept the effort up. When I'd come and visit you in Wilmington you had all the plans mapped out and we always had the time of our lives.

I remember the time we went to a concert in Atlanta and some man followed us to our car. I was wearing a fur coat straight , a naive college kid and I was in a deep conversation with you turned around and you had your umbrella turned around closed poking at him like you were about to gauge his eyeballs out, I heard " git.. you better git.. git own outta here ". I said what in the world are you doing lol he hollared get in the car !!!! lol

Brian made everything better. We wore each other out but we had a very special connection.

Even though his apartment in the king valley filled with every Harry Potter thing imaginable about sent me into a frenzy.

Brian didn't just like things...he lived them.

He believed in magic.

And I think... in a way... he was part of it.

And in his final days...

[pause if reading]

When he could barely talk...

When eating was hard...

We all saw it.

And it hurt.

It hurt more than I can explain.

But even then...

You were still you.

Teresa and my mom made some of your favorite things again.

*And you started eating a little... the pasta... the chicken spaghetti...
cherry syrup over crushed ice*

And for a moment, it felt normal.

*You were so sick but found a brief moment when I thought you were
about to tell me you were in pain or something so serious but nope.
We were laughing about how Clinton could not be trusted around
the brownies.*

And I remember thinking...

When

You leaned in, so serious...

Barely able to talk...

And I thought

This is it.

He's about to tell me & Teresa something important.

Something deep.

Something I need to remember forever.

And you whispered...

"What we gotta do... is put a little bit of what appears to be white icing... make it look like icing... but really it'll be sour cream... and the moment he tries to scarf one down, he'll gag and straighten up..."

We laughed so hard.

Even at your weakest...

You were still planning chaos.

Still making me laugh.

Still being you. And pranking your dad keeping him young

And I will never forget that.

I will never forget you.

And a couple weeks before...

You gave me your Loungefly backpack.

And your hat with your portrait drawing on it from our trip with Clarissa , Kayla and ashley to Myrtle beach .

Even when it should've been completely all about you, you were still giving me pieces of you to carry forward.

And I will.

I will carry you in everything.

In every joke.

Every song. Especially our Johnny & June duets ..

Every time I say "bledges" and confuse someone.

*Every little Britain comedy reference .. I can hear you now saying
"call me bubbles dawling everybody does "*

But Brian...

As much as I miss you and I miss you more than words can hold

I have peace in one thing.

You knew Jesus.

*You knew exactly where you were going. Because you told me ..
you said I know where I'm going , I'm going to be fine , I'm going to
see my uncle David and Aunt Joann & part of me wishes they were
here with me during this , I'm going to see our cousin Jess , I'm
going to trout fish & meet Grandpa King & my grandparents .. I'm
can't wait to be at the feet of Jesus*

*"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in
me.*

In my Father's house are many mansions...

I go to prepare a place for you."

John 14:1-2 (KJV)

I can picture you there...

Already making people laugh.

Already finding the best food.

Probably asking for something that's not even on the menu.

And somehow... they're letting you have it.

You're not in pain.

You're home.

And even though that gives me comfort...

It doesn't take away how much I miss you. You

Because you were supposed to be here longer.

We had more to do.

More memories.

More "bledges."

But this is not the end.

Janice , I'll say it again. Brian told me many times . I worry about my mama. I want her to find joy still when I'm gone . I want her to laugh and smile again and to know I'm just waiting for everyone living a life that is so incredible that it's sometimes unfathomable .

He said I love my nephews and my niece and I want to make sure they get what I scheduled for them to have from me. He loved his big brother and looked up to him so much and was really thankful for how hard his Dad tried to be there for him during his last days here.

"For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life...

Nor things present, nor things to come...

Shall be able to separate us from the love of God."

—Romans 8:38-39 (KJV)

So this isn't goodbye.

It's just...

See you later.

I love you Brian. More than ONE TREE HILL

Always.

Love

Your cousin Magean

magean - April 23 at 09:45 PM

MA

“ *I love you BK*

magean - April 23 at 09:42 PM

SK

“ *Janice, I'm so sorry to hear of the passing of son. He was such a bright light in this world. He could make anybody smile, by just walking into a room. May God comfort you and your family at this time. Just know that he will always be with you. Love you, Sheri King*

sheri king - April 23 at 10:28 AM

SK

“ *sheri king lit a candle in memory of Brian King*



sheri king - April 23 at 10:27 AM



“ A [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) was planted in honor of Brian Mathew King.

April 22 at 09:29 PM

“ Brian,

I don't really know how to do this. I've started this tribute so many times, and sometimes I laugh, and other times I feel like my entire body is about to

collapse. I can NOT believe I am staring at your obituary right now. This does not seem real.

I don't know how to sit here & talk about you like you're not about to text me, laugh at me, and say "u N T Q!! RN RN !!"

For anyone who knows us, they know we had our own language. Some of our words and phrases even caught on to the outside world, and I still giggle when I hear them.

You'd probably interrupt me, throw in a few "bledges," and somehow make me laugh in the middle of something impossible to laugh through.

And that's the thing about you...

Even now, in the middle of one of the worst pains I've felt... you still make me laugh.

You weren't just my cousin. We were like siblings.

One of my favorite memories was that night in my college dorm, watching Napoleon Dynamite and laughing so hard we couldn't breathe. (Our moms couldn't understand the hype

I recall the time you thought you were rescuing a sweet kitty cat...I can hear you now whispering "here kitty kitty" "here kitty kitty" "Come here honey" and it turned out to be an opossum with what looked like 5,000 teeth hissing at you, you ran out of Emily's garage so fast

Fearless, until you absolutely weren't.

Speaking of running fast, I smile once again thinking about the time Courtney & I went to visit you in NC & we were all eating your favorite chili cheese fries. Not thinking, I decided to show her your Buffy the Vampire Collection figures & you were like an Olympic athlete leaping hurdles to get to me before my greasy fingers touched your prize possessions. Scared the mess out of both of us....

& then there was Hollywood. Somehow, we ended up with Dennis Rodman repeatedly trying to touch my eyeballs and you stepped in to rescue me, both of us agreeing it's all true, he really is a total weirdo.

&I will never get over how cool it was watching you move across the country to North Carolina and become a photo double for Chad Michael Murray on our favorite show, One Tree Hill.

Who gets to say that?

Brian King did.

Because Brian didn't just love things, He lived them.

And nobody loved food the way you loved food.

You weren't ordering off menus

You were the menu.

Food was joy. Comfort. Connection.

And that was you with people too.

You made life feel fun.

& even in your final days...When you were so weak...

You were still you. I thought you were about to give me some deep final wisdom to remember forever...

And instead you whispered a plan to make sour cream look like white icing on the brownies Teresa made; to prank Clinton from eating all of them

Even at your weakest...You were still planning chaos.

Still making me laugh.

Still being Brian.

And I will never forget that.

What gives me peace is this

You knew Jesus. And you told me you knew where you were going.

You said you couldn't wait to be at the feet of Jesus.

And I believe you are home.

Laughing. Finding the best food.

Probably asking for something that isn't even on the menu...

And somehow getting it.

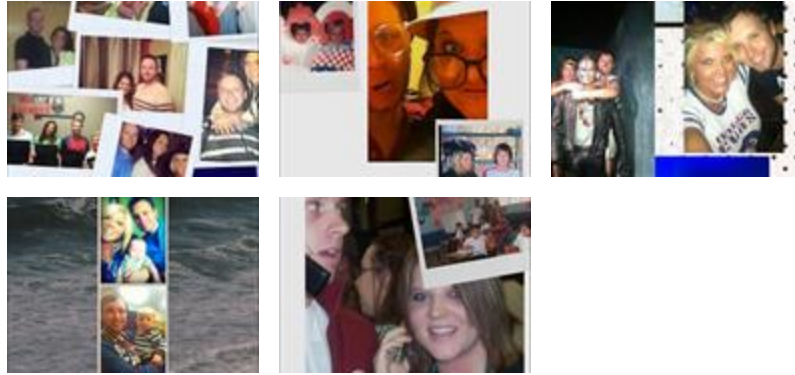
So Brian,

You were supposed to be here longer.

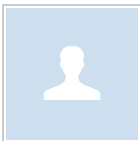
We had more memories to make.

But this is not goodbye.

*It's just, See you later.
I love you, Brian.
#MorethanOneTreeHill.
Always.
~Magean*



Magean Warnock - April 22 at 02:43 PM



“ *Simply Elegant Spathiphyllum was purchased for the family of Brian Mathew King.*



April 22 at 11:20 AM



“ *The Arkansas Circuit Clerk's Association purchased the Emerald Garden Basket for the family of Brian Mathew King.*



The Arkansas Circuit Clerk's Association - April 22 at 11:00 AM

TA

“ *The Arkansas Circuit Clerk's Association planted a [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) in honor of Brian Mathew King.*

The Arkansas Circuit Clerk's Association - April 22 at 11:00 AM

BC

“ *Brenda DeShields Benton Co Circuit Clerk purchased the Medium Dish Garden for the family of Brian Mathew King.*



Brenda DeShields Benton Co Circuit Clerk - April 22 at 10:46 AM

BC

“ *Brenda DeShields Benton Co Circuit Clerk planted a [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) in honor of Brian Mathew King.*

Brenda DeShields Benton Co Circuit Clerk - April 22 at 10:46 AM

JS

“ *Jacob Stone purchased the Arrive in Style for the family of Brian Mathew King.*



Jacob Stone - April 22 at 05:49 AM

KS

“ Remember him one time at wal mart. We were working in the cash office one nite. Which was tiny but you could sit/talk/work at the same time. He was so excited to see Michelle Branch in person. His enthusiasm for this concert was peak level. He was impressed I knew some of her songs. So, he gave me a lot of michelle branch facts that nite. He was always enjoyable to talk too and hang with while working.

Kyle Stiles - April 21 at 05:01 PM

FN

“ Fred, Carol, Rachel, and Aaron Nichols purchased the Beautiful Heart Bouquet for the family of Brian Mathew King.



Fred, Carol, Rachel, and Aaron Nichols - April 21 at 11:03 AM

FN

“ Fred, Carol, Rachel, and Aaron Nichols planted a [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) in honor of Brian Mathew King.

Fred, Carol, Rachel, and Aaron Nichols - April 21 at 11:03 AM

AW

“ Brian was always the person you turned to if you needed a smile. I'm so proud to grow up with him and first steps into ATU. An amazing soul.

Adam White - April 21 at 09:41 AM