



Christian Logan Bazar "Logan"

August 22, 1964 - April 10, 2022

Found eternal peace on April 10, 2022 at age 57. Made in Texas, proud and loving father of Christian A. Bazar, Catherine G. Bazar, and Jillian R. Bazar. Dedicated son of James Guy Bazar and Mary A. Bazar (nee Hirshfield). Beloved brother of Courtney (The Rev. Owen) Henderson. Further survived by an army of relatives and friends and his furry friend, Marty.

Logan passed from this world due to natural causes, but he was an unnaturally talented, intelligent, loving, kind, and generous man. Jack of all trades, master of all; somehow, he was able to shine brighter in each of multiple fields than most people could manage in a single one. If he tried it, he excelled in it. He spent years as a professional actor/singer/dancer, touring the country in dramas, comedies, musical theatre, and improv groups. He played acoustic and electric guitar, bass, percussion, harmonica, mandolin, piano, and pretty much any other instrument he picked up. Oh, did we mention the songwriting? This dude was a prolific lyricist and composer, and his songs were good - I mean, he would do things like casually enter a competition to create a theme song for a huge, nationally-syndicated podcast and actually get chosen. He won a ridiculous number of honors for his video production, directing, writing, and editing. He taught himself computer coding and became an adjunct professor of it. He created museum installations and worked with publicly traded companies to strategize ways to increase their market share; yet somehow we haven't exhausted his list of skills and

accomplishments.

Still, Logan was proudest of his family and friends. His children were his greatest joy - he would spend hours talking the voices, watching late night TV eating donuts, and getting fully immersed in the world of One Piece with them. He loved hosting his family and friends -- let's be real; he considered his friends his family as well -- for movie nights, dinners, and live music shows. His jokes were well-told and his humor largely inappropriate. And he would give you the shirt off his back even if it was his last one and it was -4 degrees outside.

Those who know Logan know that he was a wearer of hats. Please grab a favorite one of your own and join us for a wake in his honor at Northshore Funeral Services on Friday, April 15 from 4:00 p.m. - 6:30 p.m., with a gathering to celebrate his life at 6:30 p.m. There will be tears, music, laughter, and love. And probably some swearing.

Tribute Wall

AH

“ I was introduced to my partner in crime, my dear Logan through a mutual friend while attending the University of Houston's theater department. I was new to the school and quite intimidated, by by the department's surprising amount of talent. I was told that Logan and my friendship would be a no-brainer. With that simple introduction i gained a lifelong friend, a fellow traveller who id spend the better part of my life gladly conspiring with on our next almost harmless adventure. Though we lived far apart for most of our lives we were never apart in spirit. Twice he brought me along on one of his outlandish adventures; first at SXSW in Austin to a swanky house on a lake where we spent 4 days killing each other with jokes. The second adventure, to Memphis was spent between a virtual mansion that he had rented and the legendary Sun Recording Studio. 3 days of partying and laying down tracks; all of it his idea and all on his dime.i am still so humbled and flattered by his generosity and by the preposterous nature of our shared adventure.I wish i could share a picture of my treasured jean jacket, emblazened with the Sun Studios logo. Logan saw me staring at it in awe. On a teacher's budget the thought of owning it hardly crossed my mind. So, he bought it for me. I await Fall and Winter so that i may be comforted by its warmth and appeal, two of the best qualities shared in spades by my dear friend, my running buddy Logan Bazar. On to the next big adventure.

Andrew Hager - March 16, 2023 at 12:00 AM

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“ My memories of Logan, my cousin, are mostly from childhood. We never lived in the same town so we would usually see each other once a year or less when growing up. But he was a ham. Even as a young boy he would put on magic shows in full costume at age 4-5. I remember how he loved to find out how things worked mechanically. He would take radios apart and put them back together or try to make improvement. I seem to remember uncle Guy saying that nothing was safe around the house from Logan taking apart. I think he always had some scene playing out in his head that he would then have to demonstrate at some point. I always thought that boy was planning his next move. I wish we could have known each other as adults, but we kept in touch for a while on Facebook and he had a wicked and quick quirky wit. My deepest sympathies.

Susan Sinclair - April 13, 2022 at 12:00 AM