

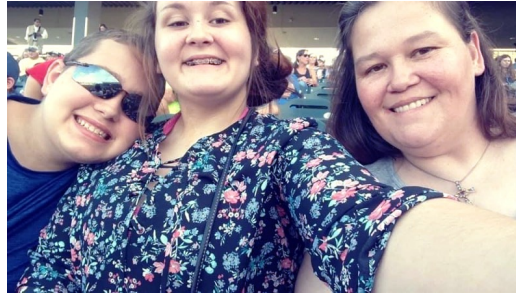
Arveatta Jeannette Alexander

47, a resident of Morrow, Arkansas, passed away Wednesday, July 8, 2020 in Springdale, Arkansas. She was born June 12, 1973 in McAlester, Oklahoma, the daughter of Steve R and Linda (Dorrough) Cantrell.

Vetta had a vibrant smile and was always uplifting to everyone she knew. She attended the Light House Pentecostal Church in Lincoln.

She was preceded in death by her father Steve Cantrell, two brothers Steven Cantrell and Daniel Cantrell, and one granddaughter Arvetta Marie Becktold.

Survivors include her two daughters Kaylinda Becktold and Thele Alexander; one son James (JW) Alexander; her mother Linda Cantrell; three brothers Ricky Wheat, Allan Cantrell and Rocky Cantrell; one sister Priscilla Cantrell; several beloved nieces and nephews.



***Arveatta Jeannette
Alexander***

June 12, 1973 - July 8, 2020

APPRECIATION

On behalf of the family, we wish to express their gratitude for your many acts of kindness, and for your attendance at the funeral service.

Luginbuel Funeral Home

Prairie Grove, Arkansas

online guest book, visit www.luginbuel.com



When I'm Gone

When i come to the end of my journey
and travel my last weary mile,
Just forget if you can, that I ever
frowned
And remember only the smile.
Forget unkind words I have spoken;
Remember some good I have done,
Forget that I ever had a heartache
And remember I've had loads of fun.
Forget that I have stumbled and
blundered
And sometimes fell by the way.
Remember I have fought
Some hard battles and won,
Ere the close of the day.
Then forget the grievance for my going,
I would not have you sad for a day,
But in summer just gather some flowers
And remember the place where I lay
And come in the evening
When the sun paints the sky in the west,
Stand for a few moments beside me
And remember only my best.

CELEBRATING THE LIFE & MEMORY OF Arveatta Jeannette Alexander

DATE, TIME & PLACE OF VISITATION
Wednesday, July 15, 2020 - 5:00 - 8:00 P.M.
Luginbuel Chapel - Prairie Grove, Arkansas



DO NOT STAND AND WEEP

Do not stand at my grave and weep.
I am not there.
I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds
that swiftly blow.
I am the diamond glints
on newly fallen snow.
I am the sunlight
on ripened grain.
I am the soft and gentle
autumn's rain.
When you awaken
in the morning's hush,
I am the swift uplifting rush
of quiet birds in circling flight.
I am the soft starlight
that shines at night.
Do not stand at my
grave and weep.
I am not there.
I do not sleep.