

**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 Beckett.

Survivors include her two daughters Kaylinda Beckett 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](http://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.