

Betty Jean Moore

79, a resident of Prairie Grove, Arkansas, went to be with her Lord on Tuesday, September 11, 2018 at her home. She was born February 19, 1939 in Madison County, the daughter of Samuel and Lottie Emiline (Wages) Estep.

Betty was a member of the Prairie Oaks Baptist Church.

She was preceded in death by husband Don Moore, one daughter Deborah Lynn Cate, eight brothers Coy, Thurman, Bob, Alfred, Charles, Gary, Vernon and Billy Joe and three sisters Erma Sikes, Wilda Cash and Hilda Slaughter.

Survivors include two sons Charles Dean Moore and wife Temple and Bill Moore all of Prairie Grove; one grandson Brandon Russell Cate and wife Leah; one grand daughter Nicole Moore; one great grandson Carter Cate and one great grand daughter Emery Cate; two sisters Geraldine Hobbs and husband Wiley and Vera Fitts and husband Roy all of Farmington; numerous nieces and nephews.

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



Betty Moore

February 19, 1939 - September 11, 2018



CELEBRATING THE LIFE & MEMORY OF

Betty Jean Moore

DATE, TIME & PLACE OF SERVICE

Saturday, September 15, 2018 - 2:00 P.M.

Prairie Oaks Baptist Church

Prairie Grove, Arkansas

ORDER OF SERVICE

Prelude Music Selections

“It Is Well With My Soul”

Opening Remarks

Brad Harris

Pastor - Prairie Oaks Baptist Church

Prayer

“Amazing Grace”

Tanya Dobbs

Words of Comfort

Brad Harris

Closing Prayer

“Open The Eyes of My Heart Lord”

Family Memories Video

“I Don’t Need Your Rocking Chair”

“Christ Alone”

“Go Rest High On That Mountain”

Postlude Music Selections

GRAVE SIDE SERVICES WILL NOT BE HELD AT THE
CEMETERY. THE FAMILY WILL REMAIN AFTER
THE SERVICE TO VISIT WITH FRIENDS.

FINAL RESTING PLACE

Prairie Grove Cemetery

HONORARY PALLBEARERS

Bart Little - Clint Engle - Greg Estep

Mark Cate - Payton Allen - Stephen Fanning

God’s Garden

God looked around his garden and He
found an empty place,

He then looked down upon this earth, and
saw your tired face.

He put his arms around you and
lifted you to rest.

God’s garden must be beautiful.
He always takes the best.

He knew that you were suffering;
He knew you were in pain.

He knew that you would never
get well on earth again.

He saw the road was getting rough and
the hills were hard to climb.

So he closed your weary eyelids, and
whispered, “Peace be thine”.

It broke our hearts to lose you,
but you didn’t go alone.

For part of us went with you, the day
God called you home.