

Clara Marie Moore

87, a resident of Prairie Grove,, Arkansas, passed away Tuesday, May 7, 2019 at her home. She was born August 19, 1931 in Cove City, Arkansas, the daughter of Tom and Minnie (Spencer) Danner.

She was preceded in death by her parents, one brother Homer Danner, one sister Crystal Pickering and two sons-in-law Bill Dobbs and David Taylor.

Survivors include her husband of 63 years Wayne Moore; five children Louise Dobbs, Judy Taylor, Jim Moore and his wife Kathy, Janet Schiffman and her husband Marlon, and Eugene Moore and his wife Tammy; nineteen grandchildren; forty-four great grandchildren and seven great-great grandchildren.

**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

***Marie Moore***

August 19, 1931

May 7, 2019



MOTHER LOVE

God surely knew the world would need

A gentle loving touch,

When He created mother love

That warms our hearts so much.

He must have known that children

Would need a guiding hand,

Someone who'd always be there

To care and understand.

God must have known our

Hearts would need

A special kind of cheer

When He endowed a mother's face

With smiles that would endear.

Of all the gifts that God does send

From His heavenly realm above,

There is none that is more precious

Than that of mother's love.

CELEBRATING THE LIFE & MEMORY OF Marie Moore

DATE, TIME & PLACE OF SERVICE

Friday, May 10, 2019 - 2:00 P.M.
Prairie Grove Cemetery Pavilion

ORDER OF SERVICE

"The Old Rugged Cross"

Obituary

Glen Faulkner

Prayer

Words of Comfort

Closing Prayer

"In The Garden"

FINAL RESTING PLACE

Prairie Grove Cemetery - Prairie Grove, Arkansas

HONORARY PALLBEARERS

Tommy Benton - Duane Cunningham - Chris Marion
Dakota Benton - Eli McCloskey - David Wayne Moore



The Rose Beyond The Wall

A rose once grew where
all could see,
sheltered beside a garden wall,
And, as the days passed
swiftly by,
it spread its branches,
straight and tall....

One day, a beam of
light shone through
a crevice that had opened wide --
The rose bent gently
toward its warmth
then passed beyond
to the other side....

Now, you who deeply feel its loss,
be comforted — the rose blooms
there --
Its beauty even greater now,
nurtured by God's
own loving care.