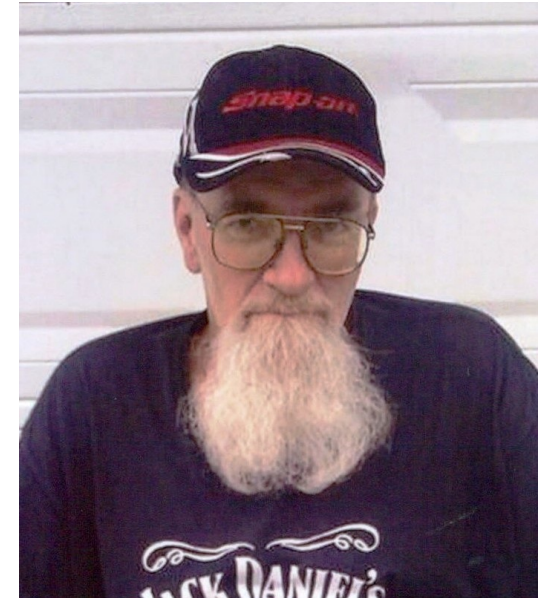


**Mike Phillips**

61, a resident of Prairie Grove, Arkansas, passed away Sunday, September 22, 2019 in Prairie Grove, Arkansas. He was born June 22, 1958 in Fayetteville, Arkansas, the son of Edward and Margie Nadine (Skinner) Phillips.

He was preceded in death by his parents, his step father Sam Holcomb and son and daughter-in-law Dustin and Emily Rickert.

Survivors include his wife Loretta Phillips; son Steven Clapp; daughter Heather Bowen and her husband Larry; two brothers Harry Phillips and Bobby Phillips; three sisters Betty Hall, Dee Riddles and her husband Jim, and Mary Jo Kahl; three sons Michael, Brian and Chris Phillips; fifteen grandchildren including Samantha Rickert, Summer Rickert, Colin Clark, Cameron Bowen, ShayLynn Rickert, Wesley Rickert, Aubree Clapp, Ariana Levine, Parker Clapp, Devon Jarrels, and Scarlet Jarrels; and numerous aunts, uncles and cousins.



## ***Mike Phillips***

**June 22, 1958 - September 22, 2019**

**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)

## Psalm 91

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High  
shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my  
fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the  
fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his  
wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield  
and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor  
for the arrow that flieth by day;

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor  
for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand  
at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the  
reward of the wicked.

Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my  
refuge, even the most High, thy habitation;

There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any  
plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to  
keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou  
dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young  
lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will  
I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath  
known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be  
with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour  
him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my  
salvation.

## CELEBRATING THE LIFE & MEMORY OF Mike Phillips

**DATE, TIME & PLACE OF SERVICE**  
Saturday, September 28, 2019 - 10:00 A.M.  
Luginbuel Chapel - Prairie Grove, Arkansas

### ORDER OF SERVICE

<b>Prelude</b>	<b>Family Memories Video</b>
<b>Opening Remarks</b>	<b>Mike Rogers</b>
<b>Prayer</b>	
<b>“Jealous of the Angels”</b>	
<b>Words of Comfort</b>	<b>Mike Rogers</b>
<b>Closing Prayer</b>	
<b>Family Memories Video</b>	
<b>“Dancing in the Sky”</b>	
<b>“Home”</b>	
<b>“Even Though I’m Leaving”</b>	
<b>Postlude</b>	

## Beyond the Sunset

Should you go first, and I remain,  
to walk the road along.

I'll live in memories garden,  
dear, with happy days known.

In spring I'll wait for roses  
red, when faded, the lilacs blue.

In early fall when brown leaves fall,

I'll catch a glimpse of you.

Should you go first, and I remain,  
for battles to be fought.

Each thing you've touched along  
the way will be a hallowed spot.

I'll hear your voice, I'll see  
your smile, tho blindly I may grope.

The memory of your helping hand  
will bouy me on with hope.

Should you go first, and I remain,  
one thing I'll have you do.

Walk slowly down that long,  
long, path, for soon I'll  
follow you.

I want to know each step you  
take, so I may take the same.

For some day down that lonely  
road, you'll hear me call your name.