

Kaysen Wyatt Simco, infant son of Wyatt and Loren (Gragg) Simco passed away March 11, 2018 in Little Rock, Arkansas.

He was preceded in death by grandparents Earl Rieff, Lonnie Gragg and Geneva Simco.

Left to remember baby Kaysen with Wyatt and Loren are his grandparents Norman and Amy Simco and Scott and Shawna Gragg; great grandparents Richard and Janice Langrell, Oren and Robbie Hays, Mary Gragg and Pete Simco; great great grandmother Wanda Rieff; five aunts and uncles Travis Simco, David Simco, Logan Gragg, Abby Simco, Ashtin Fruchtl and husband Kameron.



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



Kaysen Wyatt Simco

March 11, 2018

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LOVE LIVES

“These are my footprints,
so perfect and so small.

These tiny footprints
never touched the ground at all.
Not one tiny footprint.
For now I have wings.
These tiny footprints were meant
for other things.
You will hear my tiny footprints
in the patter of the rain.
Gentle drops like angels tears,
of joy and not from pain.
You will see my tiny footprints,
in each butterfly’s lazy dance.
I’ll let you know I’m with you,
if you just give me the chance.”

CELEBRATING THE LIFE & MEMORY OF Kaysen Wyatt Simco

DATE, TIME & PLACE OF SERVICE
Saturday, March 17, 2018 - 10:00 A.M.
Luginbuel Chapel - Prairie Grove, Arkansas

ORDER OF SERVICE

Prelude Music Selections

“Go Rest High On That Mountain”

Obituary **Rick Gragg**

Prayer

“I Will Carry You”

Words of Comfort **Rick Gragg**

Closing Prayer

Family Memories Video

“Borrowed Angels”
“Godspeed” (Sweet Dreams)

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

Farmington Cemetery

MEMORIALS

UAMS Tiny Hands
Attn: Love Lives Bereavement Group (Misty White)
4301 West Markham Dept. 526
Little Rock, Arkansas 72205

LITTLE ANGELS

When God calls little children to dwell
with Him above,
We mortals sometimes question the
wisdom of His love.
For no heartache compares with the
death of one small child,
Who does so much to make our world
seem wonderful and mild.
Perhaps God tires of calling the aged
to His fold,
So He picks a rosebud
before it can grow old.
God knows how much we need them,
so He takes but few,
To make the land of Heaven
more beautiful to view.
Believing this is difficult - still somehow
we must try,
The saddest word mankind knows
will always be “Good-Bye”.
So when a little child departs,
we who are left behind,
Must realize God loves children -
angels are hard to find.