

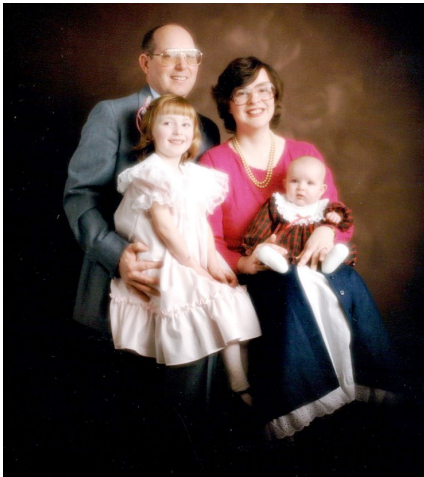
**James "Jim" William Stewart**

Age 75, a resident of Farmington, Arkansas, passed away Wednesday, April 26, 2023 at Washington Regional Medical Center in Fayetteville, Arkansas. He was born December 29th, 1947 in Marble Falls, Arkansas, the son of John Alstin and Frances Mariar (Harp) Stewart.

Jim retired from the United States Air Force after 26 years and later from the United States Postal Service after 26 years. He was an active member of the Farmington church of Christ. Jimmy was an avid Razorback sports fan and passionate about photography. He loved spending time with his grandchildren. Working on the U-2 Spyplane was one of the highlights of his life, hence his nickname, U-2 Stew.

He was preceded in death by his parents, three sisters, Virginia Platt, Iva Ella Stewart Busby, and Kathleen Stewart; and one brother, Ernest Thomas Stewart.

Survivors include his wife of 48 years, Georgia ElsieDean Stewart; two daughters Frances Stewart McLeod, and her husband Matthew, and Mary Ann Stewart Parham, and her husband Hunter; two grandchildren, Caleb Andrew McLeod and Emma Addison McLeod; three brothers John Edward Stewart and his wife Ruth, Floyd Joseph Stewart, and Ross Alstin Stewart; numerous nieces and nephews.



# *Celebrating*

## *THE LIFE AND MEMORY OF*



Hit that line!  
Hit that line!  
Keep on going!  
Move that ball,  
right down the field!  
Give a cheer. Rah! Rah!  
Never fear. Rah! Rah!  
Arkansas will never yield!  
On your toes, Razorbacks,  
to the finish,  
Carry on with all your might!  
For it's A-A-A-R-K-A-N-S-A-S for  
Arkansas!  
Fight! Fight! Fi-i-i-ight!

*James "Jim" William Stewart*

December 29, 1947 - April 26, 2023

**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)

TWENTY THIRD PSALM

The LORD is my Shepherd;  
I shall not want.  
He maketh me to lie down in  
green pastures:  
He leadeth me beside  
the still waters.

He restoreth my soul:  
He leadeth me in the paths  
of righteousness for  
His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the  
valley of the shadow of death,  
I will fear no evil:  
for Thou art with me:  
Thy rod and Thy staff  
they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table  
before me in the presence  
of mine enemies:  
Thou anointest my head with oil;  
my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and  
mercy shall follow me  
all the days of my life:  
and I will dwell in the house  
of the LORD forever.

CELEBRATING THE LIFE & MEMORY OF

James "Jim" William Stewart

DATE, TIME & PLACE OF SERVICE

Tuesday, May 2, 2023 - 2:00 P.M.  
Luginbuel Chapel  
Prairie Grove, Arkansas

ORDER OF SERVICE

Prelude	Family Memories Video
Opening Remarks	Mike Raines
"No Tears In Heaven"	
Words of Comfort	Mike Raines
Closing Prayer	
"Just A Closer Walk With Thee"	
Military Honors	United States Air Force
<i>(Just outside of the funeral home main entrance)</i>	

*Off we go into the wild blue yonder,  
Climbing high into the sun;  
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder,  
At 'em boys, Give 'er the gun!  
(Give 'er the gun now!)  
Down we dive, spouting our flame from under,  
Off with one helluva roar!  
We live in fame or go down in flame.  
Hey! Nothing'll stop the U.S. Air Force!*

MEMORIALS

Farmington church of Christ Thursday Bible School Program  
<http://www/farmingtonchurchofchrist.com/give>

HIGH FLIGHT

Oh! I have slipped the surly  
bonds of Earth  
And danced the skies on  
laughter - silvered wings;  
sunward I've climbed, and  
joined the tumbling mirth

Of sun-split clouds, - and  
done a hundred things  
You have not dreamed of - wheeled and  
soared and swung  
High in the sunlit silence,  
Hov'ring there

I've chased the shouting  
wind along, and flung  
My eager craft through  
footless halls of air...

Up, up the long, delirious burning blue  
I've topped the wind-swept  
heights with easy grace,  
Where never lark, or even eagle flew -

And, while with silent,  
lifting mind I've trod  
The high un-trespassed  
sanctity of space,  
Put out my hand and touched  
the face of God

