

Carol Louise Acker



66, a resident of Prairie Grove, Arkansas, went to be with her Lord on March 5, 2009 at Washington Regional Medical Center in Fayetteville, Arkansas. She was born February 5, 1943 in Prairie Grove, Arkansas, the daughter of Horace Henry and Edith Lorene Cochran Remington.

Carol was a lifelong member of the Prairie Grove and Lincoln communities, and a friend of all she met. She was a graduate of Lincoln High School, Class of 1960. She played basketball for the Oklahoma All Stars women's basketball team, was employed for many years by Farmers & Merchants Bank of Prairie Grove, and safeguarded many children to and from their homes as a Lincoln School District bus

driver. Two groups close to Carol's heart were the Lincoln Police Department (and all Washington County law enforcement officers), and the "beauty shop" girls. She was a member of the Prairie Oaks Missionary Baptist Church in Prairie Grove, Arkansas.

Carol was preceded in death by her parents, three brothers, H.H. Remington Jr., Robert William Remington and Roy Eugene Remington; one sister, Laura Loretta Martin.

Survivors include her husband of 39 years, Jim Acker of the home; one daughter, Tonia Acker Goolsby of Maumelle, Arkansas; two step sons, Mickey Acker and his wife, Rochelle, of Nashville, Tennessee and Marty Acker and his wife, Stacy, of Coalgate, Oklahoma; "daughters" Carla Muruaga-Atkins and her husband, Glenn, of Springdale, Arkansas and Carol Ann Synnestvedt and her husband, Keith of Lincoln, Arkansas; two brothers, John J. Remington and his wife, Rita, of Lowell, Arkansas and Jack L. Remington of Bella Vista, Arkansas; two sisters, Lorene Brown of Tulsa, Oklahoma and Pauline Fox of Prairie Grove, Arkansas; grandchildren and great grandchildren, Anthony James "A.J." Acker, Tyler Acker, Rhett Acker, Cherokee Acker, Ashley Riggins, Kenleigh Riggins, Zachary Riggins, Chloe Riggins, Connor Riggins, Brenton "Bo" Muruaga, Grant Atkins, Morgan Atkins, Corbin Atkins, Laura Hufford, Lillian Hufford, Hunter Hufford, Jillian Swingle, Morgan Shonk, Blake Harvey, Quinten Harvey and Asa Martin, as well as numerous special Remington aunts, uncles, nieces and nephews.

APPRECIATION

On behalf of the Acker 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



Carol Acker

February 5, 1943 - March 5, 2009

IN LOVING MEMORY OF CAROL



God saw you getting tired
and a cure was not to be
so. He put his arms around you
and whispered "Come with Me"
With tearful eyes
we watched you suffer
and saw you fade away
although we loved you dearly

we could not make you stay
A golden heart stopped beating
hard working hands at rest
God broke our hearts to prove
He only takes the best.
Your loving family & friends

CELEBRATING THE LIFE & MEMORY OF

Carol Acker

DATE, TIME & PLACE OF SERVICE

Saturday, March 7, 2009 - 3:00 p.m.
Prairie Oaks Baptist Church - Prairie Grove, Arkansas

ORDER OF SERVICE

Prelude Music

"I'll Meet You In The Morning"

Laura Whelchel

Obituary

Ivan Faulkner
Pastor - Prairie Oaks Baptist Church

Prayer

"How Great Thou Art"

Ruth Remington

Words of Comfort & Victory

Ivan Faulkner

"Amazing Grace"

Tara Thompson

Tribute

Tonia Acker

Prayer

Ivan Faulkner

"Old Rugged Cross"

Piano Solo by Judy Reed Faulkner

Family Memories Video

"I Love How You Love Me"
"My Woman, My Woman, My Wife"

Instrumental
Marty Robins

Postlude Music

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
Prairie Grove, Arkansas

HONORARY PALLBEARERS

Lincoln Police Officers

MEMORIALS

Prairie Grove Cemetery Association
751 E Stills Rd. - Prairie Grove, Arkansas 72753

I wanted to thank Pastor Faulkner for that beautiful tribute to my mother. It does a lot to describe the special relationship between a husband and wife. When we sat down to talk about the appropriate scriptures for today, I was looking for the bible verse that said my momma was a red headed firecracker but it didn't seem to be in there.

Carol Louise Acker was born a Remington and there are many of you here in this room who know what that means. She was tough and feisty and determined, and she had to be. With four ornery brothers, three stubborn sisters, and a dozen guns in the house, you never knew what the day might bring. The Remingtons farmed and my mom told me plenty of times how jealous she was of Bob, Jack, John and Roy Gene, because they got to work outside and she had to stay in the house and help grandma cook and do the women's work. She described making three huge pans of homemade rolls every day, for every meal, and I don't believe she ever made that bread again but I wish she would have. She used to say she had done enough cooking in her girlhood that Daddy and I could just starve if we were waiting on her to cook. She could cook up a storm if she wanted to but she loved to be outside. At the time, I didn't appreciate the lesson: Don't be pigeonholed. Do what you love.

Carol Louise met Orville James, and I know he hates me calling me him that, so that will be the only time, in March of 1969. They had both been through a lot by that time, and I think they immediately recognized in each other, a soulmate and a lifelong partner. They married in October of that year. To back up a second, I was born in August of that year. They were there when I was born, to my Mom's roommate, and my dad told me this past week, when he carried me out of the hospital, everyone kept saying how beautiful I was, and he was proud even though I wasn't "his baby" yet. I think they knew right then that I would be. They adopted me as their daughter in November. Can you imagine this young couple who had been married five weeks and all of the sudden brought a baby home? They always told me that being adopted meant I was special and they chose me. For years, I thought that meant that they got to go to the hospital and pick the cutest baby there. They spent the next forty years making sure that I never wanted for a single thing, as if being my parents was their destiny. My dad says that was one of the happiest days of mom's life. I don't remember it, but I have thought every day, that it was the luckiest day of MY life. They brought me back to Arkansas and Remington land and taught me everything they knew. At the time, I didn't appreciate the lesson: You can make a family by blood or you can make it by love. The heart is what counts.

I grew up in the country. I read books in the woods. I never knew until I was grown that other people didn't grow all their own food in their garden. We gardened and gardened and gardened, all summer long. It was hot and demanding work. We canned and canned and canned, then we started freezing things. The food would last all winter. I thought that was what everyone did and now when I go to the produce section at Wal-Mart, what I wouldn't give for some of Carol Acker's canned and frozen veggies. There were plenty of summer nights where I would be sent to the garden to get an onion or a head of lettuce or carrots. At the time, I didn't appreciate the lesson: Work hard, be self sufficient, don't rely on Wal-Mart.

Being a Remington meant we went to the Washington County Fair, the Arkansas State Fair, and sometimes the Oklahoma State Fair, to show cattle. I had a heifer named Gorgeous that kept

winning awards except -- I was six years old and she would drag me all over the show ring. My mom or dad would come in and slow her down for me, and stay right there until I won that blue ribbon and prize money. I don't know why I was the one showing that stubborn heifer, except I think they just wanted me to know it didn't matter if I got dragged around a while, I could still win. At the time, I didn't appreciate the lesson: Keep going even when you think you can't handle it. When it gets too much, someone you love will be there to step in.

My parents, and especially my mother, were the fun parents of my teenage years. My friends would run away from home and come to my house and my dad would call their parents to tell them where they were, and then my folks would slowly talk them into going back home, usually that same day. I can't count the things my mom did for me and my girlfriends. I had a dear friend who found herself in a situation when we were fifteen years old. My mom took care of her, loved her, took her shopping when she was too nervous to go, took her to Florida with us that year on vacation. My mother set the example for me, and it was never a question. That friend has stuck by me like glue for the past thirty five years. At the time, I didn't appreciate the lesson: Be loyal to your friends, take care of people when they are down, don't let a narrow mind get in the way of an open heart.

My mother, who never had the opportunity to go to college, drilled into me as long as I can remember, that I could do anything, be anything, that I wanted to be. Bad grades were not acceptable, because good grades would get you into college. I did make a C in algebra and they let me get by with that because I said it was the best I could do. I really hated math. Back in 1987, I wasn't sure I wanted to go to college and they said I had to. At times I wanted to quit law school and they said I couldn't. I didn't know if I could do it but they always believed and that kept me going. At the time, I didn't appreciate the lesson: Believe in yourself. Believe in your future. Whatever it is, you CAN do it.

Every child that came along to our house: Remington, Acker, or otherwise, was loved and cherished. I can't count the babies that were ours, babies of friends, precious children. Mom always wanted to love up those babies. There have been so many, held in the arms, tickled under the chin, coated in Dad's aftershave, taken riding on the four wheelers. I fell in love with a man who had already had boys and I was scared of not being able to fit into their life. Big Red told me that Jim Acker came with two gorgeous boys, and that she had always been glad for that even though they had another mother. I don't know if Mickey and Marty knew it because they didn't live with us, but she adored those boys. At the time, I didn't appreciate the lesson: Give the love you have away. Spread it on everyone you can.

I have never seen two people more in love than Jim and Carol Acker. I think you all know, they are two halves of a circle. They are together all the time. Maybe the only time that they are apart is when Chief Acker is on the job, and years ago, when the rules allowed it, she was on the job most of the time with him. I feel like I grew up in the back seat of the police car. I have thought that if I spent that much time with one other person it would drive me crazy, but it was like air to

them. Don't think they haven't had some doozie arguments over the years. They have. But then would come the making up, and that's all I will say about that. They have been together through thick and thin for better or worse. Health care issues have been a big part of their marriage. They both had some, but every time one of them has been sick, the other has been right there at the bedside, knocking the nurses down to be the one to do anything that needed doing, cussing the doctors if needed, and making sure that whatever doctors or medicines or tests were needed they were had. Through sickness and in health.

If you are in this church, you know Jim and Carol. I don't need to say more about their love for each other. They have been together through everything the last forty years has brought. The last time they came to see me in Maumelle a month ago, they were holding hands and kissing like teenagers. For some reason, I had some things I had been thinking about, and things I needed to say. I sat them down on my couch, and I sat across from them on my coffee table. I was a foot away from them and held each of their hands. I told them how sorry I was for anything I had ever done to let them down or mistakes that I had made and how lucky I was to have them for my parents. I told them how much I loved them, and how I was sorry I hadn't made more time to come home this past year, and that I would be home more this year. We all cried and they told me how much they loved me, that I could never have disappointed them. I just kept thinking I don't know what my life would have been without them as my parents. That day was the last time I saw my mom as herself.

When I got her to the hospital that Sunday, I knew right away she was gone from us. All the Remingtons kept coming in and saying "these doctors don't know our Carol." I know she tried to rally but her body was just too broken. My dad was so sick and in so much pain I don't think he could even take it all in. He would not hear one thing except how she was going to get better and he was going to get her home and take care of her. For several days she was on the second floor in ICU and he was on the fourth floor. I would go between them, and sit with her while he was asleep, and when he was awake I would put him in a wheelchair and take him up to see her. I don't think anyone here will be surprised to know he would cry and say he needed her to fight, and to come back to him. I knew she could hear him, and that she would worry. So we decided to start telling her about our day and who we had seen and all the things she would talk about if she could answer us. He would rub lotion on her arms and feet and put lip gloss on her, and kiss her. I knew her body was going down a little every day and I knew she was hanging on for those visits.

On Wednesday night I didn't sleep all night because the doctors were saying Dad needed full time care and they wanted him to go to Regency hospital too, and he didn't want to go. I didn't know if we could give him the care he needed at home, to get him well. Carla and Ashley and everyone else, were willing to be caregivers and I knew every one would help as they could, but I was afraid Mom was the only one who could get him well, and she couldn't be there for him. I stayed up all night and I cried and I worried and I prayed. The next day Patrick took me to the hospital. As soon as we walked in my Dad swung out of that bed, put his feet on the floor, and said "let's go see Mom." I said, "don't you want your chair?" and he said "no, I think I will walk." That morning he went to the ICU three times, first with us, then with Ashley, then with

Virginia. Walking every time.

We had her a few more days after that. He would go into the room and say “Hi Sexy” and kiss her like always. I do believe that when he walked into that room, all he saw was the beautiful young girl he married, and he talked to her just like that.

Mom called me a few days before the accident. She was talking about Daddy and how worried she was about him. She said she was afraid, that he might die from this infection. I told her to let the doctors take care of him and he would get well. She said “oh, I am going to make sure of that,” and I knew she would.

After her accident, her doctors told me, told us, that the brain damage was severe. They did not expect her to be able to recover and go home. They talked about things like a persistent vegetative state, and I knew that could go on for months or years and I was so afraid she would be here trapped in her body that was giving out. I know now exactly what happened. She survived the first day, the first 48 hours, the first week, because she was worried about Daddy. She knew he was sick and she wasn’t going to leave him. I think once she heard him getting better, heard the old joking in his voice, the love in his voice, she knew he was going to be ok, and she knew it was safe for her to leave him in our care, and that is when she was able to go in peace.

The young people today with their facebook, and their myspace and their email, keep sending around these lists of 25 random things about yourself. I have had numerous people request this list and I refuse to do it. But I did decide to make a list for you about mom, of 25 random things about my Mom.

1. She loved to have her hair and nails done. Trips to the beauty shop were like trips to the fountain of youth for her. Kathy could not make the hair red enough or tall enough for her, and Ruth could not make her nails red enough.
2. She loved diamond rings. They couldn’t be big enough for her. One on every finger was ok. Daddy bought her a new one this year and then she decided one was enough. She came to Maumelle and brought me the rings and told me a woman gets to an age where she needs to wear diamonds, and I needed to get on it.
3. My dad used to have a Honda Gold Wing motorcycle and she loved riding on that thing with him. Uncle John and Rita had a Harley, and they would take motorcycle trips. We rented an RV one year and went to Colorado and it was the most beautiful scenery you could imagine. It was July and we went to the mountain top wearing shorts and there was snow. Being from Arkansas, that was really weird to me.
4. In the early days, she and my Daddy used to go out dancing at Cain’s ballroom. I do wish I could have seen that.
5. My mom made almost all my clothes until I was in high school. It would drive me crazy

to go shopping and have her say “do you know how much less we could make that for?” and off we would be to Hancock’s to look at patterns.

6. One time about 1986, we went shopping in the mall. Our budget allowed for maybe one or two pairs of shoes for school. For some reason she went berserk in Baker Shoe Store and let me buy shoes in red, green, silver, yellow, royal blue – every color that I had something to match. She kept throwing shoes into that pile, and it was one of the most fun shopping trips ever. She would have bought something for me before she bought something for herself. I have no doubt she went without things for herself to pay for those shoes.

7. She made the best homemade strawberry jam you could imagine and when Marty Acker would come to visit she would put a couple of cartons out to thaw and he would eat all of it before he left and every bite he would say “this is the best strawberry jam EVER, Carol.”

8. She played basket ball in a women’s league after high school and she was good and she was tough. One game she got so mad at the ref, after he gave her a technical foul and threw her out of the game, she invited him to come outside so she could whip him, and he got a police escort out of the building, because he knew she meant it.

9. Before she and Daddy got married he they went to see a Conway Twitty and Loretta Lynn concert, and she had on a new white blouse. It was at the fair and there was a big lake of cow manure they had to cross. He volunteered to carry her on his back, and you know what happened. They both ended up in the goop. I wasn’t born yet but I remember that blouse because she tried to get it clean and she saved it for years.

10. My Dad worked security at JCP and he did his Christmas shopping there. He would get this lady named Ann to wrap his presents for mom and she thought those presents wrapped in town were the most exciting thing ever. She would save all those beautiful bows and reuse them every year. The first one was red, white and green, and I think we used it for thirty years before it finally fell apart.

11. My mother could do amazing things with Aqua Net hairspray. Long before she started using it on her own hair, when we would show Herefords at the fair, she could take a cow’s little straggly tail and a metal comb and a can of Aqua Net and a rubber band, and rat that hair up and spray it to the size of a basketball, because that was how H.H. Remington liked it.

12. Big Red was a cheerleader for every law enforcement agency for a hundred miles. She never met a cop she didn’t like. If they were a friend of Acker’s, they were a friend of hers; and they were like family to us.

13. She hand made my friend Tina’s wedding dress – it was beautiful, and they were both so proud of it.

14. The last few years she had been able to get closer to my cousins Mike and Bill and Bud Remington, and she was excited about that, and hated the years that were lost before that. These

last few months she had a special companion in Carolyn, and I know she was thankful to be able to know Uncle Bob's children.

15. Two of the most special ladies in her life are my Aunt Fern in Lincoln and my Aunt Lorene in Tulsa. She loved those gals and took every chance she could to visit them.
16. She loved fried mushrooms and Diet Coke and Dole peaches.
17. She loved red roses.
18. One time my Uncle Jim Fox convinced her to fire a 222 pistol with a scope on it, without telling her it kicked. She held it right up to her face to fire and got a big black eye and I'm not sure he was able to outrun her.
19. She took me to work with her at Farmers & Merchants Bank some days, and would let me walk to the Prairie Grove library and give me a dollar to spend on candy at the dime store. Those were some exciting days. Those bank ladies were wonderful friends to her, in Prairie Grove and in Farmington.
20. It was exciting to hear her say on the phone "I'll meet you at the end of the lane, or at the Shamrock" because either we were going to see Loretta or we were meeting Carla or the kids were coming over, and something fun was going to happen.
21. She took my cousin Carol Ann to the hospital to have her baby. Loretta was bringing Carla home from having a baby. To hear Carla tell it, they dumped her out and both of them went back to be with Carol Ann.
22. She drove a Lincoln School bus for years and she was good at it.
23. She rode a Lincoln School bus for years. I'm not sure what that means but I have had a number of people say to me lately "I rode the school bus with your mother." I think it means something but I don't ask.
24. She was proud to be a Remington and proud to be an Acker.
25. She would want you to remember her with smiles more than tears.

Please sign the Luginbuel's site or our Caring Bridge site with your own memories of Mom. My dad reads those and loves them. There a lot of things about her that we would love to hear about.

This woman Carol was a special girl to all of us. I have heard my Dad say he doesn't know how he will go on without her. I know he will, how we all will. We will carry her right here in our hearts, we will carry the lessons, carry the love. She would expect nothing less and we will not let her down. She is being held right now safe in the arms of her parents, her big brother Bob, her sister Loretta, her shopping buddy Lucy, our beloved Nicholas, and many other loved ones

and friends. She will expect to see you all there, and she will be watching over you until then.

We appreciate everything you have done to honor her life and her memory, and to take care of us. Thank you for coming today. She loved all of you.

In honor of Carol and Jim, please stand and join me in the Lord's Prayer:

Our Father, who art in Heaven,
Hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done,
On earth as it is in Heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread
And forgive us our trespasses,
As we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation,
But deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever.
Amen.

Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name.
Thy Kingdom come,
thy will be done,
on earth as it is in heaven
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us.
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And lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever and ever.
Amen