

### **Johnny Ravoe Brown**

69, a resident of Bug Scuffle, Arkansas, passed away September 2, 2006 at the Circle of Life Hospice House in Springdale, Arkansas. He was born January 16, 1937, at West Fork, Arkansas, the son of Charles and Jettie Stovall Brown.

J.R. was loved by all and will be greatly missed.

He was preceded in death by one daughter, Lisa Gail Brown.

Survivors include three sons, John Brown and wife Roxann, Clifford "Charlie" Brown and wife Linda, and Clint Robert Brown all of Bug Scuffle, Arkansas; two daughters, Mary Celeste Jenkins and husband J.R. of Winslow, Arkansas, and Lori Ann Whillock and husband Ken of Decatur, Arkansas; one brother, Charles Brown of Panhandle, Texas; one sister, Mary Helen Garnett of Coffeyville, Kansas; eight grandchildren, Rachael, Justin, Christie, Jessica, Adam, Kelly, Cassidy, and Lane; two great grandchildren, Gabriel and Ally.



#### **APPRECIATION**

On behalf of the family, we wish to express their gratitude for your many kindnesses evidenced in thought and deed and for your attendance at the funeral service.

**Luginbuel Funeral Home  
Prairie Grove, Arkansas**

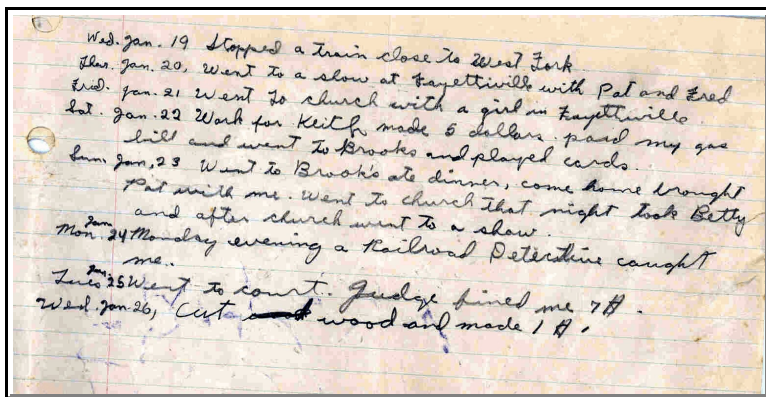
online guest book, visit [www.luginbuel.com](http://www.luginbuel.com)



## **J. R. Brown**

**January 16, 1937 - September 2, 2006**

## J. R.'s Diary when a boy growing up near West Fork



## CELEBRATING THE LIFE & MEMORY OF

J. R. Brown

### DATE, TIME & PLACE OF SERVICE

Wednesday, September 6, 2006 - 10:00 A.M.  
 Friendship Cemetery - West Fork, Arkansas

### OFFICIATING

Bro. David Johnson

### MUSIC

John Robert  
 "To Old To Die Young"  
 "Go Rest High on that Mountain"

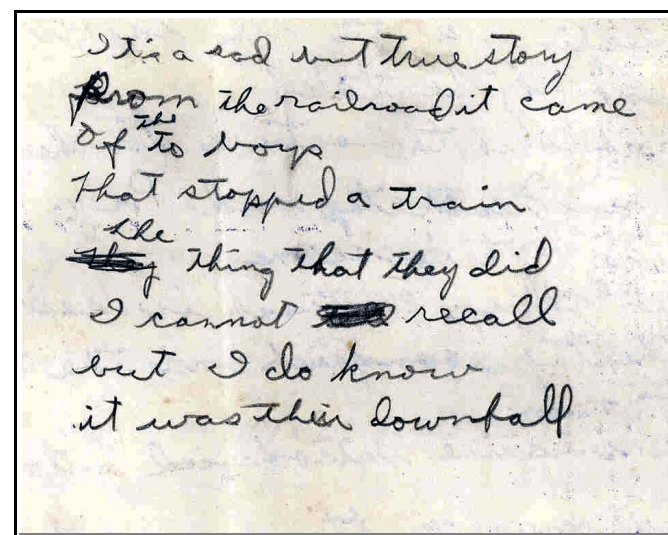
### FINAL RESTING PLACE

Friendship Cemetery  
 West Fork, Arkansas

### MEMORIALS

Circle of Life Hospice House - 901 Jones Road - Springdale, AR 72762  
 or  
 Friendship Cemetery Association  
 %Carline Paul - 10588 Hwy. 156 E. - West Fork, AR 72774.

A Poem Written by J. R.



# **THE FARMER**

BY LORI WHILLOCK

While in the Devil's Den area this past week, I drove by a familiar farm and decided to stop and visit with the old farmer who lived there. I had known the farmer for several years and considered him a close friend. The visits I had with him in the past were always interesting and rewarding. I found him working on an old worn-out tractor. I soon became a student of his as he told me what he was doing step by step.

The day was a sultry one with the temperature in the upper nineties. I was having difficulty staying cool, but the farmer didn't seem affected by the heat except for a trickle of sweat slowly rolling down the side of his dusty, bronze neck onto his once white T-shirt. The overalls he wore were greasy, stained with motor oil and dirt from the previous days work. His gray, felt cowboy hat, had lost its shape was stained with sweat, dust and tiny chicken downy feathers scattered along its brim from long hours of work in the chicken houses. He was a very thin man as a result of his hard life and indulgence with alcohol and cigarettes. His hair was oily and still looked black except for a couple of streaks of gray at the temples.

Farmer Brown had once been a very handsome man with a deep suntanned complexion and dark brown eyes that were almost black. His eyebrows were thick and his nose was neither big nor small. His face was clean shaven so that at 30 years of age he still had looked like a school boy. Now, however, Farmer Brown had lost the youthful looks of earlier years and they are replaced with a salt and pepper colored beard that only covers his jaw line and chin. He doesn't have a mustache and his dark face has begun to sag slightly from countless hours in the sun. He has a few wrinkles but appears to be older than his true years. When he smiles he shows real joy and through his toothless



laugh, I see him as I have always seen him.

Farmer Brow took a break from the old tractor and we walked to the barn to feed the little Holstein and Brahman calves. His voice filled with pride as he talked about each baby calf. With all of his children grown up, the farmer puts all of his energy into raising the animals on his farm. After tending the calves, we headed down to the hay barn to feed the cows. Farmer Brown has named each cow and they respond to his voice. With all the cattle taken care of, we go back up to the top of the hill where the chicken houses are. We walk through the dusty, stale houses picking up and counting the dead chickens, checking temperatures, cleaning feed and water containers. We finish all of the chores and head back to the old tractor.

Farmer Brown takes time to pick up one of his favorite beverages a Miller High Life beer from inside the cab of his old pick up truck. He pulls the top and takes a long swallow of the warm liquid. As we sit by the old tractor, we talk about his past. He tells me again about his mom, dad and childhood where he grew up. I picture him as a young man without his own family, cares or the responsibilities he has now. This man has always intrigued me, because he is not overly concerned with the material things in life. He is content as long as he has a roof over his head and food on the table. To this day Farmer Brown's house is not equipped with running water or good bathroom facilities. We continue to discuss various subjects including my job, family and the latest book he has read. Farmer Brown always enjoys a great western or history book as reading is his favorite pastime. He stood up looking at his pocket watch and stated he needed to see if the old tractor would crank so he could go to the lower field to bush hog.

As I watched my dad drive away on the old worn out tractor down the dirt road, my heart filled with pride. I knew this man had given me more than his time. He gave me his attention, love understanding and a part of his life I could hold on to forever. This young man, who had grown old, was more handsome than ever to his little girl.