

Virginia Madeline Galbraith Spears Cox Gibson

90, a resident of Summers, Arkansas, passed away December 5, 2008 at the Siloam Springs Memorial Hospital. She was born July 20, 1918 near Summers, Arkansas, the daughter of Charles Martin and Rachel Ann Winfrey Galbraith.

Madeline was a lifelong resident of the Lincoln and Summers area. She was a member of the Lincoln United Methodist Church.

She was preceded in death by her husbands, Ross Spears, and Jack Cox; one great granddaughter, Mary Madeline Griscom; four brother's John Winfrey Galbraith, Floyd Lee Galbraith, James William Galbraith, Walter Barnes Galbraith; three sisters, Sanna Madura Galbraith Moorman, Winnie Davis Galbraith Eneks, Margaret Temple Galbraith Seratte Mapes; one half-brother, Robert Galbraith; three half-sisters, Pearl Galbraith, Maggie Ima Galbraith and Jennie Galbraith.

Survivors include her husband James Eugene Gibson of the home; two sons, Bobby Jack Spears and his wife Shirley of Cincinnati, Arkansas, and Kenneth "Bud" Cox and his wife Paula of Lincoln, Arkansas; two stepsons, James Patrick Gibson and his wife Sheila and Michael Kevin Gibson and his wife Katharine; one stepdaughters, Barbara Lea Gibson Wright and her husband, David Robert Wright; one sister, Chrissie Jo Gilbreath of Cincinnati, Arkansas; five grandchildren, Martin Jasper Spears and wife Elizabeth, Mark Wayne Spears and wife Christine, Jeannie Marie Spears Williams and husband Willy, Grasha Renee Cox Rigsbee and husband Danny and Rebecca Annette Cox Griscom and husband Curtis; nine great grandchildren, Marsha Ann Spears Robb and husband T.J., Monica Leigh Spears, Sara Christine Spears Jones, Stephanie Ann Spears, Rachel Ann Williams, Ross Everett Williams, Clay Jackson Griscom, Clark Riley Griscom and Coleman Brock Griscom; nine great-great grandchildren, Sonny Ray Robb, Tanner Jae Robb, Brier Jackson Martin Robb, Madison Elizabeth Pagan, Nicole Kathleen Pagan, Mason Jasper Wade Pagan, AmberLeigh Renae Hale, Lilly Ann Jones and Brooklee May Roach; five step-grandchildren, Morgan Freeland, Evan Gibson, Julie Beckman-Key, Celdon Samuel Gibson and Douglas Gierow.



**Virginia Madeline Galbraith
Spears Cox Gibson**
July 20, 1918 - December 5, 2008

APPRECIATION

On behalf of the Spears, Cox & Gibson 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

WHEN I'M GONE

When I come to the end of my journey
And I travel my last weary mile
Just forget if you can, that I ever frowned
And remember only the smile.
Forget unkind words I have spoken;
Remember some good I have done.
Forget that I ever had heartaches
And remember I've had lots of fun.
Forget that I've stumbled and blundered
And sometimes fell by the way.
Remember I have fought some hard battles
And won, at the end of the day.
In summer just gather some flowers
And remember the place where I lay,
Come in the shade of evening
When the sun paints the sky in the west.
Stand for a few moments beside me
And remember only my best.

Nanny left this poem in her Bible for us to read after she was gone.
Children of Madeline Gibson

CELEBRATING THE LIFE & MEMORY OF
Virginia Madeline Galbraith Spears Cox Gibson

DATE, TIME & PLACE OF SERVICE
Monday, December 8, 2008 - 10:00 A.M.
Central United Methodist Church - Lincoln, Arkansas

ORDER OF SERVICE

Prelude Music	Nadine Tennant
Opening Remarks	Rev. Andy Newbill Pastor - Central United Methodist Church
Scripture: Psalm 23	
"How Great Thou Art"	Brodey, Donna and Delmar Collins
Scripture: Romans 8:35-39	Rev. Andy Newbill
"Amazing Grace" #378	Congregational and the Collins Family
Words of Comfort	Rev. Andy Newbill
Prayer	
"Gone Home"	The Collins Family
Family Memories Video	"Instrumental Selection" "The Way We Were"
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
Beaty Cemetery - Lincoln, Arkansas

PALLBEARERS
Martin Spears - Mark Spears - Dan Rigsbee
Curtis Griscom - Willy Williams - T. J. Robb

MEMORIALS
Beaty Cemetery - 20142 Gem Road - Lincoln, Arkansas

Madeline V. Gibson Saturday July 20, 1918 to Friday December 5, 2008

Prelude Music- played by Nadine Tennant

OPENING REMARKS—Pastor Andy Newbill—Central United Methodist Church—Lincoln, AR. We come together this evening for three reasons. First, we come to pay tribute in friendship and love to Madeline Gibson who lived with us. This is not the last tribute, for the most beautiful memorial left by anyone is not carved on stone, not even in this memorial service. It is the memorial left in the hearts of those who knew and loved Madeline. Then, we come to offer our sympathy to those loved ones who are in sorrow this day. Finally we come to find words of comfort and strength from the Word of God.

Scripture: Psalm 23

How Great Thou Art sung by Brodey, Donna, and Delmar Collins

Scripture: Romans 8:35-39

Everyone Sing *Amazing Grace* # 378 led by the Collins Family

Words of Comfort- Things We Like About Death presented by Rev. Andy Newbill

Hebrews 9:27: *And just as it is destined that each person dies only once and after that comes Judgment,*

We naturally think of death as a sad experience, and there are many things we do not like about this final parting. We look with dread upon the suffering that often heralds its coming. We think of the separation, of the sad farewell which death always involves as one is taken from us and we are left alone. We always fear the unknown, and we know very little about death. Our loved ones go and do not return again to tell us where they are or what their experience has been.

Since we are also Christians, our sadness leaves us troubled in mind and conscience. We, of all people, should know the reality of the human hope of life beyond the grave. We may be sad and lonely at these moments of parting, but our sadness should never overcome us. We see death from a different perspective than does the rest of the world. Rather than giving way to our sorrow or cursing the fate that awaits us, let us notice a different aspect to death, some of the ways in which it fits into the great plan of God for our good.

Death is an appointment made for us by God. As such, it has a certain beauty that we should not overlook. The flowers which we bring as a tribute to the departed should remind us of this fact. We know that before each flower could come into being, a little seed or bulb had to be planted in the ground to die. The seed or bulb has no beauty; the beauty is in the flower. The seed is the means by which the flower comes into being. Thus the act by which the gardener trusts the seed to the ground, in anticipation of the flower which will grow, is a beautiful act, a work of faith and hope.

If God has a plan for the seed, he must also have a plan for you whom he created in his own likeness. You are of more importance than a flower. We are taught that our Heavenly Father knows all things, that he knows when even the smallest sparrow falls from the sky. Can you not trust him to make provision for you? We watch the fruit tree as it seems to die in the fall, its leaves falling to the ground. But that death is only a prelude to the buds and blossoms and fruit of the spring that follows. What we call death must be something like the same process. It is all we can see of the transformation of man into that beautiful existence beyond. It is the prelude to that life for which you were created from the beginning of his creation. Let some of the beauty of this life which God has prepared for us, then, touch also the experience of death.

In faith, we can appreciate not only the beauty of death, but also its purpose. It is appointed unto man to die, if our Lord tarry, there are no exceptions. Would we want the plan to be otherwise? Suppose that some were to die and others to remain. Then the parting would be sorrowful indeed, for there would be no hope of a reunion. Homes would be broken forever. Of course, we cannot bring our loved ones back from the grave. If we think of the pain and sorrow and suffering of this life, it often seems pure selfishness that we would want to do so. But in the great plan of God, we all go, sooner or later, to meet them where they are.

Death stands at the end of life like a great doorway through which we all must pass. We cannot see through it, and the shadows that block our vision on the other side sometimes seem fearsome to us. Yet, as Christians, we know that our loved ones wait for us on the other side of the door. The time is short until, in the wisdom of God, the call comes to all of us to step through the doorway. Then how joyous the reunion in the Father's house!

Finally we notice the pictures of death which are found in the Bible, descriptions far removed from the gloom that most of us feel at the word. The psalmist speaks of death as a shadowed valley through which we must pass. However, the Lord walks with us, and the valley is only a part of the road that leads to his house. There the table is spread, and we are received as welcome guests. Paul the apostle wrote of death as the time of departure, as though he were leaving on a journey. But the journey was made in order to receive a prize, a crown of righteousness which the Lord would award to him. The writer of First John, of the New Testament, saw death as a translation, a change from our present state into the very image of the Lord, for we see him and become like him. How glorious are the promises the Bible makes about this experience which we fear so much!

One day a father came to Jesus, terribly concerned at the serious illness of his twelve-year-old daughter. In response to his plea, Jesus went with him toward the house where the girl lay ill. But the crowds were thick in the streets, and a woman stopped the Lord in order that she might be healed too. Before Jesus could get to the home of Jairus, a messenger came. "There is no point in disturbing the Teacher further. The girl is dead."

Jesus spoke the words of hope to the sorrowing father. He took his close followers with him and walked through the jeering crowd of those who could see death only as the end to all things. He put them out of the house, substituting for their wailing his own quiet affirmation: not dead, but asleep. Then he took Jairus' daughter by the hand and said, "Little girl, get up now." As if waking up from a nap, she got up and walked to the arms of her father and mother, healed and restored to them.

Here is a picture of death as the Christian sees it. Our loved ones are not dead, but asleep. At the hand of the Lord they arise, reunited with friends and family to be forever with the Lord.

Prayer:

Let us Pray:

Our Father, let the voice of faith speak to us in this, our hour of sorrow and need. Help us to see death, not as man sees it, but through the eyes of the one we know as the resurrection and the Life, Jesus Christ; for in his name we pray. Amen.

Gone Home – Brodey, Donna, and Delmar Collins

Memories of the life of Madeline V. Gibson