

Carolina Mavis Grant

Age 59 a resident of Lincoln, passed away November 10, 2016 at Washington Regional Medical Center in Fayetteville. She was born March 3, 1957 in Miami, Florida, the daughter of Andrew Jackson and Carrie Todd Sr.

She was preceded in death by her father and one brother Andrew Jackson Todd Jr..

Survivors include her husband Joe Allen Grant; four children Michael Allen Grant of Prairie Grove, Mary Ann Grant, Amanda Jean Grant and Linda Marie King all of Lincoln; her mother Carrie Todd of Lincoln; six brothers and sisters Jackson Luther Todd, Alda Joyce Smith, Zelma Ofelia Todd, Paul Eugene Todd, Dora Mae Todd and Rosa Belle Todd; eleven grandchildren Estoria, Matthew, Gregory, Jacob, Serenity, Adaline, Havanna, Jack, Travis, Charlie and Jadon; sister in law Dora Jane Stevens of Lowell; brothers in law John and James Grant both of Lincoln and Jerry Grant of Pullman, Michigan.



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

CELEBRATING THE LIFE & MEMORY OF
Carolina Mavis Grant

DATE, TIME & PLACE OF SERVICE
Thursday, November 17, 2016 - 2:00 P.M.
Luginbuel Chapel - Prairie Grove, Arkansas

ORDER OF SERVICE

Prelude Music

“I’ll Fly Away”

Opening Remarks **Herman Cox**

Prayer

“When I Get Where I’m Going”

Words of Comfort **Herman Cox**

Closing Prayer

Family Memories Video

“God Gave Me You”
“A Mother’s Love”

Postlude Music **“Holes In The Floor of Heaven”**

**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



DO NOT STAND AND WEEP

Do not stand at my grave and weep.
I am not there.

I do not sleep.

I am a thousand winds that swiftly blow.

I am the diamond glints on newly fallen
snow.

I am the sunlight on ripened grain.

I am the soft and gentle autumn’s rain.

When you awaken in the morning’s
hush,

I am the swift uplifting rush of quiet
birds in circling flight.

I am the soft starlight that shines at
night.

Do not stand at my grave and weep.

I am not there.

I do not sleep.