

Mark Allan Hill was made well and whole on June 6, 2021. Mark was born August 20, 1955 in Gainesville, Texas to Jarrell Edwin Hill and Sara Jo Stevens Hill. He grew up in Ardmore, Oklahoma sandwiched between two ornery and fun loving sisters, Dianne and Glenda. Mark was an athletic kid, especially talented at baseball, water skiing, and outrunning his sisters after making them good and mad.

Mark graduated from Oklahoma Christian College in 1977 with a degree in physical education and went on to coach high school baseball before settling into a career as a Certified Professional Landman in the oil and gas industry, where he worked for the next 20+ years. He had three daughters (all of whom he was sure would be boys), Kelli, Lacey, and Lindi. Along with wife Pam, he raised his daughters to love their family, their church, their community, classic cars, baseball, and oldies music.

Mark was a treasure trove of hilarious stories, and he collected them throughout his life the way some people collect coins or stamps. His comedic timing was perfect, and he almost always told stories on his feet, complete with re-enactments. He loved to rewrite the words of well known songs and poems to roast friends and family members.

One of Mark's greatest loves in life was classic cars, and he restored many of them over the years. Each one had a name—Ethyl, Lucy Bell, Sally, Willis and Ruby. He won a regional car show with Ruby, a rare 1964 1/2 Mustang.

Mark was a devoted member of Freedom Fellowship in Tontitown for over fifteen years, where he served as an usher. He counted many in his church family among his oldest and dearest friends.

Mark was not given an easy row to hoe in this life, but he fought to the end and loved his family and friends with total devotion, and was deeply loved in return. His healing did not come earthside, but we know that it is now complete with God in heaven and with all those he loved who went before him.

Mark is survived by his mother, Sara Jo Scott of Skiatook, OK; three children—Kelli Meinershagen and husband Derek of Neosho, MO, Lacey Parks and husband Steve of Prairie Grove, and Lindi Phillips and husband Jared of Prairie Grove; eleven grandchildren—Kennedy (17), Finley (15), and Davis (14) McClure of Springdale, Iyla (11), Elsa (9), Abigail (6), and Magnolia (5) Parks of Prairie Grove, Cass (9), Benjamin (4), and Sparrow (1) Phillips of Prairie Grove, and Lennon Meinershagen (3) of Neosho, MO; two sisters, Dianne Siller and husband Billy of Tulsa, OK, and Glenda Mays and husband Wayne of Bella Vista, as well as many beloved nieces and nephews.



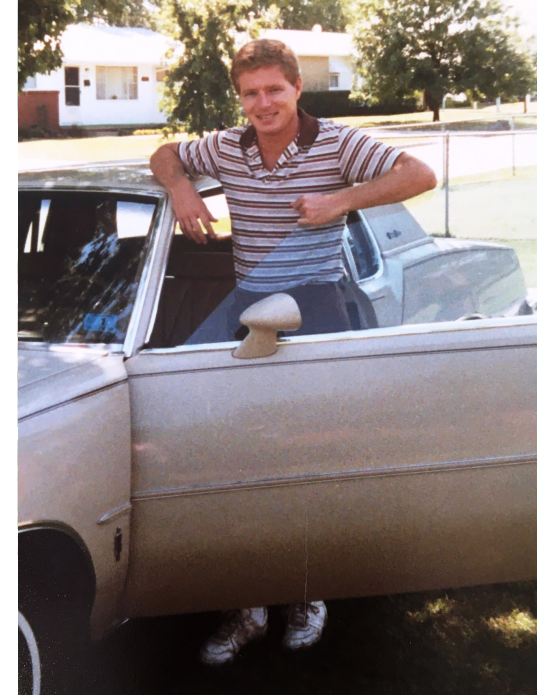
APPRECIATION

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**

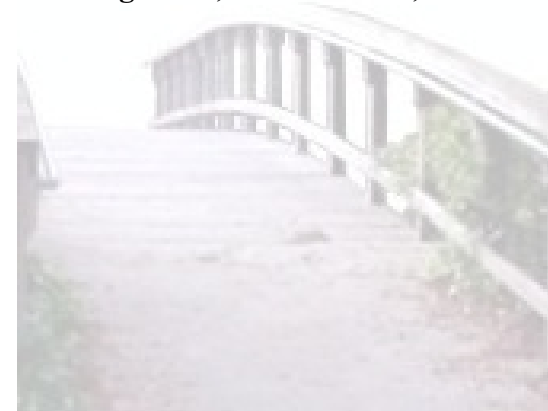
online guest book, visit www.luginbuel.com

Celebrating THE LIFE AND MEMORY OF



Mark Allan Hill

August 20, 1955 - June 6, 2021



He gives strength to the weary
and increases the power of the
weak. Even youths grow tired
and weary, and young men
stumble and fall; but those who
hope in the Lord will renew their
strength. They will soar on the
wings like eagles; they will run
and not grow weary, they will
walk and not be faint. Numbers
6:24-26 May the Lord bless you
and keep you; the Lord make his
face shine upon you and be
gracious to you; the Lord lift up
his countenance upon you and
give you peace.

Isaiah 40:29-31

CELEBRATING THE LIFE & MEMORY OF
Mark Allan Hill

DATE, TIME & PLACE OF SERVICE
Monday, June 14, 2021 - 2:00 P.M.
Bluff Cemetery - Springdale, Arkansas

OFFICIATING
Tom Doty

FINAL RESTING PLACE
Bluff Cemetery

Bzannach

by John O'Donohue

On the day when The weight
deadens On your shoulders And
you stumble, May the clay dance To
balance you. And when your eyes
Freeze behind The grey window
And the ghost of loss Gets into
you, May a flock of colours, Indigo,
red, green And azure blue, Come to
awaken in you A meadow of delight.

When the canvas frays In the
currach of thought And a stain of
ocean Blackens beneath you, May
there come across the waters A
path of yellow moonlight To bring
you safely home. May the
nourishment of the earth be yours,
May the clarity of light be yours,
May the fluency of the ocean be
yours, May the protection of the
ancestors be yours. And so may a
slow Wind work these words Of love
around you, An invisible cloak To
mind your life.