Kenneth Mack Miller

85, a resident of Lincoln, passed away February 27, 2015 at the V.A. Medical Center in Fayetteville. He was born February 28, 1929 at Dry Fork, Arkansas, the son of William Parker and Opal Casebolt Miller.

Mack was a Korean War Veteran. He was a Quick-A-Way coffee drinker. He was a house builder in N.W. Arkansas for over forty five years.

He was preceded in death by two brothers, Ray Miller and Jay Miller.

Survivors include his wife Joyce Darlene Miller of the home; three daughters, Shirley Swiney, Charlotte Miller, and Sharon Crooks all of Lincoln; one sister, Eula Faye Thompson of Nowata, Oklahoma. seven grandchildren, Kenneth Albright, Jeremy White, Shawn Albright, Brandy Harris, Andrew Stephenson, Logan Crooks, and Laura Crooks; thirteen great grandchildren.





Kenneth Mack Miller

February 28, 1929 February 27, 2015

APPRECIATION

On behalf of the Miller 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 <u>www.luginbuel.com</u>

CELEBRATING THE LIFE & MEMORY OF

Mack Miller

DATE, TIME & PLACE OF SERVICE

Thursday, March 5, 2015 - 2:00 P.M. Luginbuel Chapel - Prairie Grove, Arkansas

ORDER OF SERVICE

Prelude Music	
Obituary	David Johnson
Scripture	
Prayer	
"Special"	Billy Franks
Words of Comfort	Jackie Uselton
Prayer	
Family Memories Video	
"Daddy's Hands"	
"Go Rest High On That Mountain"	
"Taps"	
Presentation of the American Flag	Military Honor Guard
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 Grandchildren

MEMORIALS

Gideons International - P.O. Box 641 Prairie Grove, AR 72753 or The Wounded Warrior Project

Should You Go First by Albert Kennedy "Rosey" Rowswell

Should you go first and I remain, To walk the road alone, I'll live in memory's garden, dear, With happy days we've known. In Spring I'll wait for roses red, When fades the lilae blue, In early Fall when brown leaves call I'll eatch a glimpse of you.

Should you go first and I remain, For battles to be fought, Cach thing you've touched along the way Will be a hallowed spot. I'll hear your voice, I'll see your smile, Though blindly I may grope, The memory of your helping hand Will buoy me on with hope.

Should you go first and I remain, To finish with the seroll, No length 'ning shadows shall ereep in To make this life seem droll. We've known so much of happiness, We've had our cup of joy, And memory is one gift of God That death eannot destroy.

Should you go first and I remain, One thing I'd have you do: Walk slowly down that long, lone path, For soon I'll follow you. I'll want to know each step you take That I may walk the same, For some day down that lonely road You'll hear me call your name.