

Shyann Lou Garcia, 10 a resident of Lincoln, Arkansas passed away December 7, 2008. She was born June 11, 1998 in Fayetteville, Arkansas the daughter of Salvador and Crissy Newberry Garcia

Rachel Lynn Newberry, 6 a resident of Lincoln, Arkansas passed away December 7, 2008. She was born March 12, 2002 in Fayetteville, Arkansas, the daughter of Crissy Newberry.

They were preceded in death by one brother, Salvador Hector Garcia Jr.

Survivors include their mother, Crissy Newberry of Lincoln, Arkansas; their maternal grandparents, Gary and Mary Newberry of Lincoln, Arkansas. Numerous Aunts, Uncles and family and friends.



APPRECIATION

On behalf of the Newberry 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



Rachel Lynn Newberry
March 12, 2002 - December 7, 2008



Shyann Lou Garcia
June 11, 1998 - December 7, 2008

Our First Christmas In Heaven

We see the countless Christmas trees
Around the world below
With tiny lights, like Heaven's stars,
Reflecting on the snow.
The sight is so spectacular,
Please wipe away the tear
For we are spending Christmas with
Jesus this year.

We hear the many Christmas songs
That people hold so dear
But the sounds of music can't compare
With the Christmas choir up here.

We have no words to tell you,
The joy their voices bring,
For it is beyond description,
To hear the angels sing.

We know how much you miss us,
We see the pain inside your heart.
But we are not so far away,
We really aren't apart.

So be happy for us, dear ones,
You know we hold you dear.
And be glad we're spending Christmas
With Jesus this year.

We sent you each a special gift,
From our heavenly home above.
We sent you each a memory
Of our undying love.

After all, love is a gift more precious
Than pure gold.
It was always most important
In the stories Jesus told.

Please love and keep each other,
As our Father said to do.
For we can't count the blessing or love
He has for each of you.

So have a Merry Christmas and
Wipe away that tear.
Remember, we are spending Christmas with
Jesus Christ this year.

CELEBRATING THE LIFE & MEMORY OF

Shyann Lou Garcia
Rachel Lynn Newberry

DATE, TIME & PLACE OF SERVICE

Friday, December 12, 2008 - 10:00 A.M.
Summers Missionary Baptist Church - Summers, Arkansas

ORDER OF SERVICE

Prelude Music

"Precious Memories"

Pampa Railroad Band

Opening Remarks

Paul Young
Pastor - Summers Baptist Church

Prayer

"Jesus Loves Me"

Pampa Railroad Band

Words of Comfort

Paul Young

Prayer

"I'll Fly Away"

Pampa Railroad Band

Family Memories Video

"Rain Sweet Rain"

"A Place That Calls Your Name"

Nancy Jesser Halsey

Postlude Music

GRAVE SIDE SERVICES WILL NOT BE HELD AT THE CEMETERY. THE FAMILY WILL REMAIN TO
VISIT WITH FRIENDS IN THE FELLOWSHIP HALL FOLLOWING THE SERVICE.

FINAL RESTING PLACE

Summers Cemetery - Summers, Arkansas

PALLBEARERS

Josh Crawford - Robert Crawford - Eric Woodbury - Ronnie Sampley
Jim McClain - Matt Boydston - L.D. Rogers - Ron Mederious

Hailey

Your Friend
Baker Dawn
Stach
we love & miss you
a lot

Lamont

Shelby Love
we miss you

May it comfort you to know
that we were so very sorry
to hear of your loss...

Nakiah
Ryleigh

Jessica

Raymond Philpott

Brian Adams

Austin Seeratt

Shelby
I Love
you

You're in our thoughts,
now and in the days to come.

All our thoughts and
prayers are with you
at this time. May God
comfort you now and always.

Zakarya
I LOVE YOU

sorry about
your
lost
your friend
april
teaney

Jaylee Duffield
Alex
you were

sorry about
your lost we miss
her to she was a sweet
girl and friend.
her friend
Brochi

Mally Baryan
Love you

Mrs. Frank's
Kasey Deckard
Manda Frank
Coleman

5th Grade Class

Keith
Washington

*With Our
Sympathy*

TO YOU
AND
YOUR FAMILY

*Just for You!*TM

from AMERICAN GREETINGS



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CANADA 479 WSY00349-15D

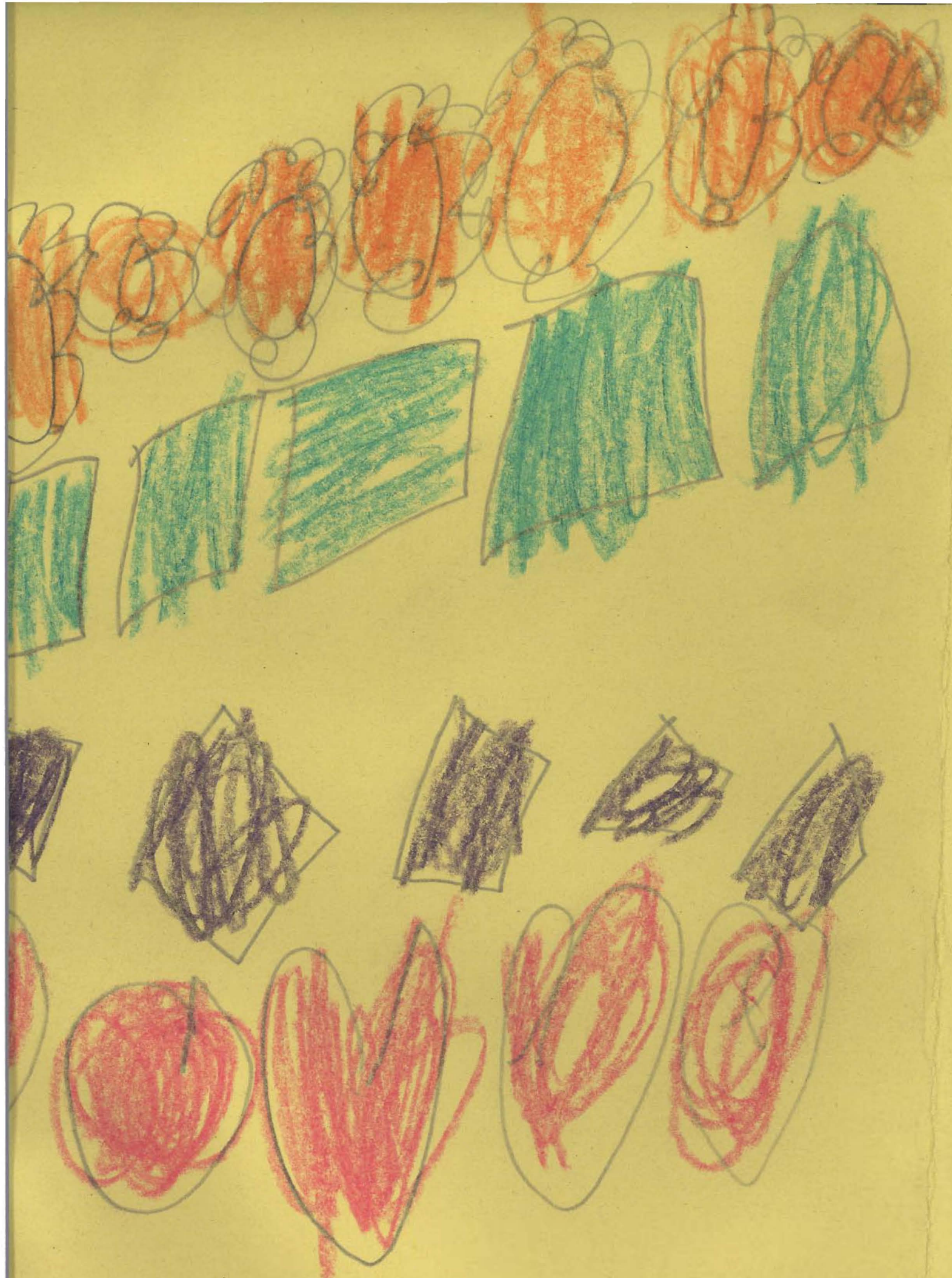
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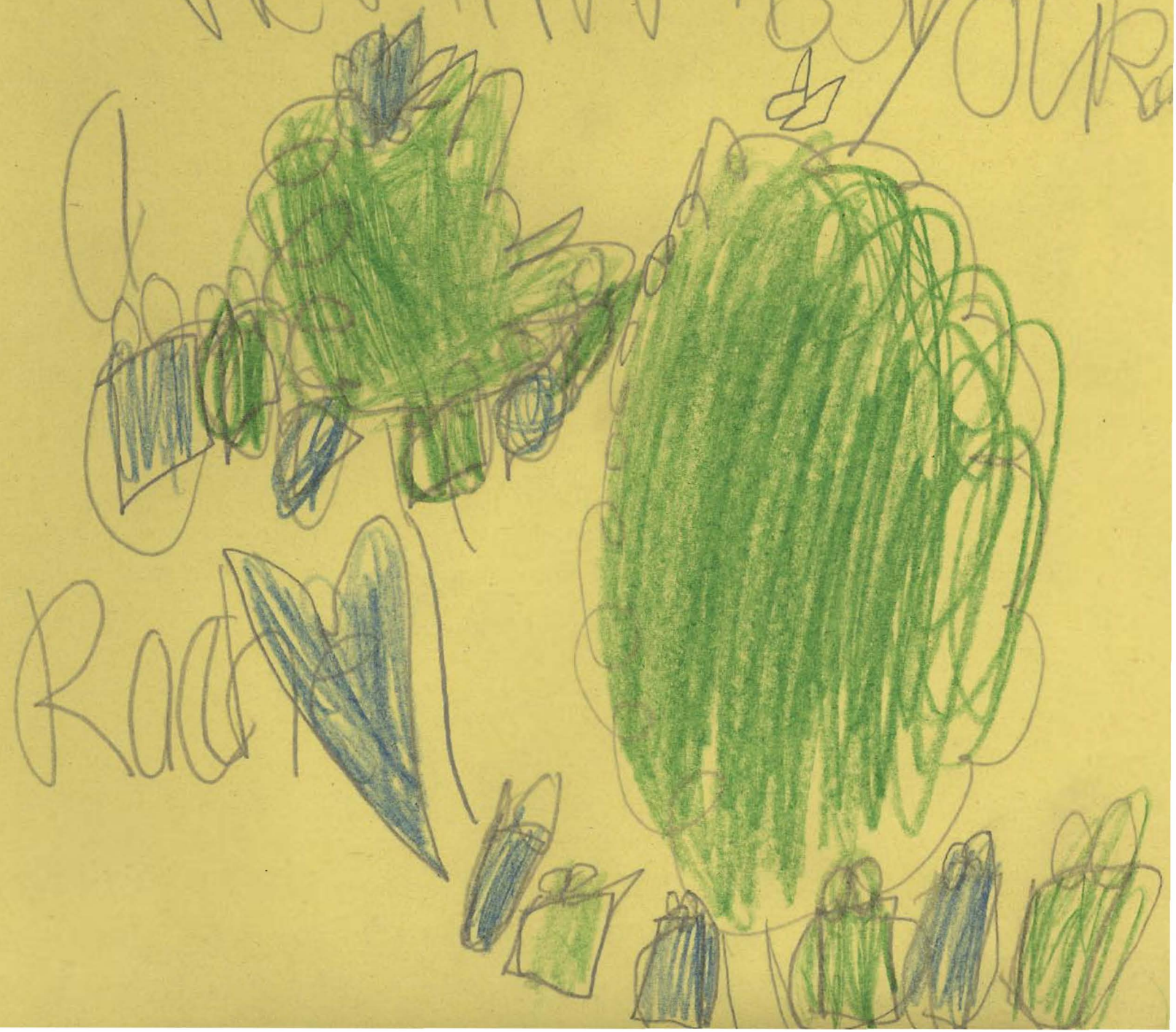
Alexis
Rachel I love you



We will miss
you R dC hel



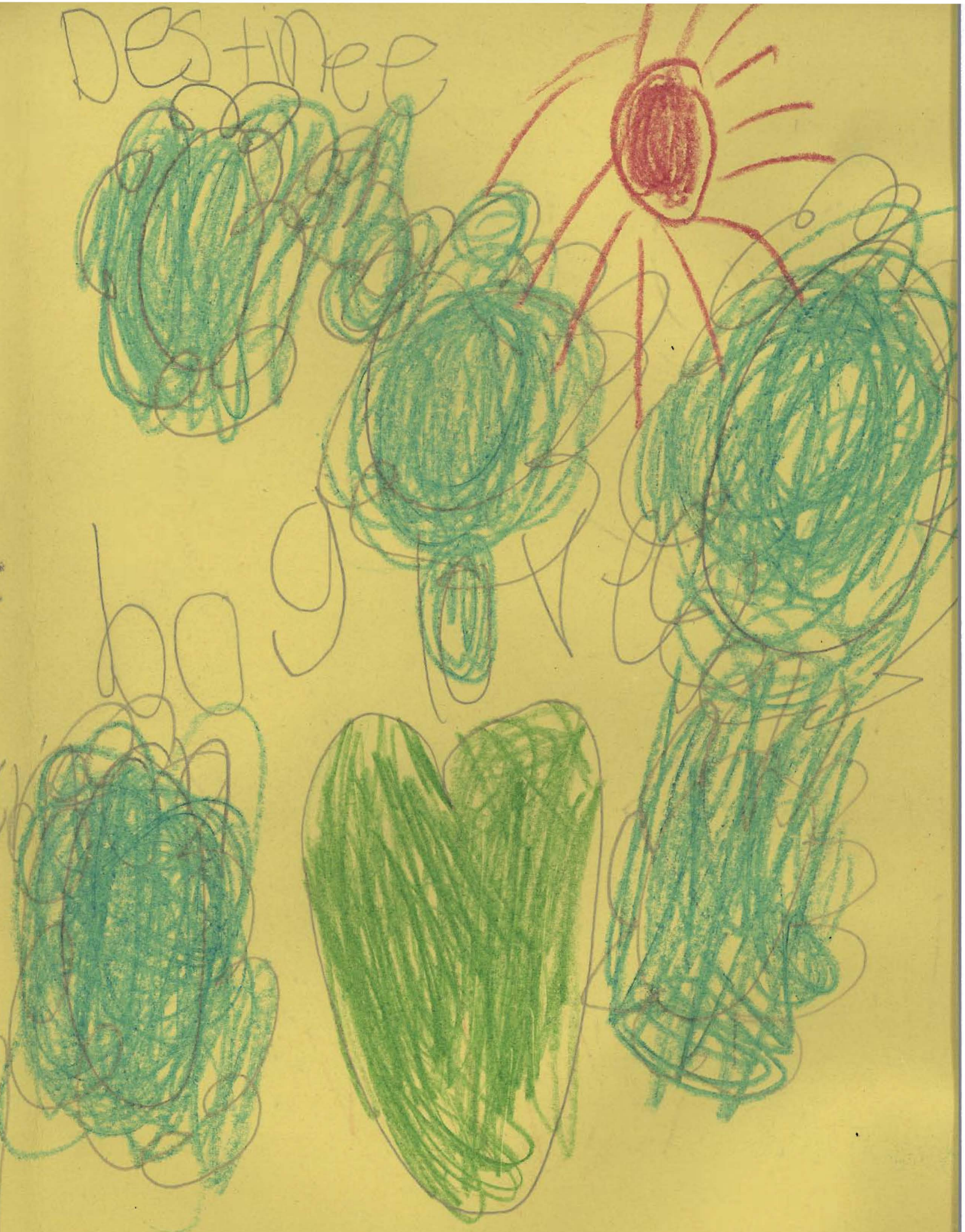
Love Rachel Destined
We'll be For
We had fun Together
We will miss you
+ you



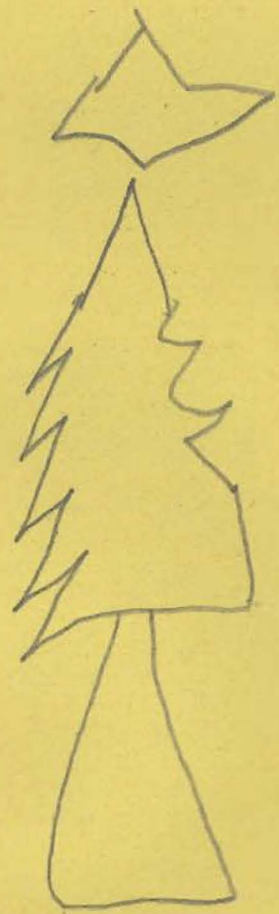
Destiny
to a jumping



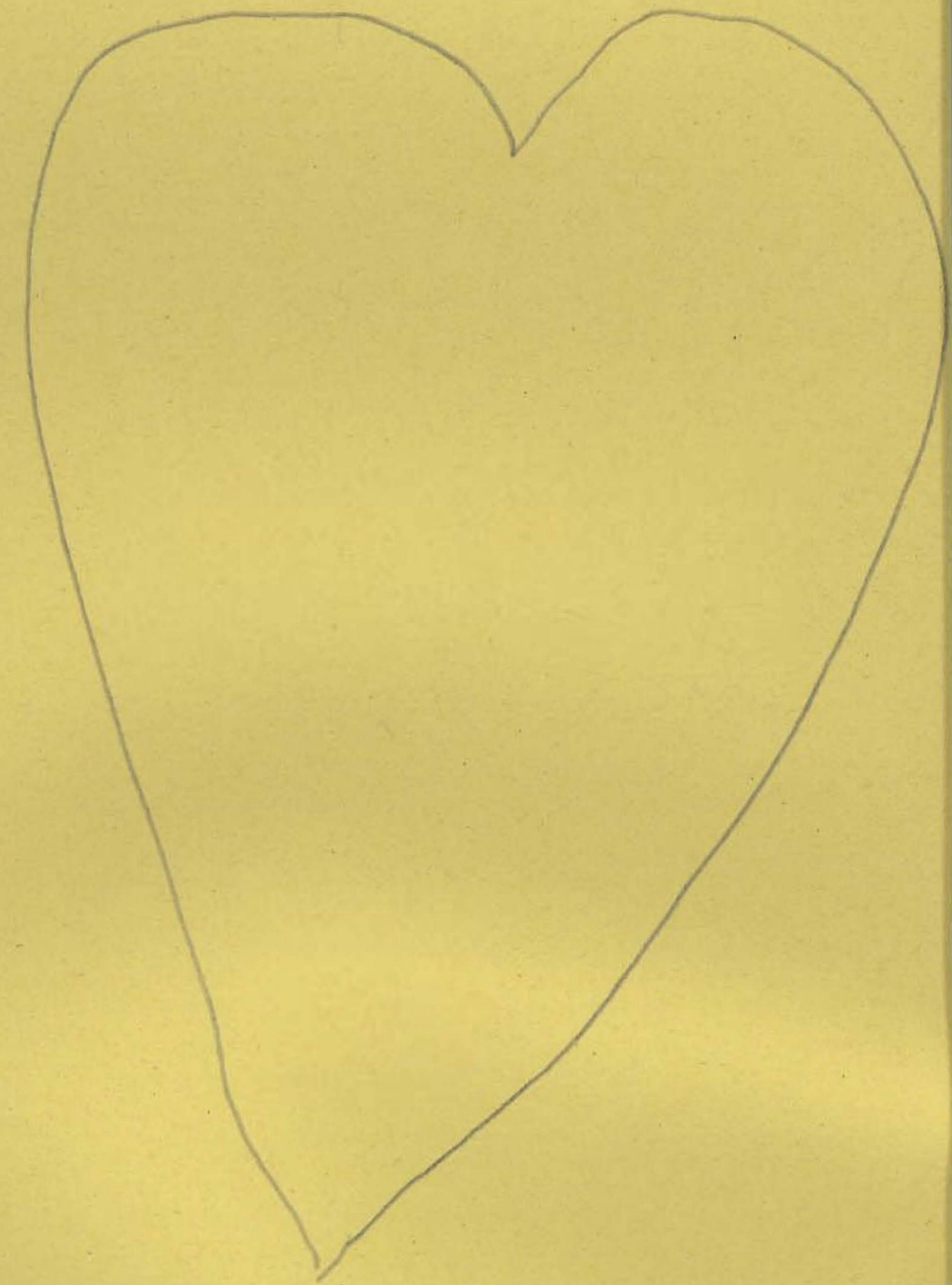
Destiny



Rachel I Love you?



To Rachel
from Kelsie



We will love you, forever
and not forget you.

We had fun together, playing
tag jumping and swinging

Love?

Kelsie

Merry Christmas





Wohd i fun together
 playing + Ag jumping and
 Swinging.

Love, David



We are spg

I Love,



I am d s i d r



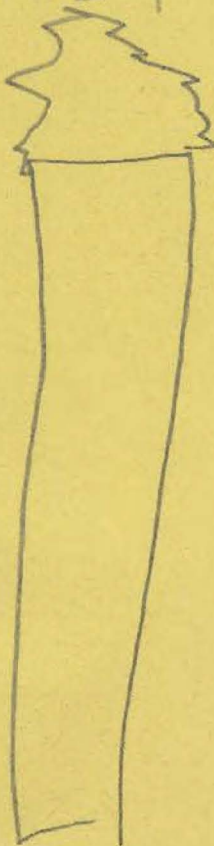
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 now ept.

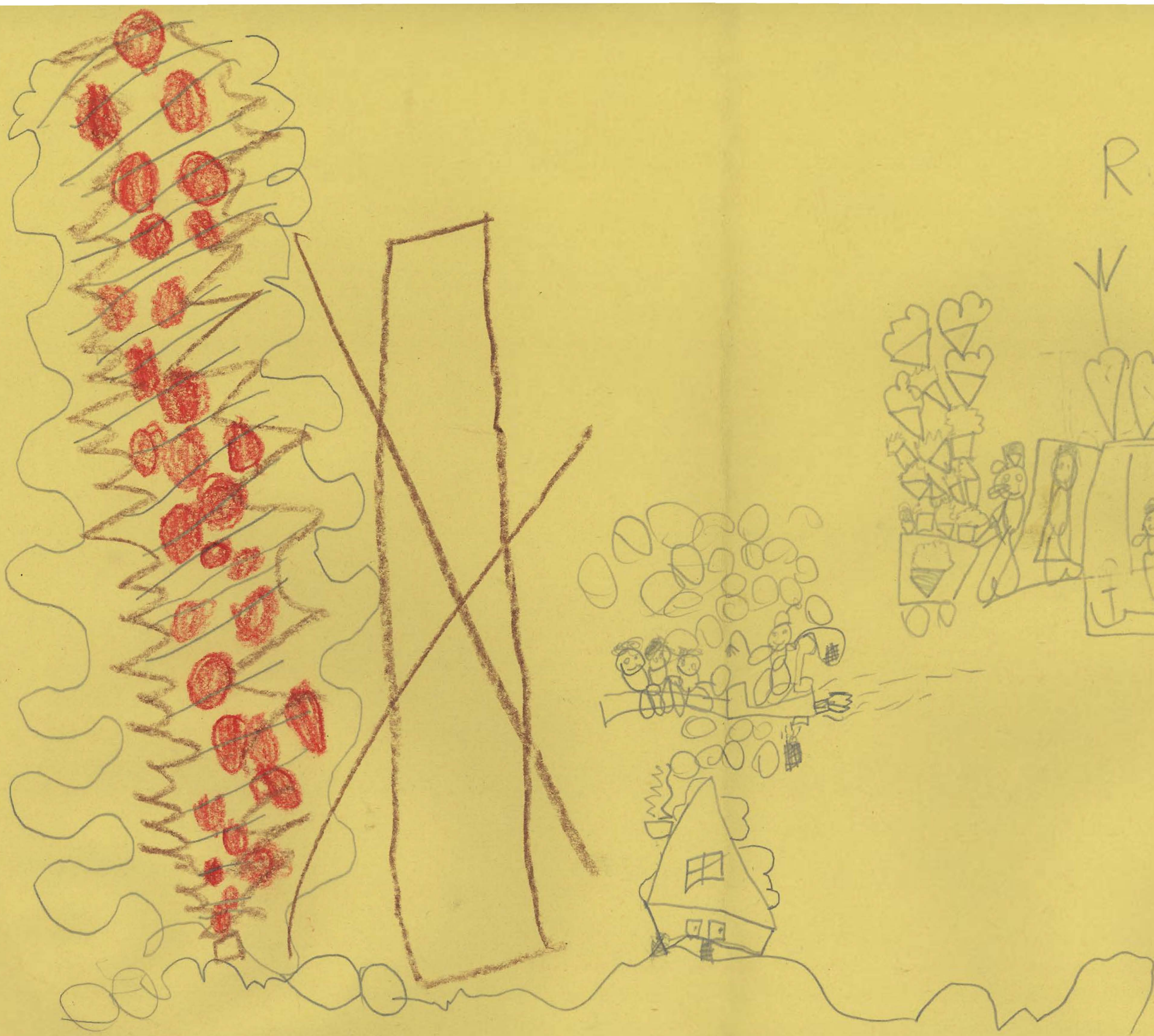
40/11



We luv Rachel
wih i git ot
ihm duhh mshu
not 100 mis
WA
in

Colton Newton
hot viv not
luv Rachel



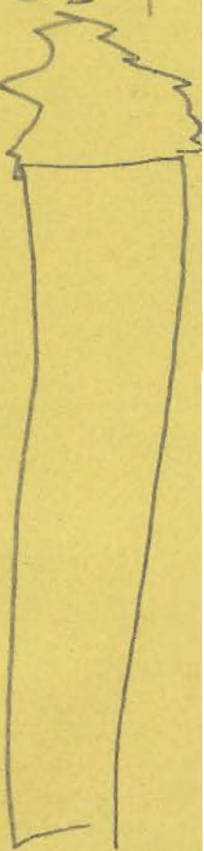


Rachel
vely*



We luv Rachel
wih i git ot
ihm duhh mshu
not 100 mis
WA
in

Colton Newton
hot viv not
luv Rachel



hyla to Rachel.

we will miss you
Rachel.

we will love
you forever

and not forget you.
We had fun together
playing tag, jumping
and swinging.

Love Love

Love Love

Love Love

Love Love

Love Love

Love Love

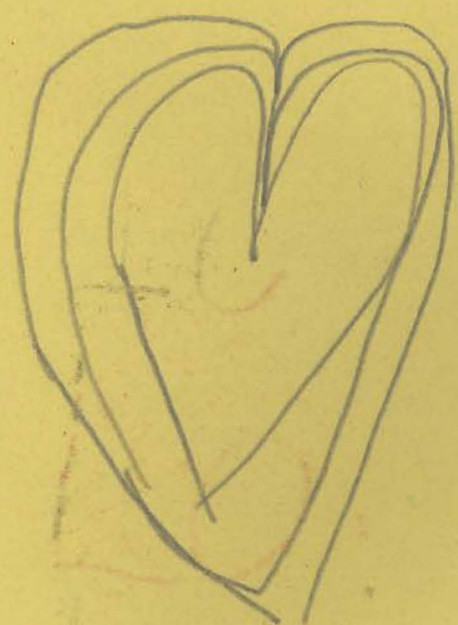
Love Love

Rachel Rachel

Shylato Rachel



Love
you
Rachel



Love
Rachel



To Rachel

miss you

for

forever

not



Tyler

~~I love you miss~~ we miss

we have fun.
we will miss.
we miss you.

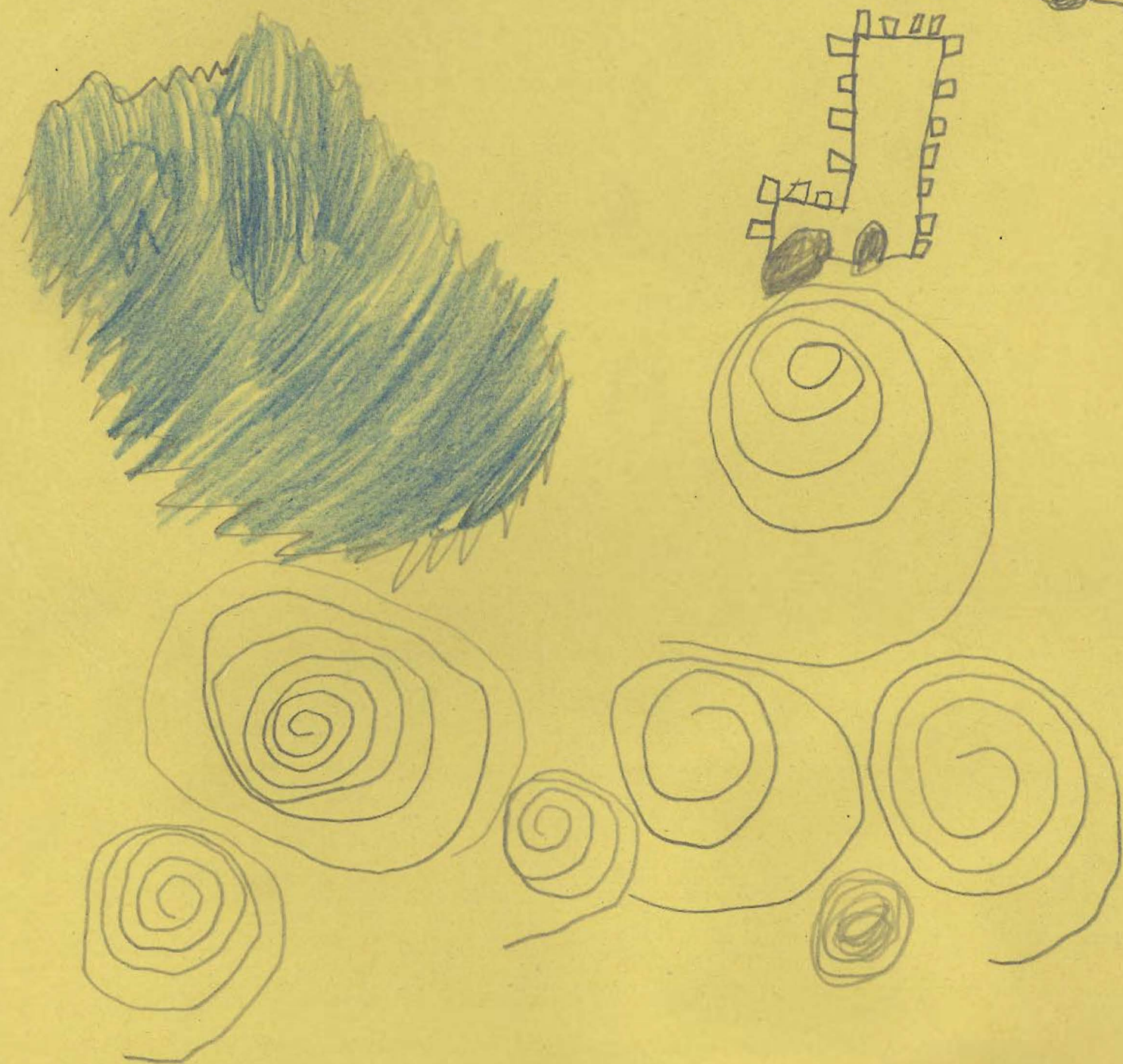
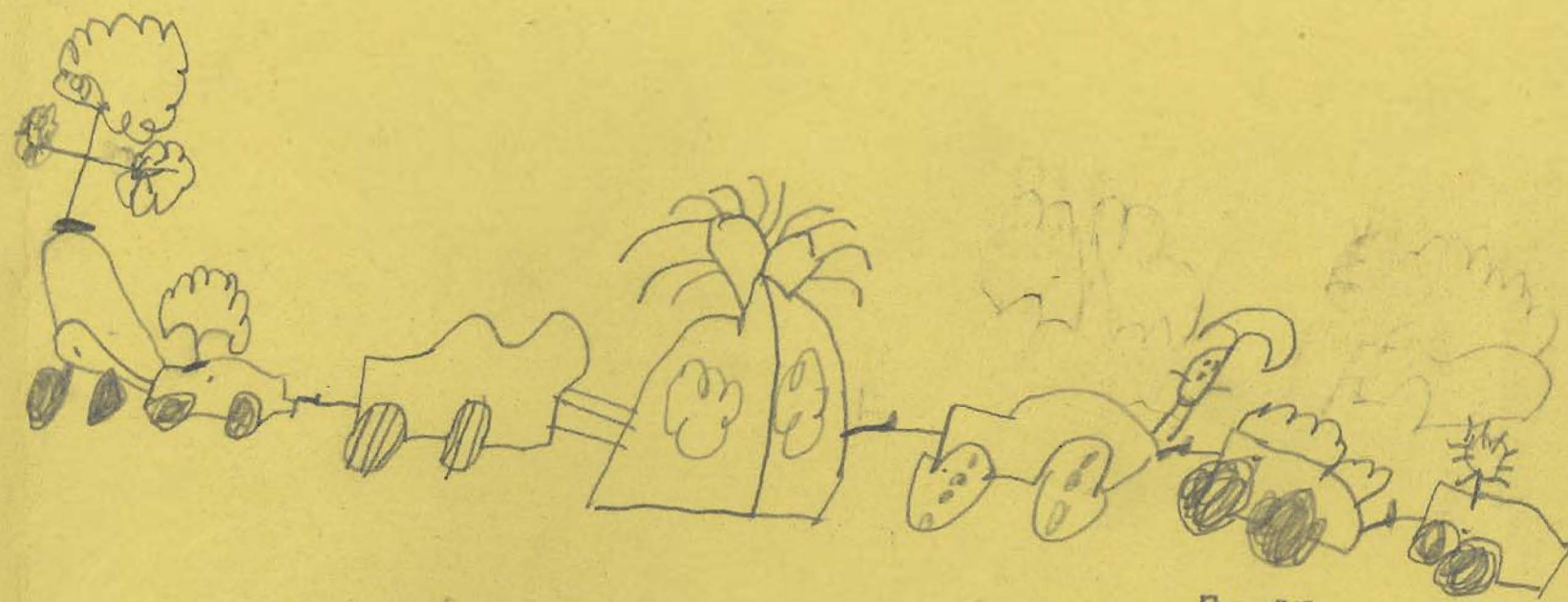
forget you.
we will miss you Rachel.
I miss you on Christmas



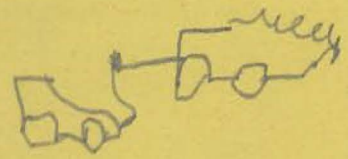
1. we will miss you Rachel

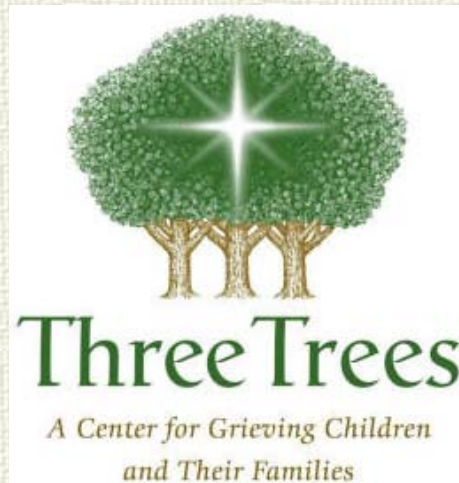
2. we will love you forever
and not forget you.

3. we had fun +



Aus +/h





Three Trees

Once upon a mountaintop, three little trees stood and dreamed of what they wanted to become when they grew up. The first little tree looked at the stars and said: "I want to hold treasure. I want to be covered with gold and filled with precious stones. I will be the most beautiful treasure chest in the world!" The second little tree looked out at the small stream trickling by on its way to the ocean." I want to be traveling mighty waters and carrying powerful kings. I'll be the strongest ship in the world!" The third little tree looked down into the valley below where busy men and women worked in a busy town." I don't want to leave the mountain top at all. I want to grow so tall that when people look at me, they'll raise their eyes to heaven and think of God. I will be the tallest tree in the world."

Years passed. The rains came, the sun shone and the three little trees grew tall. One day three woodcutters climbed the mountain. The first woodcutter looked at the first tree and said, "This tree is beautiful. It is perfect for me." With a swoop of his shining axe, the first tree fell." Now I shall be made into a beautiful chest, I shall hold wonderful treasure!" the first tree said. The second woodcutter looked at the second tree and said this tree is strong, it is perfect for me." With a swoop of his shining axe the second tree fell. Now I shall sail mighty waters," thought the second tree "I shall be a strong ship for mighty kings!" The third tree felt her heart sink when the last woodcutter looked her way. She stood straight and tall and pointed bravely to heaven. But the woodcutter never even looked up. "Any kind of tree will do for me," he uttered. With a swoop of his shining axe the third tree fell.

The first tree rejoiced when the woodcutter brought her to a carpenter's shop, but the carpenter fashioned her into a feed box for animals. The once beautiful tree was not covered with gold nor with treasure. She was coated in sawdust and filled with hay for hungry farm animals. The second tree smiled when the woodcutter took her to a shipyard, but no mighty sailing ship was made that day. Instead the once strong tree was hammered and sawed into a simple fishing boat. She was too small and too weak to sail to an ocean, or even a river, instead she was taken to a little lake. The third tree was confused when the woodcutter cut her into strong beams and left her in a lumberyard. "What happened?" the once

tall tree wondered. "All I ever wanted was to stay on the mountain top and point to God."

Many days and nights passed. The three trees nearly forgot their dreams. But one night golden starlight poured over the first tree as a woman placed her newborn baby in the feed box. "I wish I could make a cradle for him," her husband whispered. The mother squeezed his hand and smiled as the starlight shone on the smooth and sturdy wood. "This manger is beautiful," she said. And suddenly the first tree knew that he was holding the greatest treasure in the world.

One evening, a tired traveler and his friends crowded into the old fishing boat. The traveler fell asleep as the second tree sailed quietly out into the lake. Soon a thundering and thrashing storm arose. The little tree shuddered, she knew she didn't have the strength to carry so many passengers safely through the wind and the rain. The tired man awakened. He stood up, stretched out his hand and said "Peace". The storm stopped as quickly as it had begun. And suddenly the second tree knew that she was carrying the King of heaven and earth.

One Friday morning, the third tree was startled when her beams were yanked from the forgotten woodpile. She flinched as she was carried through an angry jeering crowd. She shuddered when soldiers nailed a man's hands to her. She felt ugly harsh and cruel. But, on Sunday morning, when the sun rose and the earth trembled with joy beneath her, the third tree knew that God's love had changed everything. It had made the third tree strong. And every time people thought of the third tree, they would think of God. That was better than being the tallest tree in the world.

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