

Darla Jeanne Roberts

65 a resident of Summers, Arkansas, passed away Friday, August 22, 2025 in Springdale, Arkansas. She was born December 2, 1959 in Corpus Christi, Texas, the daughter of James Charles J.C. and Edna Lois Stewart Doyle.

Darla will be deeply missed by all who knew and loved her. Throughout her life, she wore many hats with grace and compassion, but her most cherished title was "Nanny" — a role she embraced with pride and unconditional love. Whether cheering from the sidelines at sporting events or beaming with pride at school functions, she was her grandchildren's biggest fan and fiercest supporter.

As a devoted and loving mother, Darla played an active role in every chapter of her children's lives. Her guidance, encouragement, and unwavering support were constants that shaped her family's foundation. Her warmth, strength, and generosity of spirit left an indelible mark on everyone around her.

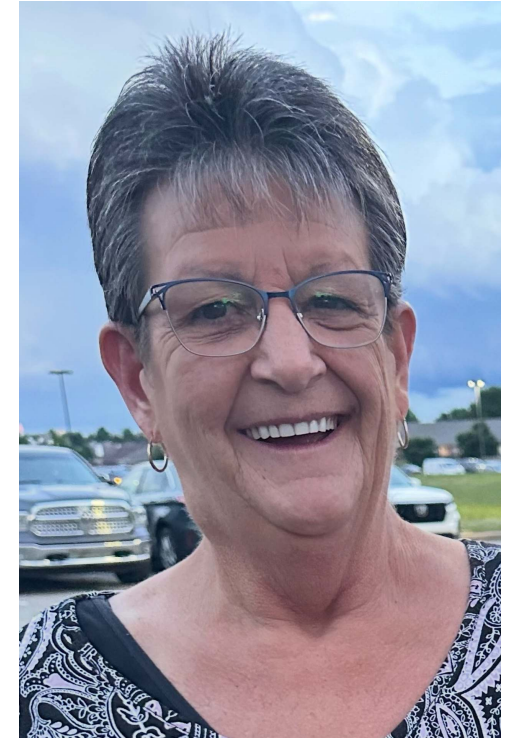
A proud and passionate Razorback fan, Darla never missed an opportunity to celebrate her team. She approached life with that same passion — embracing each day with a joyful heart and sharing her light with all those fortunate enough to know her.

Darla's legacy is one of love, laughter, and deep dedication. Though she may no longer walk beside us, her spirit lives on in the memories we hold dear and in the lives she so beautifully touched.

She was preceded in death by her grandparents, her father, James Charles J.C. Doyle and her step mom Sheryl Doyle.

Darla was survived by her husband Preston Roberts of the home; four children, Shanna Owens of Elm Springs, Arkansas, Josh Owens of Summers, Arkansas, Amber Halfacre of Farmington, Arkansas, and Chuck Roberts of Lincoln, Arkansas; her mother, Edna (Stewart) Jones and stepdad, Tom Jones of Summers, Arkansas; two sisters, Donna (Doyle) Villines and her husband Tony Villines, Jamie Brown of Lincoln, Arkansas; one step sister, Angie (Doyle) Ferguson and husband Steve Ferguson of Portland, Oregon; one brother, James Doyle of Summers, Arkansas; eight grandchildren and one great-great grandson; numerous nieces and nephews.

Celebrating **THE LIFE AND MEMORY OF**



Darla Jeanne Roberts

December 2, 1959
August 22, 2025

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

TWENTY THIRD PSALM

The LORD is my Shepherd;
I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in
green pastures:
He leadeth me beside
the still waters.

He restoreth my soul:
He leadeth me in the paths
of righteousness for
His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the
valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil:
for Thou art with me:
Thy rod and Thy staff
they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table
before me in the presence
of mine enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil;
my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and
mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life:
and I will dwell in the house
of the LORD forever.

CELEBRATING THE LIFE & MEMORY OF

Darla Jeanne Roberts

DATE, TIME & PLACE OF SERVICE

Wednesday, August 27, 2025 - 10:00 A.M.
Luginbuel Chapel
Prairie Grove, Arkansas

ORDER OF SERVICE

Prelude Family Memories Video

Opening Remarks Paul Young
Pastor - Summers Baptist Church

Prayer

“Precious Memories”

Words of Comfort Paul Young

Closing Prayer

Postlude Music

GRAVE SIDE SERVICES WILL NOT BE HELD. THE FAMILY WILL
REMAIN AFTER THE SERVICE TO VISIT WITH FRIENDS.

FINAL RESTING PLACE

Ganderville Cemetery
Summers, Arkansas

Beyond the Sunset

Should you go first, and I remain,
to walk the road alone.
I'll Live in memories garden,
dear, with happy days known.
In spring I'll wait for roses
red, when faded, the lilacs blue.
In early fall when brown leaves fall,
I'll catch a glimpse of you.
Should you go first, and I remain,
for battles to be fought.
Each thing you've touched along
the way will be a hallowed spot.
I'll hear your voice, I'll see
your smile, tho blindly I may grope.
The memory of your helping hand
will bouy me on with hope.
Should you go first, and I remain,
one thing I'll have you do.
Walk slowly down that long,
long, path, for soon I'll
follow you.
I want to know each step you
take, so I may take the same.
For some day down that lonely
road, you'll hear me call your name.