

Mae Lucy Ross
72, a resident of Fayetteville, Arkansas, passed away Monday, October 17, 2022 at her home. She was born September 13, 1950 in Poteau, Oklahoma, the daughter of Howard and Lucrisha (McCray) Johnson.

She was preceded in death by one son Tony Hendrix, one brother Eddie Johnson, and three sisters Brenda Johnson, Barbara Phillips, and Kathy Thomas.

Survivors include her husband Ricky Ross; one daughter Lisa Lampros and her husband Pete of Springdale, Arkansas; one brother Billy Gibson of Cameron, Oklahoma; five grandchildren; eleven great grandchildren and numerous 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



Mae Lucy Ross

September 13, 1950 - October 17, 2022

MOTHER LOVE

God surely knew the world would need

A gentle loving touch,

When He created mother love

That warms our hearts so much.

He must have known that children

Would need a guiding hand,

Someone who'd always be there

To care and understand.

God must have known our

hearts would need

A special kind of cheer

When He endowed a mother's face

With smiles that would endear.

Of all the gifts that God does send

From His heavenly realm above,

There is none that is more precious

Than that of mother's love.

CELEBRATING THE LIFE & MEMORY OF Mae Lucy Ross

DATE, TIME & PLACE OF SERVICE

Wednesday, October 19, 2022 - 2:00 P.M.
Luginbuel Chapel - Prairie Grove, Arkansas

ORDER OF SERVICE

Prelude Music Selections

Opening Remarks

Jeff Kinard

Prayer

"Tears in Heaven"

Words of Comfort

Jeff Kinard

Closing Prayer

Postlude Music Selections

*CEMETERY SERVICES WILL BE HELD IN THE
DUTCH MILLS CEMETERY PAVILION*

FINAL RESTING PLACE Dutch Mills Cemetery

PALLBEARERS

Daniel Brasuell - Pete Lampros - Kenny Ross
Scott Wilson - Johnny Morgan - Charles Hillis

Perhaps Today

Perhaps at cool of morning when

The day is breaking light;

Perhaps at noontide's hour, or

'Midst gathering shades of night

I'll see a burst of glory, and

The angel's voice I'll hear;

The trumpet's golden throat will sound

The summons loud and clear!

Then suddenly - I'll see the Lord!

I'll meet Him face to face...

The Lord of all the universe

The Lord of truth and grace!

My cup of bliss will overflow;

I'll see Him as He is!

What joy to place my hand within

That nail-scarred hand of His!

Perhaps today will be the day

I'll hear His welcomed voice!

Perhaps today I'll see the Lord

And evermore rejoice!