

Steven Lee Sharp

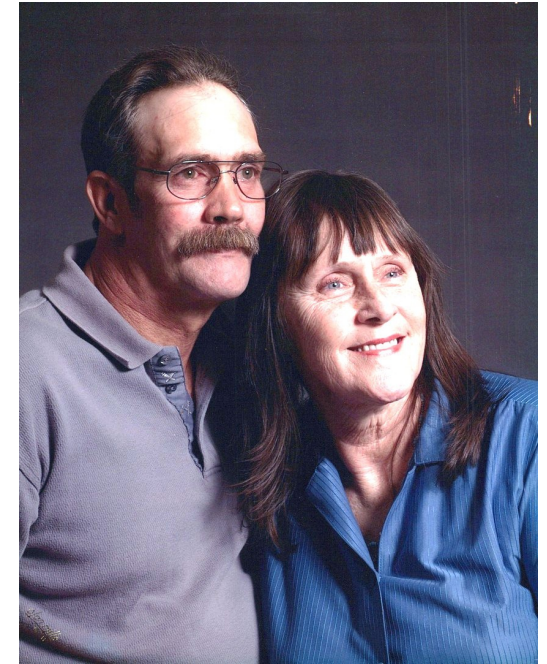
Age 63, a resident of Prairie Grove, Arkansas, passed away Friday, February 2, 2024 at his home. He was born December 30, 1960 in Fayetteville, Arkansas, the son of Herbert Lee and Letha Evelyn (McMurry) Sharp.

He was preceded in death by his mother, Letha Sharp.

Survivors include his wife Dava Birge-Sharp; his father Lee Sharp; two step daughters Roxana Neeley and her husband Brian, and Amanda McCain and her husband Kenneth; one brother Gary Neil Sharp and his wife Thongsouk; two nephews Christopher Lee Sharp and his wife Misti and Anthony Neil Sharp and his wife Maria; one great niece Carinae; two great nephews Orion and Isaiah; three grandchildren Tavia, Nakona, and Seth; numerous aunts and uncles.

Celebrating

THE LIFE AND MEMORY OF



Steven Lee Sharp

December 30, 1960 - February 2, 2024

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 & MEMORY OF

Steven Lee Sharp

DATE, TIME & PLACE OF SERVICE

Monday, February 5, 2024 - 2:00 P.M.

Luginbuel Chapel

Prairie Grove, Arkansas

ORDER OF SERVICE

Prelude Music

“Wild Flowers”

Opening Remarks

Derek Steinmuller

Prayer

“Simple Man”

Words of Comfort

Derek Steinmuller

Closing Prayer

Family Memories Video

“So Far Away”

Postlude Music

“Free Bird”

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

FINAL RESTING PLACE

Prairie Grove Cemetery

Prairie Grove, Arkansas

I am standing upon the seashore.

A ship at my side

spreads her white sails

to the morning breeze and

starts for the blue ocean.

She is an object of beauty and strength.

I stand and watch her until at length

she hangs like a speck of white cloud

just where the sea and sky come to

mingle with each other.

Then someone at my side says:

“There, she is gone!”

“Gone where?”

Gone from my sight. That is all.

She is just as large in mast and hull

and spar as she was when she left

my side and she is just as able to bear

her load of living freight

to her destined port.

Her diminished size is in me,

not in her.

And just at the moment when

someone at my side says:

“There, she is gone!”

there are other eyes watching

her coming, and the other voices ready

to take up the glad shout:

“Here she comes!”

And that is dying.

Death is Nothing at All

Death is nothing at all.

I've only slipped away to the next room.

I am I and you are you.

Whatever we were to each other

That, we still are.

Laugh as we always laughed

at the jokes we enjoyed together.

Play, smile, think of me.

Let my name be ever

the household word that

it always was.

Let it be spoken without effect.

Without the trace of a shadow on it.

Why should I be out of mind

because I'm out of sight?

I am but waiting on you.

For an interval.

Somewhere. Very near.

Just around the corner.

All is well.