

Carmi Sue Taylor, 61 a resident of Farmington, passed away Sunday, March 23, 2025 in Farmington. She was born August 24, 1963 in Roseburg, Oregon, the daughter of Curtis Carmi and Ruby Leone (Bell) Abbott.

Susan loved her dogs Boji, BJ and Murphy more than most people. She loved the outdoors and taking her dogs for a drive.

She was preceded in death by her parents; her first husband Kevin Taylor; four brothers, and two sisters.

Survivors include her sons, Justen Taylor, Dakota Stapleton and Brice Taylor; her life companion, Bill Stapleton; sisters Lisa Nelund, Maxine Dow and Mable Ann Spahn; grandchildren, Braiden Taylor, Kelvin Taylor and Sarai Holmes; A host of other family and friends.

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



Carmi Sue

Taylor

August 24, 1963
March 23, 2025

MOTHER'S 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

Carmi Sue Taylor

DATE, TIME & PLACE OF VISITATION

Wednesday, March 26, 2025 - 6:00-7:00 P.M.

Luginbuel Chapel

Prairie Grove, Arkansas

There's only one heart like mother's

And that is the heart of God,

Forgiving, forgetting and loving

The child who the wrong has done.

No eyes like the eyes of mother

can see in me all that is best,

Remembering all of my goodness

Forgetting all of the rest.

No feet like the feet of mother

That hasten to be at my side,

To comfort my hour of suffering

To share in the joys that betide.

No hand like the hand of mother

So gentle to soothe and so kind,

When God gave to me a mother

'Twas the choicest gift He could find.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS

Such beautiful, beautiful hands,

They're neither white nor small;

And you, I know, would scarcely think

That they were fair at all.

I've looked on hands whose form and hue

A sculptor's dream might be,

Yet are these aged wrinkled hands

Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!

Though heart were weary and sad

These patient hands kept toiling on

That the children might be glad.

I almost weep when looking back

To childhood's distant day!

I think how these hands rested not

When mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!

They're growing feeble now,

And time and pain have left their mark

On hand, and heart and brow.

Alas! alas! the nearing time –

And the sad, sad day to me,

When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,

These hands must folded be.

But, oh! beyond the shadowy lands,

Where all is bright and fair,

I know full well these dear old hands

Will palms of victory bear;

When crystal streams, through endless

years,

Flow over golden sands,

And where the old are young again,

I'll clasp my mother's hands.