

A TRIBUTE
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Memorial Obituary



Entered Into Eternal Rest
Sunday, July 23, 1972

**ELIZABETH MAXWELL
DIES**

Mrs. M. Elizabeth Maxwell, 76, Mulberry, died at Mt. Carmel Medical Center July 23 where she had been a patient since June 30.

Mrs. Maxwell was born Jan. 31, 1896 in Bear Creek Springs Ark. She moved to Arcadia with her parents at the age of three months. For the past 41 years she had been a resident of Mulberry. She taught in the Crawford County grade schools for 22 years. Prior to retiring in 1966 she taught 12 years in the Mulberry grade schools.

She was a member of the United Methodist Church of Mulberry and the Mulberry Chapter No. 328, Order of the Eastern Star.

On June 9, 1915 she married Hearl Maxwell Sr. in Arcadia. He survives.

Other survivors are: four sons: Hearl Maxwell Jr., Frontenac, Marion Maxwell, Branson, Mo.; Max R. Maxwell Knob Noster, Mo., and Robert E.

Maxwell, Shawnee, Kans.; three daughters, Mrs. Frank (Elizabeth) Jones, Mulberry; Mrs. Luigi (Patricia) Brichalli, Coffeyville and Mrs. Sandra Penner Wichita; six brothers, Charles Hamilton, Albert L. Hamilton, both of Mulberry; Walter Hamilton, Frisco City, Ala.; Frank Hamilton, Sapulpa, Okla.; George Hamilton, Denver and Ralph Hamilton, Pueblo, Colo.; two sisters, Mrs. Rose Smith, Arcadia, and Mrs. Myrtle Williams, Mulberry; 24 grandchildren and 16 great-grandchildren.

Services were at 2 p. m. Tuesday at the United Methodist Church, Mulberry, with the Rev. Elton Garrison officiating. Burial will be at Sheffield Cemetery, Arcadia under the direction of the Berkey Funeral Service.

Grandsons who served as casketbearers were: Hearl J. Maxwell, Richard T. Maxwell, Thomas H. Maxwell, Richard B. Maxwell, Bruce A. Hemby, Dale R. Smith, and Barney Montanelli.

They are not lost who find
the light of sun and stars and God.

Rest In Peace



*I cannot say, and I will not say
That she is dead-she is just away!
With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand,
She has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since she lingers there.
And you-O you, who the wildest yearn
For the old time step and glad return,
Think of her faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here;
Think of her still as the same, I say:
She is not dead-she is just away!*

James Whitcomb Riley



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A Permanent Record of the
Obituary and Funeral Details