

GRAVESIDE SERVICE

Selection.....Deacon Ronnie Word
Scripture.....Pastor Robert L. Spickard, Sr.
Prayer.....Deacon Ronnie Word
Poem.....Billie Burton
Selection.....Deacon James L. Neuble, Jr.
Words of Comfort.....Pastor Robert L. Spickard, Sr.
Committal and Benediction



ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Acknowledgements for the many kind acts of love, compassion, kindness, prayers, calls, food, love and concerns extended during the sadness, sorrow and separation of our loved one. We can never thank you enough, but God knows and may He bless each of you.

-The Family-

SERVICES ENTRUSTED TO:

Neuble Monument
Funeral Home, LLC

James L. Neuble, Jr.
Owner/Funeral Director

Stacy Neuble
Co-Owner/Assistant

1330 Bluebird Road · Lebanon, TN 37087 · 615.444.3117

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Celebration OF *Life* FOR



DORIS JEAN BEARD

November 27, 1935 - November 3, 2020

Saturday · November 7, 2020 · 1:00 PM

MOUNT LEBANON MEMORIAL GARDENS

2464 Old Murfreesboro Road · Lebanon, TN

Officiant: Pastor Robert L. Spickard, Sr.

DORIS JEAN BEARD

November 27, 1935 - November 3, 2020



Doris Jean Beard was born to the late James Corder and Anna Marie Corder on November 27, 1935. She was called to take her eternal rest on Tuesday, November 3, 2020.

She was preceded in death by her parents along with her husband, Sam W. Beard and son, Gregory Lee Beard, siblings: Willie Dean Hill, J. T. Corder, William Earl Corder, Cornelia Robertson and Mary Sue Stafford.

Doris was a member of Cedars of Lebanon Primitive Baptist Church. She worked at Hartmann Luggage for 30 years.

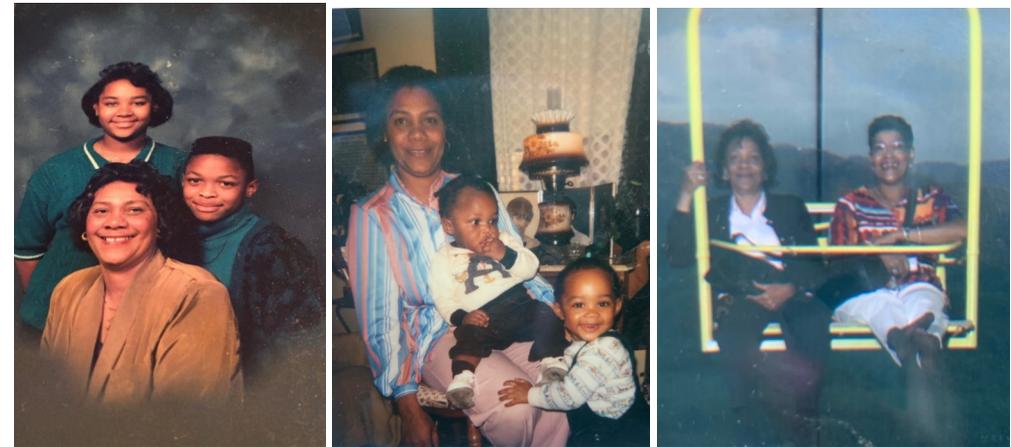
She is survived by her five children: Gladys Rene' Crook of Nashville, TN, Linda (Scott) Beard-Smith of Antioch, TN, Carla J. (Maurice) Beard-Butler of Mt. Juliet, TN, Russell Beard and LaRandall Beard both of Lebanon, TN; nine grandchildren: very devoted granddaughter, Quinnetta (Eric) Crook-Hull, Aleshia Palmer, Brandy Clark, a devoted grandson, Jasper Beard, Larandall Beard-Tunstall, Carlos Beard, Josh Vantrease, Desmond Beard and Travis Beard; seventeen great grandchildren; sisters: Carlene (Jackie) Jenkins of Nashville, TN, Elizabeth Taylor of Newark, NJ, Lois (Ronnie) Word of Hermitage, TN and Cynthia (Charles) Alexander of Lebanon, TN; brothers: Thomas Corder and Larry Corder both of Mt. Juliet, TN; aunt, Martha Gladys Corder ; devoted cousin, Billie Ann Burton and a host of nieces and nephews.

*7I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith:
8Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.*

- II Timothy 4:7-8



MEMORIES LAST FOREVER



And ye therefore have sorrow: but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.

-John 16:22





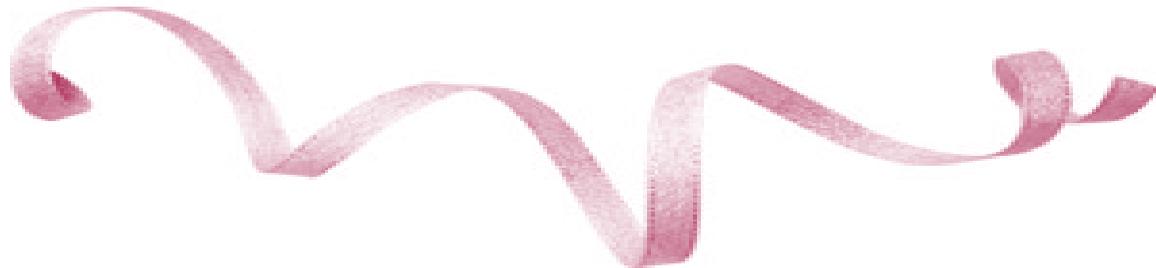
Mother

Mother you heard God's whisper, calling you home, you did not want to leave us, we saw you fight. You loved us so much that you held on until all your strength was gone. Finally you gave your hand to God and slipped away quietly...no farewell words were spoken, there was no time to say goodbye. You were gone.

After the tears have dried and the goodbyes have been said, all we have to hold on to are the happy memories. Our hearts ache in sadness and tears still flow. What it means to lose you, no one will ever know. Mother thank you for life, we will all always miss you and love you!!!

Your children,

Rene', Linda, Russell, La Randall and Carla



HER JOURNEY'S JUST BEGUN

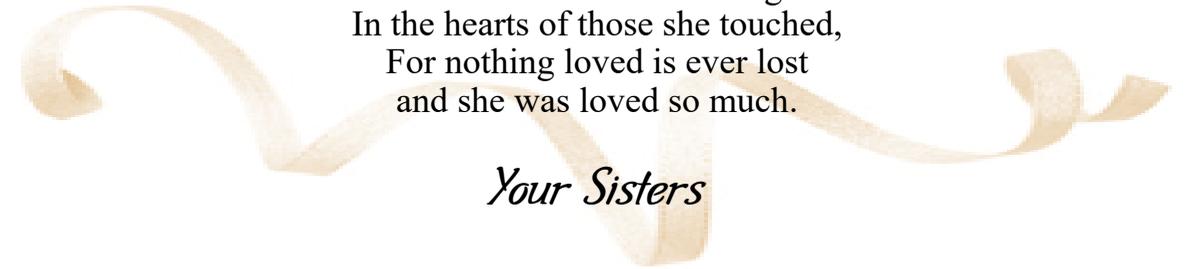
by Ellen Brenneman

Don't think of her as gone away,
her journey's just begun;
life holds so many facets
this earth is only one.

Just think of her as resting
from the sorrows and the tears,
In a place of warmth and comfort,
where there are no days or years.

Think how she must be wishing
that we could know today,
How nothing but our sadness
can really pass away.

And think of her as living
In the hearts of those she touched,
For nothing loved is ever lost
and she was loved so much.



Your Sisters



My Dear Family and Friends

Death is nothing at all as you may think.

I am not gone, I have only slipped away into the next room. Everything remains as it was. I am I, and you are you and the old life that we lived so fondly together is untouched, unchanged. Whatever we were to each other, that we still are.

Call me by the old familiar name, Doris. Speak of me in the easy way which you always used. Put no difference into your tone. Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow. Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes that we enjoyed together. Play, smile, think of me, pray for me. Let my name be ever the household word that it always was. Let it be spoken without an effort, without a shadow upon it.

Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight? I am but waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near, just round the corner. All is well. Nothing is hurt; nothing is lost. One brief moment and all will be as it was before. How we shall laugh at the trouble of parting when we meet again!

Lovingly, Doris

Doris Jean Beard

November 27, 1935 - November 3, 2020

