



Doyle Pruitt

May 20, 1924 - November 6, 2010

Doyle Pruitt, age 86, of Greers Ferry, Arkansas, formerly of Stockton, California, passed away Saturday, November 6, 2010. He was born May 20, 1924, in Dabney, Arkansas, a son of George Washington Pruitt and Slena Bridges Pruitt, he was widowed in 1994 after being married to the mother of their girls, Loetta Gene Church Pruitt for 50 years.

Survivors include his loving companion, Tommie Clark; two daughters and their husbands, Judy and Pete Rosenquist of California, and Janet and Gary Jackson of Springfield; brother, Darse Pruitt of Overcup; two sisters, Buena Benefield of Sheridan and Buela Haley of Morrilton; grandchildren, Angela Rosenquist, Nick Rosenquist, Marisa Torres (Alex), and Matt Rosenquist all of California, Hope Milsap and husband Jhay of Plumerville, Mike Jackson and wife Lori of Jacksonville, Arkansas; great-grandchildren, Abbye, Jayce, Garren and Grayson all of Arkansas, and Jeff, John, Lisa, Jordan, and Ryan all of California.

Funeral services will be 11:00 a.m. Wednesday, November 10, 2010, at the Harris Chapel with Bro. Dennis Holmes and Bro. Craig Duncan officiating. Burial will be at Pruitt Cemetery by Harris Funeral Home of Morrilton. The family will receive friends for an hour prior to service time. Memorials may be made to Lonoke Missionary Baptist Church, 2662 Highway 9 North, Morrilton, Arkansas 72110, or Cleburne County Hospice.

Tribute Wall



“ *Doyle Pruitt*

January 30, 2023 at 02:08 AM



“ A Letter to Grandpa Doyle

Your temporary home at Pruitt Cemetery in Arkansas next to Grandma Loetta reflects a beautiful sunset atop the hill every day the sun shines and sets on you. I hope I touch someone in this life the way youve touched me. You lived a great life, a Baptist life, a life others wish theyd led now that they understand the simple, loving, always happy impact you had on this world for having lived here.

We lucked out though, because even though your site looks over the valley, you now are in a place where you look over all of us. We wont ask you to do much, as we know your busy finding your way around in Heaven, meeting with Grandma and your family and friends that youve missed over the years.

We kids got together this past weekwe played Chinese football on our layover in Denver; we sang Mountain Dew in the rental car. Kaylie and I even caught a few minutes of Dukes of Hazzard before we feel asleep. We looked at pictures, shared stories, and played Mexican train dominoes as a family. You would have been proud of us as a family. I was tempted to put tennis balls on either end of the rails of your casketsomething you would have done yourself if youd have thought of it! Either that or I thought of sneaking a \$2 bill to you just before I left. ?

I spent time with you just a few weeks before you left this world. How lucky was I? We drank coffee (I dunked my old-fashioned donuts this morning), played music (you rocked out the tambourine while I humbly played the spoons), and we laughed about all the times you spent babysitting Nick and me. We talked about the time I bucked you off a tractor (I was nine) and the times we had soda pop drinking contests from Daniels Seat Cover shop on West Lane to the red barn on Waterloo Road. Back then, life was a simple and perfect routine Family Feud, Wheel of Fortune, Dukes of Hazzard, Dallas, making the grocery list for the morning at Giant, Dynasty, and then sleepknowing we had the best tomorrow just waiting for us

to wake up and greet it with a smile.

Morning always rose to the smell of chocolate gravy, biscuits, coffee, eggs with cheddar cheese, leftovers for Cody (the Carpenters dog) then we shoved off to the grocery store. The rest of the day was full of picking turnip greens and lemons, playing near Bills house, or playing ball in the yard.

You also picked a great woman, who, as a Grandma, taught me:

Whatever youre wearing, have definition around the waist.

If you drop something, let him pick it up. I know you want to do it yourself, but girl, just let him. Pick. It. Up.

Grandpa used to sing to me in between Dukes of Hazzard and Dallas

*Two little rosebuds were taken from their home
To make their room in Heaven, to decorate their throne
Two little rosebuds, one so little, one so sweet
Made their room in Heaven while Jesus was asleep.*

I didnt know what it meant until now

We look forward to you watching over us. Youre happy and pain free, if that dont beat a dogs hind leg. Were blessed because of the joy and learning that you brought to our lives every day we lived it together.

Our futures both seem bright from where were lookin.

Lessons you taught me:

*Dont judge yourself against others. You dont know what their journey is. Tend to your own garden.
Everything can change in the blink of an eye. But dont worry God*

never blinks, but Grandma Loetta will tell you to remind me to bat my eyes. ?

Dont draw attention to yourself. If you need to, either you dont deserve the attention or you are doing it to improve someone elses day. No gray area option with this one.

Have faith, and a faith-filled life, and know that God will take care of the details.

Live a life of acceptance of others for who they are and for the choices they make. You can still love the person even though you may not love the choice that person has made. And let that person know you love and accept them.

Work hard, expect much from yourself, and give much back.

Travel, relax, experience, and take a break to enjoy the beauty of what this life offers.

Be content with

November 14, 2010 at 12:00 AM



“ Janet & Judy,

We were so sorry to hear about the loss of your Dad. Doyle was a good neighbor and such a special person. We will always cherish the good times we spent with him. He always had a smile on his face and our girls just loved him. The happy memories will live on in our hearts. Our thoughts and prayers are with you all.

Larry & Elaine Summers

November 12, 2010 at 12:00 AM



“ Judy & Janet, So sorry to hear about your dad. He was such a delightful person. I remember him as always cheerful and with a grin on his face. Uncle Doyle was loved by everyone he came in contact with. You are in our thoughts and prayers. Love to you both Ed

November 09, 2010 at 12:00 AM



“ You know how sorry I am to hear about your loss & will always remember "the frog".

Luv ya

November 09, 2010 at 12:00 AM



“ Janet, We are sadden at the loss of Doyle but we know is dancing a jig for Jesus in heaven & everyone is smiling. Our prayers are with you & your family in this time of sorrow. We love you as always, Sharon & Kent.

November 09, 2010 at 12:00 AM



“ Hi Janet, sorry to hear about your dad. I still remember him as far back when you lived behind my dad's store. Hope all is well.

Steve Caporusso

November 09, 2010 at 12:00 AM



“ I am so sorry to hear about Mr. Doyle. He and I and Mom, Carrol Tilly and others use to meet at McDonald's every morning for fun and laughter.

There was never a dull moment when he was there.

I have missed being around him for the past few years. I know he is in a better place now. We will all miss him!. God bless you and may His Grace be with you.

Mike Crowell

November 09, 2010 at 12:00 AM



“ Janet and Gary,

*I was so sorry to hear of your dad. I love him so much. He was always so bubbly and friendly and made me smile. He used to stop in at the bank and dance for me every friday. If there is anything that I can do for you let me know. You are in our thoughts and prayers. --
--Dena Kay and family*

November 08, 2010 at 12:00 AM