



CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF
BECKY JO ROBERTS



JULY 6, 1954 ~ MAY 30, 2020


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CELEBRATING LIFE

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There's no way to prepare for deep grief,
for the pain that shatters
a heart and a life when a beloved leaves.
No one can coach us on it. Those who could, who knew exactly
how it felt, who could describe it in detail, wouldn't
do it, would not presume to encroach on the most intimate
part of our relationship with a loved one. Those who casually say,
"Aren't you over that yet ?" don't understand.
This much I will tell you about grief: If there was ever a second,
or a moment, when you suspected or knew you had
been betrayed at the deepest level by someone you adored,
and a splintering pain began to shred your heart, turn your
world grimly unbearable to the point where you would
consciously choose denial and ignorance about the betrayal
rather than feel this way, that is one-millionth
of what it feels like to grieve.

Grief is not an abnormal condition, nor is it something to
be treated with words. It is a universe, a world unto itself. If
you are called to enter this world, there is no turning back.
We are not allowed to refuse that call. Grief is like nothing
else, with the possible exception of the pounding waves of
the ocean. To the untrained, casual eye, each wave looks the
same. It is not. No two are the same. And each one washes
away the old, and washes in the new.

Gradually, almost imperceptibly,
whether we believe it or not, we are being transformed.

*God, take care of me those moments and hours when
I cannot find the will or power to take care of myself. Transform me, if
not in the twinkling of an eye, then over the slow movement of the
years, into who I will become.*

- Melody Beattie
Language of Letting Go

Becky Jo Wright Roberts, 65, of Sherwood passed away Saturday, May 30, 2020. She was born July 6, 1954 in North Little Rock, Arkansas to Joe and Rose Wright. She was preceded in death by both parents.

She grew up at Gardner United Methodist Church and volunteered each week there at the church food pantry. She loved the Razorbacks and especially Tailgating at games, she loved to travel, and plan vacations. She adored her family and friends; but her greatest delight was spending time with her children and grandkids. That made her happiest of all. She loved going to their ballgames.

She had an Infectious Spirit about her, and never met a stranger, if you ever met her, you were Family. Those who knew her saw some of the Power of God's Grace in a human life. Becky had strong belief in God and strong family ties that ran deep. She was so in awe of her sister Kim, and everything she does and has accomplished, and of her son Justin, she was especially proud of the man he had become, and the father figure he is to her grandchildren.

Becky loved to read, and was always writing in her day planner (mostly about the kids, and grandchildren).

She was a constant source of inspiration, guidance, and voice of reason for her husband. She always had his back, his favorite thing she would say to him is "I GOT THIS. "

Becky is survived by her husband of 18 years, Darius Roberts; children, Justin McCuiston, Kali Roberts, Caleb (Brianna) Roberts, Jeff Campbell, and Cassie Campbell; grandchildren, Ryley and Colin McCuiston, Eva Roberts, Reef Roberts; sister, Kim Stacey (Joe); nephews, Scott (D.J.) Stacey and West (Jenna) Stacey; niece, BeckyJo Stacey; and her two special "Girls' Groups."

Becky was working at the Department of Local Services in 1977 when several staff and friends began going out after work to Busters, Fridays or Tracks Inn. The friendships that developed among the eight members of the Glee Club has lasted every day since. For 43 years, this group regularly had gatherings including pool parties, trips to Oaklawn and a special "fastest day" adventure that got funnier every single time it was told. There are so many stories. The laughter was often very loud, and the group trait was that everybody talked at once. Fun was ever present and secrets were shared but never remembered. Becky always had a smile and a story to tell. Her heart was pure and her spirit vivacious. She was the baby of the group and will be missed forever.

She was a strong advocate of Child Adoption, please support.

Donations can be made to Gardener Methodist Church Food Pantry or memorials may be made to Pulaski County Humane Society.

A Celebration and Time of Remembrance will be from 3:00 p.m. – 7:00 p.m., Thursday, June 4, 2020 at Smith–North Little Rock Funeral Home, 1921 Main Street. Please drop in during this time or sign the online guestbook at www.SmithFamilyCares.com.