



Barbara Ann Holliday Phillips

AUG 5, 1938 - SEP 8, 2020



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Barbara Ann Holliday Phillips

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Barbara Ann Holliday Phillips was born August 5, 1938 in Jefferson, Texas. She died September 8, 2020 at the age of 82. She was preceded in death by her husband Wesley Phillips; her parents Hattie Holliday and (A.V.) Holliday, Sr. Survivors include a step brother, E. J. Holliday and his wife Carol; a nephew, Kevin Holliday; a niece, Carol Oliviera; her best friends and adopted family, Clay Morgan of Rogers, Arkansas; Kelly McCrink, her husband Will and their children William, Dylan, Cy and Addi of Cazenovia, New York along with Becky Featherston of Rogers, Arkansas.

Barbara graduated from high school in Jefferson Texas and moved to Dallas, shortly thereafter. She worked for Merrill Lynch and met her husband, George Wesley Phillips. During their 31 years of marriage they moved to Oklahoma City, Oklahoma where she was a business secretary for many years with Western Sprinkler. Barbara and Wes then moved to Rogers Arkansas in 1985 after Sam Walton offered Wes the position of Wal-Mart's fabric buyer. Barbara kept herself extremely busy volunteering at the Humane Society and eventually became president for over 20 years. She finished her time there with thousands upon thousands of hours and countless amount of money raised for the animals who came into the shelter. Her passion to save animals from hunger, disease and abuse was unwavering. The animal world has suffered a great loss, but thankfully Clay Morgan's path crossed with hers in 1985 and he continues her constant and selfless work. The best gift she could have ever received.

Having no biological children Barbara mothered others throughout her life. Her kindness and nurturing proved that family is not always formed by DNA, but by love. She was a strong woman and a protector of many. There is no way to list all the people she helped when they had fallen, needed someone to believe in them, money to help them back on their feet or just some good ole sassy hard facts about what



Obituary

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they needed to do. She gave in the purest form, not expecting praise or recognition. “Give with love and the right intentions and it’s on them what they choose to do with it” were Barbara thoughts.

She will be missed by all.

A memorial service will be held 11:00 a.m. Monday September 14, 2020 at Stockdale-Moody Funeral Services.

Memorials may be made to the Humane Society for Animals at P.O. Box 476, Rogers, AR 72757.




Events


Barbara Ann Holliday Phillips

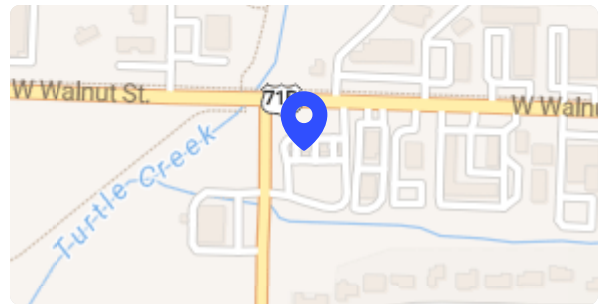
AUG 5, 1938 - SEP 8, 2020

Memorial Service

 **Monday**, September 14, 2020

 11:00 AM CT

 **Nelson-Berna of Rogers**
2898 West Walnut, Rogers AR 72756





Tribute Wall

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DM

Dray Moorman posted:

My name is DRay Moorman. Barbara was friends with my mother just after my dad dies at 5 years old. She stepped in and became a second mom. I remember getting caught egging and papering a house with friends. I was scared and did nothing but watch in horror. The police soon arrived at my house and my mom was in the hospital and poor barbara was watching over my sister, brother and myself.(the youngest) She didn't tell my mom ! Her and Wes became part of my life so many times.I watched her send eggs back at a dennies 4 times. I felt so uncomfortable her doing that. Then she looked me in the eyes and said "DRay all I want is what I'm paying for. Never let anyone take advantage when your paying with hard earned money". A philosophy I still live by at 57.I have skipped about a hundred other stories. I will end on this. I went to live with them at 24 years old, I had burnt every bridge in my life. I was broke and lost my apartment. She welcomed me. The day I arrived my car broke and it was bad, 2500 dollars(might as well as been half a million). She paid it and other things. Within 30 days I owed her 5000 dollars. I walked out on the street in slacks shirt tie and a newspaper in a briefcase to make it feel and appear it was full of smart content. During this time I must add a had a very special relationship with Wes. He talked and listened to my most personal difficulties. Moving on I signed a sale with a furniture store to conduct the sale for them at a 5% override. At the end of this difficult month working 10 hours a day 7 days a week I made a check of exactly 5000 dollars and handed it over to her. Then Wes grabbed a drink for his enormous bar. Only to find every bottle inside was empty. Yes in a month I wiped him out. A few years later I was on my feet and I looked Wes in the eye and said Wes" if you will allow me, I would like to buy your lunch or dinner as long as we both live". He laughingly accepted and sad " son, you don't have to do that, But if it's that strong in you I will agree. I did exactly that until his passing. My debts are paid back because of the way they taught me to think, be responsible for my self and strive for the moon. Wes once said to me " DRay you are either going to the moon in business or you will make the biggest fiery crash falling in the world. One or the other he said with his kind eyes making me believe I am more one to shoot to the moon. Barbara and Wes, my surrogate parents, you for teaching me all you did. Thanks for believing in me when I did not, thanks for loving me when I was unlovable. Thanks for trusting me when I was not trustworthy. Thank you for helping me become a decent man. And Wes, I want you to know pal, its was the moon and beyond, I did it-we did it. Thanks for the success in the business world as my mentor. I still kicked your butt ! I know you would be proud.God I miss you both so much,I read all the other people saying the same, you had many children. We all feel like orphans but we are not, we share a common mom and dad.DRay Moorman 57 Florida /Texas/Oklahoma/ Rogers Arkansasdray@migvapor.comGod bless my Barbara and Wes brothers and sisters.

September 13 at 8:13 PM



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Deborah Moynihns posted:

I'm so thankful to have met "Aunt Barbara" during her time with Kelly McCrink and family in Cazenovia, NY. She brought so much joy to everyone who met her and provided a loving and peaceful lap for her Precious, her kitty. The lessons she taught the children about patience and care, love and kindness, are ones they'll never forget. May God bring peace to all she loved and all who loved Aunt B. ❤️

September 12 at 12:31 PM



Steve N Carol Kerr posted:

When my dad, Aunt Barbara's brother broke his back and neck she took care of me and my brother when we were in grade school. She never had children but treated us like we were her children.

September 11 at 4:14 PM



Steve N Carol Kerr posted:

Aunt Barbara used to buy new bikes for the children in Jefferson Texas where she grew up as a child herself. It was always anonymous. She thought every child deserved a bike. Such an amazing soul.

September 11 at 4:11 PM



Steve N Carol Kerr posted:

Aunt Barbara used to go and pay random layaways off at different Walmart's. She always said make sure nobody knows who it is. She was so giving

September 11 at 4:09 PM



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Steve N Carol Kerr posted:

My Aunt Barbara was preceded in death by her mother Hattie Holliday and father AV Holliday, brother Elwyn Joe Holliday and niece Melany Holliday Langley Surviving relatives include Nephew Kevin Holliday of staffird springs Ct children Henry and Andrew. Niece Sissy Carol Kerr and Steve Kerr of Vancouver Washington and Shaina, Cara, kimberlyn and Zakary. Brother Audie Holliday and Connie of Hughes Springs Texas, Leigh Ann, and Audie V and their children. Sister Nancy and Jim, Jay, Jason and their children. and a world full of friends she loved dearly. She was always in my corner, always had my back, made sure I was taken care of when I needed it and healed a part of my heart when my parents passed. She loves her great nieces and nephews and was so proud. Losing her has left a huge hole in our family and she will be missed beyond comprehension and man could she make a mean grill cheese sandwich (we all know cooking wasn't her strong point lol) We would love to hear any stories you may all have. Thank you for loving my Aunt ... Sissy

September 11 at 3:44 PM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Barbara by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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