



Carolyn G. Moore

April 21, 1942 - December 13, 2016

Carolyn G. Moore, 74, of Sikeston, Missouri died Tuesday, December 13, 2016 at Saint Francis Medical Center in Cape Girardeau, Missouri.

She was born April 21, 1942 in Morehouse, Missouri to Herschel and Stella (Downs) Knuckles.

She and James W. Moore were married August 3, 1962 at Morehouse.

Carolyn owned Carolyn's Upholstery for more than 40 years and was a very accomplished seamstress. She was a member of The Apostolic Promise Church in Cape.

She is survived by her husband of 54 years, James W. Moore of Sikeston; sons, Mark (Carla) Moore and Lannie (Starla) Moore all of Sikeston; siblings, Lloyd Knuckles of Sikeston, Ronnie (Norma) Knuckles of Sikeston, Donna (John) Mallott of Kennett, MO; grandchildren, Ben and Rachel Moore, Devon and Lindsey Moore and Alexis King; nieces and nephews.

She was preceded in death by her parents.

Visitation will be from 5:00 to 8:00 p.m. on Thursday, December 15, 2016 at The Apostolic Promise Church in Cape Girardeau, 750 N. Mt. Auburn Road.

Funeral service will be at 11:00 a.m. Friday, December 16, 2016 at the church in with the Rev. Timothy Lee officiating.

Burial will be at Sikeston Memorial Park Cemetery.

Memorial contributions may be given to The Apostolic Promise Church.

Cemetery Details

Sikeston Memorial Park

1201 S. Kingshighway Street
Sikeston, MO 63801

Previous Events

Visitation

DEC **15**. 5:00 PM - 8:00 PM (CT)

The Apostolic Promise Church
750 N. Mt. Auburn Road
Cape Girardeau, MO 63701

Service

DEC **16**. 11:00 AM (CT)

The Apostolic Promise Church
750 N. Mt. Auburn Road
Cape Girardeau, MO 63701

Tribute Wall

LM

“ I could not have asked for a better mother. She was right beside me when I needed her most, and prayed for me when I was away. She will be sorely missed; but I know I will get to see her again some day.

Lannie Moore - January 01, 2017 at 02:25 AM

EH

“ A Tribute to Carolyn Moore, Mother to Mark and Lannie Moore.

*She always leaned to watch for us
Anxious if we were late,
In winter by the window,
In summer by the gate.
And though we mocked her tenderly
Who had such foolish care,
The long way home would seem more safe,
Because she waited there.
Her thoughts were all so full of us,
She never could forget,
And so I think that where she is
She must be watching yet.
Waiting 'til we come home to her
Anxious if we are late
Watching from Heaven's window
Leaning from Heaven's gate.*

The Watcher by Margaret Widdemer

Effie Hughes - December 14, 2016 at 10:59 PM

