

Celebrating THE LIFE OF



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JOHN GREGORY PARKER

May 13, 1967 ~ November 10, 2024

John Gregory “Greg” Parker, 57, of North Little Rock, passed peacefully at home on Sunday, November 10, 2024, with his loving wife, Mary Ann, by his side. He was born on May 13, 1967, in Crossett, AR Johnny Parker and Donna Rogers.

Greg was a devoted husband, father, grandfather, and friend. He was a skilled and dedicated carpenter, known for his craftsmanship and attention to detail. Over the years, he left his mark on many projects. He particularly enjoyed remodeling old historical homes - one being the home of Junior League of Little Rock and his latest includes the Arkansas Governor’s Mansion. He created the most unique wood furnishings and spent his time creating anything his wife could dream up. He often collected carpentry tools, new and old to further perfect his craft.

His passion for carpentry was matched only by his thirst for knowledge—Greg was an avid reader and lifelong learner, always curious and eager to explore new ideas. His passion for reading came early while in his mother’s loving arms.

In addition to his work and reading, he enjoyed camping, the hobby of model building and he had a zeal for speed and high octane fuel vehicles.

Greg is survived by his wife of 22 years, Mary Ann Meadows Parker; son, Christian Parker; mother, Donna Rogers (Jim Rogers-deceased); father, Johnny Parker (Lanell Parker); brother, Doug Parker (Kelly); grandchildren, Aiden, Henley, Joy; and great-grandchild, Jayden.

A memorial service will be held on Friday, November 15, 2024 at 11AM at Smith North Little Rock Funeral Home.

Greg’s love and legacy will live on in the hearts of those who were fortunate enough to know him. He was a man of strength, and wisdom, and his memory will forever be cherished.

Afterglow

I’d like the memory of me

To be a happy one.

I’d like to leave an afterglow

Of smiles when life is done.

I'd like to leave an echo

Whispering softly down the ways,

Of happy times and laughing times

And bright and sunny days.

I’d like the tears of those who grieve,

To dry before the sun

Of happy memories that I leave

When life is done.