



Fred Creath Arbuckle

August 19, 1949 - September 11, 2013

Fred Creath Arbuckle, age 64, passed away on September 11, 2013 in Grand Prairie, Texas. He was born in Lubbock, Texas on August 19, 1949 to Jodean and Walter Arbuckle. He was preceded in death by his mother, Jodean Brown and stepfather, Clyde Brown.

During his high school years he played both baseball and basketball. He was a graduate of Snyder High School in 1967. After graduation, he attended South Plains Junior College in Levelland, Texas for one semester and Weatherford College in Weatherford, Texas for one year majoring in Business. In 1971 Creath married Karren Rhodes and moved to Dallas, Texas. In 1978 they moved to Houston where Creath worked in the auto parts business. While in Houston, he and Karren celebrated the birth of his daughter Kacey in 1980. In 1991 he moved to Plano to pursue other business interests. For the past eight years, he resided with his daughter in Grand Prairie.

He is survived by his daughter, Kacey Brinkley and husband, Jonathan, Grand Prairie; two grandchildren, Emily Renee Brinkley and Edmond Rhodes Brinkley; his father, Walter Arbuckle, Garland, Texas; three sisters, Stacey Brown, Plano, Texas, Shelley Watts and husband, Charlie, Frost, Texas, Deana Paskow and husband, Roger, Allen, Texas; one brother, Murray Arbuckle and wife, Carol, Frisco, Texas, and several nieces and nephews.

Funeral services will be conducted at the CrossPoint Church of Christ, 3020 Bardin Road, Grand Prairie, Texas at 11:00 a.m. on Saturday, September 14, 2013, with minister, David Malone, officiating. Interment will be at 2:00 p.m. at the Dresden Cemetery, FM 744, Barry, Texas.

Previous Events

Visitation

SEP 14. 10:00 AM - 11:00 AM (CT)

Cross Point Church of Christ
3020 W. Bardin Road
Grand Prairie, TX 75052

Service

SEP 14. 11:00 AM - 12:00 PM (CT)

Cross Point Church of Christ
3020 W. Bardin Road
Grand Prairie, TX 75052

Tribute Wall

EO

“ I worked with Creath at Peacock Chevrolet my ex wife and I babysat Kacey I think it was their first time away from hermy condolences to the family.

Ed Ochoa - October 26, 2019 at 08:07 PM

DE

“ I was looking for people in my class Snyder High School 1967. I am sorry that the news I found was not what I want. I don't know if you will get this but prayers for your family.

deborah ellington

deborah ellington - August 17, 2018 at 03:24 PM

DP

“ Creath....Today has been such a difficult day for me, I guess because reality has set in and shock has dimmed that you are gone. I am so joyed that you will be buried next to our Mom tomorrow. You and she shared a very special bond and I believe when other's didn't sometimes understand you....she did. Just as you came first in birth order, you have been chosen to pass on first.....making a way for the rest of us once again. Rest peacefully big brother until we see each other again. I promise to give you a bigger hug than ever before. You will always be in my heart. I love you....wish I had told you that more often.

And by the way.....thank you for not yelling at me when I scratched the dash in your car way back when I was about 12 years old with my suitcase and you had drove me to Mineral Wells to visit my friends. I know how picky you were about your car.....you took it in stride that I was just an excited kid who had moved around and had to leave friends way to much in my childhood..... and gave me a break.

Your little sister,
Deana

Deana Paskow - September 13, 2013 at 07:07 PM

SW

“ My oldest brother was very hard to know, and our 11 year age difference made it even more difficult. By the time I was old enough to really know him, he was grown and on his own. He was a very private person, and it was sometimes very difficult to break through "the shell". After we were both adults, his sometimes odd-ball sense of humor would sometimes catch me off guard, but I think that when he was being "funny" with me, it was his way of saying he "liked" me. Because I was so close to our mother in the last years of her life, I know things about Creath's life that he would have never likely discussed with anyone other than her. I will divulge publicly something that many may not have known.

As a young man, Creath worked hard and was very frugal. He paid off a new car and then "drove the wheels" off of it (never buying another new one) making countless trips to Lubbock and various places to watch the Texas Tech Red Raiders play (about the only "extravagant" thing he did, to my knowledge). He was a devoted fan of all of the school's sports teams. He had his entire future planned out and paid for. Then, life happened. Most of us understand that situations sometimes arise in life that a person never expects and cannot be planned for. Creath sacrificed everything he had saved and planned for to become "Mr. Mom". He devoted himself and his life to see that his one and only precious child was raised safely, successfully, and with everything she ever needed. For that I admired him, and I still do. A couple of times, as I was saying goodbye after a phone conversation that updated him about our mother's health, I told him I loved him. I could tell that it made him uncomfortable, but I wanted him to know...

Shelley Watts - September 13, 2013 at 06:39 PM

MA

“ It's difficult to describe a big brother - little brother relationship to those that aren't one or the other, and I guess it's different depending on which one you are. Being the little brother, I found that it's not just about being shown how to throw a baseball, football, or even a rock, it's about being best friends and worst enemies, all in the same day. It's hating that your big brother would always be picked first for a baseball team, that you would then be "assigned" to, and then being proud to be his brother and that you are lucky to get to be on his team. It's about attending your first Texas Tech football game together and sitting in a torrential downpour until the last second has ticked off the clock. It's knowing that as we get older and as life gets busy, you still have a big brother and even though it's not stated, there is that bond that brothers have. It's about knowing a big brother in a way that no one else does and about him being a constant companion and ally when we were often the "new kids" in a new place. You have once again been picked first to be on a team that I will someday get to join you on. "GUNS UP" and I love you.

Your brother,
Murray

Murray Arbuckle - September 13, 2013 at 05:01 PM

SW

Oh my gosh... I logged on here just 2 minutes after you posted this. I am so touched by your words, and it seems you almost made Charlie cry. I love you, big brother!

Shelley Watts - September 13, 2013 at 05:14 PM

DP

Oh my, such beautiful words Murray. I started to read it and couldn't read it through the tears. I asked Roger to read it to me and he had to stop several times he got so choked up himself. I love you Murray and I am so proud to be your little sister.

Creath...today has been such a difficult day for me, I guess because reality has set in and shock has dimmed that you are gone. I am so joyed that you will be buried next to our Mom tomorrow. You and she shared a very special bond and I believe when other's didn't sometimes understand you....she did. Just as you came first in birth order, you have been chosen to pass on first.....making a way for the rest of us once again. Rest peacefully big brother until we see each other again. I promise to give you a bigger hug than ever before. You will always be in my heart. I love you....wish I had told you that more often.

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*Your little sister,
Deana*

Deana Paskow - September 13, 2013 at 06:50 PM