



## Bryan Neal Hopkins

October 29, 1971 - April 17, 2019

Bryan Neal Hopkins, 47, of Bearden died Wednesday, April 17, 2019 at UAMS in Little Rock, Arkansas. He was born October 29, 1971 in Fordyce, Arkansas. He was a truck driver. He is preceded in death by his parents, Herman Neal Hopkins and Linda Lindsey Hopkins. Bryan is survived by one son, Alec Hopkins of Thornton; two daughters, Montana Taylor and Kaylee Hopkins of Bearden; two brothers, Kevin Hopkins of Bearden, Andy Lindsey of Buena Vista; one step brother, Jeff Holmes of Fayetteville; four aunts, Terissa Hopkins of Bearden, Carol Ault of New Edinburg, Jackie Stone of Haskell, Lois Hunter of Camden; two nieces, Jessica Foust of Bearden, Autumn Lindsey of Camden; two nephews, Thomas Hopkins of Bearden, Austin Lindsey of Camden; and two grandchildren. Visitation will be Friday 6:00 pm until 8:00 pm at Benton Funeral Home in Bearden. Graveside services will be 2:00 pm Saturday at Salem Cemetery in Bearden with Rev. Mike Ault officiating. To sign the online register visit <http://www.bentonfuneralhome.net>.

# Events

---

**APR** **Visitation** 06:00PM - 08:00PM

**19**

Benton Funeral Home

843 N. Cedar, Bearden, AR, US, 71720

**APR** **Graveside Service**02:00PM

**20**

Salem Cemetery - Bearden

AR, US

# Comments

---



“ My candle glows brighter because I carry his flame in mine now too.



**Amanda** - May 03, 2020 at 03:53 AM

---



“ As I sit here tonight/early morning ,May 3,2020, I am completely overwhelmed by the presence of the LORD as it His spirit is beside me, and behind me, and before me, and all around me. I am leaving this after what can only be described as a miracle in my life, my children’s lives, their children’s lives and their children’s lives for 1000 generations. In complete amazement and wonder I asked the Lord what I had done so right or so wrong a year ago that shook the foundations on which I had built everything in my life. When I say shook I really mean Rattled like turned my world upside down. I knew it HAD to be something pretty amazing either way because for Him to move Heaven and Earth to love me it had to be big. So He brought me here. Almost 2 weeks ago made a year to the day that this mom of 3 was driving from Fordyce back to Camden because she was trying to get to her kids. Cause she told them she would be there. And since there mom, since I am a nurse, I told them many times I would be there on time and never get there at all because somebody else’s mom or dad or brother or sister or uncle or son or daughter needed their Mom more at that moment. And they understood but hurt nonetheless. And that day this Mom told the Nurse my kids gotta come first once. Just once. And nobody will know I didn’t stop. I gotta be there I don’t wanna let them down again is what I was thinking and pleading really. But before I got to the turnaround that still small voice inside me that I use as a compass made a 180 and was pointing the entirely wrong direction and then I heard inside me I will know. So I said OK God let’s do it wrap us up in you and do this for me cause I don’t know if I can. And I went back. And saw his truck for the first time. I went back blind because I didn’t see it the first time. That was a faith in God I didn’t even know I had at the time . But the Grace of God came went I got down in the mud and reached into upside twisted truck and touched his arm. From the second I touched Him I knew him. Never met him but I knew He was for me somehow and that He would forever change my life. I knew that the only thing I could do was also the best thing I could do. And because He was me all I could pray was Lord let his family find peace in goodbye and joy in who he is and what his purpose was. I had know idea the depth of that prayer until right now. I remember somehow through the haze of that day I told his daughter on the back porch that one day she would know that her daddy changed someone’s life and I hate to be his miracle but more than that I am SO GRATEFUL TO BE HIS MIRACLE so that I can tell you that I will not waste my angel. His life and death and how I knew because I knew him by touching him that we had and were always walking the only roads we ever saw even when we fought so hard to be someone else but always lost. His broken roads became my broken roads to surrender to Jesus to use as he see fit. Every woman, man, child, nurse, drug addict, black sheep, outcast, loner, outlaw or angel God places in my life to hear my testimony, As He sees fit for His Glory, will also hear how My Lord and my Father brought a Lil’Hammer down on my head to make me look upon My Lord and say again Lord I wanna go Again Do again Lord let’s ago get More cause Lil’ Hammer is a part of me now and with me I ride or die for anyone after Gods own heart. I will not waste my angel I promise!! I love each and every one of you and I am so thankful that of all the cars that could have tried to not stop that it was mine because there was no place in the Universe I was supposed to be at that moment than right where I was.



“ Thoughts and prayers to the family.



**Annette (Russell) Clift** - April 19, 2019 at 09:18 AM

---



“ Louise Rinehart--Rice lit a candle in memory of Bryan Neal Hopkins



**Louise Rinehart--Rice** - April 18, 2019 at 07:56 PM