



**JAMES ARN WOMBLE**

August 24, 1969 – October 2, 2021

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Having placed his trust in Christ alone for salvation, Arn Womble went home to be with the Lord on Saturday, October 2, 2021.

James Arn Womble was born on August 24, 1969, in Lubbock, Texas, the only child of James Arlan Womble and Patsy Anne Sybert Womble. Arn's love of engineering was discovered at an early age as he used whatever building materials (Legos, empty boxes, wood, etc.) available to build complex structures. As a teen, when he wasn't mowing lawns, Arn worked alongside his dad in his construction business. He pursued the study of engineering, earning his Bachelor of Science in Engineering from Texas Tech University, Master's Degree from Colorado State University, and Ph.D. from Texas Tech University. His work focused on wind effects on structures. He began his career testing models of buildings in a wind tunnel at CPP in Fort Collins, Colorado, and ended it testing life-sized buildings in a test chamber at IBHS in Richburg, South Carolina.

A gifted teacher, Arn taught engineering at the university level at Texas Tech University and at West Texas A&M University. He often utilized creative ways to help his students understand various concepts, even using a toy or extra slats from window blinds to illustrate the dynamics of wind or structures. During his tenure at WTAMU the National Science Foundation awarded Arn the Faculty Early Career Development Award.

Arn met the love of his life in Fort Collins, Colorado. He married Patricia Marie Dirks on September 28, 2002. Together they had three children: Abigail, Kevin, and Rachel. Arn was a devoted husband and father and strove to be the godly head of his family. He consistently put others first. He was passionate about teaching eternal truths, singing and playing quality worship music, and serving others.

Music was important to Arn. He played the piano and sang in numerous choirs. Following his senior year of high school, Arn toured Europe with the First United Methodist Church choir and thoroughly enjoyed singing in the cathedrals. His hobbies also included traveling, photography, and genealogy research, and he combined all of these pursuits whenever he could. Numerous vacations had the family traipsing through cemeteries of dead relatives or visiting libraries to continue family history research.

Arn was preceded in death by his parents and his beloved aunt Arlys Welch. He is survived by his wife Patty, his children Abby, Kevin, and Rachel all of the home; his stepmother Barbara Womble; his cousins Donna (Chris) Gregory, Terry (Randy) Thomas, and Mona (Robert) Harris and their families.

# ORDER OF SERVICE

October 16, 2021

2:00 PM

Prelude

\*Processional & Congregational Hymn

*For All the Saints, #605*

Prayer & Welcome

Marshall Fant IV

\*Congregational Hymn

*Rejoice the Lord is King, #43*

Special Music

*Trust Me*  
Men's Ensemble

Memories

Slideshow

Special Music

*It Is Not Death to Die*  
Abby Womble

Message

Marshall Fant IV

\*Congregational Hymn

*Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah, #161*

A Graveside Service will be held immediately after the service at:

Forest Hills Cemetery  
4290 Old York Road, Rock Hill, SC 29732

In lieu of flowers, memorials may be made in Arn Womble's name to;  
Worldview Weekend Foundation, PO Box 1690, Collierville, TN 38027;  
Religious Affections Ministries, 8520 Redwing Lane, Fort Worth, TX 76123;  
The Wilds of North Carolina, 1000 Wilds Ridge Road, Brevard, NC 28712; or  
Harvest Baptist Church, 153 Miller Pond Road, Rock Hill, SC 29732.

# PALLBEARERS

Drew Bedics

Peter Hughes

Stan Dirks

Matt Storey

Steve Dirks

James Wulf

## IT IS NOT DEATH TO DIE

*Words by Henri Malan (1787-1864); Translated by George Bethune  
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It is not death to die  
To leave this weary road  
And join the saints who dwell on high  
Who've found their home with God.

It is not death to close  
The eyes long dimmed by tears  
And wake in joy before Your throne  
Delivered from our fears.

O Jesus, conquering the grave –  
Your precious blood has power to save.  
Those who trust in You  
Will in Your mercy find  
That it is not death to die.

It is not death to fling  
Aside this earthly dust  
And rise with strong and noble wing  
To live among the just.  
It is not death to hear  
The key unlock the door  
That sets us free from mortal years  
To praise You evermore.