



Holly Jean Beall

June 25, 1993 - September 8, 2025

Holly Jean Beall, age 32, of Winthrop, Arkansas, passed away on September 8, 2025. She was born on June 25, 1993, in Texarkana, Texas, to Lori Oglesby-Beall and Alan Beall.

Holly is survived by her sister, Leah Beall, and preceded in death by her mother, Lori Oglesby-Beall, and her father, Alan Beall. She will be deeply missed by her family, friends, and all who were blessed to know her.

A service in her memory will be determined at a later date.

Many people saw a version of Holly that was tough, boisterous, and honestly just a lot of personality. But many were also lucky enough to see her soft side, the one that believed in the ability to improve, to shift, to transform. She may have tried to curate the persona that she was more headstrong than she actually was, but she was much softer on the inside.

Holly was a hard worker, whether it meant school or work. She loved to cook and even liked to clean—spending hours organizing things and sorting them into boxes and their own space to make it look neat and tidy. She liked hugs. She enjoyed rocking out to metal music—and ensuring everyone around her could hear it as well. She loved the color purple, edgy makeup and curly hair, funny T-shirts binging *Law & Order: SVU*, and decorating her living space. But these are all very trivial things to observe when you look at the life of a person and the meaningful contributions they made to the world. Those contributions are often the things that meant the most to us but also the things that are the hardest to put into tangible words in a way that captures the essence of who

those people are, especially during a period of grief and mourning.

She was actually a very soft-hearted soul, always seeing the best in people. Where others saw failure, she saw potential to grow; where others saw flaws, she saw a human in need of extra kindness. She believed in second chances—for other people more than for herself. She believed that everyone could do better if given the chance to improve at their own pace, the space to explore who they want to be, and the proper support system to foster transformation, and she spent a lot of time seeking those bonds for herself while also serving as that person for others lost on their own paths. Holly was full of hope, even in the bleakest of situations, and she was always working on herself. When she was off track, she took it really hard. When she was on track, nothing could stop her.

When we seek to measure a person, we only need to look as far as the people they touched, the impact they had in the lives of others, and the light that they shone to light the path for anyone else left in the dark. Holly was a bright light—she was an ear that didn't judge the speaker, a voice of reason in what sometimes felt like everlasting chaos, and a person who used her words to encourage and uplift others who felt kicked down by their own negative thoughts or cast out by society. She was there to fill that void for so many, even if she struggled to be that role for herself.

The outpouring of stories all centers around her being the motivational speaker for others—an advocate for those who could not fight for themselves. So many stories about her laughter and jokes, as well as her constant, nonjudgmental support, speak volumes about the person she was and the person she will remain in the memories of others.

When I look at her, I don't see the tough exterior that she unfortunately felt she had to turn into in order to handle what could be a pretty cruel and unfair world for some, but the little sibling who was too afraid to pull her own teeth and had to have someone else do it and give her a prize for being brave. I see the person who held my hand and linked arms in bed when we were kids because I couldn't sleep. I see the person who would walk outside with me if I

had to run to the car or take me to the bathroom at night because, despite being older, I was afraid to go alone and needed her there. I see the person who would nap at the kitchen table because I could not sleep and wanted to doodle all night instead. I see vacations together, playing with toys together, and working through the complexities of life together. I see us planning to face life without our mom together as the only two left.

I see someone that could not always show up for herself but would show up for anyone else who needed her—regardless of their past or station.

May her death be a wake-up call for others who have faced similar monsters, her life be a survival guide for those handling trauma from multiple sources, and her light and memory a beacon for everyone who felt touched by the vibrancy of her spirit.

Tribute Wall

DD

“ I remember when you first came to The Ranch House & Started In The Kitchen, at First Uou Wasn't sure about The Job But baby once you got the hang of it you couldn't be stopped Cooking Was something we had in Common other then our crazy thoughts, I'll Forever Cherish The Love You Gave Me ,The Advice You Dished Out & All The Laughs I'll Hold Onto You Until My Last Breathe!! I Love Uou & Miss you So Much

Destinyy Aka DeeDee - September 29, 2025 at 07:08 PM



“ Purple Open Rose with White Mums (Silk Cemetery Flowers) was purchased for the family of Holly Jean Beall.



September 28, 2025 at 09:48 PM



“ A [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) was planted in honor of Holly Jean Beall.

September 28, 2025 at 09:48 PM

Kitty
Hayes

“ Leah that is a beautiful Memory you wrote of Your Sister Holly. May **CHERISH** those plus more memories forever! I didn't ever meet you 2 young ladies, but always been amongst those whom did. There's times we lose ones too soon and it hurts. May God comfort your heart during this sad time! 🙏



Kitty Hayes - September 28, 2025 at 04:00 PM

AJ

Leah I didn't know you or Holly but I too just lost my baby brother on Sept. 1st. So I know the pain and hurt that you are feeling 💔🙏. I read what you had wrote and put together for her. It touches my heart and soul. That was very beautiful and heart felt. I know it hurts but just know that God has her, and he has you too. We may not know the reason why we lose our loved ones so soon but God has a plan for each one of us. I'm so sorry for you lose Leah, and my heart goes out to you. Praying 🙏 for you and your family Hun.

Alverta Johnson - September 29, 2025 at 12:22 PM

DH

“ Holly was always a joy to be around. She would keep me rolling for hours laughing. We would stay at night until secrets and laugh about it. Be tired as hell the next day but we push each other to do better. She's a bright light that's really gonna be missed addiction is a scary thing if anybody has any loved ones that are addicted. Make sure you tell them you love them cause you never know if tomorrow's gonna be the day. I love you, Holly and you're gonna be very sadly missed.



Dawn Henshaw - September 27, 2025 at 11:22 PM



I think of her every single day! It breaks my heart, I wanted so badly for her to make it in life and overcome things that so many never break free from. I figured if anyone was hard headed enough to do it, it would be her. She was looking forward to so much, had plans for so many things that would better her life. I loved having Holly around, she was funny and made your down days lift with her wit and humor, she will be missed for ever, she's not one you can ever forget.

Barbara Floyd - October 02, 2025 at 09:05 AM