

A close-up, vertical photograph of the American flag, showing the blue field with white stars and the red and white stripes. The flag is draped and slightly wrinkled, creating a sense of depth and texture. The colors are vibrant and the lighting is soft.

IN LOVING MEMORY

Artie Carroll Frost

FEBRUARY 4, 1948 - SEPTEMBER 26, 2024

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Memorial Service

2 p.m., Tuesday, October 1, 2024

Salter Path Methodist Church, Salter Path, NC

Officiated by Rev. Donald Thomas

Processional, "Sweet, Sweet Spirit" "I Want To Know More"	Salter Path Choir
Gathering, Greeting, Prayer	
Scripture Reading ~ Psalms 23 "Some Call It Heaven"	Recording by Dwayne Salter
Scripture Reading ~ Ecclesiastes 3:1-8 "I've Got More To Go To Heaven For"	Salter Path Choir
Special Music	Sophie Frost
Memories of Artie	
"Glory Road"	Salter Path Choir
Military Honors	
Commendation	

Artie Carroll Frost, known affectionately as the "Rembrandt of Birdhouses," passed away peacefully at home on September 26, 2024, leaving behind a legacy of craftsmanship, laughter, and love for the water.

Born on February 4, 1948, Artie was the beloved son of the late Ty and Maude Frost. He served with honor in the United States Army, demonstrating his commitment to his country and community. Artie was also an esteemed member of the Masonic Ocean Lodge #405, Sudan Shriners, and the Salter Path Men's Club, where he contributed to the fellowship and service that define these organizations.

A master artisan with an eye for detail, Artie's career began with building homes, but over time, his passion for craftsmanship evolved into creating birdhouses. Artie was celebrated for turning simple wood into beautifully crafted birdhouses, each a miniature masterpiece. His work, while humble, was a testament to his creativity and his deep connection to the world around him.

When he wasn't busy building homes for his feathered friends, Artie could often be found by the water, casting his net with the precision of a seasoned fisherman. His passion for the water was matched only by his talent for storytelling. He had an endless supply of tales, some wildly true, others playfully embellished, but all delivered with his signature wit and charm.

Artie's sense of humor was as much a part of his identity as his craftsmanship. His jokes and lighthearted pranks brought joy to everyone who knew him, and his laughter was infectious. He was a true entertainer, keeping friends and family in stitches with his quips and funny stories.

When Artie was not on the water or building birdhouses, he could be found at church, where his love for singing filled the sanctuary every Sunday. His voice was as much a part of his spirit as his laughter, and his joy for worship was evident in every note.

Artie's memory is carried forward by his wife, Evelyn of 56 years; his children, Tye Frost (Nicole) of Morehead City, NC, and Richie Frost (Robin) of Emerald Isle, NC; sister, Robyn Murphy (Buddy) of Beaufort, NC; brother, Tony Frost (Anna) of Salter Path, NC; grandchildren, Sophie Frost, Katie Beier (Cody Rudisill), Ashley McCoy (Griffin), Ty Beier, and Jaisa Triviso; great-grandchildren, Thomas Beier and Casper Rudisill; and many nieces and nephews and countless friends who will forever cherish the memories of his laughter and warmth.

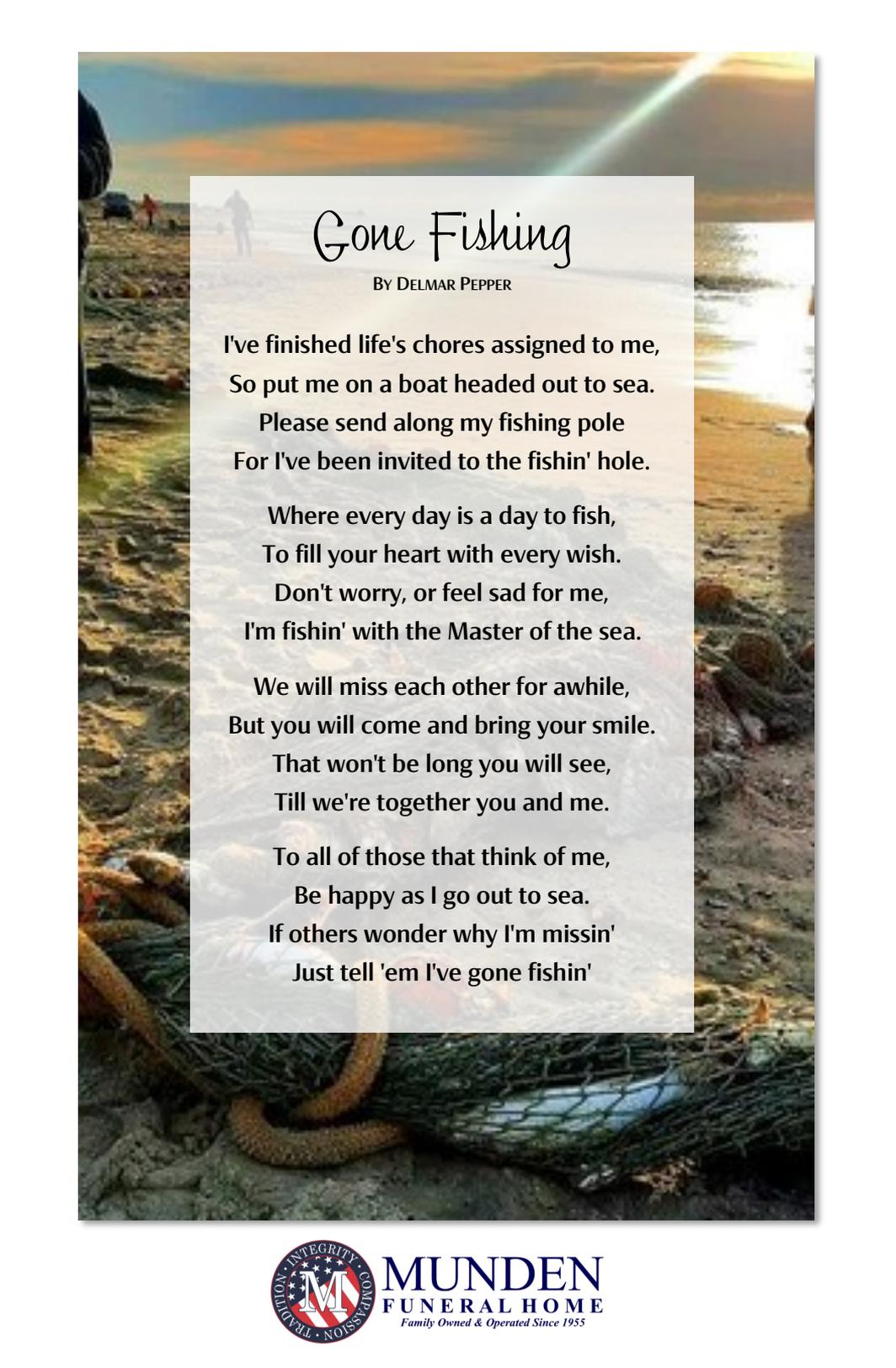
In addition to his parents, Artie's journey was preceded by his granddaughter, Sydney Frost.

We would like to give special thanks to the Indian Beach Fire Department, who provided amazing support during this time, Carteret Health Care, especially his "inpatient girls", the Cancer Center staff, his "momma", Melanie Patterson, NP and Ryan Taylor, MD, who made his journey that much more peaceful.

Donations may be made in his honor to St. Jude Hospital, the Epilepsy Foundation, or Carteret Health Care's Cancer Center.

Artie leaves behind a family who adored him, friends who will forever miss his company, and a community made a little brighter by his presence. The birds may not know it, but they've lost their finest architect, and the world has lost a remarkable soul.

Rest easy, Artie Carroll Frost. May your birdhouses continue to shelter, and your stories live on in the hearts of those who knew you; General Patton remains on watch....



Gone Fishing

BY DELMAR PEPPER

I've finished life's chores assigned to me,
So put me on a boat headed out to sea.
Please send along my fishing pole
For I've been invited to the fishin' hole.

Where every day is a day to fish,
To fill your heart with every wish.
Don't worry, or feel sad for me,
I'm fishin' with the Master of the sea.

We will miss each other for awhile,
But you will come and bring your smile.

That won't be long you will see,
Till we're together you and me.

To all of those that think of me,
Be happy as I go out to sea.
If others wonder why I'm missin'
Just tell 'em I've gone fishin'



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