



Mark Graham Noble

February 20, 1955 - October 11, 2018

Mark Graham Noble, husband, father, brother, and friend to many, passed away October 11, 2018. He was 63 years old. Service will be held at Capital Memorial Park Cemetery, 14501 N Interstate 35, Pflugerville, Texas 78660, Monday, October 15, 2018 at 10:30 AM. Upon entering the cemetery, go right of the mausoleum. After the service a lunch reception will be held at noon at Beth Israel, 3901 Shoal Creek Blvd., Austin, Texas 78756. In place of flowers, Mark asked that donations be made to the National Federation of the Blind, or The Seeing Eye.

Among the places Mark called home have been Tulsa, Oklahoma; Seattle, Washington; and Tyler and Austin, Texas. He earned a History degree from Stephen F. Austin College in Nacogdoches, and a Masters in Social Work from the University of Texas at Arlington. For 33 years he worked for the Social Security Administration. He also served as President of the National Federation of the Blind of Oklahoma, and as Vice-President of the National Federation of the Blind of Washington State. His enjoyments included long walks, reading, movies, baseball, and the company of family and friends.

All who knew Mark will long remember him for his humor and wit, his wide interests, and his warm nature. Mark cherished his family and friends, and always appreciated the love and affection they showed him.

He is survived by his husband of 16 years, Malcolm Graham, sisters Jeannie Chandler Rourke, and Kay Decker, brother-in-law Nick Decker, his beloved seeing eye dog of 7 years Emerson, and many friends.

Forever love and remembrance"

Cemetery Details

Capital Memorial Park Cemetery

14501 N Interstate 35
Pflugerville, TX 787660

Tribute Wall



“ *Mark Graham Noble*

October 14, 2022 at 12:02 PM



“ *Mark and I were close as adults, but after we were both diagnosed with cancer, we became even closer. We would talk at three or 4 o'clock in the morning, and we laughed about everything, even things that we knew we should not be laughing about. I gave him a party last November so that he could thank all of his friends for helping him through this journey. It was happy and sad at the same time. I helped him fill out his paperwork to get into Christopher House, but they would not allow him to stay there until he died. We were waiting for the ambulance to come and pick him up. He told me he would like to go to sleep for a while. He snores very loudly, and then the room got very quiet. When I went to check his pulse because I thought he had died, he grabbed my hand and said "Boo, gotcha !" I screamed, and we both started laughing so loudly that the staff came in and told us that we were laughing too loudly. They said half of the patients asked if they could come to Marks room so that we could entertain them, and the other half said that we were laughing too loudly. Who else besides Mark, while he was in hospice, could create a situation that we would get in trouble with the staff at the hospice for laughing too loudly. I miss my nighttime phone buddy terribly. I probably miss him more than I thought that I would, even though I am very relieved that he is no longer in pain. Rest in peace my nighttime phone buddy, and would you please quit making the wind blow and grab my towel when I get out of my swimming pool. Actually, you can come and haunt my pool like you promised you would, anytime you want to. Lol!*

aundrea Moore - October 17, 2018 at 12:59 PM

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“ *Mark - I miss you ! You cared to ask for my boys over the years and how they were doing. I remember how joyous it was for me to describe the boys curly hair and the character to you. We love you!*

Dayana Moore - October 15, 2018 at 01:39 PM