



Phillip Eugene Goring

September 5, 1977 - March 29, 2024

Phillip Eugene Goring, born September 5, 1977 to Shirley (Stuenkel) and David Goring, in Warrensburg, MO. Phillip passed away on March 29, 2024 at Mercy Hospital in Joplin, MO. He was married to Rebecca (Portell) Goring on November 6, 2020 in Wheatland, MO.

Phillip is survived by his wife, Becky of the home; children, Jonathon (Shawna) Goring of Higginsville, Jaxon Goring of Higginsville; step children, Sabastian, Serenity and Bobby Woodall of Wheatland; grandchildren, Karter, Timberland, and Lathon; parents, Shirley and Tracy Manning of Wheatland, and Barbara Goring of Higginsville; siblings, Rocky (Tracey) Evans of Concordia, Casey (Blake) Grow of Kansas City, John (Stephanie) Goring, Megan (Brad) Goring of Higginsville, Jarvis (Heather) Manning of Kimberly City, MO; along with a handful of nieces, nephews, uncles, aunts, cousins, and many friends.

He is preceded in death by his father, David E. Goring, his grandparents, Martha "Betty" & Nathan Goring and Orville & Elizabeth Stuenkel.

A memorial service will be held at a later date.

Suggested memorial to the Higginsville Cancer Coalition.

Tribute Wall



KB

“ *My condolences for the entire family. I remember him being a great person.* ”

Kacey Bolden(Crouse) - April 16, 2024 at 03:52 PM



“ *Remembering nothing but good times between us . man* ”

Kiree Haynes - April 12, 2024 at 04:53 PM



“ *Well I only got to have you as my brother for the past 10 and a half years and I would love to have just one more day. I never doubted your love because you made sure I knew it. It means so much and I already miss you so bad. We did some fishing. Did some partying and had a lot of good times. We laughed a lot. We cried a few times. First time we met I got kicked out your house but family we will always be. You were my voice of reason more times than you knew and I'll be forever grateful for your presence in my life. I don't want to say goodbye so I love you brother, I'll see you later* ”

Tracey Evans - March 29, 2024 at 11:35 PM

RO

“ When we were young kids until our middle teenage years we as a family took many vacations. Tennessee, Colorado, Kentucky. All really long trips but a great time once we got to our destination. Most of the time things went as planned save for a couple of instances. You know the ones where our parents though we were gonna die or kill someone else. But the trip to Yellowstone was the one. Phillip and I decide one morning we wanted to play outside early and Mom and Dad were like yeah get lost, so we went adventuring. Our parents some time later were looking pretty ill we though as they screamed at us to come back get off that mountainside white as sheets because we had adventured out to a ledge where the snow was deep and we didn't know there was no bottom, because it was snow that had blowed over the ledge so far out that it was it's own little whipped creme pile on some cocoa with us on top and nothing but death below we had a good Ole time cheating death that day. We didn't see how close we came until we got back to the ground Mom was on. You know how whipped creme does on cocoa if you get to much.. it hangs off the side of the cup a bit. We were on top of that bit but mountain sized having a good old time. Way out to the edge.

Rocky - March 29, 2024 at 08:08 PM