

Not Now, But in the Coming Years

Not now but in the coming years,
It may be when with Christ we stand,
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
And there, sometime, we'll understand.

We'll catch the broken thread again,
And finish what we here began;
Heaven will the mysteries explain,
And then, ah, then, we'll understand.

We'll know why clouds instead of sun
Were over many a cherished plan;
Why song has ceased when scarce begun;
'Tis then, sometime, we'll understand.

Why what we long for most of all,
Eludes so oft our eager hand;
Why hopes are crushed and castles fall,
Till then, sometime, we'll understand.

God knows the way, He holds the key,
He guides us with unerring hand;
Sometime with tearless eyes we'll see;
Yes, then, 'tis then, we'll understand.

Then trust in God through all thy days;
Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;
Though dark thy way, still sing and praise,
Sometime, sometime, we'll understand

In Loving Memory Of



Alita Schultz Westover

1929 - 2022

APPRECIATION

*On behalf of the family, we wish to express their gratitude
for your many kindnesses evidenced in thought and deed,
and for your attendance at the services.*