

Into the West

Lyrics by: Howard Shore, Phillipa Boyens, Annie Lennox

Lay down, Your sweet and weary head
The night is falling, You have come to journey's end
Sleep now, And dream of the ones who came before
They are calling, From across the distant shore

Why do you weep?
What are these tears upon your face?
Soon you will see, All of your fears will pass away
Safe in my arms, You're only sleeping

What can you see, On the horizon?
Why do the white gulls call?
Across the sea, A pale moon rises
The ships have come to carry you home

And all will turn, To silver glass
A light on the water, All Souls pass

Hope fades, Into the world of night
Through shadows falling, Out of memory and time
Don't say, We have come now to the end
White shores are calling, You and I will meet again
And you'll be here in my arms, Just sleeping

And all will turn, To silver glass
A light on the water, Grey ships pass
Into the West

Herman H. Lohmeyer Funeral Home
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417-862-4433

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Celebrating a Life



Donald Carlos Little Jr.

Life, for most of us, is an unexpected journey filled with adventures big and small. For my dad that journey brought my mother, Debbie, into his life along with her daughters, my sisters, Melanie and Crystal. Shortly after they began drawing a new map together my parents welcomed me into their adventure.

As their path wound through the ups and downs of this wild world they stuck together and held us kids close. My dad worked hard everyday to forge a way forward for all of us, including the grandchildren who would come into his life. Anyone who met my dad along the way met a man filled with a spirit of love, a man remembered for his whimsical and wacky sense of humor, a man who would do anything he could to help his fellow traveler.

Above anything else my dad was often a burst of light in a dark world. When he got lost it was his strong moral compass that would guide him and allow him to illuminate the way for others. I see now that even as his journey ends his light never will. He is now a beacon to all who wander, ready to welcome them home when they too are weary and needing rest. I know now that even as I say goodbye that it's more of a "see you later" because all I need is to focus on the light and there he is.

Rest well, dad. I love you and I'll see you later.

IN LOVING Memory

Donald Carlos Little Jr.

BORN

*October 21, 1955
Chicago, Illinois*

PASSED AWAY

*November 30, 2020
Springfield, Missouri*

CELEBRATION OF LIFE

*Herman H. Lohmeyer Funeral Home
Tuesday, December 15, 2020
4:00 - 6:00 pm*