

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND

One night I dreamed a dream.
As I was walking along the beach with my Lord.
Across the dark sky flashed scenes from my life.
For each scene, I noticed two sets of
footprints in the sand,
One belonging to me and one to my Lord.

After the last scene of my life flashed before me,
I looked back at the footprints in the sand.
I noticed that at many times along the path of my life,
especially at the very lowest and saddest times, there was
only one set of footprints.

This really troubled me, so I asked the Lord about it.
"Lord, you said once I decided to follow you,
You'd walk with me all the way.
But I noticed that during the saddest and most troublesome
times of my life, there was only one set of footprints.
I don't understand why, when I needed You the most,
You would leave me.

He whispered, "My precious child, I love you
and will never leave you
Never, ever, during your trials and testings.
When you saw only one set of footprints,
It was then that I carried you."



Hackett
Livingston
FUNERAL HOME

Celebrating the Life of Harley H. Greenwalt



Born
May 14, 1918
Shenandoah, Iowa

Entered Into Rest
June 20, 2018
Shenandoah, Iowa



Celebration of Life Graveside Service from
Rose Hill Cemetery
Shenandoah, Iowa
Tuesday, June 26, 2018
2:00 p.m.

Words of Comfort
Pastor Fred Bryson

Memorials
Shenandoah Historical Society

Harley Howard Greenwalt, son of Howard and Cecile (Bartles) Greenwalt, was born on May 14, 1918 in Shenandoah, Iowa. He passed away on June 20, 2018 at the Elm Heights Care Center in Shenandoah, Iowa.

Harley grew up and lived his whole life within two blocks of the house he was born in, in the west end of Shenandoah. He called himself a “westender.”

Harley had the God given gift of an “artists eye.” He used this gift to earn money by painting sales signs on windows for local businesses. He even designed some store fronts and logos for businesses that still exist today. He also used this gift to create model airplanes from just pieces of wood. He also had one other talent, he was an excellent story teller. Whether it was at the café, Donut Stop, Select Motors or in his carport. He had a story about everyone and everyone had a story about Harley.

Harley worked at Mayfair Theatre and State Theatre in his younger years. Then he was self-employed sign writer for over 60 years. He was a charter member of the Lions Club. Also a member of the Jaycees and Shenandoah Chamber of Commerce. He enjoyed bike riding until the age of 90 and making numerous model airplanes.

Harley was preceded in death by his wife Lucinda (1994) and infant son Gary. He is survived by his sons Dennis Greenwalt of Kimberling City, Missouri and Bill Tripp of Omaha, Nebraska; daughter Ruth Dwyer of Shenandoah; numerous grandchildren, great-grandchildren, other family and friends.

Harley once said, “I never worked a day in my life, it was like the 12 year old boy that went fishing everyday—and got paid for it.”