

Thank You

Because you cared, you came to share beautiful flowers and words of prayer. Because you cared enough to do words of comfort, cards came too. Because you cared we were not alone, calls and visits touch our hearts. The family prays God's richest blessing to each of you, today, tomorrow, and forever more. We Love You!

The family of Latasha W. Scott would like to express our sincere heartfelt appreciation to each and every one of the countless acts of kindness shown during this difficult time.

If You Knew Where I Am Standing

*If you knew where I am standing
If you could see the sights I see
If you could hear the angels singing
the songs they sing eternally
If you knew the "One" I'm holding
Could see the smile He smiles at me
If you knew where I am resting*

*You would not cry for me
I'm resting in the precious arms of Jesus
No other place would I rather be
So if you shed a tear
Please don't shed it for me
If you knew where I am resting
You would not cry for me*

*"I know you're confused
about my leaving you so soon,
but I'll be with you again
maybe morning, night or noon
So I'll save a place for you
Right beside the crystal sea
If you knew where my mansion's standing
You would not cry for me"*

Written by Steven W. Perry c.1986

FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS ENTRUSTED TO THE CARING STAFF:

Scott's Chapel Hill Mortuary

103 West Southport Street
Dothan, Alabama 36301
(334) 677-7200—(334) 677-1511 Fax
chapelhill@centurytel.net

"Because We Care"



In Loving Memory

Latasha Westmoreland Scott

Sunrise (July 18, 1986) - Sunset (December 4, 2010)

"I am strong because I am weak, I am beautiful because I know my flaws, I am a lover because I am a fighter, I am fearless because I have been afraid, I am wise because I have been foolish, and I can laugh because I've known sadness...I am me!!!"—Latasha W. Scott

Order of Service

Friday, December 10, 2010 12 Noon
Fellowship of Faith Baptist Church
3703 North Memorial Parkway—Huntsville, AL 35810
Pastor/Teacher Troy L. Garner Officiating

Prelude..... Musical Meditation
Processional Ministers, Family
Musical Selection Fellowship of Faith Choir
Opening Prayer Minister
Scripture Reading Minister
Musical Selection Fellowship of Faith Choir
Expressions/Tribute/Resolutions Minister Greg Turner
Musical Selection Fellowship of Faith Choir
Words of Comfort Pastor Troy L. Garner
Recessional Soft Music

Committal Services

Sunday, December 12th 2:00 P.M.
Mason Cemetery—Union Springs, Alabama

Pallbearers
Deacons

Flower Attendants
Deaconesses

Reception

Opa's Place—(The Fellowship of Faith Fellowship Hall)

Your Life Was Full Of Loving Deeds

Your life was full of loving deeds,
Forever thoughtful of our special needs,
Today and tomorrow, my whole life through,
We will always love and cherish you.

Obituary

God blessed this earth with a beautiful lady named **Latasha Westmoreland Scott**, sometimes known as "**Natasha**," on July 18, 1986 in Atlanta, Georgia. She was the daughter of Calvin and Lucile Scott.

Latasha accepted Christ at a young age, and later joined The Fellowship of Faith in Huntsville, Alabama. She graduated from East Limestone High School in 2005, went on to attend Alabama A&M University, and later attended Calhoun Community College. Latasha also was a member of The Fellowship of Faith Choir, in which she enjoyed deeply.

Latasha was well known for her beautiful voice, words of wisdom, and friendly personality. Her everlasting love for family and friends will forever remain in our hearts.

She leaves to cherish many precious memories mother, **Lucile Scott**; father, **Calvin Scott**; brother, **Nathan Scott**; sister, **Casseciella Scott**; nephew, **Lazavion Sales**; **Snowball**, **granddad** and numerous **aunts, uncles, cousins, and friends**.

For Our Sister

You were so much more than just our big sister; you're a great friend too. Sometimes I felt you were the backbone to so many problems other than your own. You were always the one to take care of others. We want to thank you dearly and we love you.

Love, Nathan and CC



We Miss Your Laughter

We miss your laughter, fun, and gentleness. We miss the things we used to do for you. We miss the time, now filled with emptiness, When each day was a stage for something new. We miss your love, though ours for you remains, A passion with no outlet to the sea, A teardrop in a desert, that contains What's left of our paternal ecstasy. We miss your presence, like a silent chord That anchored even solitude in grace. We miss, for our love's labor, the reward of seeing some small pleasure in your face. All these we miss, and yet they are all here within our heart, far more than we can bear.

Mom & Dad

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