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 Lyman Hamblin

Annette Marie Ross Hall '61 died Sept. 12, 1975 following a long illness. Born June 25, 1939 to Lorin Dee and Freda Frye Ross. Married Allan Perry Hall on May 23, 1968, Salt Lake Temple. Served a mission to Brazil. Survived by her husband, one son and two daughters. **BYU Alumni March 76**



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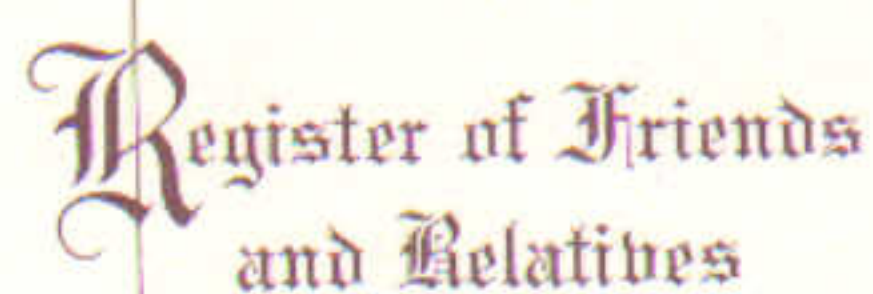
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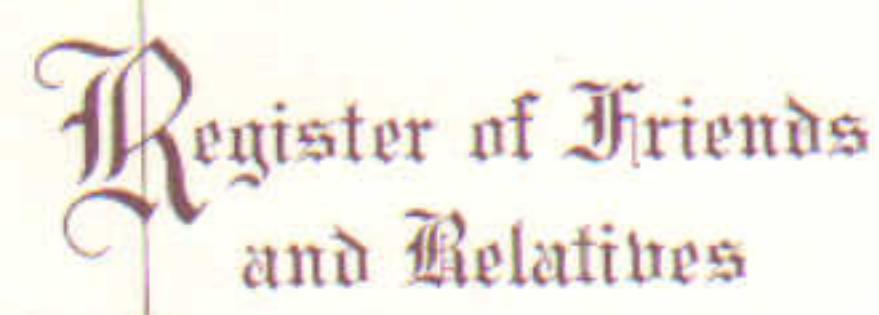
Maxwell + Ward Head

Stella Gatenby (Hughes)

Ceryl + Woodrow Thompson

Gwendolyn J. McEliff

Clara Dunsion.



Dear Allan:

All of us have a thousand ancestors, and along the way we each pick up a gene here and a gene there, and sometimes these genes fit together like a well organized unit, and sometimes we get genes that just don't go together. I have that trouble. I have the capacity to feel & very deeply about people but I have a block that prevents me from being able to express myself orally; but on the other hand I have a gene that helps me write & have a feel in some measure. Words are empty in themselves but I know you will know that I mean what I write to you.

You will never know what it means to a mother to have a son-in-law as devoted, as kind and patient as you have been to Annette. I cannot help but feel that you have had moments of bitterness, but you never expressed them, just continued to give love and devotion to someone who did not continue to be the lovely, lively, happy girl you married. I am sure the Lord will help you find someone - not to take her place - I would not want that - but someone to fill the empty place in your life in her own way.

Your devotion to Annette, I am sure, will
have a marked influence on the lives of the young
people who knew you when they reach the age
where they are seeking a life partner.
Annette told me once that she had told her Mutual
class that love - real love - was when someone
still cared no matter how sick or cross you
were - just as you had given real love to her,
to know that I love you, appreciate you
and will all my life be grateful to you
for your care of my daughter. - even tho I may
never tell you so.

Mom

P.S. You have your faults and I have mine, but
I'll overlook yours if you'll forgive me mine.

From Fude Ross
Jan or Feb 1976



We want you to know that you
are in our thoughts and prayers and
we know you will find the sweet
comfort and peace that can come
only through a knowledge of the Gospel
and from drawing close to the Lord.

May the Lord bless you abundantly
in your time of sorrow.

Love,

Drs. and Sister Hickew

P.S. We thought perhaps a check
would be more needed than flowers at
this time.



Monday, Sept. 15th

Dear Sister Ross and Allan,

Words can't express our deep
sense of loss and the sympathy we ex-
tend to you in the passing of Annette.
We loved her as a dedicated missionary
and as a delightful person and we
know well the sense of loss you feel at
this time.

We lost a dear son five months ago.
He had the same happy, friendly, charming
personality that Annette has, and I am
sure with their common love of the Gospel
and Brazil they are renewing their friendship
in their new sphere of activity.

It seems ironical that we have planned
three times in the last two weeks to visit her
and each time something has come to pre-
vent us, but this was our program for
family home evening tonight - to visit Annette.

Hickew

93 E. 3100 S.

Bountiful, Utah 84000

292-2954

84010

9/15⁰⁰



Mr. Allan Hall

Fairview

Utah



THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

SALT LAKE CITY 84112

GRADUATE SCHOOL OF SOCIAL WORK
SOCIAL WORK BUILDING

September 15, 1975

Mr. Allan Hall

Dear Allan:

I was grieved when I learned from Milt about the death of your wife. We know that this is a great loss to you and your family. Yet we also know that there is a release for her from the amount of pain she has had to endure the past several years.

We want to extend to you at this time our deepest sympathy and expressions of willingness to be of any assistance possible. We pray that you will feel the support of your friends here at the School as well as throughout the county there.

Sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Edwin G. Brown".

Edwin G. Brown
Dean

EGB:rjr

THE SECRET

It all seemed unfair, three little children and a husband left alone. As I sat in the chapel the large arching roof seemed too heavy for the wooden beams which pressed against it holding it high above the quiet, bowed heads. Perhaps it was really my heart that was heavy. The flowers, the casket seemed unreal. I kept hearing the lilting laughter, seeing the flippant nod, the brisk walk.

I was suddenly not there at all but sitting in a record booth in a shop down town. In those days you could play the record before buying it. Two happy teenagers after school, we searched for some new song to add to our collections. Our interests had lately been drawn more and more to classical music and while not really classical, the voice of Mario Lanza had interested us so we listened to his rendition of "Song of India". Somehow as we listened, our spirits spoke to one another. It was as if we had always known each other and were now renewing a deep friendship. I think now she knew the meaning of this more than I. She and I and another girlfriend became a trio both musically and in a deeper sense as friends. Always deeply caring and understanding, she was a shoulder for us to cry on as we wandered through our adolescent years. Our love of music was a strengthening bond.

Music. It was part of her. Now music was playing there in the front of the chapel. This couldn't be her funeral, she should be up there singing. But here we sat, feeling this terrible sense of loss. I could hear her voice as the sunlight filtered through the

large windows and I thought how she had loved to sing. I could hear her voice again and tears filled my eyes. Another chapel long ago heard her voice as our trio blended in songs of faith. Everyone who heard her loved to feel the spirit of her singing. After the many performances before faithful congregations, we would go home to listen to La Boheme or Aida. She would sing along with the soprano and get every nuance of feeling. We spent many hours with our records, but we also talked of bigger things; love, the gospel, and the future. Our M.I.A. classes made us think about these things more seriously. Even then, I guess she knew the secret. I didn't realize it until now.

My mind wouldn't stop hopping around and suddenly I landed at the Salt Lake Airport, welcoming home my missionary friend. Her fiancée was waiting and I was so thrilled that now she would have a temple marriage and a family, both of which by now had already blessed my life. I always admired her for filling a mission, something I felt I could never do. So unselfish and kind was her nature, that's what it took for missionary work. I could see her in the streets of Sao Paulo, loving and teaching the people. What a beautiful sight that must have been.

Now I was sitting in a quiet cabin in the canyon. She loved it here. She spoke of how she loved her husband and their little boy. She wanted children so very much. They were able to adopt three very special spirits. I know how she loved them. This cabin was special to them; I felt a calm spirit there. Then they moved away and sold the cabin so we saw them less often. My husband often remarked on her loyalty and her special way of giving of herself.

I kept saying I would try to go visit but somehow pressures of house and family always kept me down. She always managed to come to see me whenever she was in town. I should have called her, I should have written more often -- I should have done a lot of things.

When she became ill, I could never let myself believe it was serious. Somehow she was too vibrant, too alive to be seriously ill. Deep down I knew it must be real, but I refused to let myself think about it. She came to visit and always loved to see the growth of my own children. She always said my oldest son was her "god child". Never complaining, always brave -- why can't I be like that? I often asked myself. I have a feeling that if we could have said goodbye at that last moment, she would have said, "See you later, love!" in her special carefree way.

The voice of the speaker broke into my reverie. As I looked up a ray of sunlight shone on the choir seats. I thought I saw her for a moment, I know I felt her spirit. A feeling of calm invaded my being. Yes, this was the way it should be. She knew the secret. We could go on, the Lord would give us strength. Her life here was over, she is on a different plane now, back to where we started, where we all really want to be. I know now why she always seemed so far above me. You see, the secret of life is in finding your way back.

A short story by Sherry H. Wadham
Written in memory of

Annette Marie Ross Hall

Sept. 15th

BRUCE FARRER
1137 E. 360 South
Provo, Utah 84601

Dear Allan,

Bruce + I were wondering about you + your family a while back (where you were, what + how you were doing) - What a terrible shock to read about Annette in the paper Sunday morning! We are so sorry! I don't know what we can say, except what would we do without the Gospel. At times it is about the only thing we have to hang on to -

We came over to the Mortuary about 7:00 + there was a line clear to the corner. Chris was scheduled to go before the Board of Reviews for his Eagle Scout at 7:30 + we were asked to sit in. We could see we would

never be able to make it in time. I almost went to the start of the line but we thought we would be through in plenty of time. The appointment was changed to 8:00 while we were gone (ran even later) + we got through at 9:30. We were really sorry things went that way. I do want you to know we had good intentions + our thought and prayers are with you. Your little family must be a great joy to you. I know you are a good Dad because I know what a fine person you are. Allan, I laminated the enclosed clipping - I can be glued in your book.

Our Love

Ileen + Bruce

gone. I wish we lived close
by so I could help with the
children.

It's a comfort to know
that you are sealed together
as a family and will be
together again.

Words are so inadequate
at a time like this. I've
been sitting here crying all
the time I'm trying to write.

We just want you to
know that we love
you and remember you
in our prayers.

Love,

Phyllis

Sept. 22, 1975

Dear Allan,

~~We were~~ Very sad to receive
Mamma's letter today telling us that
Annette passed away. You have
probably wondered why you
haven't heard from us, but
the letter Mamma wrote on the
12th came together with one she
wrote later in Fairview. Mamma
told us that she wouldn't send a
wire but would write.

I wish I could have been
there for the funeral. I feel
so bad to be so far away
and not be able to do anything
to help.

I know you wouldn't want
to ~~have~~ Annette suffer any
longer but that doesn't make
it any easier to have her

13 Sept. 75.

Dear Allan & family,

We wish that we could be with you this weekend. Mamma called us this morning; we weren't home last night. I had the feeling all afternoon yesterday that I should call home, but I decided to wait until Sunday.

There is so much I feel right now, and so little I can say or do. I am grateful for the knowledge we have that death is only another doorway in our total existence, just as birth is. I am grateful to have had the opportunity to know and love Annette for as long as I did in life here, to know that she will always be my sister. We both remember you all in our prayers and ask the Lord to give you strength, and comfort, and peaceful hearts.

Perhaps it will help you, as it has me, to remember that Annette had a good life in terms of what a woman can experience. She was a faithful Church member and missionary, she had family and friends, she had the chance to be a wife and mother. So many people never have so much; so many people never give so much to others.

With all our love;

Dorothy & Rembert

(over)

Sept. 15, 1975

Dear Allan,

I am so sorry about Annette.

I am sorry too that we were unable to come to the funeral.

If my health had permitted I would have come on the bus. I hope that Mamma explained the reasons.

If you feel up to it & can (or want to) why don't you take some time off & come & visit us? Maybe a change of scenery would help. We have room for you & the children.

Is there anything at all we can do for you? I want so badly to help.

You are in our thoughts & prayers.

Please give our love to Sister Ross & the children.

Love,
Audrey

Dear Allen,

Provo, Utah

I am so sorry to hear about your loss of your wife. I called your mother and Dad yesterday and they told me. I have been away for a while and did not know.

Even though I have been through it, I do not know what to say to comfort you. You have your children and parents to turn to, and I found that my brothers + sisters were such a comfort to me.

I do hope you have a lot of friends to stand by you, they mean so much at a time like this, and I know that the

Lord will bless² you and give you the courage to face the future.

Time helps Allen, so keep you coming up and remember I value your friendship.

Jane
Maud Kay (Howard)

Dear Allen,

Sept. 19

I just wanted to write a small note to express my love for you and to thank you sincerely for the good years you gave Annette. You were so special and good to her. We all knew it and felt it.

You have been in my thoughts so much. It seems no matter what we know or do, we are never prepared for such a loss.

"It's love that gives us strength, however hard the way."

I hope you feel all the love that many hold for you, and always.

Caring for you,

Jeannine

Oct. 22, 1975

Dear Allan,

Thank you for coming by to see us. I appreciate the little ceramic piece. It sort of solidifies for me a lot of memories.

The real test of faith for me has been to know and love Annette and see her suffer and go - then to ask myself if all I have said I believe, I truly believe. Thank God for a testimony! My test has shown me that I do, indeed, believe and even know that the plan of salvation is real and perfect. I'm sure all who have lost a loved one have had to ponder these same questions. Annette's death for me was a beautiful affirmation of life^(eternal). I for one

can hardly wait to see Annette again and feel the joy I know waits for us all if we are faithful. I know she will be happy to greet you and any future wife you may have. In the eternities, love is much bigger than we know it here.

We have had car trouble lately and now are going through ear and throat infections with the kids but hope to be back on our feet (and wheels) soon.

Take care and keep in touch.

Love,

Sherry

Sept. 1975

Dear Allan,

I wish so much that we could be with you at this time. I'm sure you know that we pray that our Heavenly Father will be with you and comfort you. Our testimonies are so important now - knowing it will be possible for us to be with our loved ones again and that time in mortality is such a small part of eternity.

Remember our love and prayers are with you.
Barbara, George & Family

Dear Alan,

We are very sorry we can't
come. I am scheduled to work Sat.
and Sun.

We all join you & your children
in your moments of solitude.

We pray that God Almighty
will grant you hope & happiness
again.

Your brother-in-law & family
Arnold, Rita & children

The world has lost a very special person.

Our love to you & your
children.