

the nest, she continued to cook (we concluded was an attempt to help cure empty nest syndrome), and we had a hard time to convince her that she should charge more than 50 cents for a dozen rolls or a fruit cake.

Ma had literally a barrel of wisdom and common sense that rolled off her tongue in short, well-refined one-liners, always the backdrop for all who sought her valuable counsel. “A little tastes as good as a lot” was her way of suggesting temperance in all things and balanced both the quality and the good supply of eatables close at hand. “You can learn something from everything,” she would say. To me she often explained my quietness by saying that “I relied on resources within myself.” A hearty soup she described as “eat, drink and pretty good clothing” (and it was). And a favourite, so deeply ingrained, she used it just months ago, even though she no longer knew the name of the one to whom she was speaking: “How’s zoo?” She’d say. “Oh, pretty good,” the reply. “I know you’re good, but are you well?” So, one day by phone I tried to fool her and said, “I’m well Ma.” She said, “I know you’re well, but are you good?”

Lest you might feel “lead down the garden path” (as she would say) to believe my mother was perfect, she did have characteristics annoying for some. Ma worked hard but she also procrastinated a little bit. 10:30 or 11:00 ... p.m. was often when the cooking really got started. She told the odd white lie. When I was in high school, getting me up in the morning (I’m not a morning person either), she’d tell me it was 8:00 when it was really only quarter to. At home she often had at least four jobs on the go. She could vacuum, wash dishes, make a cake and tie Christmas greenings all at the same time. It would seem she’d never finish any of them.

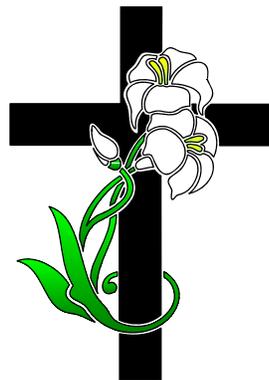
My Mum had a faith that ran very deep, instilled, I’m sure, from a very early age. It wasn’t so long ago that she stood beside me on a Sunday in this church, unable to remember my name, but recited Morning Prayer from start to finish without opening the Prayer Book.

So what do I say? For me, it was the faith, value and virtue she so freely passed on to those in her company. Never forcing an issue, always a gentle encouragement. We in the family went to church because it was a quiet expectation. We helped with chores because, well, “you’ll help me out today, right?” I always felt challenged to do the uncomfortable “right thing” because it was ... well ... “just what people do.”

And I guess if I had to pick the most important thing I remember about my mother, it would have to be that she was always there. And that, I’m sure for many of us, is what we’ll miss the most. Just the same, I’m confident that she continues the life she began here, now in the closer presence of the Lord she helped so many see through her. With my mother, it was never about her, but all about someone else. How could I be sad about being blessed with a Mother like that? And its that joy, her faith and her love I’ll remember most. Thanks be to God.

GMH

*Rest eternal grant unto her, O Lord,
and let light perpetual shine upon her.*



Elizabeth Edna Hall

07 September 1923 - 10 January 2005

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HALL, ELIZABETH EDNA (WETMORE) On Monday, January 10, 2005 at the Carleton Manor at Woodstock, NB, Elizabeth Edna (Wetmore) Hall of Woodstock at age 81. Elizabeth was the daughter of the late F.W. Colden and Mary Wetmore. She is survived by her husband Malcolm Hall, three sons, Peter (Ruth), James (Joan) of Woodstock, NB, and Geoffrey (Kelley) of Fredericton, NB, three daughters, Philippa, Suzanne (Jeff Clark) both of Woodstock and Sharon of Quispamsis, two brothers, Harold of Homosassa, Florida, and Kenneth of Kentucky, eight grandchildren, Annjenette (Dugald Campbell), Steven (Nancy), Robie, Ashlee, Amy, Mary, Clay, and Victoria (Garrett) (Step-granddaughter) and four great grandchildren, Emma, Jessica, Grace and Nathan. Predeceased by two brothers, Robert and Douglas. Elizabeth was an active member of the Victoria Chapter #1 of the Order of the Eastern Star, St. Luke's Anglican Church Choir, Anglican Church Women, and Christ Church Guild. She also enjoyed gardening, making flower arrangements, baking, sewing, knitting and entertaining. Resting at the Carleton Funeral Home 337 Lockhart Mill Road., Jacksonville, NB where friends may call on Wednesday from 2-4 and 7-9 pm. Funeral service will be held on Thursday, January 13 at 2:00 pm from St. Luke's Anglican Church in Woodstock with the Ven. Walter Williams officiating. Interment will be at a later date at Christ Church Cemetery. Expressions of sympathy may be made to the Alzheimer Society or to a memorial of the donor's choice.

HALL, ELIZABETH EDNA (WETMORE)

A Celebration of the Holy Eucharist and funeral of Elizabeth Edna (Wetmore) Hall, wife of Malcolm C. M. Hall, was held Thursday, January 13, 2005 at St. Luke's Anglican Church, Woodstock. The officiate was the Ven. Walter Williams.

The Order of the Eastern Star, Victoria Chapter No. 1 offered prayer Wednesday evening at Carleton Funeral Home, Jack-sonville.

On Thursday, St. Luke's Church Choir was accompanied by organist James Kennett. Readings of Scripture were by James Hall (son) and Victoria Garrett (step granddaughter). Remembrances were offered by the Ven. Geoffrey Hall (son). The pallbearers were granddaughter Annjenette and her husband Dugald Campbell, grandson Steven Hall and his wife Nancy, granddaughter Ashlee Hall and grandson Robert Hall. Committal will take place at Christ Church Cemetery, Woodstock in the spring.

In addition, the Family wishes to extend to all the deepest gratitude for your sympathy, love and support. Your visits, kind words, prayers and reminiscences of your associations with Elizabeth through the years brought great comfort.

To all who sent beautiful flower tributes, cards of sympathy, those who called, provided gifts of food and made memorial donations, we wish to express our sincere appreciation. Memorials were made to the Alzheimer Society, Parish of Woodstock, Canadian Diabetes Association, the Parkinson's Society, the Heart and Stroke Foundation, Parish of the Nerepis and St. John, Meduxnekeag River Association, the Kidney Foundation, Diocese of Fredericton Camp Capital Campaign, Canadian Cancer Society, the Gideons International and St. James' United Church.

Remembrances - Elizabeth E. Hall

St. Luke's Anglican Church, Woodstock NB

13 January 2006

... you believe in him and rejoice with an indescribable and glorious joy ... 1 Peter 1:8

What a difficult assignment my Dad gave me the other morning on the telephone. "Say a few words," he said it was. Maybe the most difficult "few words" I've ever had to say. I hope what I do say will express what any of our family would if they had the chance. How do I speak about my Mum's life in a "few words?"

I think I do speak on behalf of her family to say we are happy for my Mum. I think there's a joy we all feel now. The last decade of her life has not been as any of us would have thought it might be. My Dad expressed it best when he has often said, "This isn't the way we had it planned." But there is a joy in the events of the past few days as Elizabeth Edna is now free from the grip of a disease that literally took her life in almost every way but the physical. The writer of First Peter describes it "even suffering various trials ... you rejoice with an indescribable and glorious joy." Its always our challenge to find that joy in every circumstance. Its there. And my Mum would have been the first one to suggest I find it.

Elizabeth Edna. She was known by several names: Libby. Libbet and Auntie Libbet, Lib, Ma, Mum, (spelled "MUM" by her own hand in perfect penmanship on cards and gifts) and to many, just Elizabeth. I think someone the other day said it best: "Elizabeth was a lady." Not in a snooty way. Just always appropriate in the situation, knowing just what to say and do and how to say and do it. Its true. Ma was a lady.

Skilled and accomplished in many things, she was a seamstress, wife, cook, mother, beautician, grandmother, farm hand, gardener, mother, flower arranger, great grandmother singer, care-giver and ... did I mention ... mother? The mother role stretched far outside our immediate family. Growing up in a family with four brothers and at the same time her mother's only daughter she had gathered a phenomenally large bag of tricks. In the kitchen, she made the very best bread and rolls along with a seeming infinite number of other specialties and at the same time could, in a minute, show anyone how to make a bow and arrow, cut a whistle from a branch the size of your thumb or make a paper airplane that flies in loops. And there were no secret plans or recipes. She was always too happy to show anyone any of those things she had learned and came so easily for her.

Calm and soft spoken like her own mother, her temperament was one of always being quietly in control, even in the midst of a turmoil. Lots happened at our house and between Ma and Pa, the ship's rudder was in good hands. She brought the silent confidence that would tend to rub off on those around her who paid any attention to it.

In our family life, the dining room table was our altar. Daily family time at the table was a standard. Her decision not to work outside the home while the crowd (which Father always called us) was her way of assuring we always had what we needed to make the table thing work. If one of us announced we'd be away for Sunday dinner, it was seldom spoken, but we knew there needed to be a carefully planned excuse. Even when most of us had flown