

Memories of Mom (Ida-Rose Langford Hall) by Charlotte Hall Weight, Sept 2007

When I was sick, Mom always treated me so kindly. I remember one day I must have been really sick because she brought me up to her bedroom and nursed me on her own bed. I remember feeling so grateful for her kind care of me whenever I was ill.

If we were in trouble she would give us a look and threaten us with “I’ll take you by the left leg and throw you down the stairs!” A line stolen from a nursery rhyme.

I loved the clothes she sewed for us. She passed on her fabric addiction to me. I vividly remember stopping in Pendleton, Oregon to see the woolen mills and buy some discount wool fabric. She made me a red plaid, pleated skirt out of that fabric. She was always diligent to teach us girls the proper homemaking skills. I took a liking to sewing and she taught me some but also paid for me to take many classes at the Singer Sewing Store.

While I was on my mission in Argentina we washed our clothes on washboards and they wore out so quickly. One day I received a package in the mail and it was a new dress she had sewn for me. Her motherly intuition must have told her much it would mean to me to have a new dress that was so crisp and pretty.

She also signed me up for multiple dance, voice, and piano lessons. Although I wasn’t particularly talented in any of those areas, I think I benefited greatly from her attempts to enlarge our world and improve our skills.

In third grade I had a bad experience at school and was in trouble with a teacher for not telling her that a little boy had pulled down my underwear. A girl who was there when it happened went and told the teacher. The teacher scolded me in front of the whole class and threatened me that if I hadn’t told my mother by 5pm that night she would call my mom herself. I couldn’t tell mom about it because I was so embarrassed and since I was so in trouble at school I thought maybe she would be mad at me, too. Well the teacher called like she had threatened and when Mom called me upstairs I was devastated and felt so much shame—but she took me in her arms while I cried, said it that I was not in trouble with her in any fashion and that she was terribly mad at the teacher for treating me in such a fashion.

I loved mom’s no nonsense attitude. I begged her to let me have a boy/girl party at the house and after much haggling on my part, she obliged. To economize she made home made sloppy Joes, homemade goodies and we served pop—but no Coke or Pepsi because we didn’t drink caffeinated drinks. . My friends kept turning off the lights and she would “fly” down the stairs and flip them back on. The party ended early and I got a call from a “friend” to let

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me know everyone was saying it was the worst party they had ever attended. No pizza, no coke, and no lights out. I went up and talked to mom and dad in their bedroom and we had a long talk about the things that really count in life. Fortunately I had a mom that cared enough to chaperone the party and teach me about the follies of the world.

Mom's hobbies made holidays and other times really fun! The chocolate making at Christmas time, the sugar bells on the Christmas tree, the orchids in my wedding bouquet were from her greenhouse. I remember scooping ice cream and freezing it ahead of time for the sundaes we served at the outdoor receptions. I also remember drying apricots on the roof top. She made us get up early, which I hated, to go weed at the Payson farm. Once we got there I loved being out in the country with the birds singing and no other houses around. I remember baskets of tomatoes on the porch, pickling dill and bread/butter pickles, running the apricots through the strainer to make nectar, slicing corn of the cob for freezing and etc. She was industrious and her resourcefulness brought many blessings to our family.

Mom would take orchids from her greenhouse and make corsages for the widows in the ward. She was quick to take dinner to someone in need. I remember the incident at her 50th wedding anniversary celebration down at the Provo Eldred Center where a bum came in pretending to be invited and began filling a plate. Others wanted to show him out -- but Mom came over and made sure he had several full plates that he could take home with him. She often talked about how homeless people would come to her mother's (Zina Charlotte Langford) door and she would never fail to give them something to eat. Mom carried on that tradition in her life

Mom often entertained in our home the many visitors that came to visit dad at BYU. I remember one day a man from India came and mom was careful to fix a vegetarian meal that included acorn squash. I guess the guest had never had this type of squash and was trying to eat the peel. Mom laughed and explained that he only needed to eat the inside.

She was independent and not shy. Dad turned most of the investing over to her and she did her research and made a good return. She wasn't afraid to start her own business "The Tulip Cottage" in Payson which she later sold to another woman. She traveled to India, China and served a mission with Dad in South Africa and Zimbabwe and enjoyed the different cultures. I feel it a blessing to come from a long line of strong women. My own children say that my husband Bryan is the Patriarch but that I'm the boss of the family. I hope my daughters carry on that independent spirit that their Grandma Hall exemplified!

One of my favorite things about mom is how she talked to babies. She made all those funny sounds and sang silly songs to make them smile and laugh! Her many talents and kindnesses have showered my life with too many blessings to begin to count.