

Memories of My Mom: Ida Rose Langford Hall

By her son David.. September 2007

My earliest memories are of Mom are on a trip that our whole family took to Harmony Pennsylvania for the baptism of my sister Sherlene on July 15, of 1951. I had turned four years old in February of that year. Liz was the baby in the family but Virginia was on the way. Mom showed me the grave of the first child of Emma and Joseph Smith and Dad took a photo of me by that grave. My belief in Joseph Smith as the prophet of this the last dispensation of time had its foundation from that experience.

Mom taught me to work. She always pulled more weeds and shoveled more dirt and picked up more leaves than I was ever able to, but I learned to enjoy work because I saw the joy that it brought to her. She smiled and sang when she worked and I learned to do the same.

Mom had a temper, and I would push her to her limits. One of those times when I had pushed the wrong buttons too many times she threw the lid to a tin can at me. The lid was sharp and so when it hit it cut me just above the eye. Mom realized immediately her error and came running over to comfort and laugh with me. We both learned to forgive and forget quickly. I learned that if my name was David, I was probably doing ok. But if it became David Richard, or even worse, David Richard Hall, I had pushed things too far.

My favorite memories of Mom center around things that she did with me. I remember reading bible stories, saying prayers, working in the yard, canning fruit and tomato juice, helping me fold the papers early in the morning for my paper route, or even better, taking me around in the car for the route. I also remember wheel barrel rides, trips to the cemetery's, Christmas, birthdays, Easter egg hunts, Saturday morning pancakes, early morning breakfasts, fresh bread from the oven with butter and jam and even the daily nag to practice my viola. More than once she found me sleeping when I was supposed to be practicing.

Mom suspected that I had a hard time learning things (called disabilities now days) and so helped me learn to read by spending time with me. She helped me through the multiplication tables. She had faith in me and helped me find outlets for my talents by letting me mess up the back yard doing dug outs and put up with me building projects in the basement and garage. She encouraged me to take up drafting and design and let me know that it was ok if I went to trade school instead of to college. She did not get too mad at me when she found out that I had been skipping school to build gliders. There were many times that I heard "You can do better," "You're not living up to your potential," "keep trying," and "Don't let a bad grade get in your way."

At one point on my mission I was spending time designing flying machines by mail with Lee Colvin who was also on a mission. Mom found out about it through Lee's Mom and so I got a "Get back to work" call to repentance. I responded and gave up my day dreaming and focused on the work.

Mom was blunt and verbal with her opinions. When I was dating Donna she told me that Donna's health is something that I should look into. I ignored her warning but later recognized that she was looking out for my best interest. When Donna passed away it was Mom who helped me through the grieving process by praying and weeping with me and welcoming me back home. When I met Karen, Mom encouraged me to continue dating and let me know that she thought I had made a good choice.

Mom encouraged me to continue and complete college even when my grades were poor. She had faith in my future even when I did not. She provided a critical loan to Karen and I when we were purchasing our first home and later invested in one of my companies at a critical time. She was never easy on me and always expected the best but also always encouraged me to "go for it."

Mom was proud of her Children and her Grand Children. She told me that her greatest blessing was her posterity, and that her posterity came as a result of her doing her best to keep the commandments. It was a blessing to me to be a son of Ida-Rose Langford Hall.

David