

I feel it an honor to write a short remembrance and tribute to my parents. Gene and Joyce Hall, having lived in Ogden, Utah, all their lives, moved to Las Vegas after Joyce's stroke in 1998. The day they arrived I hung a big sign on the garage door, that said "Welcome to Las Vegas, Your Lucky New Home." They were actually overwhelmed by the enormous changes that had come into their formerly quiet, hard-won, comfortable lives. My dad, Gene, had spent almost 50 years as a successful, compassionate neighborhood Pharmacist. He had regular potluck lunches with employees and performed free blood-pressure checks. He shared peaches, apples and other homegrown and homemade goodies with his customers, who he considered his friends. He was the smart, honest, small business owner of "Gene's American Pharmacy" for several years, then he renovated Grandpa Hansen's old home into Gene's "Medicine Shoppe". My dad loved teaching Gospel Doctrine and going home-teaching with Julius Geilman. He faithfully served in many callings in the church. It seems like my mom's lifetime calling was the compassionate service lady, always making and arranging for casseroles and quilts to be made and delivered. If there was ever a person in need, my dad was there with a kind word and a check. My parents adore their children and grandchildren, and we all have wonderful memories of family dinners and holidays. My mother, Joyce Hansen Hall, passed away after suffering the severe effects of her stroke for 5 years. She lived comfortably and well cared for by my dad, myself and brother Nathan. A few years later, my dad returned to Utah, where he's living with Alan and Jeannie in Roy. He was a regular at "Tabernacle Choir" performances (with Jeannie who sang with the choir for several years) and is now enjoying family and church activities as he approaches his 89th birthday. My dad has always been very proud of his pioneer heritage and the 5 Hall brothers, who came out of the poverty of the Depression, WWII and became intelligent and successful men. They are all humble, GOOD men who have quietly made great contributions to their families and communities. My dad loved being a Temple worker at the Ogden Temple and still attends the temple with his loyal brother Donald as often as possible. If you have ever had the pleasure of meeting my dad you have been the recipient of his kindness and compliments.

With Love and appreciation, Joan Coon