

## Obituaries

### DOROTHY FLOYD

Dorothy Hall Floyd, 56, of Clovis, a retired librarian, died Wednesday, Dec. 8, 1999, at Plains Regional Medical Center.

She was born March 17, 1943, in Springville, Utah, to Theron Smith and Dorothy Lufkin Davenport Hall.

She was a retired college librarian for Snow College in Ephraim, Utah. She had her master's degree in library science. She was a volunteer worker at the family history center at her church and she was a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Clovis.

Survivors include three brothers, Hilton Hall of Belmont, Mass., Clifton Hall of Keedysville, Md., and Allan Hall of Fairview, Utah; three sisters, Barbara Clark of Wheatridge, Colo., Phyllis Lane, of Logan, Utah, and Audrey Barwick of Phoenix.

Memorial services will be held at 11 a.m. Friday, Dec. 10, at Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Clovis. Bishop Larry Hancock will officiate.

Services will be held at 11 a.m. Monday, Dec. 13, at Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Fairview, Utah.

Burial will be at the Springville Cemetery in Springville, Utah.

Arrangements are by Muffley Funeral Home.

### MEMORIAL SERVICES DOROTHY FLOYD DECEMBER 10, 1999

CONDUCTING	BISHOP LARRY HANCOCK
ORGANIST	ELLEN COLLINS
CHORISTER	MARILEE NOVAK
OPENING HYMN	#136 I Know that My Redeemer Lives
INVOCATION	Kenneth Baumer
SPEAKER	E.C. Shaffer
SPEAKER	Sandi Brower
HYMN	#194 There is a Green Hill Far Away
SPEAKER	Bishop Larry Hancock
CLOSING HYMN	# 301 I am a Child of God
BENEDICTION	Jim Wilson

3 Nephi Chapter 12 Verse 4  
"Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted"

## MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR DOROTHY FLOYD

From Tuesdays With Morrie, by Mitch Albom, p. 179: “[This is] a story about a little wave, bobbing along in the ocean, having a grand old time. He’s enjoying the wind and the fresh air—until he notices the other waves in front of him, crashing against the shore. ‘[Oh], this is terrible,’ the wave says. ‘Look what’s going to happen to me!’ Then along comes another wave. It sees the first wave looking grim, and it says to him, ‘Why do you look so sad?’ The first wave says, ‘You don’t understand! We’re all going to crash! All of us waves are going to [crash]! Isn’t it terrible?’ The second wave says, ‘No, YOU don’t understand. You’re not a wave, you’re a part of the ocean.’”

Dorothy always was and still is a part of the ocean, as we all are. I am grateful for the feeling of being a part of the great stream of life.

I am grateful that I had an opportunity to meet and know Dorothy Floyd. I am grateful that I was present a couple of weeks ago when she gave a most outstanding lesson in Relief Society. I am grateful I could learn from her. I am grateful that Jim and Sharon and their sons found a place for her in their home and in their hearts. After listening to her impressive credentials in library work you will know why I am also grateful that she was able to serve as a staff member of our Family History Center, where we are dedicated to preparing, publishing and preserving records of genealogical value. Dorothy was instrumental in that endeavor.

Just this morning I got a call from Janelle Foster, of Portales, NM, who wanted an address in order to send a thank-you note to Dorothy for her work on the Angus Cemetery of Lincoln County, New Mexico. She was shocked and saddened by the news of Dorothy’s passing, but again expressed her appreciation for Dorothy’s efforts. Another of Dorothy’s endeavors is currently awaiting the final proof-reading before publication. It gives me great comfort to know that the accomplishments of her efforts will be permanently preserved in the Granite Mountain Records Vault.

I am also grateful for the comfort of the Gospel of Jesus Christ that teaches us that through the birth, life, death and resurrection of Our Lord, we can all live again. Yesterday, several of us had a beautiful and spiritually uplifting experience when we helped to dress Dorothy in the temple clothing in which she will be buried. It was a privilege to be a part of that group. It was truly a privilege to know Dorothy.

I would like to close by reading from a little book called Sunlight & Shadows, compiled by Albert L. Zobell, Jr. that belonged to my father. Many years ago, when he was the bishop of our ward, he often used this book when he had a funeral to conduct. The poem I’d like to dedicate to Dorothy is by Charles Wesley, p. 63:

“Servant of God, well done!  
Thy glorious warfare’s past;  
The battle’s fought; the race is won;  
And thou art crowned at last.”

In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

E. C. Shaeffer  
Dec. 10, 1999

Dorothy Hall Floyd, 56, died Wednesday, December 8, 1999 in Clovis, New Mexico where she made her home with her niece Mrs. James (Sharon) Wilson and her family.

Dorothy was born March 17, 1943 in Springville, Utah to Dorothy Davenport and Theron S. Hall. She graduated from Springville High School and went on to attend Brigham Young University. She graduated from B.Y.U. with a Bachelor's degree in English and went on to obtain a Master's degree in Library Science.

Dorothy worked as a librarian at Snow College in Ephraim, Utah from 1981 until medical reasons made necessary her retirement in 1995. She had previously worked at libraries in Albuquerque, New Mexico, Dugway, Utah, Georgia and the Citadel in Charleston, South Carolina. In Clovis she was a staff member of the Clovis Branch Family History Center where she was responsible for producing and publishing several works of genealogical importance.

She married Clemmis Rembert Floyd July 18, 1975 in Jacksonville, North Carolina. They were later divorced.

Dorothy was a life-long member of the LDS Church. She loved literature, art and music and played the organ, piano and violin. She collected dolls and enjoyed cooking, knitting, crocheting and other crafts.

She is survived by three sisters: Barbara H. Clark, Wheat Ridge, CO; Phyllis H. Ioane, Logan, UT; Mrs. Ronald (Audrey H.) Barwick, Phoenix, AZ and three brothers: Joseph Clifton Hall, Keedysville, MD; Hilton Davenport Hall, Belmont, MA; Allan Perry Hall, Fairview, UT.

Funeral Services are scheduled for Monday, December 13, 1999 at 11:00 a.m. in the Fairview 4th LDS Ward Chapel, (address). A viewing will take place 10:00 a.m. in the same building. Burial will be in the Springville City Cemetery, 200 West 400 South at 2 p.m.

The following is an excerpt from a talk given by Sandi Brower at the memorial service for Dorothy in Clovis, New Mexico, 12/10/1999.

"Dorothy has finished her mission. She is home. She is free. She is full of joy and love.

I appreciated the opportunity I had to know her. For a brief part of her mission I was privileged to be one of her visiting teachers. She always had a smile, an encouraging word, an experience to share, a new knowledge of the gospel to tell me, to teach me.

I feel honored to have had this privilege to receive her love and support. I was blessed to have assisted in dressing her in her temple clothing. I hope to see her again when my mission is over."



## Dorothy Hall Floyd

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Dorothy was born March 17, 1943, in Springville, Utah to Dorothy Davenport and Theron S. Hall.



She graduated from Springville High School and went on to attend Brigham Young University. She graduated from BYU with a bachelor's degree in English and went on to obtain a master's degree in Library Science.

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Funeral services are scheduled for Monday, Dec. 13, 1999, at 11:00 a.m. in the Fairview LDS 4th Ward Chapel, (122 South State). A viewing will take place from 9:45 to 10:45 prior to the services at the chapel. Burial will be in the Springville City Cemetery, (200 W. 400 South) at 2 p.m. under the direction of Ursenbach Funeral Home.

In  
Remembrance

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IN LOVING MEMORY

*Dorothy Hall Floyd*

Born: March 17, 1948  
Springville, Utah

Died: December 8, 1999  
Chavis, New Mexico

**FUNERAL SERVICES**

December 18, 1999 - 11:00  
Fairview 4<sup>th</sup> Ward LDS Chapel  
Fairview, Utah

**PALLBEARERS**

George Clark.....John A. Clark  
David A. Clark.....Richard A. Clark  
Brent A. Hall.....Theron Toune

**HONORARY PALLBEARERS**

Michael J. Hall.....Junior Toune  
James Wilson

Conducting.....Dale Lewis & Counselor  
Family Prayer.....J. Hydon Hall  
Prelude Music.....Sue Kooley  
Invocation.....John A. Clark

*Musical Number*

By Luella B. Hall

Remarks.....Phyllis A. Toune  
Talk.....Ronald A. Barwick  
Talk.....Bishop Michael Aune

*Musical Number*

By The Toune Sisters

Remarks.....Dale Lewis & Counselor  
Benediction.....David A. Clark  
Postlude Music.....Sue Kooley

*Interment*

Springville City Cemetery.....200 West 400 South  
Dedication of the Grave .....Alan L. Hall

## Family Memories of Dorothy

Barbara Hall Clark:

Barbara remembers Dorothy crying in the night, when she had polio, and how hard it was for Mamma to get up and take care of her because she was so exhausted.

Barbara was teaching the fourth grade at the Brookside School when Dorothy was there in the fifth grade. This was the 1953-1954 school year.

Joseph Clifton Hall:

Clifton said that when he was 17 years old he played checkers with five year old Dorothy. She always won!

He took her to school on her first day of school. This was the Grant School.

Ron H. Barwick:

My earliest memories of Dorothy are very fond, and take place at Grandma Hall's house in Springville during the 1960s. We traveled there at least once per year, and sometimes more often while my father was a Bishop (he was able to attend General Conference in person). Aunt Dorothy lived upstairs in a room that was full of dolls and stuff generally uninteresting to little boys; and it seems like the room was usually off-limits. There was an air of mystique about the room at the top of the steep staircase. My sister Sharon and foster sister Alta spent lots of time in Dorothy's room playing dolls and dressing up. Dorothy was very attentive to us, and could always find time for a game or a puzzle or an interesting conversation.

It seems like she always stayed up late and always got up late and never was in much of a hurry—the kind of life style I would like to have some day.

When I was about 5, I gave Aunt Dorothy the mumps. Many years later, while visiting in Fairview she got me back by giving me the flu—probably the worst case I ever had.

Dorothy loved to read, and was always telling me about the books she read—trying to interest me in reading. I am sure that it was because of her and my mother that I developed a love for reading. Dorothy loaned and gave me many books.

Dorothy was always generous. One summer while visiting, Dorothy learned that I was teaching myself to play the guitar. She made a present to me of a small acoustic guitar she had been learning to play. This was my first own musical instrument. I still have that guitar.

I don't think that she ever missed sending a birthday card. I always looked forward to her notes, and enjoyed calling to say "thank you."

She drove a light blue-green Volkswagen VW with some curious designs she had painted by hand. I remember that she lived in New Mexico for a while, and we looked forward to her visiting us in Phoenix. Her car was an object of keen interest.

For many years she demonstrated an unusual taste in clothing. She was never afraid to let her personality show.

I remember that she was sick a lot.

Since I was staying in Springville, Dorothy took me to BYU, and helped me get installed in the dorms my first year. By this time she had a green Plymouth station wagon (I think--now my memory is fading..! Maybe it was a white Dodge?). She let me drive it fairly often, and in fact kept a letter in the glove compartment stating that I had her permission to use the car. Most weekends during my first year at college, Dorothy would pick me up on Friday (along with my laundry etc), and I would return to Springville where Grandma and she would feed me and help me wash clothes in exchange for yard work--lawn, weeds, painting, etc. This was a great deal for me, but most of all, I loved to rest on Saturday (and often Sunday) evenings to watch a show or just to talk with Dorothy and Grandma.

We started a tradition of viewing General Conference together. Except for the time on my mission, I don't think I ever saw General Conference anywhere other than in Springville and later in Fairview during my college years. This tradition spread to include many of the Hall Family cousins over the years. In Fairview, Dorothy would fix up a big pot of her chili, and the guys would have a great meal before the priesthood session with dessert afterwards.

Dorothy picked me up in Salt Lake from the airport en route to the MTC. Grandma and she provided a place to stay for the night--that was the last time I ever slept in Springville. Grandma moved to Fairview while I was away. Dorothy attended the MTC welcome session with me as a

surrogate parent and was the last of my family to tell me "good bye" in person.

Grandma and Dorothy wrote me regularly while on my mission. She often gave good advice and words of encouragement—especially when I became very ill for a season.

After my mission, Dorothy visited Phoenix for Christmas and then took me back to Fairview and on to BYU (actually she let me drive most of the way). I traveled to Fairview as often as I could—it became easier when I got my own transportation. We had the same arrangement with laundry and food for chores. Actually some of my very best memories of living in Utah are connected with Grandma and Dorothy.

Dorothy was easy to talk to and quick to laugh. She was very bright and related well to all of the Hall cousins. In many ways she was more like an older sister than an Aunt.

I will always be grateful for her love and influence in my life.

Steven G. Barwick:

I have a memory of Aunt Dorothy that may seem trivial but was meaningful to me. When we would visit in Springville she was always willing to play board games with me when nobody else had an appetite for it. There was a game in particular that I loved -I don't remember the name of it - but it had submarines on circular cardboard discs that you'd move around and try to torpedo the other players subs with. She seemed to have fun making crashing and splashing noises when she would shoot and sink my submarines. I would usually end up winning, but she would win just enough games to convince me that she was really trying.

Audrey Hall Barwick:

I remember the night that Dorothy was born. I turned five years old just five days earlier. I didn't understand why we were at Aunt Elner's so late at night and why she kept trying to get me to lie down and go to sleep.

The phone rang and it was Dad asking for me. He told me that I had a new baby sister. It was a complete surprise to me,

although Mamma told me years later that she had told me about a new baby coming and showed me the baby clothes.

Dad picked us up and we all trooped into the bedroom to see Mamma and the new baby. Dorothy was in a baby buggy next to the bed. I looked at her - thinking what's all the fuss about? - then I went to bed.

When the weather was nice, while everyone was at school, Mamma and I would take Dorothy in the buggy and go for walks. Sometimes we visited Sister Patrick, but most of the time we went to Boyer's Store to buy Twinkies and Dixie Cups to take to Aunt Florence and Uncle Billy. That summer Dorothy had polio and that ended our walks.

I remember how patient our dog, Buck, was with Dorothy. When she was still small, she would sit on the low wall around our front porch and slide off and land on Buck. He would just grunt and lie there until Dorothy got tired of doing it.

I think that her first grade teacher thought she was held over, not only because she was big for her age, but because of the things she already knew. We used to play school and I taught her the alphabet, numbers etc.- plus she was very smart and learned quickly.

\*  
Mr. Erickson not only made her promise not to run away and go home, but he put her in charge of the front door to the school. He told her not to let anyone in except the teachers until time for school to start. He forgot to tell her that it was okay to let Mr. Robertson, the custodian in. On her first day as door keeper she refused to let him in. He told her to go ask the principal if it was okay. I was in the sixth grade at the time and Mr. Erickson was my teacher.

Allan, Dorothy and I used to play in the barn. Allan was Tarzan. I was Jane, and Dorothy got to be Cheetah.

I remember how sad I felt because kids made fun of her corrective shoes. At one time she wore a brace on her back and they made fun of that too.

We became close as we got older. She was always kind to my children and they loved her a lot. When they were at BYU they called her "Mom away from Mom."

I really love her and miss her. She always seemed to know if I was having a bad day and would call and ask if I was okay. I have felt her presence at least once since she passed away.

\* Please refer to Phyllis' sketch of Dorothy's life for clarification.

Sharon B. Wilson:

When visiting in Springville I always played with Dorothy's dolls and looked at her knick knacks and jewelry. She taught me and my brothers how to play chess. Her favorite cartoon was the Peanuts Gang; especially Snoopy and Woodstock. This interest was often reflected in the cards she sent to others.

Dorothy loved to design and make doll clothes. She made doll clothes for me for one of my birthdays and more than one Christmas for me from Santa. She also made doll clothes for my Clark cousins.

She helped me with my final project for my History of Fashion college class. I had confiscated Ron's GI Joe and we dressed him as a knight of the Crusades. I got an "A" on the project.

When Dorothy was a student at BYU, she sometimes purchased dolls and then designed and sewed clothes for them. She then sold some of them to help with her expenses. I got my love of dolls and costuming from her.

She loved to crochet and knit. When I was at BYU she gave me yarn to crochet a scarf, because I was so cold! She knitted sweaters for Grandma Hall, and among other things that she knitted and crocheted were slippers, afghans, and also sweater sets for babies.

She liked having her birthday on St. Patrick's Day and liked to think that the whole world was celebrating.

She enjoyed reading science fiction, mysteries, fantasies and history books. Sometimes, while living with us in Clovis, when her back would hurt, she would lie down to rest and read. After all the years of us borrowing her books, she could now enjoy reading mine.

She liked Egyptian things, as well as things that were American Indian and from medieval times. She liked to draw and take photos of beautiful scenery, and other interesting things such as pueblos etc. Her travel photos provided landscapes for me for my painting class at BYU.

Sometimes when I was sick, or when there was a three day weekend, she would drive to Provo, pick me up and take me to Fairview. A few times we visited Aunt Elner and Aunt Millie. Once we drove to Hall's house on 4<sup>th</sup> North in Springville. The owners invited us in and let us take a tour of the house.

At one time, Grandma and Dorothy were visiting teaching companions. Sometimes when I was in Fairview and Grandma wasn't up to going, I would go with Dorothy to visit the ladies on their route. She would take me shopping and to other places I needed to go. Once she bought us matching sweat shirts. She was more like a sister than an Aunt. We had a lot of fun together.

While living with us in Clovis, New Mexico, she helped with the cooking and cleaning and would take me shopping. She liked to try recipes from different cultures and had a collection of cookbooks reflecting this interest.

In Clovis she was a Family History librarian and a faithful visiting teacher. Sometimes she was asked to substitute as a teacher in Relief Society. Many women remembered the beautiful lesson she gave about the Manti Temple. She passed away several days later. She hadn't been feeling well, but taught the lesson anyway. Sometime later, one of the stake leaders mentioned Dorothy's lesson in Sacrament Meeting.

The chapel in Clovis, where her memorial service was held, was beautifully decorated for the Christmas season with poinsettias and pine garlands with red bows.

She was always kind to Chris and Scott. She was a good friend and a good listener. She was kind and caring and sometimes went without in order to help others. My family and I love her and miss her.

Note of explanation. Some of the original copies of newspaper articles were pasted in a scrapbook and would not copy clearly. I wanted to include them anyway. Audrey





DOROTHY HALL  
FLOYD  
MARCH 17, 1943  
DECEMBER 8, 1999

