# Nancy Ann Hale

*March 30, 1949 ~ January 12, 2017*

Nancy Ann Hale, 67, of Draper, Utah, born March 30, 1949, in St. Louis, Missouri to Pansy and Sylvester \"Slug\" Szachnieski, closed her eyes for the last time on January 12, 2017. If you\re wondering, she\s traveling somewhere warm and far from here, like Florida, but behind the moon. Grandma has a teeny-tiny family that she couldn\t have been more proud of,ÄîRonald Hale (husband), Jodi McGill (daughter), Lauren and Trevor Vlam (grandchildren), and Hattie (dog).

Knowing her, we\ve come to learn many things, like: she was the whisper of inspiration we needed in our darkest moments, cleaning the bathroom once a week is much easier than having to deep clean it after several weeks, snacking on leftovers is reserved for the hours between 11:00 pm and 3:00 am, and her hugs were the most comforting \"I love you\s\" the world could offer. She was known for never holding back her opinion, having her pajamas on by 6:00 pm, and using tons of paper to bookmark yummy recipes in her cookbooks. To her, being at least 15 minutes early was a necessity, but she refused to take the freeway because of how terrifying it was. Once she got where she was going, you didn\t have to look twice to know who in the room was best dressed.

Always charming everyone with her steady hand at creating quarter scale masterpieces in the form of flowers and Victorian houses, her home is filled with countless treasures. She had a green thumb even though she\d never admit it and would often mourn the loss of her lawn to pesky crabgrass. To a passerby, her yard is filled with delicately placed plants and love. There\s no arguing that she\ll have the most striking yard in the neighborhood for years to come, especially as her flowers begin to blossom come springtime.

Other than being a master cook in the kitchen, she always had a way of knowing when something was bothering you, and she told the truth even if it wasn\t what you wanted to hear. Emotions were never hidden; seeing the ups and downs made all of us stronger. Grandma was fierce, and radiant, and beautiful, and everything you\d hope for in a best friend. She was our rock. Our guts. Our courage. Our confidence and strength. Our sensibility, compassion, and laughter. She was our beginning and end. Our everything.

All who loved her will miss her wit, stubbornness, and beyond perfect pumpkin pies. If you want the recipe, too bad! A private memorial service will be held. Well-wishers are encouraged to send donations to the Best Friends Animal Society. Grandma always loved dogs; when they weren\t the start of a neighborhood bark-a-thon or ruining her flower beds, that is. The Best Friends donation page is available here: https://secure.bestfriends.org/page/contribute.

We\ll see you again in the moonlight, Grandma. We love and miss you endlessly.