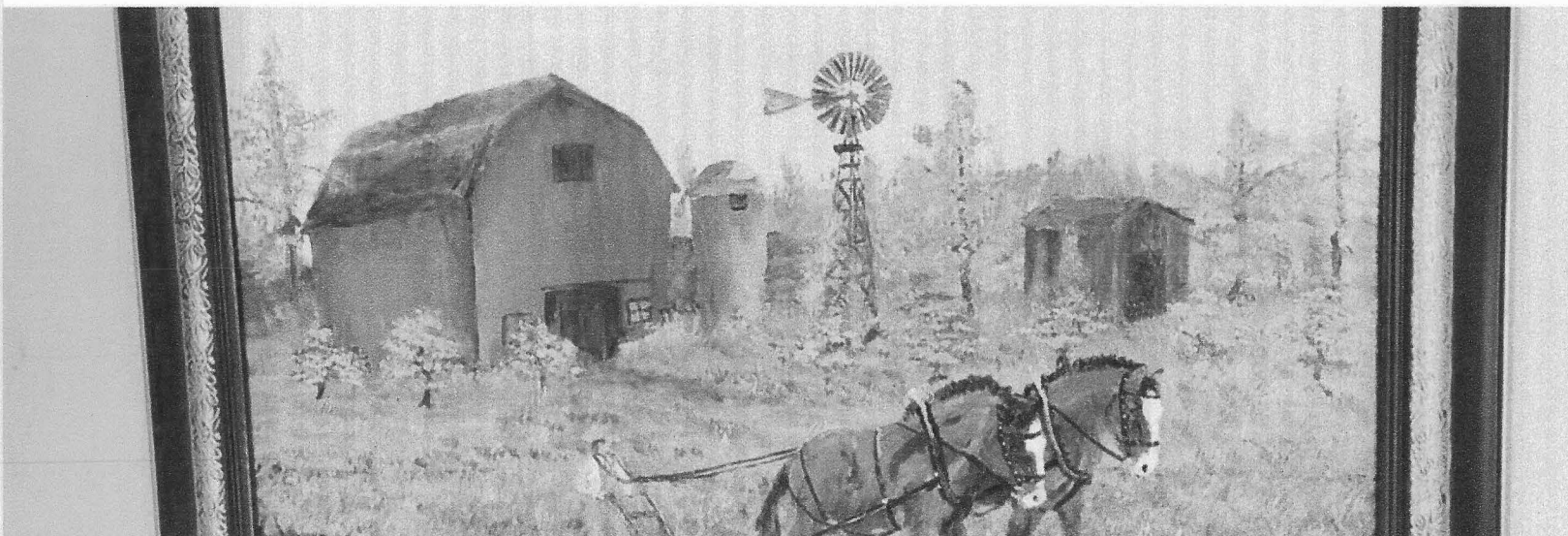


How does one define greatness? My pop was sent out in the fields behind horses at 10. At the end of eighth grade he was pulled from school to do farm work on the family farm. The oldest of 7 the farm work fell mostly on him as his dad and mother were not well. They died when he was still a young man, he tried to keep the family together but in the end the youngest were placed in near by farm families. This was during the depression, He worked for other farmers, and the WPA.

Finally he started his own family, Still farming he rented, but went to work in a factory with the plan of buy a farm., didn't happen! As I grew I knew little of how hard he worked in the shop only when he got home he was wore out. We weren't rich but the house was always warm there was always food at meals, shoes that fit our feet.

No my dad was not a great athlete, or a politician, or someone in the publics eye. But my dad was a great man, who's family came first. Miss you Pop. Happy fathers Day. The painting is a depiction of my dad plowing I painted this year.



From Phil Hall June 18, 2022
about his father John R. Hall