

Reflections of the Past

Reflection of the past used to drown my soul
Kept me from succeeding as I watched my LIFE unfold.

Battling and protecting my loved ones so dear
Praying for forgiveness and redemption for 27 years.

Reflections of the past kept me shackled and bound
Fighting ANGELS and DEMONS when no one was around.

For my mind is free and my soul laid to rest
GOD knows our true reflection and HE knows what is best.

I ran the race and gave all that I could give
Never reflecting the standards of how you wanted me to live,

Reflections of the past caused you pain and despair
Yielded by circumstances; does not mean I did not care.
So, when you look in the mirror and see a reflection of yourself
Remember I am a part of YOU from the past and in in DEATH.

Reflections of the past made me stronger; not weak
To accept who I was, to be unshakable by defeat.
No more loneliness, no criticism or judgment from man
I leave you all with LOVE as I am now in GOD'S hands.
Look towards the future, until we meet again... with Love, Willie

Romans 8:38-39

**For I am convinced that neither death nor life, neither angels
nor demons, neither the present nor the future, nor any powers,
neither height nor depth, nor anything else in all creation,
will be able to separate us from the love of God that is in
Christ Jesus our Lord.**

Arrangements in Care of:



904-404-1850
Belinda J. Warden, FDIC
www.justcremationfl.com

A Celebration of Life for



Willie Edward Hall, Jr.
Sunrise: May 22, 1943 Sunset: June 10, 2020

Viewing

3:00 PM, Thursday, June 18, 2020

Samuel C. Rogers, Jr. Memorial Chapel
4315 N. Main Street
Jacksonville, Florida 32206

Willie Edward Hall's Obituary

Remembering Him



We are celebrating the life of **Willie Edward Hall, Jr.** ("Bubba") who was born May 22, 1943, age 77. He was a native of Jacksonville, FL where he attended the local public schools of Duval County. He was the oldest child of Willie Hall and the late and beloved Vivian Bradley.

Willie was a "people person" and could strike up a conversation with anyone that would listen. During his lifetime, he was dedicated to working hard as a young man, wherein he worked for Redwing Carrier Trucking Company for several years, and also worked as a mechanic repairing police cars for the Jacksonville Police Department. During the early 1970's, Willie purchased his own independent track and trailer. Willie was the sole proprietor and for many years operated his own neighborhood store called "Try Me Sundries" on State Street in Jacksonville. He was a self-made entrepreneur in all of his endeavors and was very successful in doing so. He was man of many talents including art and a passion for writing.

Willie will always be remembered as a strong and resilient man that could endure almost anything, but his heart was soft and sentimental when it came to his family, and that gave him strength throughout his lifetime to never give up the fight. Unfortunately, Willie's health started to decline, and he soon lost the battle, where he peacefully passed away on Wednesday, June 10, 2020.

His Legacy

Willie was preceded in death by his loving parents, mother, Vivian Bradley and his father, Willie C. Hall, Jr. Also, his brothers and sisters, Eric Hall, James Hall, Sylvia Jennings, Sylvia Hall, and Travis Hall. The survivors of his legacy include his children, Willie Hall, III, Pamela, Syrenia Hamilton, Craig Hall, Dwayne Hall, and Ebony Peterson; a number of nieces and nephews, including all of the Jennings Family, Hall Family, and McLenny Family along with other relatives, loved ones, and friends.

Poem by a Daughter

Encouragement During the Storm

*I always thought the past made me strong
To learn from mistakes and to carry on;
But throughout the years absent from your touch
I didn't realize I loved you so much;
Feeling of empowerment when you walked through the door
Knowing I had my Dad back and yearning no more;
But the days passed us by, and the short time embraced
Gained respect that was lost as I looked upon your face;
Loved filled your heart as you held your head high
Seeing your family again as you rejoiced quietly inside;
Yielded by circumstances but unacquainted with defeat
Daddy you gave me encouragement during the storm;
And now it's time to sleep.
Always in my heart, your daughter.*

Syrenia

