

A LETTER FROM HEAVEN

To my dearest family, some things I'd like to say.
But, first of all, to let you know that I arrived today.
I'm writing this from heaven.
Here I dwell with God above.
Here, there's no more tears of sadness;
Here is just eternal love.

Please do not be unhappy just because I'm out of sight.
Remember that I am with you every morning, noon and night.
That day I had to leave you when my life on earth was through.
God picked me up and hugged me and He said, "I welcome you.
It's good to have you back again, you were missed
while you were gone.
As for your dearest family, they'll be here later on.

I need you here so badly, you are part of my plan.
There is so much that we can do, to help our mortal man."
God gave me a list of things that He wished for me to do.
And foremost on the list was to watch and care for you.
And when you lie in bed at night the day's chores put to flight.
God and I are closest to you...in the middle of the night.

When you think of my life on earth, and all those loving years.
Because you are only human, they are bound to bring you tears.
But do not be afraid to cry; it does relieve the pain.
Remember there would be no flowers, unless there was some rain.
I wish that I could tell you all that God has planned.
If I were to tell you, you wouldn't understand.

But one thing is for certain, though my life on earth is over.
I'm closer to you now, than I ever was before.
There are rocky roads ahead of you and many hills to climb;
But together we can do it by taking one day at a time.
It was always my philosophy and I'd like it for you too;
That as you give unto the world, the world will give to you.

If you can help somebody who is in sorrow and pain;
Then you can say to God at night...My day was not in vain.
And now I am contented...that my life was worthwhile.
Knowing as I passed along the way I made somebody smile.
So if you meet somebody who is sad and feeling low;
Just lend a hand to pick them up, as on your way you go.

When you're walking down the street
and you've got me on your mind;
I'm walking in your footsteps only half a step behind.
And when it's time for you to go...from that body to be free,
Remember you're not going...you're coming here to me.

Written by Ruth Ann Mahaffey

Floral Bearers
Nieces and Friends

Pall Bearers
Nephews and Friends

Acknowledgement
We wish to express our sincere thanks and gratitude
to our friends and family for your many comforting acts of
kindness and sympathy shown during passing of our loved one.
May God bless each one of you.

The Family of Mrs. Shelby Jean Davis Hall



~ Funeral Services Entrusted To ~
Enloe Mortuary
231 North Lafayette Street • Shelby, NC 28150 • (704) 487-9598
www.enloemortuary.com
"Sympathetic and Efficient Service"

A Celebration of Life For *Mrs. Shelby Jean Davis Hall*



Thursday, September 9, 2021
3:30 PM
Mundy's Chapel
United Methodist Church
Mooresboro, NC
Pastor Lisa Moore, Officiating Minister

Order of Service

Prelude

Processional

Officiating Minister..... Rev. Lisa Moore

Scripture Reading

Old Testament..... Rev. Louise Learson

New Testament..... Rev. Keith Wilson

Prayer of Comfort Rev. Linda Hall Howard

SelectionMs.Kalyeia Davis

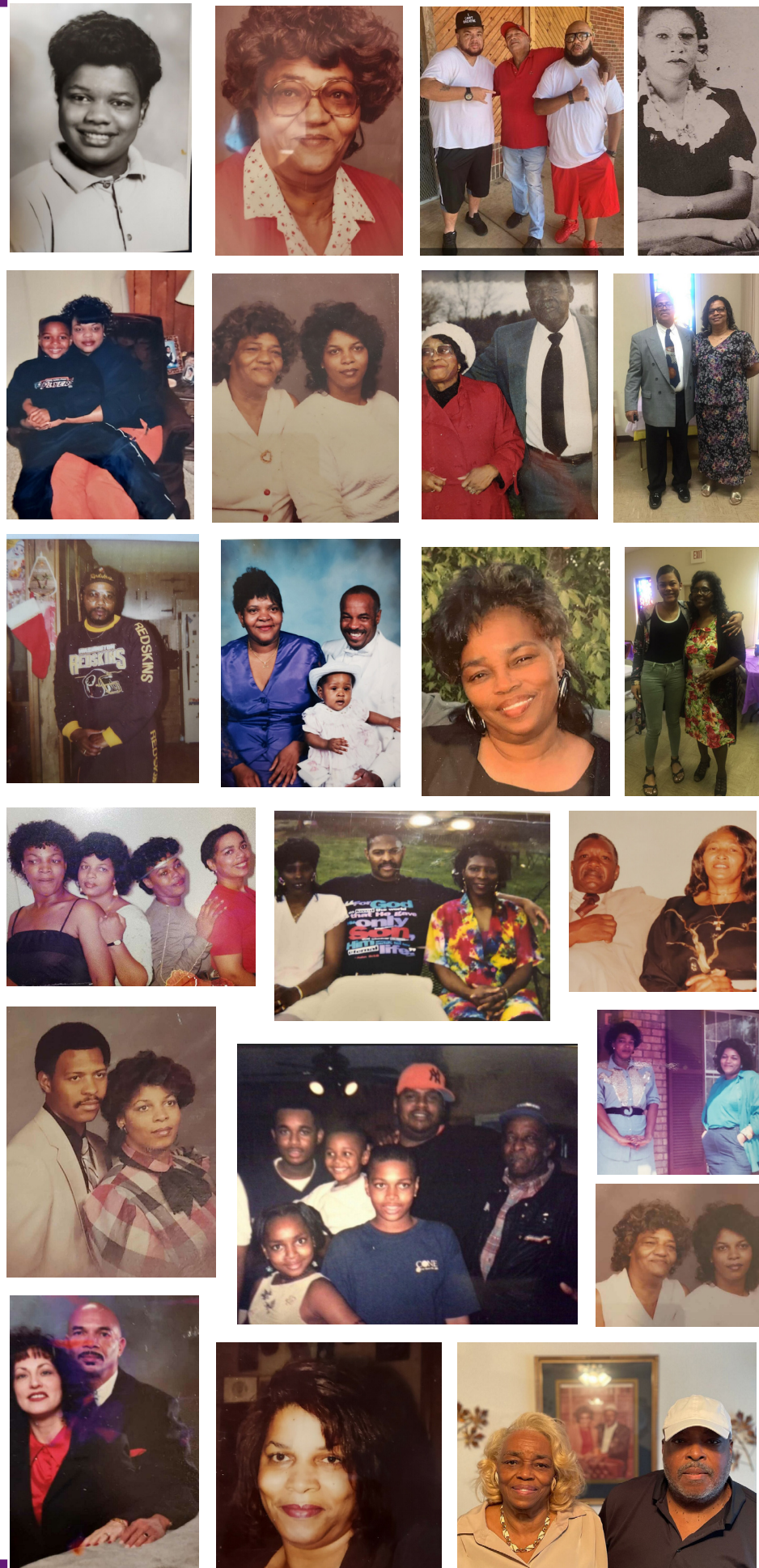
Remarks

SelectionMs. Kalyeia Davis

Words of Comfort..... Rev. Lisa Moore

Recessional

Interment
Mundy's Chapel U.M.C. Cemetery
Moorestown, NC



Obituary

Mrs. Shelby Jean Hall, 65, of 4908 Ellenboro Road, Mooresboro, NC passed away on Friday, September 3, 2021 at her residence. She was born on April 21, 1956 in Cleveland, NC to the late Caldwell Davis and the late Mirtis Lee McSwain Davis.

A hardworking individual, Shelby was employed with Cone Mills for 32 years and Milliken for 15 years where she retired from. She was a member of Mundy's Chapel Baptist Church.

In addition to her parents, she was preceded in death by two sisters, Gladys Marie Freeman (Jerry) and Nancy Davis; two special aunts, Kathleen Petty (Sam) and Nobel Jefferies (Tank); three nephews, Randy Hickman, Jr., Gerald Freeman and Ricky Hamrick and a brother-in-law, Harold McKinney.

She leaves to cherish her memory to her husband, Willie Preston Hall; a daughter, Sarice Mickles; three brothers, Sonny Bristol (Deborah), Jimmy Davis (Paulette) and John Davis (Elaine); three sisters, Sandra Washburn (James), Margaret McKinney and Macy Hickman (Randy, Sr.); one grandson, Antonio Jyrece Petty; sister-in-law, Deborah Watkins (John) and a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, other relatives and friends.