



## Karen Marie Hall

February 18, 1949 - July 5, 2015

I am writing an obituary for a dear friend. To my knowledge she had no friends or family in this area. Any known relatives live on the East Coast. Someone needs to pay tribute. My wife and I first met KAREN HALL in March of 2013. She had come to the Humane Society because a certain female Pittie named Katie had caught her eye. Now it happens that Karen was in her mid-sixties. She had been injured and walked with a pronounced limp, using a cane. We didn't see a chance in the world Katie would work for her, because she was a "puller." Karen was not to be dissuaded. She grabbed the leash and headed for a trail out back. To the astonishment of those of us watching, Katie didn't pull at all. She would walk to full leash extension then turn and look back. The adoption happened. Katie took up residence with Karen in a little shack up a jeep trail near Lake Chelan.

Times had gotten hard for Karen. She was well educated and well read. In her later career she worked training dogs for the hearing impaired. Then she moved to a little spot of ground near Chelan. Soon after her husband died. Karen hurt herself while trying to repair the cabin. Her water system failed and she was forced thereafter to haul water from the lake, a task which became harder as she grew ever more crippled. A proud woman, Karen would not accept either pity or help. Despair might have set in but for one thing. She had her wonderful dog Katie and the joy they brought to one another kept the devils away. Karen would take the dog to lakeside parks on a long tether and watch as she frolicked in the water. She would do anything for that dog. A

each birthday rolled around Karen always made sure there was something left to buy Katie a steak.

Because of her meager circumstances and isolation, my wife and I would check up on her now and then, perhaps share a picnic, or have her to our home. When we were unable to contact her yesterday, we decided to drop in on her. When we got to the house, all was quiet. Katie would run to various windows and give us a big smile. Knocks brought no answer. From a side window we could look into the living room and there in her chair sat Karen in gentle repose. She was dead. We got Katie out of the house and called the Sheriff. The dog appeared in good health and, in fact, there was still water and food in her bowl. We brought Katie home. Now I feel I have to answer to an unspoken pledge- to find Katie a good home. The courage of that woman and the beauty of her relationship deserves nothing less. If there is someone out there looking for an experienced Soul Mate please give us a call. Jan Short  
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# Tribute Wall



“ *Karen Marie Hall*

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January 29, 2023 at 08:49 AM



“ *I first met Karen more than 40 years. We worked together at a small newspaper in Newark, Delaware. She was an excellent poet who had several of her poems published in the University of Delaware's poetry magazine and was respected by many national poets including Gibbons Ruark and James Wright. When I told her I was looking for a change of scenery she showed me the poem "Lake Chelan" by William Stafford. That poem changed both of our lives. I moved to Seattle and Karen moved to Chelan, a place she cherished for the rest of her life. She lived for many years in a lovely cottage owned by a former Chelan school teacher, Mrs. Rainier, across the street from Pat and Mike's. She got married and I got married and we lost touch, but I would like people to know that she had many friends in Delaware and was loved by the people who worked with her at the newspaper. I tell people that just about everything good in my life started when Karen introduced me to Lake Chelan, the poem and the place.*

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**Steve Kelley** - July 09, 2015 at 08:06 PM