



Blanche Marie Hale

July 10, 1935 - March 28, 2009

Blanche Marie Hale, age 73, of Murphysboro, passed away at 12:19 p.m. Saturday, March 28, 2009, at the Heartland Regional Medical Center in Marion, Illinois.

Funeral services will be held at 7 p.m. Tuesday, March 31, 2009, at Pettett Funeral Home, where friends may call from 5 to 8 p.m. Tuesday. Mrs. Hale's body will be cremated and private committal services will be held at a later date.

Blanche was born on July 10, 1935, in Murphysboro, Illinois to Harry Crombar and Nellie (Boone) Crombar. Harry passed away when Blanche was five years old and her mother married Tom Crombar, and together they raised Blanche.

Mrs. Hale was a member of the First Lutheran Church in Murphysboro. She was a member of the American Legion Post # 127 and the Carbon Lake Club, where she enjoyed playing pinochle. She loved watching baseball and was an avid Cardinal fan.

Blanche was an employee at the Jackson County Courthouse in various departments.

She married John W. Hale, Jr. on September 17, 1955, in Corinth, Mississippi, and he preceded her in death on May 19, 1995.

Blanche is survived by three sons Scott Hale and his wife Rose Hale, Steven Hale, and Shawn Hale, all of Murphysboro;

two granddaughters Sandi Hale and Sara Nicole Hale, both of Murphysboro;

four great grandchildren Skyler Smith, Tyler Smith, Bridget Partridge, and Daiela Zaragoza;

one sister Mary Bodyns and her husband Jim Dobyms of Long Beach, CA;

one sister in law Karran Crombar of Murphysboro; and several nieces and nephews.

She was preceded in death by one son Stan Alan Hale, two brothers Harry and Bob Crombar, and one nephew Todd E. Scrum.

Tribute Wall



“ *Blanche Marie Hale*

October 23, 2023 at 06:26 AM



“ *I found this poem at my mothers death I hope it gives you a small peace of mind as it did me. When I come tho the end of the road, And the sun has set on me, I want no nights in a gloom-filled room, Why cry for a soul set free? Miss me a little but not too long, And not with your head bowed low, Remember the love that we once shared, Miss me.... but let me go. For this is a journey that we all must take, And each must go alone, It's all a part of the Master's plan, A step on the road to home. When you are lonely and sick of heart, Go to the friends we know, And bury your sorrow in doing good deeds, Miss me.... but let me go. With all my hear felt sympathy. Todd*

Todd Tayor - April 01, 2009 at 12:03 PM