



Winona Louise Allen Hanson

December 21, 1931 - May 29, 2005

Winona Louise Allen Hanson, 73, of Epsom, NH, passed away Sunday, May 29, 2005, at the Epsom Nursing Home in Epsom, NH, due to a sudden illness. Mrs. Hanson was born December 21, 1931, in West Stewartstown, NH, daughter of the late Annie Mae Ricker Allen and Leon Mabry Allen. Mrs. Hanson grew up primarily in the North Country. She lived in Guildhall, VT, and the Maidstone area where she married and worked as a homemaker. Later she moved west to California and also resided in Texas for a short time and then returned to live in Portland, ME, for a number of years, eventually moving to Manchester, NH, to reside in the Epsom area to live out the remainder of her life. Mrs. Hanson is survived by two daughters, MaryAnn McDade Huskey and husband, Keith, of Lancaster, NH, Jill Rowe Gadwah and husband, Mitch, of Manchester, NH; three sons, James McDade and wife, Kim, of Guildhall, VT; Harold Rowe of Warren, ME, and Arnold Rowe of Colebrook, NH; a brother, Stanley Allen and wife, Shirley, of Lake Dallas, TX; three half-brothers, Lyford Parker and companion, Reona Hartlen, of Colebrook, NH, Larry Parker and companion, Annie Lawton, of Columbia, NH, Lynford Parker and wife, Carolyn, of Earlton, NY; two half-sisters, Evangeline Parker Howe and husband, Lloyd, of Stewartstown, NH, and Trulienne Parker Gaudette of Columbia, NH; two step-sisters, Joanne Parker Davis of Colebrook, NH, and Beverly Parker Nicholson of Pittsburg, NH. She is also survived by numerous grandchildren, four step-grandchildren and numerous great-grandchildren, cousins, nieces, nephews and one aunt. Mrs. Hanson is preceded in death by her parents; two sons, Neil Henry McDade and Timothy Allen Rowe; two daughters, Marsha Lynn McDade and Juanita Louise McDade Bunnell; a brother Randolph Mabry Allen; a sister Leona Mae Allen; two half-sisters, Emily Parker Seaman and Theo Parker; and two step-brothers, Leonard Parker and Bertram Parker.

Tribute Wall

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“ Grammie I'm sorry I never made it back to Burnham Arms to be with you and your ferret. I enjoyed the couple of years I did have with you when I was an adult, and I'm angry I wasn't allowed to really know you as a child. I have your cheekbones, and I miss your eyes. I only have fleeting memories of you as a child. The first is sitting with you and my dad in the cafeteria when my brother was born in a chair at a table. You were on my left, and my dad was sitting across the table from me. I can't remember if I ate, but I do remember being thrilled I had chocolate milk in a carton. I remember getting a strawberry shortcake ice cream bar with the crunchy coating on the outside. I remember one day seeing you when you came to our circle at the bottom of Riverton Park. I remember the carousel that was plastic with the horses that were painted you gave my brother; and if you would wind it up it was great. You gave me a castle with a unicorn it was white and very soft porcelain. I remember winding up the plastic base, and stroking it softly. I remember standing outside with you and the brown polyester pants, and the pretty shirt that you were wearing, how you smelled, and how soft your hands were. I remember Jill being there. My mother wouldn't even let you in the house. I remember you told me you'd see me again if you could, and you holding me brother close to you in one arm, and me in the other. I remember you shushing me and wiping my tears away and telling me it was okay and to remember that Grammie loves you. I remember my brother being really little, probably 6 or 7, and I remember I was 9 or 10. I don't remember if I saw you again after that until DJ was two. He was four when you died. My heart broke when I found out because I felt robbed. You told such great stories about your life. I will forever treasure you and what memories I do have. I miss you

Kristie Bostick - March 12, 2025 at 09:24 PM