Ron Hannah

Ron Hannah was born in Elgin, ND, on January 8, 1958, to Erwin Duane and Donna Rae (Seymour) Hannah. He started working with his family business, Whitewood Sand and Gravel, where he learned to love and run heavy equipment. He worked in the oil field in Wyoming and also worked 20 years for Wharf Resources starting out as a "crusher hound" and moving up to general mine foreman.

Ron loved fishing, camping, bike riding, sail boating, and working around the house. He cherished all of the wonderful times with his family. Ron had a heart of gold and was always there to lend a helping hand. He especially loved spoiling his children and grandchildren.

Ron, 53, of Whitewood, SD, died Friday, September 23, 2011, in Whitewood.

Survivors include his mother, Donna Hannah of Whitewood; sons, Corey Hannah of Gillette, WY, and Jeremy (Amanda) Hannah of Watford City, ND; daughters, Sheena Hannah of Spearfish and Amy (Jake) Mack of Spearfish; brother, Bud (Tina) Hannah of Spearfish; sisters, Rhonda Quenzer of Whitewood and Jolene Bouta of Spearfish; grandchildren, Carter,

Sidnee, Gavin, Bryce, Natalie, and Jayden; and numerous nieces and nephews.

Ron was greeted in heaven by his dad, Erv Hannah; his sister, Corrine (Corky) Rear; and his grandparents.



In Loving Memory Of



Ron Hannah 1958 ~ 2011



Born

January 8, 1958 Elgin, North Dakota

Died

September 23, 2011 Whitewood, South Dakota

Funeral Service

Wednesday, September 28, 2011, at 10:00 a.m. Kinkade Funeral Chapel

Officiating

Pastor Dan Ziebarth

Musical Selections

"Amazing Grace"

"When I Get Where I'm Going"

"Angel"

"Ships Of Heaven"





THE SHIP OF LIFE
By John T. Baker

Along the shore I spy a ship
As he sets out to sea;
He spreads his sails and sniffs the breeze
And slips away from me.

I watch his fading image shrink, As he moves on and on, Until at last he's but a speck, Then someone says, "He's gone."

Gone where? Gone only from our sight
And from our farewell cries;
That ship will somewhere reappear
To other eager eyes.

Beyond the dim horizon's rim Resound the welcome drums, And while we're crying, "There he goes!" They're shouting, "Here he comes!"

We're built to cruise for but a while Upon this trackless sea Until one day we sail away Into infinity.