

Obituaries from page 32

BRIAN H. SHAW, 60, of Emery Road, died Wednesday, December 17, 2008, at the Franklin Regional Hospital after being stricken ill at home.

He was born in Franklin on March 26, 1948, son of Hale P. and Yvette J. (Lefebvre) Shaw.

Brian was a lifelong resident of East Andover. He graduated from Franklin High School and later took night classes there offered by Nathaniel Hawthorne College with a BS degree in business administration.

A farmer, Brian owned the Brian Shaw Farm. He was a US Army veteran and served in Vietnam. Brian was a member of the New Hampshire Farm Bureau and former deputy chief of the

East Andover Fire Department and Rescue. He especially loved animals and his friend, companion and dog, Casey.

Brian attended the Andover Congregational Church in East Andover. He was predeceased by his wife, Shirley A. (Kelley) Shaw, who died in 2006.



His family includes his son, James B. Shaw of Franklin; his daughter, Lisa M. Cox of Laconia; grandchildren Alexandra Cox of Laconia and Logan Shaw of Franklin; his parents, Hale and Yvette (Lefebvre) Shaw of East Andover; his brother, Emile Shaw of East Andover; his fiancée, Brenda Greene of East Andover; aunts, uncles, and two nieces; and four grandnieces.

Calling hours were held at the William F. Smart Sr. Memorial Home in Tilton. A

funeral service was held at the Andover Congregational Church in East Andover. Spring burial with honors will be held in Oak Hill Cemetery in Salisbury.

In lieu of flowers, Brian's family kindly requests that contributions be made to the New Hampshire Humane Society, PO Box 572, Laconia 03247.

ANTOINETTE "TONY" MARIE (GODERRE) MARTIN, 94, a longtime resident of Main Street in Andover, died Friday, December 26, 2008, at Merrimack County Nursing Home in Boscawen, following a period of failing health.

She was born in Plainfield, Connecticut, on January 2, 1914, a daughter of Adrian and Rose (LaBonte) Goderre. Antoinette lived in Baltic, Connecticut, before moving to Andover in 1945. A homemaker, she also worked as an inspector for the former plastic shop in Franklin for many years.

She was a parishioner of Immaculate Conception Church in Potter Place, and she and her husband were very involved with the inception of the church and its construction plans. She was the oldest living member of the church.

Antoinette was predeceased by her husband, George J. Martin, who died in 1996, and three grandchildren.

Her family includes three sons, Richard A. Martin of Salisbury, Alfred G. Martin of Errol and George M. Martin of Chester; her daughter, Jean M. Putney of Birmingham, Alabama; six grandchildren; and six great-grandchildren.

According to her wishes, there were no calling hours.

A Mass of Christian burial will be celebrated in the spring at Immaculate Conception Church in Potter Place, with burial following in Lakeview Cemetery in East Andover, both at a later announced time and date.

Memorial donations may be made to Immaculate Conception Church, c/o Our Lady of Fatima Parish, 724 Main Street, New London 03257.

ETHEL VIOLA (JOHNSON) SKOLDBERG, 97, of 372 Chase Hill Road in East Andover died Friday, December 26, 2008, with her family by her side.

She was born June 2, 1911, in Rhode Island, the daughter of Carl and Martha Johnson. Ethel was educated in Rhode Island and moved to New Jersey when she married her husband of 55 years, Eugene. While living in New Jersey she was employed with the Lipton Tea Company for 15 years. Prior to moving to East Andover, she lived for many years in Concord. She loved her family and enjoyed spending time with her grandchildren.

She was predeceased by her husband, Eugene Skoldberg, who died in 1987.

Her family includes her daughter, Karlene J. Anderson of East Andover; her sisters, Grace Pulver of upstate New York and Irene Erickson of Orange, California; three grandchildren, eight great-grandchildren; and five great-grandchildren.

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**In Memory of Brian Shaw
March 26, 1948 – December 17, 2008**

By Brenda Greene, Brian's fiancée

Sometimes the quantity of time you have with someone in your life isn't nearly as important as the quality. On December 17 I lost my closest friend, my best friend, and my true love.

When Brian came into my life nearly three years ago he immediately became the most important part of my life. There were very few days that you would not find us together either haying a field or cutting firewood or just going somewhere on a delivery.

Brian didn't like doing things without me or me without him. He became a father-figure to my daughter Heather and filled a large void in her life. My grandchildren loved him dearly and always looked forward to coming to the farm to ride on the tractor with "Grampa Brian" or to help him feed the cows.

Brian wasn't one to admit that the game of golf made sense, but he loved to go to the golf course and drive the cart and watch me play the game. And once in a while he would pick up a club and try it out for himself. He was afraid of the water because he couldn't swim, but he loved to go out on the boat and just hang out with our friends and go for a moonlight cruise, of course with his life jacket on.

He was a big man with a big heart and a generous soul. If you ever asked anything of Brian his answer was always, "Of course you can." He once helped a single mother whom he had never met. She was going through some hard times and could not feed her two boys, so Brian gave her enough money to buy a week's worth of groceries. That act of kindness gave them enough to get back on their feet. He would always say, "It was only a cord of firewood."

The day Brian passed away the snow started falling and continued off and on until the day of his service, but even with blizzard conditions hundreds of people showed up to remember and celebrate his life. That was a true testament of who he was and how much he was loved.

In the end, our time together was cut short. Even with a broken heart, I thank heaven and earth for my time with him, and nothing can ever take away the love we shared or our memories we had together away.

Thank you, Brian, from the bottom of my heart. You will forever be missed. I will always love you and look forward to seeing you again. God be with you.

Love always,
Brenda

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