



Linda Huning McMahon

May 7, 1945 - October 26, 2012

Linda Marie Huning McMahon, 67, of Nokomis, Florida passed away October 26, 2012.

She was born May 7, 1945 in Des Plaines, Illinois the daughter of Hans and Angenette (Willard) Huning.

She leaves to cherish her loving memory her sister, Devon Huning, and niece, Bree Huning.

She was predeceased by her parents, and her husband Jack.

A celebration of Linda's life will take place on Friday, November 2, 2012, at the end of Casperson's Beach, Venice, Florida. Please arrive as early as 4:30pm if you life, for fellowship. The service will begin at 5:45 to end coinciding with the sunset at approximately 6:45. Food and refreshments will either be available on site, or at the house of one of Linda's many friends.

In lieu of flowers, contributions in Linda's loving memory may be made to Humane Society of Sarasota County.

Funeral arrangements under the direction of Gendron Funeral & Cremation Services Inc, 135 N. Lime Ave, Sarasota, Florida 34237 941-365-1767.

Online condolences may be made at www.gendronfuneralhome.com. Scroll down on the right, to Obituaries, and click on Linda's name.

Tribute Wall



“ *Linda Huning McMahon*

October 09, 2023 at 02:01 AM



“ *Linda Huning McMahon*

January 28, 2023 at 12:09 PM



“ *I only had the pleasure to know Linda for a couple of weeks during my class. In the short time I knew her it became evident rather quickly the amount of depth and profound insight she possessed. I recall a particular moment that I witnessed during Linda's life in class that will stick with me for a long time. We were going over a poem and Linda began crying, but it was not tears of sorrow or joy, but the special kind of tears that come out when one is so overcome with beauty and emotion. Having the ability to feel so deeply the true essence of an artist's work is one that Linda most certainly possessed and many admire and strive for. Rest in peace.*

Murray Devine - December 06, 2012 at 12:00 AM

CD

“ Ruth was Linda's first AA sponsor, and passed away 10 years ago. Linda became friends with Ruth's daughter and family, Cindy, Bob and Leigh Charest. This was written by Cindy to be shared at Linda's memorial, but I did not see it in time - I have also posted this under "stories".

Linda was a very good friend of my mother, Ruth Wurlitzer Hart. I remember Linda speaking eloquently at my mother's memorial which took place on a beach not too far from where you are now, almost ten years ago. What she and everyone else that spoke that evening said meant so much to us.

After my mother died, I would call Linda, or she would call me, just to say hi. It was such a comfort to talk to someone who had known my mother so well. She was so generous with her time and energy. She offered her experience and wisdom, and always with a dose of lightheartedness and humor.

Her interest in learning was an inspiration. She was an honest-to-goodness Lifelong Learner. Even as she related the details of her diagnosis to me on the phone, she talked of continuing her studies. She was a very smart woman; so well-spoken and so vibrant. I will miss being able to call her, to chat away about various subjects, whatever life lessons I was learning, and listen to her gentle guidance. She never lectured; she just supported.

We wish we could be there with all of you to help celebrate Linda's life. In our absence, please know we are sending all Linda's friends and family our most sincere condolences.

Cindy Charest and family

Cindy Charest - Ruth Hart's daughter - November 12, 2012 at 12:00 AM

SB

“ *Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.
I have sent up my gladness on wings, to be lost in the blue of the sky.
I have run and leaped with the rain, I have taken the wind to my breast.
My cheeks like a drowsy child to the face of the earth I have pressed.
Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.*

*I have kissed young love on the lips, I have heard his song to the end,
I have struck my hand like a seal in the loyal hand of a friend.
I have known the peace of heaven, the comfort of work done well.
I have longed for death in the darkness and risen alive out of hell.
Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.*

*I gave a share of my soul to the world, when and where my course is run.
I know that another shall finish the task I surely must leave undone.
I know that no flower, nor flint was in vain on the path I trod.
As one looks on a face through a window, through life I have looked on God,
Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.*

I think of you often, Linda. You were a special sort of lady, and I treasure now the moments we shared. Many congratulations on your hard earned degree. Please know that we are keeping you in our hearts.

Sara Boecke - November 09, 2012 at 12:00 AM

KC

“ Linda, you were such a lovely person. I am so inspired by the journey you undertook to earn your degree. I'll never forget our group project in Dr. Lipscomb's class about Ezra Pound's "In a Station of the Metro." Working with you taught me to have patience, find joy in life, and pursue individual growth at any age.

I will miss you.

Karin Clemons - November 09, 2012 at 12:00 AM

VL

“ We often are blessed to be teaching fascinating, challenging students at USF Sarasota-Manatee. With Linda, I was blessed to be teaching a fascinating, challenging soul. Linda wrote me little quirky emails whether or not she was in my class, which was a wonderful bonus to so many of my days, and I most definitely will miss her. Here's part of one from a couple of months ago: "Dr. Lipscomb, does the hugeness and the connectingness and the depth and the literal awesomeness of all the beauty there is that you get to partake of--how do i say this--does it sometimes just paralyze you with joy and sorrow and just the wonder of Being?" Yes. And because Linda was aware of all of it, daily, she left us with a greater sense of awareness as well. I am certain that she taught me at least as much as I taught her.

Valerie Lipscomb - November 07, 2012 at 12:00 AM

KK

“ Dearest Linda,

We were acquaintances, then best friends, then I pulled back to be just an acquaintance. You once wrote me a note saying that you honored me ? well, ditto. I learned a lot from you and I thank you for that. I just could not understand some of your behavior. But I did understand your writing. Oh, the fun we had helping each other overcome writer?s block or discussing how to be grammatically correct! One day I shared an essay I wrote about riding my horse - including galloping cross-country. You said that was how you hoped your ?Rainbow Bridge? would be ? filled with freedom to move and run, and be free in the sun with all of your previously encountered and lost two-legged and four-legged friends. Linda, now that you are there, please do run free and far.

Kathy Ketter - November 03, 2012 at 12:00 AM

SS

“ *Last Sunday night I counted: in five days/*

I would draw into me thus many breaths;/

I counted, too, how many little ways/

I might survive how many little deaths/

Till you returned and I'd see you again/

And smile. You'd think we'd laughed and loved for years,/

Or known each other in some distant when,/

Some long-gone time my heart now faintly hears./

Last Wednesday night I dreamed, and saw your eyes;/

Remembering, I knew you'd felt it, too:/

Like crumpled letters lost in faded ties,/

Old words re-born, old souls flown back anew./

Yet, I have lived before in dreams I made:/

It's Friday, now, and I am so afraid./

-----I knew Linda for a very short time, two months, but quickly grew to respect and admire her. May she rest in peace.-----

Suzanne Stein - November 01, 2012 at 12:00 AM

SH

“ Dear Linda,

I so much enjoyed having you as a student. You were very special to me. I relied on you to pose interesting and unusual questions and you always came through. Sometimes you said things that were quite unexpected, such as when you compared me to a little bird singing and pecking my way through life. I think most of all I cherished our mutual commitment to one another and to the importance of the work we did together. I knew that for you school was intense and meaningful in a way that far surpasses the dedication of other students. Your reading and writing gave you the chance to imaginatively explore regions outside yourself, bound as you were by the limits of the flesh. God always takes soonest those who are loved.

Bon voyage.

Dr. Harrington

Susan Harrington - October 31, 2012 at 12:00 AM

PL

“ I already miss Linda. She used to stop by my office once or twice a week before her class just to check in. She was the type of student who talked to the receptionists, housekeeping staff, fellow students waiting for a ride, almost everyone knew her. When school was not in session, she would call me just to chat. USFSM was her second home. When I remember Linda, I think of the funny, quirky things she would write in an email or say to me when we talked on the phone. She often wrote, “And the beat goes on?” and it reminded me of a 1960’s “flower child”. I didn’t know her then, but I can imagine her wearing a flowing dress and headband, dancing barefooted to music. A week before she passed Linda candidly discussed her death with me and Amanda C. She clearly stated she wanted the song “Ripple” by the Grateful Dead played at her service. I Googled the words...neat song. Linda loved words, language, and was a gifted writer with a unique style all her own. Today I looked back at the many emails she sent me over the past few years. The majority of emails contained a closing line “with gratitude?”. Linda was truly grateful for her life, despite her physical challenges. She was amazingly dedicated to finishing her degree and worked so hard through medical issues, surgeries, and pain. She was a strong woman inside and out. Linda received her BA in English prior to her death, a goal she worked so hard to achieve. She is at peace now and for that I am grateful.
Pat Lakey, USFSM Disability Services

Pat Lakey - October 30, 2012 at 12:00 AM

PP

“ daylight, see the dew on a sunflower, and a rose that is fading,
roses wither away, like the sunflower i yearn to turn my face to the
dawn, i am waiting for the day

*Linda and I once watch the musical CATS, she loved it except for
the part interrupted by the dogs.*

*touch me, it's so easy to leave me, all alone with the memory, of my
days in the sun, if you touch me you'll understand what happiness
is, look a new day has begun*

up up up past the jellicle moon

up up up up to the heaviside layer

Patrick Platt - October 30, 2012 at 12:00 AM

CN

“ So sorry for your loss. I still remember that first double date. A great
time for all. I didn't realize that Linda was closer to my age than to
Tony's. I am sure she will be missed by all that knew her.

Charley Noble - October 30, 2012 at 12:00 AM

TM

“ I feel very sad but know she is in a better place now since she
suffered so. I never had classes with Linda but met her through a
disabled service fair. She read my book and was touched by it. I
met her another time and she asked how I am treated at USF I
wished I had gotten to know her better but I was touched by her in
the few times I met her. I know she had a hard life and I could relate
to that.

Theresa McMillan - October 29, 2012 at 12:00 AM

TR

“ To Devon, Bree and the Family of Linda McMahon,

May the lovely memories of Linda fill your hearts with comfort. It was a pleasure to work with Linda as a student. I enjoyed reading her writings. May you look forward to seeing her again, with the hope of an eternal future of peace and joy.

Toni Ripo, Career Services USF Sarasota-Manatee

Toni Ripo - October 29, 2012 at 12:00 AM

AP

“ This is a poem that Linda seemed to enjoy when we discussed it in class:

*Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky:
the dew shall weep thy fall t night;
for thou must die.*

*Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
bid the rash gazer wipe his eye:
thy root is never in its grave,
And thou must die.*

*Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweet compacted lie;
the music shows ye have your closes,
and all must die.*

*ONLY a sweet and virtuous soul,
like seasoned timber, never gives;
But the whole world turn to coal
Then chiefly lives.*

Take comfort in knowing that her soul "chiefly lives." when the things in this life disappoint us, when our bodies fail us, and when the world breaks our hearts there is always comfort in knowing that God has ransomed our soul and life is eternal.

I will miss Linda. I have seen her at school and shared several classes with her for over two years. She has an amazing wit and compelling personality.

You are missed! But we will meet again!

Please remember (friends and family) you are in our prayers! Take rest and shelter in the arms of God. He will comfort you. God Bless.

Sincerely,

Alexis Paquette

And Family

Alexis Paquette - October 29, 2012 at 12:00 AM