



Allan James Hanoski

September 28, 1943 - October 9, 2023

Allan James Hanoski, 80, of Prosper, TX, passed away Monday, October 9, 2023 in Frisco, TX after a two-year battle with cancer. Allan was born September 28, 1943 in Milwaukee, WI to Chester and Evelyn Hanoski. He married Theresa May on October 4, 1969 and just celebrated 54 years of marriage while admitted at UT Southwestern Medical Center.

Allan is survived by his wife, Theresa; son, Paul Hanoski; daughter, Jennifer Balodis and grandchild, Madison Hanoski; son-in-law, Erik Balodis; brother, Jerry Hanoski and partner Debbie Smith; five nieces, Denise, Lynn, Courtney, Heather, and Sara; aunt, Patricia Hanoski; and brother-in-law, Jerry Kallas.

He was preceded in death by his parents, Chester and Evelyn; and brother, Dennis Hanoski and wife Sue.

Allan served in the United States Navy. He enjoyed deer hunting and riding his BMW or Can-Am motorcycles for long trips with friends, family (son Paul), or with the Lone Star BMW Riders group. He enjoyed being an outdoorsman, building his next man cave in the woods with his friend Carl, stacking the next wood pile with Ray, or just helping out a friend with the next home project. He could be called Mr. Fix-It because he could make or fix anything. Allan would help anyone who asked, as his sense of community is how he was able to express his love for family, friends, and strangers alike when words were not

at his lips. Allan enjoyed woodworking and upheld his father Chester's tradition by making grandfather clocks for his two children. Allan enjoyed traveling in later years and was found walking the cruise ships hand in hand with Terry seeing the many sites of Europe and Alaska.

A Mass of Christian Burial will be held at 10:00AM, Thursday, October 12, 2023 at St. Michael the Archangel Catholic Church in McKinney, TX with Fr. Felipe Vives officiating. Online viewing of the service will be available through: <https://stmichaelmckinney.org> at the live streaming link. Online condolences may be shared at www.slaymemorialfuneralhome.com.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made in Allan's memory to UT Southwestern Medical Center, Harold C. Simmons Comprehensive Cancer Center, P.O. Box 910888, Dallas TX 75391-0888 (<https://engage.utsouthwestern.edu/donate-now>) or to the building fund for St. Michael the Archangel found at: <https://membership.faithdirect.net/givenow/TX1086>

Arrangements are under the direction of Bradley R. Shotts and Slay Memorial Funeral Center.

Previous Events

Mass of Christian Burial

OCT **12** (CT)

St. Michael the Archangel Catholic Church
411 Paula Road
McKinney, TX 75069
stmichael@stmichaelmckinney.org
<https://stmichaelmckinney.org/>

Tribute Wall



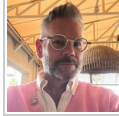
“ From his son:

Hello: I'm Paul - Son, Friend, and student of the greatest man I have ever known. I promise only to take 4 minutes more of your time today as this may be the hardest, grateful moment of my life. I must admit As I stand here today, I'm reminded that writing a eulogy is not an easy task. It's hard to put into words how much someone meant to you and how much they impacted your life. But I want to try my best to do justice to my father's memory and share with you some of the things that made him so special."

to describe 80 years of life, 54 years of marriage, or 51 years of a son's life is difficult in this timeframe so I will ask for your forgiveness as I can only do it from my perspective. A memorial or a eulogy is supposed to be about the person it is delivered for, however, I cannot stop thinking that it is more about the person delivering it and trying to say the things he or she wanted to say but couldn't the final months, weeks, or days of life. And to memorialize how Dad impacted and affected the person delivering the message, so I will ask for your indulgence as this may be slightly self-serving. Dad and I started off as a son and Dad would. Learning, making mistakes, and starting over again. My father was first my dad but also my teacher. He never left that post even to the last month of his life. From teaching me to tie my shoes, to using bread bags to slip on my rubber boots to walk to school. From riding a bicycle, snowmobile or motorcycle or attempting to install something in the house while holding or "Goforing" the tool. At many times in my childhood, I thought my name was "Gofer" as he said "Go For" that deep socket 1/4 wrench". I was always fetching something (while potentially losing it in the process), but that is another story. He taught me how to load a gun, go deer hunting, and filet a fish (even though the ones from McDonalds did me just fine). Did I mention that I was not always so good at all these things? We were opposites from the start. This brings me to remember his pseudo title – " Mr. Fix-It". He had a McGyver-like arsenal in his pockets, car or motorcycle for any moment, because he never knew when he would need to cut something, turn a screw or make an adjustment to make the world around him or someone he ran into run better.

We once Blew a tire on a family vacation to Arkansas. We had a NASCAR-style unloading of the van with the whole family on deck while Dad did the pit stop routine on the side of the road (highway 5). He was proud it only cut into our drive time by 30 min and was sure he could make up the time on the road. Getting him through airport security on any one of our travels to Europe or Alaska was always a treat as no matter how many times Mother reminded him to remove all that stuff in his pockets. It was ingrained in his person that his pocket knife, tiny tool kit, or coin purse with an extra screw could come in handy. So, look to your left or your right and I bet you all \$10 that you have had a McGyver style story to share over lunch in the hall after this service. Because that is who he was. I got to share this recently on another trip to Arkansas with two good friends (Mike and Sam), as they assisted me in one of my Dad's last requests. We were to head up and take all the goodies we could from his hunting cabin home and give some key & useful items to some of his pals and neighbors. I opened the shed door and hanging on the door was a large tag affixed with a twisted metal hook as to never be removed that listed the make, name and color codes for the paint he had used on the shed in case it was ever to be freshened up. I looked in the room and there exactly as he stated, every tool and object he maliciously described was exactly where he said it would be. I broke down in a million emotions and turned to Mike and said holding the paint tag "This is my Dad". I

Paul Allan - October 12, 2023 at 06:50 PM



In the final days with him you can't help but look back and reflect. At his side in the final day and hours, I got to talk about our times together, when we had to chop and haul wood to keep the house warm with his friend Ray, never knowing that there were costs saving efforts in that process, I just thought every home was heated with a wood pile. Why he taught me to reuse and repurpose everything and place it where you could find it again (which I try to do today), so that everything had a life and we didn't waste a thing. He taught me this now because it was how he grew up. It was how we needed to be at that time and him not knowing if I would need to be the same as I went through life. He fought so hard for the things we had so we didn't have to be that way in our future, yet he gave me the tools in case I did. These days we continue the same traditions in families, trying to better the next generation and shield them from the struggles of our childhood, and in some ways, I question if it is to our own detriment. These are the conversations we had on the road as I later picked up motorcycle riding so we could take to the open road talking for hours through our motorcycle helmets. It's where I DEEPLY felt my Dad's heart.

Today, I won't make you laugh at all the stories we had (and trust me there are many). I always assumed the role of the funny one. I think I got that from Dad, although at times you wouldn't think so. His humor was dry, and you would not always catch it until moments later. Usually, he would be chucking while the rest of us scratched our heads for 15 seconds to figure it out - then we would end up with a chuckle.

Today, I reflect on the deep and profound experience I had to call this man my Dad. I think that he did everything a man could to raise a family, teach traditions and foster an upbringing that has molded me into a part of who I am today. I expect that each of you had your own experience, and in this process, I thank you all for allowing me to share mine.

*Dad.....I see you,
I feel you
and I will forever hold you in my heart.*

You're in so many ways, my best friend, my confidant and my mentor in life. My Greatest and deepest memory will be the last 5 mins I got to see you fully conscious, and you sang to me "Happy Birthday" with Mom.

You will never know the power you held and the grace in which you delivered its wielding force. May I see you again in the light of God so I may thank you person.

Paul Allan - October 12, 2023 at 06:51 PM

SW

“ *Scott Wulz lit a candle in memory of Allan James Hanoski*



Scott Wulz - October 12, 2023 at 08:43 AM

SW

I only got to meet Allan a few times but know he's a great man just from how he raised his son and what I've been told. Our loss is Heaven's gain. Rest in peace, Mr. Hanoski.

Scott Wulz - October 12, 2023 at 08:45 AM

DM

“ *Aunt Terry, Jennifer, Paul, Uncle Jerry: Love gives us memories; I know Uncle Allan was deeply loved and will be remembered by many. Faith gives us strength, and our family has faith in abundance! I'm sorry I won't be with you in person on Thursday, but I will be there in spirit. God bless, and rest peacefully Uncle Allan.*
❤️ *Denise*

Denise McConkey - October 12, 2023 at 01:17 AM

DG

“ *Rest dear Allan..god has you in the palm of his hand 🙏🙏*

Dottie Greer - October 11, 2023 at 11:25 PM

SC

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Sara Chris - October 11, 2023 at 02:28 PM

DM

Grandpa, Uncle Jerry, Uncle Allan! ❤️ Thanks for sharing this picture, Sara.

Denise McConkey - October 12, 2023 at 01:29 AM

BJ

“ <https://photos.app.goo.gl/sDRnSFcjzF9Hy4Zi7><https://photos.app.goo.gl/hYmXxbbF7Ty8Psyz9>

Brother, Jerry - October 11, 2023 at 02:21 PM

BJ

“ <https://photos.app.goo.gl/sDRnSFcjzF9Hy4Zi7>

Brother, Jerry - October 11, 2023 at 02:19 PM

BJ

“ <https://photos.app.goo.gl/sDRnSFcjzF9Hy4Zi7>

Brother, Jerry - October 11, 2023 at 02:06 PM

DM

Thanks for sharing these, Uncle Jerry! Lovely picture of you and Uncle Allan and grandma.

Denise McConkey - October 12, 2023 at 01:21 AM

SS

“ Hey Paul. Just wanted to let you know that I was thinking of you. My thoughts and prayers are with you during this time of bereavement. I am praying that you find comfort, peace and strength in the memories of your father.

StephStory

Stephanie Story - October 11, 2023 at 12:47 PM

RE

“ All my love to you Paul and Terry - -

Renee - October 11, 2023 at 12:22 PM

RC

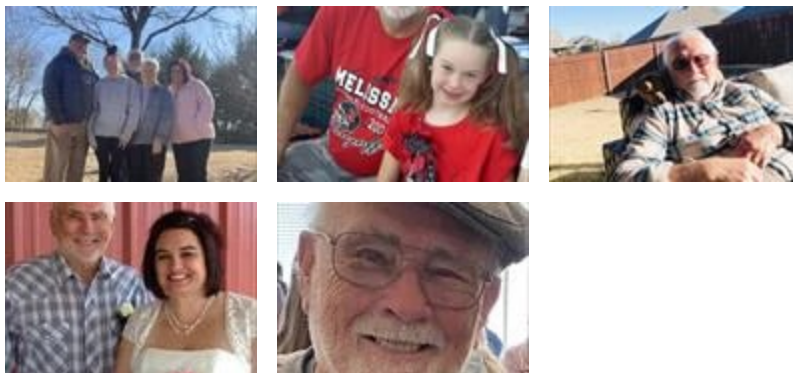
“ Ryan C lit a candle in memory of Allan James Hanoski



Ryan C - October 11, 2023 at 11:56 AM

PH

“ 10 files added to the tribute wall



Paul Hanoski - October 11, 2023 at 11:49 AM

DM

Thanks for sharing these pictures, Paul. I remember the dinner at that restaurant in Seattle, before you and Aunt Terry and Uncle Allan took a cruise to Alaska. How wonderful for you to have had those adventures together! ❤️

Denise McConkey - October 12, 2023 at 01:27 AM