



Joanne Golla

December 2, 1941 - December 2, 2007

IRON MOUNTAIN - Joanne M. Golla, 66, of 316 West E St., Iron Mountain, died Sunday, Dec. 2, 2007, at her home.

She was born Dec. 12, 1940, in Milwaukee, daughter of the late Wilbert and Eunice (Trudell) Forster. Joanne graduated from the Rufus King High School in Milwaukee in 1958.

After high school, she worked for Target in the Milwaukee area for 10 years, moving to Iron Mountain in 1979. She worked as a cashier at People's Grocery Store for 22 years and at the Dollar Tree for three years before retiring. Joanne enjoyed country music, reading and walking. She loved spending time with her grandson, Eric.

She is survived by her daughter, Gail Kosovec; grandson; Eric Kosovec; close nephews, Kevin and Tim Haag; sister-in-law, Diane Forster; two nieces, Denise Stebnitz and Cassi Forster, and one great-niece, Jasmine Stebnitz.

She was preceded in death by her brother, William Forster.

Friends may call from 4 p.m. to 6 p.m. Thursday at the Erickson-Rochon and Nash Funeral Home.

Memorial services will be at 6 p.m. Thursday at the funeral home. Fr. Paul Nomellini will officiate.

Burial will be in Cemetery Park.

In lieu of flowers, a memorial will be established in her memory.

The family has entrusted the Erickson-Rochon and Nash Funeral Home of Iron Mountain with the funeral arrangements.

Tribute Wall

PT

“ Gail and Eric,

You two are in my prayers every day. And remember, you now have one more Angel watching over you both.

I know Vince Gill was one of your mom's favorite artist's here are the word's to a song he sang that fit her so well:

Go Rest High On That Mountain

*I know your life on earth was troubled
And only you could know the pain
You weren't afraid to face the devil
You were no stranger to the rain*

*Go rest high on that mountain
Son your work on earth is done
Go to heaven a-shoutin'
Love for the Father and the Son*

*Oh, how we cried the day you left us
We gathered round your grave to grieve
Wish I could see the angels' faces
When they hear your sweet voice sing*

*Go rest high on that mountain
Son, your work on earth is done
Go to heaven a-shoutin'
Love for the Father and the Son.*

*Go rest high on that mountain
Son, your work on earth is done
Go to heaven a-shoutin'
Love for the Father and the Son.*

Phil Trbovic - December 06, 2007 at 12:00 AM