Hannah was born in Williston, North Dakota on December 19, 1983, daughter of Michael and Lila (Loomer) Rasmussen of Watford City. At a young age, she moved to Nevada to live with her aunt, who soon became her mother. Most of her younger life was lived in Filer, Idaho until they moved back to Watford City in 1997. Hannah met Jon Randles while at a Lake south of Minot and the couple was married on October 28, 2003. After Jon was discharged from the military, they moved to Watford City to start their family. Hannah and Jon were blessed with two sons, Ian and Landon. The boys were the light of her life. Hannah loved being a stay at home mom where she proudly watched her boys grow into amazing young men. She kept herself busy with a variety of hobbies. Nothing filled her heart more than watching her sons play football, run track or participate in any sport. Her love for the outdoors included many camping and kayaking trips. Hannah always had a passion for change. With her adventurous spirit, she traveled and moved to many states just to explore what else the world had to offer. Hannah will be remembered for her outgoing, free spirit and her incredible mothering gift of nurturing her boys. Hannah is survived by her beloved sons, Ian and Landon Randles, both of Dickinson; aunt/mom, Susan (Ed) Clifford of Glen Ullin; siblings, Angie (Larry) Sanders of South Dakota, John (Melinda) Rasmussen of Watford City; the father to her sons, Jon Randles of Dickinson; and numerous aunts, uncles, nieces, nephews and cousins. She is preceded in death by her parents, Michael and Lila Rasmussen; maternal and paternal grandparents; cousin, Charlie Loomer; and infant half-brother, Michael.

FOOTPRINTS

One night I had a dream. I was walking along the beach with the Lord, and across the skies flashed scenes from my life. In each scene I noticed two sets of footprints in the sand. One was mine, and one was the Lord's. When the last scene of my life appeared before me, I looked back at the footprints in the sand, and, to my surprise, I noticed that many times along the path of my life there was only one set of footprints. And I noticed that it was the lowest and saddest time in my life. I asked the Lord about it: "Lord, you said that once I decided to follow you, you would walk with me all the way. But I noticed that during the most trouble-some times in my life there is only one set of footprints. I don't understand why you left my side when I needed you the most." The Lord replied: "My precious child, I never left you during your time of trial and suffering. Where you see only one set of footprints, it was then that I carried you."

In Loving Memory ACUSTUS CUST December 19, 1983 — November 30, 2023



