

Nan



*I have 33 years of memories with you - I'm in preschool standing at the fence across the street yelling at you to come pick me up when I see you going out to do yard work. I'm in the living room of The Cranberry House trying to dance like "Baby". I'm at the table with your guest, refusing to eat because his elbows are on the table. I'm in the kitchen learning to make cinnamon rolls with you. I'm spending the night wondering why you put your teeth in a jar before bed. I'm on the balcony learning to iron. I'm making beds and cleaning all the rooms with you. We're reading books. We're walking down the street to your friend's house. I'm calling you to ask if we're working inside or outside so I know what to wear that day. I'm anxiously awaiting your cranberry bread for my birthday because it's my favorite thing. We're laughing because you tried to give me the only spanking I remember in my life. (I never did disrespect you again though, in that way). Then, I'm a teenager visiting the bake shop, hoping one day I can move to Colorado and work with you. I'm 21 and have a new baby, you're showing up to my apartment to check on us. I'm bringing Chace over so I can go to work and get to hear all about your day and the memories you made with him. I'm 24 and bringing Cora to your house. You read her novels and told me how smart she is and what all you've been teaching her. Then I'm 30, visiting you and feeling like I'll never live up to your expectations but secretly loving the challenge and always striving to be better. Then I'm 34, you're filling the kids with ice cream while you and I are deeply discussing life, books, raising children, lost loves and gossiping more than we probably should have been. I'm calling you first to discuss the "news" I've just heard. I'm showing up to visit and you're giving me "just because" gifts. I'm spending hours every week at your house because I know I can slow down there, and some day I won't get this time with you. I'm 36 and I'm losing my best friend. You helped shape the woman, daughter, granddaughter, sister, mother, wife and friend that I am. **You are a woman of substance**. Thank you, God, for all this time and memories with Nan. I'll carry them with me as long as I can.*



Graveside Service

Lone Tree Cemetery ~ Galva, KS
Galva, Kansas

Monday, January 5, 2026, at 11:00 AM

Officials

Gary Nightingale ~ Jay Schmidt

Graveside Service Music

"Amazing Grace"
sung by family & friends

Casket Bearers

Yale Hoffman ~ Mark Gatz ~ Logan Schrag
Shane Unruh ~ Courtney Worden ~ Cecil Worden

A Celebration of Life & Luncheon

The Yard ~ Galva, KS

Monday, January 5, 2026, at 12:00 PM

Video Tribute Music

"Go Rest High On That Mountain" by Vince Gill, Alison Kraus, & Ricky Skaggs, "The Wonder of You" by Elvis Presley, "Amazing Grace" by Alan Jackson, "The Wurlitzer Prize" by Waylon Jennings, "Old Rugged Cross" by Alan Jackson, "Satisfied Mind" by Willie Nelson, & "Softly and Tenderly" by Alan Jackson

Memorial Donations

Memorial donations can be payable to MCCF (McPherson County Community Foundation) which will be used to expend the fencing and play area for the shelter dogs at the McPherson Animal Shelter.

Appreciation

Marg's family wishes to express sincere appreciation for all your prayers and kindness, evidenced in thought and deed, and for your presence at this service.

Stockham Family Funeral Home



A Celebration of Life
Marjorie "Marg" Edgell
October 13, 1942 - December 30, 2025

Marjorie “Marg” Joyce Edgell, 83, of McPherson, Kansas, passed away peacefully on Tuesday, December 30, 2025, surrounded by her loving family at Lindsborg Community Hospital.

Marg was born on October 13, 1942, in Appleton, Wisconsin, the daughter of Jacob V. and Betty (Mastre) Koehn. She held the special distinction of being the first-born granddaughter on both sides of her family. After her dad completed his CPS Service at the end of WWII, the family of four moved back to their hometown of Galva, KS where they were surrounded by a large and close-knit extended family of aunts, uncles, and grandparents who would deeply shape Marg’s life.

Marg was fortunate to spend meaningful time with her maternal grandfather, Albert “Grandpa” Mastre—a relationship she cherished. She loved to tell the story of sitting in the front seat of his car, listening to baseball games on the radio while sharing sardines straight from the can. Those moments, full of curiosity and connection, helped spark what many believe became her lifelong entrepreneurial spirit and love of adventure.

Just across the backyard lived her paternal grandparents, Ben and Katie Koehn. It was there that Marg developed her love for baking, often “helping” Grandma Katie roll out cinnamon rolls—an experience that would later come full circle in her own baking ventures. Marg’s strong work ethic took root early, as she grew up surrounded by family businesses in Galva. Grandpa Koehn operated The Ice House, where ice was sold and eggs were candled, while the adjoining Mastre business included a lunch counter, groceries, gas, and oil. These businesses later evolved into Galva Cash Service, run by her parents, Jake and Betty Koehn—another place where Marg absorbed the value of hard work, attention to detail, and service to others.

She attended Galva public schools. She later admitted that, on her way to school, she would secretly swap her thick brown stockings for white bobby socks, leaving the stockings under a bridge so she could take part in activities like track and cheerleading.

During her high school years, her family owned a dairy farm in Wisconsin which was operated by friends of the family. After a farming accident, Marg (at age 14) was sent to help with the cooking, cleaning, and laundry for the farm hands and family. She would joke about the “education” she received up there living with the dairy farm family and a few male teenagers.

On October 13, 1959—her 17th birthday—Marg married Galen Dwayne Jantz. Their life together was blessed with three daughters: Tawny, Ebanee (Ebby) and Misty. The young family moved to Denver, Colorado, where they lived for a brief time, welcomed Ebby into their lives, and then returned to Kansas.

Throughout her life, Marg embraced countless roles with

resilience and heart. Her homemaking skills were second nature—she cooked, baked, cleaned, and even pitched in with Galen’s family custom harvesting business, proving there was little she couldn’t do. Later, following her heart, she packed up her two girls and returned to Colorado, carving out a new chapter. She landed a job at the Holiday Inn in Golden, then the westernmost hotel in Denver—a place buzzing with excitement whenever bands came to play at Red Rocks Amphitheatre. Marg’s position came with a unique perk: free tickets to numerous concerts. She never went alone; her girls were always by her side, sharing unforgettable nights under the Colorado sky, music weaving memories they would cherish forever.

Marg had a deep love for the Rocky Mountains, quaint mountain towns, and the beauty of nature—what she fondly called “God’s country.” She was an avid skier and took every opportunity to enjoy the mountains she loved so dearly. For many years she lived in Summit County, CO and loved to have friends and family visit from Kansas and show them all the sites.

In the early '90’s, Marg returned to Kansas and transformed her daughters’ childhood home into The Cranberry House Bed & Breakfast—McPherson’s very first B&B. It was a dream that allowed her to pour her heart into hospitality, constantly perfecting her baking and creating a warm, welcoming space for every guest who walked through the door. She spent many hours in her flower garden making it the envy of the neighborhood.

Marg’s love for the mountains called her back to Colorado once again, where she took on the role of managing The Lodge at the historic El Rancho in Evergreen. Her passion for hospitality didn’t stop there—she also oversaw The Ashley House Bed & Breakfast in Evergreen, creating warm and inviting spaces for her many guests.

Her next adventure led her to downtown Golden, Colorado, where she purchased an old coffee shop in the historic Armory Building and transformed it into The Thirteenth Street Bake Shop. There, she showcased Grandma Katie’s cinnamon rolls and created something even more special: a warm, homey atmosphere that made every guest feel as though they had stepped into Marg’s own kitchen. By her side through it all was her beloved Chow-Chow, Sydney (affectionately known as the big brown bear) who faithfully greeted every customer and became part of the shop’s charm.

An entrepreneur at heart, Marg was a baker, gardener, dog lover, and a detail-oriented, hardworking woman. She carried

what her family fondly called the “Koehn trait”—being very particular—and often reminded others that “*the difference is in the details.*” After retiring in Colorado, Marg returned to McPherson to be closer to her grandchildren and great-grandchildren and spent many years working at Stutzman’s Greenhouse.

Marg fiercely loved her family. She had an unconditional, generous heart and a true servant’s spirit, always welcoming others with open arms. She cherished babies, adored her dogs, loved a really great cup of coffee, and found joy in caring for others. Though not religious, Marg was deeply spiritual and felt closest to God in the mountains and in nature. She had an artistic eye with a flair for decorating and design and enjoyed painting, reading, and writing. Known for her positive outlook, Marg chose to see the good in life—often through rose-colored glasses.

She had a natural ability to connect with anyone she met. Marg’s warmth, kindness, creativity, and unwavering love will be deeply missed and fondly remembered by all who knew her.

Marg enjoyed excellent health for most of her life. In 2015, she faced a difficult challenge when she was diagnosed with colon cancer—a battle she fought and overcame through surgery and chemotherapy. Later, she developed chronic COPD, a condition she bravely battled with unwavering strength until the very end.

Survivors include two daughters, Tawny (Yale) Hoffman of McPherson, KS and Misty Jantz (Mark Gatz) of McPherson, KS; a sister, Elizabeth “Beth” (Cecil) Worden of Galva, KS; granddaughters, Liz (Shane) Unruh, Maddy (Logan) Schrag, and Abby Jantz; great-grandchildren, Chace Wescott, Cora Unruh, Collyer Unruh, Creede Unruh, Calum Unruh, and Reese Schrag; brother-in-law, Norman Schmidt of Moundridge, KS; and many extended relatives and friends.

She was preceded in death by her parents, Jacob & Betty Koehn; sister, Karlene Schmidt; and infant daughter, Ebanee Lynn Jantz.

In a poignant and meaningful coincidence, Marg passed away on December 30—the same date her beloved mother, Betty Koehn, had passed years earlier. To those who knew Marg and the deep bond she shared with her mother, the shared date feels like a quiet reflection of their enduring connection and of Marg’s gentle, intentional spirit.

Marg leaves behind a legacy of warmth, creativity, and love—a reminder that the difference is in the details, and that a life well lived is one that opens its door and heart to others. May she now rest where the mountains are endless, the air is fresh, and love surrounds her as fully as she gave it in this life, remembered always for her generous heart, creative spirit, and the quiet way she made the world warmer for everyone around her.