Diosa Ralston Hooson (Young)

After a short hospital stay, Diosa—affectionately known as “Honey,” “Mom,” “Dinky,” and “Dee”—passed away on October 30, 2026. Born December 9, 1944, it was the perfect month for “Mrs. Christmas.”

There are truly not enough words to describe our amazing, deeply loved wife and Mom. She was endlessly kind and generous, always going above and beyond to host a special dinner, luncheon, or spectacular spread for family and friends. She loved big and celebrated bigger, filling the house with the aroma of her amazing baking and unmatched decorations for every occasion. Christmas was made for Mom—or perhaps Mom was Christmas. If it twinkled, moved, or hinted at the holidays, it was on display.

Family brought her immense happiness, and she found pure joy in her grandchildren, nephews and nieces. In their early years, she spent hours creating imaginative play spaces and making memories during trips to the beach, Beacon Hill Park, the museum, or even a simple bus ride to McDonald’s for fries. She shamelessly spoiled those kiddos—“Of course they can have whatever they want!” was her motto.

Mom and Dad grew up as neighbours on Scott Street, sharing a marriage of nearly 63 years filled with love and laughter. A wife who was always full of surprises, like rearranging the furniture, so when Dad entered the dark bedroom, it was an adventure trying to find the bed. He quietly shook his head when all those Christmas boxes were presented in the living room, ready to be unboxed and displayed in every corner of the house. She loved doing things for Dad, often baking sweet treats or finding thoughtful gifts, saying, “Dad will like it.” She kept everyone smiling with her silly stories, effortlessly poking fun at herself—often asking, “Why am I the short one?”—and taking life in stride. There were health

challenges and surgeries, and she consistently remained stoic and positive, always brushing off concern with, “I’m just fine, don’t worry about me.” Even as Alzheimer’s gradually hid her away, she continued to make small connections; her true spirit shining through in the people and music she loved, along with her enduring passion for Christmas.

Our hearts are broken, yet her love and laughter will never leave us. We will carry her with us always, especially when we see twinkling Christmas lights or hear those favourite holiday songs.

We look forward to celebrating Mom in the spring on a bright day surrounded by blooming flowers—and perhaps a Christmas tree or two, because that’s what Mom would love. “I love you so much, honey. Save me a spot. I’ll see you soon. Love Dad” ❤️

Please connect with us; we would love to hear from you.

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Condolences may be offered to the family below.

McCall Gardens
www.mccallgardens.com

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