



Mary E. Webber, 89, beloved wife of Harland B. Webber, passed away peacefully surrounded by loved ones on Monday, April 20, 2026.

Born on Chebeague Island, Mary Ellen carried the rhythm of the ocean and the spirit of island life with her always. She later made her home in Yarmouth, Maine, where she and her husband raised their four children—Bryan, Scott, Lori, and Lisa—surrounding them with love and laughter.

For more than 70 years, she and her devoted husband, Harl, shared a life rooted in partnership and devotion. Summers drew her back to her “happy place” on Chebeague Island, where time seemed to slow and the days were filled with salt air, music, and the joy of being together with family and friends.

Mary Ellen was, at her heart, a caretaker of people and moments—a loving mother, wife, sister, aunt, and grandmother. Later in life, she returned to college and helped guide the family business, always meeting life with determination and grace. Winters in Florida brought another kind of happiness, filled with sunshine, visits from loved ones, and the kind of laughter that lingers long after the moment has passed.

She moved through life with a lightness that was unmistakable. Music called her to the dance floor, where she was often the first to rise, smiling and ready to “cut a rug.” She found joy on the golf course as well, where her love of the game reflected her spirit—patient, spirited, and quietly joyful in each swing and round. In her kitchen, she created comfort and connection, best known for her fish chowder, macaroni and cheese, and her treasured rhubarb pie.

To many, she was simply “Nana”—a name spoken with love by her grandchildren and great-grandchildren, who were the truest center of her world. Her pride in her family was boundless, and her love will continue to echo through generations.

A gifted writer, Mary Ellen found meaning in reflection. Her stories of childhood on Chebeague Island and her thoughtful poems captured both the simplicity and depth of a life well lived.

She was predeceased by her parents, Helen and Ashley Johnson; her sister, Geraldine Ross; and her beloved youngest daughter, Lisa Webber Googins.

A celebration of life will be held in May. She will be laid to rest on Chebeague Island, returning at last to the place that shaped her, beside her parents.

ONE Yesterday

If I could have one yesterday,
Which one of those to choose,
There are so many memories,
Not one of them to lose.

One of them was mama
Sitting in her chair,
Where making room for me
Was always waiting there.

My first new bike
I learned to ride,
I felt grown up
With Oh! Such pride.

There was always too,
Those childhood friends,
When you talked of life
As you saw it then,
Of picnics on the 4th of July,
With apple crisp
And blueberry pie.

The beach
Along the rolling seas,
Sandcastles made
On hands and knee.
Calmly waiting
For tide to rise,
To reach your castles
And go inside.

My high school dance
I was so shy,
Our bodies straight

And so dignified.

With that first kiss,
The thrill was there
My head was spinning
In perfumed air.

Of all those precious yesterdays
I could not choose but one
Because the best of memories
As now still yet to come.

Written by Mary E. Webber