



Harvey L. Hinman

July 6, 1920 - February 23, 2013

Harvey LeRoy Hinman, 92, resident of Kennewick, Wa, formerly of Moses Lake and Yakima, went to our Lord on Saturday, Feb 23, 2013. Public viewing will be Wednesday, February 27, 2013 from noon to 5:00 p.m. at Kayser's Chapel of Memories, Moses Lake. Graveside services will be Thursday, February 28, 2013 at 1:00pm at Pioneer Memorial Cemetery, Moses Lake. Memorial services will be held Sunday March 3, 2013 at 2:30 p.m. at the Kennewick First Presbyterian Church, 2001 W. Kennewick Ave., Kennewick, WA. Please sign the on-line guestbook or leave a note for family at www.kayserschapel.com Arrangements are in care of Kayser's Chapel & Crematory, Moses Lake.

Harvey was born July 6, 1920 in Kearney, NE to Benjamin and Alice Hinman. He graduated from Bridgeport Nebraska High School in 1938. He married Virginia Vida Scott on September 15, 1940 in Dalton, NE. They continued to live in and farm in the area until 1961. They moved into Bridgeport, NE, where they purchased a grocery store, naming it "Hinman's Market". In 1967 they sold the business and moved to Nampa, ID. In 1969 they moved to Moses Lake where Harvey transferred with Western Farmers which later became Carnation. They moved to Yakima in 1979 where they managed rentals for their son, Don. They purchased an RV in 1988, and enjoyed their retirement years traveling all over the country. His later years were spent residing at Richland Rehabilitation Care Facility where he made many friends.

Harvey was a lifelong member of the Presbyterian Church, served as an elder, and was moderator of Box Butte Presbytery in the 1950's.

He is survived by five children and their spouses: Don L and Helen Hinman, Yakima, WA; Rev Howard and Mary Hinman, Albuquerque, NM; Wendell and Janel Hinman, Santa Ana CA; Keith and Shari Hinman, Kennewick, WA; and Marlene and David Rashford, Moses Lake; eleven grandchildren and thirteen great-grandchildren.

Memorials may be made to TRAILSEEKERS, PO Box 1182, Yakima, WA 98907. This is a program to help at-risk boys in the Kennewick and Yakima areas.

Previous Events

Visitation

FEB 27. 12:00 PM - 5:00 PM (PT)

Kayser's Chapel of Memories
831 S. Pioneer Way
Moses Lake, WA

Service

FEB 28. 1:00 PM (PT)

Pioneer Memorial Gardens
14404 Rd. 2 N.E.
Moses Lake, WA

Service

MAR 3. 2:30 PM (PT)

Kennewick First Presbyterian Church
2001 W. Kennewick Avenue
Kennewick, WA

Tribute Wall



“ Harvey was a wonderful person. He was a familiar face since I had the pleasure of caring for him for seven years. He had a great sense of humor and frequently made me smile. I will remember his quiet dignity in the face of illness. He is very much missed at Richland rehab.##imported-begin##Lori Cook RN##imported-end##

March 24, 2013 at 06:31 AM



“ My condolences to the family, for several years went to junior and High School with Mr. Hinman's sons. May the God of all comfort bring comfort to all of you that only our Saviour can give.

Kindest Regards##imported-begin##Stan Hutchinson - Bridgeport, Nebraska (Now in Indiana)##imported-end##

March 15, 2013 at 08:10 PM



“ Harvey was a joy to know. Thank you for bringing him to Richland Rehab.##imported-begin##Janice Buchanan##imported-end##

March 04, 2013 at 12:45 PM



“ Shari,
Our sympathy and prayers on the loss of your father.

Sheryl Paglieri##imported-begin##Sheryl Paglieri##imported-end##

March 02, 2013 at 10:56 AM



“ Peace be with you!##imported-begin##Tim & Leann Sanders##imported-end##

February 28, 2013 at 12:23 PM



“ Dear Hinman Family,
So sorry to read about the loss of Harvey. He was truly an exceptional man. I remember going to his room in the mornings to get him up and asking how he was doing..every morning he would state. " Finer than frog's hair". He was one of my favorite resident's. Thought's and prayers to your family during this tough loss.##imported-begin##Marcy Almanza##imported-end##

February 27, 2013 at 11:54 AM



“ I have been silent since the passing of my grandfather. I have been remembering the times that I have shared with him and the effect he had on my life. He was a man that sadly I did not get to spend a lot of time with. However, that did not diminish his influence on me. He was a man of such a character that to know him was to be influenced by him. I learned many things through him, if not directly from him. He showed me the importance of laughter, family, and hard work. He was a man larger than life. Whether he was starting water fights on Thanksgiving or hiking to base camp on Mt Rainier. He always had that light hearted lets just do it attitude. He was a dedicated family man and always did what was needed and never looked back. He was a loving husband and father. He was a brave man, a man of faith. I will never forget the tears in his eyes as he went in for heart surgery. He looked up and told Michelle and I he loved us. His love was full and absolute. He was larger than life. I can only hope that the lessons I have been shown continue to grow in me. As I type this I watch my son play and my girls sleep I can only hope that when it is my time to pass into heaven that my family can look back and say that's Harvey's grandson and he would have been proud. Harvey will be missed and cherished and remembered. But he will also live on in the effects he had on all of those that had the pleasure to know him.

Grandpa I will always remember, love, respect, and honor your memory##imported-begin##STEVE HINMAN##imported-end##

February 26, 2013 at 10:54 AM



“ I can truthfully speak for my brothers and I that we had two of the most amazing parents that God could have given. Our mom was the one who in Daddy's words was the spiritual backbone and teacher of our faith and our Dad was the quiet comfort of a sly wink and gentle grasp who told us, she was right. Between them we were taught God was the one who gave us free will but was always there to pick us up and dust us off and hold us close when life got rough. They taught us the the true meaning of total unconditional love. My brothers will be the first to tell you I was the spoiled rotten little rebel of our family, my brothers were, in my eyes, the perfect , good , never in too much real trouble ones and I was the one who did pretty much anything to get in trouble to make up for it. I was always Daddy's little girl and I loved and trusted him and clung to him my whole life. If Daddy said I could do it, wether it was get on a roof or cross the waterfall or climb a ladder (knowing I am petrified of heights) I could do it if he was there to hold my hand and encourage me. To me he was the example of perfect love and acceptance and forgiveness and most of all that safe place I could always go, to know when he held my hand and gave me his little wink and said those three little words "I loves ya" that no matter what, it was gonna be ok, no matter how bad I had messed up and I messed up a lot. My parents didn't get their gray hair from the natural progression of time, my teenage years gave them every strand.

He taught us some of the most important lessons in life by his actions. He was quick with being there to help some one out or to comfort a friend. He would not just tell you you could do it, he showed you that you really could.

He loved to tell stories of his adventures while traveling with mom in their rv. He had a sense of humor like no one else and had so many quick comebacks especially when he was asked how ya doin? He would snap back with "finer than frogs hair" or " couldn't be bitter or better" or when he was told your looking good he'd say " no I'm good looking". While visiting us once, he was inside our house reading the paper then quietly folded it up, looked at my kids and

said " well it's time to go pick a fight with grandma" smiled ,got up, went out to the trailer, had a argument with mom ,then came back in with a twinkle in his eye, smiled at the kids, picked up the paper and started reading it again. He loved to wind her up sometimes.

When he had to have a bypass surgery my mom and I went with him to his cardiologist appointment and while waiting in the office she found this poem in one of the magazines and had me read it. She asked if I would want to copy it down and she got into that giant "Mary poppins" purse of hers, in which she literally had one of everything including the kitchen sink, she pulled out these tiny little pieces of paper and a little pencil and had me copy this poem down. I think she knew how important it would be some day-- thanks mom. It explains everything about our Dad better than any words I could ever say.

*A QUIET MAN OF GENTLE SPIRIT, MIXED WITH SORROW AND PAIN
HIS LIFE WAS NOT A MONUMENT HE HAD NO CLAIM TO FAME
AND YET HIS FIERCE INTENSITY TO GIVE ALL HE HAD
MADE ME PROUD TO BE A PART OF HIM
THIS MAN I CALL MY DAD*

*WHEN I WAS YOUNG HE CAST A SHADOW MUCH LARGER
THAN MY OWN
AND OUR WALKS AND TALKS AND STORIES TOOK ME FAR
AWAY FROM HOME
WITH MY HAND INSIDE HIS LARGE ONE AND OUR QUIET
TIMES WE HAD
I LAUGHED AND CRIED AND MADE A FRIEND WITH
THIS MAN I CALL MY DAD*

*TO ME HE WAS A GIANT MUCH BIGGER THAN JOHN WAYNE
AND HIS PERSONAL PHILOSOPHY WAS EASY TO EXPLAIN
WHEN YOU GIVE THE BEST YOU CAN IN LIFE YOU CAN'T
HELP BUT FEEL GLAD
A SIMPLE YET EFFECTIVE THOUGHT FROM*

THIS MAN I CALL MY DAD

*I WISH I COULD HAVE MADE HIM PROUD AS A LAWYER OR A
DOCTOR*

*BUT NOW I KNOW THE PROUDEST YET WAS JUST TO BE HIS
DAUGHTER*

*WHEN I FELT LOST OR COULDN'T COPE AND HE WAS ALL I
HAD*

HE HELPED ME MOVE MY MOUNTAINS

THIS MAN I CALL MY DAD

LIVE ON DEAR FRIEND INSIDE OF ME YOUR T

February 25, 2013 at 10:01 PM