



Ronald Paul Hoffman

December 15, 1939 - August 25, 2010

Ronald Paul Hoffman, 70, longtime Moses Lake resident, passed away unexpectedly, Wednesday, August 25, 2010 at his home.

Ron was born on December 15, 1939, in Wallace Idaho. Ron's parents, Iris and Rudy Hoffman raised him and his sister Linda in Alaska. As a young man, Ron was an outstanding athlete and excelled in basketball, swimming and set track records. After graduating from SJC High School in Sitka, Alaska in 1959, he attended college in Fairbanks and played on the college ice hockey team. Ron enlisted in the Airforce in 1961 and was stationed in Germany in the Airforce Police K9 Unit. He married his beloved wife, Vivian in 1968 in Moses Lake. They welcomed their son Daniel to their family on September 10, 1969.

Ron enjoyed being a business owner of Danny's Tavern with his father Rudy for over 20 years. After retiring from Samaritan Hospital, he dedicated his time as a volunteer/staff at the Moses Lake Food Bank until April 2010. He was a devoted son to his mother, Iris, enjoyed attending family gatherings, and Tuesday game night with family and friends. He was an avid fisherman and he and his son spent much time together on fishing outings throughout the Basin. Before his wife's death last year, they enjoyed driving around to see the many changes around the Columbia Basin. Ron and Vi always took in any dog or cat needing a loving home.

He is preceded in death by his father, Rudy Hoffman, stepdaughter, Peggy Schaffer, and wife, Vivian Hoffman. Survived by his mother, Iris Hoffman, son,

Daniel Hoffman, sister, Linda Finlay, cousins, JoAnn Carl, Gene Darrow, nephew, Shawn Finlay, niece, Rudeen Larsen, and other cousins, stepdaughters, Vicky Strandberg, Donna Strand, stepson, Jim Shaffer, and 8 step grandchildren.

We all will miss Ron's inspiring personality, smile, and boisterous laugh.

Previous Events

Service

JAN 1. 12:00 AM.

Private Family Services

Tribute Wall



“ Ron, ya always had a way of lifting one up, no matter how far down they were. Either by a quick joke or just a freindly pat on the back or a what can I do for ya? I can remember many a time that John B. and I would jump on that old Harley of his, during our break at American Potato, and haul butt down to Danny's for one of your well loved torpedo sandwiches, and then back we would head back to the job. There was the one time we made you laugh so hard that you almost passed out. On this day John and I were running late and running faster than usuall when we hit a dip in the road and the small seat I was sittin on gave way to allow my rear to recive tire marks to my jeans. Thank you for the many laughs, Ron. Sorry I did not stay in closer contact. Say hello to John, will ya?
Jerry###imported-begin###Jerry Hart###imported-end###

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