



Leon C. Hines

February 11, 1931 - January 29, 2021

Leon Hines, of Burlington, NJ, passed away peacefully on January 29, 2021 with his family by his side. Loving husband of Elizabeth "Betty" Hines for 26 years. Devoted father to Robert Glenn (Evie), Janine Hoffman (James), the late James Hines (Susan), the late Richard Hines, the late Charles Hines (Terri), Joanne (Al) and Margaret "Peggy" (Edward "Ted"). Grandfather to 12 and great grandfather to many beloved. Leon was the last surviving of his 11 siblings. He will be missed by his nephew and fishing buddy, Tommy.

A gathering of friends and family will be held privately. His memorial service will be live streamed on this tribute page at 1:00pm on Friday, February 5th. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to The American Cancer Society, [Cancer.org](https://www.cancer.org).

Previous Events

Live Stream

FEB 5. 1:00 PM (ET)

[Website Tribute Page](#)

Tribute Wall



“ *Givnish Funeral Home created a Tribute Video in memory of Leon C. Hines*



Givnish Funeral Home - February 03, 2021 at 02:23 PM



“ *Givnish Funeral Home created a Webcast in memory of Leon C. Hines*



Givnish Funeral Home - January 29, 2021 at 04:43 PM



“ *Leon C. Hines*

September 09, 2022 at 01:27 AM

JH

“ I lacked the courage to stand up and say this at dad’s memorial. So I’ll post it instead.

Wisdom imparted to me by dad:

1. Westerns are the best movie genre ever! Even the bad ones.

Watch as many as you can!

2. Never be a guest for too long. Guests and fish have the same in common. After 3 days, they both start to stink.

3. Yodel when you’re happy. I wish I could do that! He was the best yodeler!!

4. Fish as often as you can! He certainly lived by that rule. He’ll always be the greatest fisherman I have ever known!

5. Eat cookies for breakfast. And lunch and dinner if you can get away with it.

6. Take care of the people around you. Serve your neighbors and friends.

7. Take good care of your animals. He loved his puppies so well.

8. Love your family!!!!

9. Spoil your grandchildren and great grand children.

And last but certainly not least

10. Adore your spouse! Both he and Betty are true examples of that.

If I can remember to do half of the things on this list I will consider myself my father’s daughter!!

Love you chunny chunny whole lots dad!!

Janine Hoffman - February 05, 2021 at 04:15 PM

AH

“ Throughout that lovely service I heard a lot of people call him something I hadn't heard before: Grandpa Lee. It suits him of course, that is his name, but it struck me immediately. To me, he was Pop-pop. And while everyone I encounter knows me as Andrew, to Pop-pop, I was Andy. "His Andy" as I said on the phone as a kid (something my mom Janine reminds me of frequently). I wish I had more memories of me and Pop-pop from my childhood. Our family moved south when I was 5 years old and though we have the pictures to prove otherwise, I didn't feel like I saw too much of Pop-pop and Grandma after that. I have memories of small moments, still pictures in my head of his smile and big hands. I have some very vivid memories of being on boats, of him giving me my first woodworking kit and teaching me how to use it. Of the plane he made me and the Hess trucks he would buy for Christmas, he'd tell me about the parts of the trucks and the names and different types. To this day they're still just "trucks" when I see them, despite his best attempts at teaching me. I remember always feeling slightly intimidated by his size and his voice, that Pop-pop was the biggest, strongest man alive, and I was so happy he had my back and was on my side.

As time went on and I got older, the visits became less frequent. I was playing sports and music and taking time to travel to Jersey wasn't as easy as it once was. Pop-pop and Grandma were getting older too, so the drive to Georgia wasn't doable after a while, and we all know Pop-pop doesn't get on no planes! But with the infrequency of time together came a much stronger appreciation for whatever time we did spend with one another. With each trip I paid more and more attention to the stories, to the cadence of his speech and the timbre of his voice. I watched myself get bigger and Pop-pop suddenly looking smaller, but no less strong. I don't think I'll ever forget the sound of his laugh. Every minute was a joy. Infrequent, but memorable, powerful, and important.

The last time I got to see Pop-pop was a few years ago now. We attended a wedding in Jersey for a family member on my dad's side

of the family, and luckily we got to go see Pop-pop and Grandma before hopping on a flight back home. We got to their house early (well, to me. They had been up since about 5 apparently) and we talked and laughed, ate lunch, and reminisced. I watched Pop-pop down seemingly endless amounts of sugar in the forms of cookies, candies, and Turkey Hill ice cream. There wasn't a vegetable to be found on that man's plate. Talk about living life to the fullest!

We went outside to take pictures. unbeknownst to any of us, the last picture I'd stand in with him. His arm around my waist and mine around his shoulder, I realized I had a foot of height on this larger-than-life man. But he squeezed me in so close I thought my rib would break. No less strong and no less loving than he had always been. He laughed and said we looked like twins.

Before we got in the car to leave we said one last goodbye with a promise to come up and visit soon. He gave me a big hug and actually started to cry a bit. I had no idea why, and I still don't. But he smiled. And he laughed. And the last thing he said to me was "alright Andy, be good. I love yuz". I can't think of a better final word to hear.

So Pop-pop, be good. And keep laughing. I love yuz

-Andrew Hoffman

Andrew Hoffman - February 05, 2021 at 02:04 PM

DS

“ In the beginning Leon was the father of my best friend Jimmy but he soon became much more than that. Lee would make Jimmy do different chores so to get done faster I would help Jim. After the first time it was no longer an option Lee would say "what are you standing there for get over there and help him."

One day I went to see Jim and Lee was in the garage working. I asked for Jim and Lee said he is not here. I didn't know where to go so I just stood there. Lee said maybe you didn't understand me Jimmy won't be home for a while. Then he turned around and said if you are going to stay here you are going to work. I don't know if he knew it but that was music to my ears.

My feeling of joy was enhanced shortly thereafter one day when I knocked on the door. Lee opened the door and in his stern serious voice said I sick and tired of getting up from my comfortable chair to answer the door for you. I don't lock my door so when you want to come into my house just walk in like my other kids do.

Lee would make us clean his work truck. The back would be full of dirt and busted concrete. He would always say the same thing "when you're done I want it looking brand new like it did the day I bought it". I once told him "it's a work truck". He said I don't care when I pull onto a jobsite I want everybody to stop what they are doing and say that's the prettest work truck I ever saw. To him every truck he owned was the best truck in the world.

One day Jim and I patched the leaks in an old heavy wooden row boat we found, put it on a small trailer and pushed it by hand down to the river. After several hours of rowing around Burlington Island we were exhausted. It was now low tide and as we were beginning to pull the boat up the rocky bank we heard a horn. It was Lee in his truck. We said we will pull the boat up to the road so you can take it on your truck. He said no MY truck can back down to the waters edge and pick it up. I said you will get stuck. He said not my truck. He got stuck. Without hesitation he took out a sledge hammer

from his tool box, busted the boat apart and put the sides under the truck for traction. It didn't work. The tide was coming in and was now at the rear wheels.

He told said to me "you're the fastest so run to the gas station and tell them to bring the big tow truck." Run all the way (about a mile) you better not stop if water makes it inside my doors, you're in big trouble. I didn't stop and they got the truck out just as the water reached the doors. We watched the pieces of our boat float away and never said a single word about it.

One day there was a car (a Metro) in front of the house. Lee had towed it home. He looked at us and said if you boys can get that started you can drive it in the fields. We knew nothing about cars but we got it started. It was great until one day Jimmy hit an abandoned railroad tie and flipped the car. His mom said that's it no more cars. Lee just said "you alright" "did you learn anything". Soon there was another car in front of the house. Over the years there must have been 8 or 10 cars. I wish I had some of them today but they all left us for the same destination, the junkyard.

Lee took me hunting and taught me how to be safe. He taught me the value of hard work. He taught me how to work smart. He told me there is a tool for everything you need to do and if there isn't make one. Who I am today is largely a result of the relationship I had with Lee.

About 8 or 10 years ago I was visiting New Jersey and decided I needed to tell him what he meant to me. I was riding a motorcycle and pulled up in front of his house. He was walking out of his garage with tools in both hands. He didn't recognize me at first and asked, what do you want, I'm busy. I told him who I was and everything I wanted to say about how he influenced my life. At first he didn't say anything then he said Thanks you make me feel kinda proud.

My condolences to his family and friends.

Dan Smith - February 05, 2021 at 11:15 AM

JH

Thank you so much for sharing your memories. I was a bit younger but I remember some of those stories too!

My dad always treated our friends like his own kids. It inspired me to do that with my children's friends.

Thank you again, Danny. Those are great stories.

Janine Hoffman - February 05, 2021 at 05:52 PM



“ 10 files added to the album LifeTributes



Givnish Funeral Home - February 04, 2021 at 11:26 AM



“ 200 files added to the album LifeTributes



Givnish Funeral Home - February 03, 2021 at 01:54 PM

JH

“ 1 file added to the album *Memories Album*



Janine Hoffman - February 03, 2021 at 01:10 PM

AP

“ 23 files added to the tribute wall



Albie E Perry - February 03, 2021 at 10:33 AM

PB

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Peggy Bowers - February 02, 2021 at 06:45 PM

KJ

“ 1 file added to the album *Life Tributes For Service*



Kate Jones - February 02, 2021 at 11:12 AM