

on Sunday mornings but usually attended church in the evenings with Grandma and Grandpa Hoffman either at Calvary Church, which was a new church formed by Dr. DeHaan and his followers after splitting off from Calvary Reformed Church, or the Open Bible Church which was Grandma DeYoung's church or the City Mission. We heard a great many of the famous preachers and musicians at those services.

Robert P. Hoffman

I remember Grandpa sitting in his chair shaking. I was always a bit afraid of him but I remember being eager to kiss him on the cheek. We played a game of checkers every time I went over and he always let me win.

I remember being awed by Grandma's long white hair when we slept overnight at her house - it was the only time she ever had it down. We used to ride our bikes over to the library and park them in her driveway and then stop to visit her. She was always busy but she always had time to give us some pink peppermints. (I'll always associate those pink peppermints with Grandma Hoffman). Grandma's house always had this certain smell -- a very clean and aged smell. I liked it a lot. I remember Grandma's laugh, too, and am regularly reminded of it whenever I hear Mary Westra laugh. Now when I think of Grandma, I realize what a strong person she really was and what a good influence she was over us. I often wish she was alive now so she could impart some of her wisdom to me -- now, when I realize just how valuable a conversation with her would be.

(I'll never forget standing at the top of her stairs and dropping those spools down on the ends of old pieces of strings and thinking they were the best toys in the world and that there was no place better to play with the best toys in the world than at the top of Grandma Hoffman's beautiful stairs!)

Mary Hoffman