

H A P P Y
B I R T H
!!! D A Y !!!
H A Z E L

A CELEBRATION OF YOUR 95TH YEAR

GLADYS To Hazel on her 95th Birthday!

For many years you've always said, "if you and I were closer we would have a great time together." That was not to be, but it has been wonderful just to have known you. You've exemplified the meaning of being a **good Christian** in so many ways. A good example for me and others!

Orville and I celebrated our 9th anniversary at your beautiful home in the Dunes. As we arrived, your grand daughter, Elizabeth, husband Cresley, with some of their children were departing after a visit. It was quite evident that this was not unusual for you and Ken to have many visitors, enjoying your **gracious hospitality** and great food. Didn't you and I also visit the School House Shop too?

I remember enjoying being with you and Ken as you celebrated your 50th wedding anniversary. In fact, just recently I mailed you a folder of photos we took of the festivities, knowing you could have a good time remembering that special time. I hope you received them??? I'm happy that Miranda and Ken made a trip to the farm,

with you, before Orville passed away. I have a few photos of us all, which I treasure.

The chatterbox goes on... On June 19th of this year, I'll be 90, so I'll never catch up to you in years, but I'm hoping that before I reach 95, we'll be together again to renew a **friendship**

I treasure so much.

May **God bless you** and keep you in good health so we can celebrate your 100th birthday! I love you and treasure your friendship. *Gladys*

MIRANDA Dearest Hazel, my first memory of you is at Furnessville. We had driven Elizabeth, Christina and Kenneth to Indiana so they could spend the summer with you. Kenneth was tiny, four years old I think. Anyway it was a big step for me too, and I remember how incredibly welcoming you were because I felt somewhat intimidated meeting all those Hines around your picnic table.

How many summers and Christmas we spent with you I can't remember. But they were many and they were happy. Turning

into Furnessville – into the tunnel of trees – was always a special thrill. I loved your **traditions**, how you loved having people share your home and food and your collections. Having grown up without much “stuff” because we moved so often I was amazed to see what a person could collect in a lifetime. Not just collect, but treasure. Ken’s bells, your cups, teapots, Chinese memorabilia, African violets, paper weights, pictures, books, records, games – the list goes on.

And then there were the times you visited us. The road went both ways. We love having you come spend extended times with us and always miss you after you have gone. Miss little things like the cottage cheese and marmalade on the shelf in the fridge. A clean **teapot** in the morning.

When we first met there was the question of how I would address you. I couldn’t call you Mom or Mummy. That just didn’t seem right. Over a period of 30 years you have become so much more than a mother to me. You are true friend, a **kindred spirit**, someone I have shared both good and sad times

with. Someone who I have shared books, ideas, love, memories and more. I love you in the deepest way and am so glad I became a member of your family so many years ago. I still want to be like you when I grow up! *Miranda*

ELIZABETH I have so many special memories of you that it is hard to limit myself to just one or two...perhaps one encompasses all the others. Your love for God, family, and **your example of faith** has truly made an impact in my life. When I think of you, I think of the blessings of faith in Jesus Christ that have trickled through the generations, from your wonderful mother, Effie, to you and your sisters, to me... now I see fruits of budding faith in the lives of my own children. How I loved coming to your home in the summer and going to church!! How I loved hearing Grandpa say the blessing at the dinner table and read devotional stories! “We love him because he first loved us” **You have always shared your love** with me, when I was a child, as a young mother, and through all my various stages of life.

Your hands have truly been the Lord's hands, and God's love in you has truly touched every aspect of my life. Your faith, your prayers, the everyday activities we have shared helped to lay the foundation of my own faith and love for God. Your influence has led me to be a child of God, which sets a foundation for everything else in my life and the lives of my children.

I loved waking up in the morning in Janet's room as an adult. I could hear you getting breakfast ready for the family. I could hear you move around, at the sink getting water for tea, open the cupboard for bowls, mugs, etc. Soon the teapot would whistle and slowly the house awoke. As a child, I was awake for what seemed hours and as soon as I heard you tiptoeing in the kitchen, I jumped from bed unable to stay quiet even a moment longer and scurried down the stairs. **I loved being with**

you!! I love you!! Happy Birthday!!!!

BILL AND TAMMY Dear Aunt Ha: Happy 95th Birthday! I'm glad that Ken and Miranda are giving me this opportunity to remember you and all that you have meant to me on the occasion of your

birthday. I have so many memories: holidays at your house, you tearfully seeing my Mom and me off on our first trip to Arizona, **good times** at the lake in Ogden Dunes and in the mountains in Knoxville. I especially remember the two summers I got to spend with you when I was in college and you were just starting on your house on Furnessville Road. Those summers of studying with Leonard Sharrow gave me a real boost as a bassoon player and later as a high school music teacher.

Without that experience I doubt that I would have moved up in the Phoenix Symphony, had the teaching assistantship at Northern Arizona University to earn my Master's degree or got the good teaching job at Washington High School where I worked for 27 years. Thanks.

Another special memory is our visit in 2001 because it was an opportunity to relive all the other **memories**. It was good to find that you hadn't changed through the years and that you still had the **stamina** to entertain the whole family at your house and to spend a whole day revisiting Highland,

Hammond and Whiting.

We wish you a wonderful 95th birthday and many more to come.

Love, *Bill and Tammy*

CRESLEY The minute I think of Grandma I can't help but hear her and see her as she beams over her family. I see the smile on her face and the **happiness** in her voice as she recounts

lovingly memories of family as she serves them a delicious meal.

Her **wisdom and grace** are true.

Tears stream down my cheek as I think of her. Grandma, I love you.

Cresley

MICHELLE One summer, I think I was eleven, I went to stay at Great Grandma's house for several days. Melissa had already been

there for a day or two before me. Once I got there she probably

stayed for one more night, and then I got Grandma all to myself.

She kept me busy while I was there. One day she took me with

her to a tiny grocery store in town. I remember she picked out her

lemon cookies. We stopped at the post office too. We also took a

drive on the road along the lake. In the mornings she would come

up to Dirk's room and help me make the bed. **No one could ever make the bed as well** as her. She also made me her very thin

pancakes too - the ones you put sugar or anything else on and roll up. Those are really amazing. She also gave me some paper and crayons so I could draw and she sat me down in the room with all her bottles. And a stay at Grandma's is never complete without her stories. She told me a lot while I was there. This visit will always be one of my fondest memories. It was **fun** going to Great Grandma's house, but this trip was so special to me because I got Grandma all to myself. I don't think I had any other visit where I got to spend so much time alone with her.

KIMBERLIE When I was younger, probably about 8 or 7, Michelle had spent the night at Great Grandma's just all by herself and I had really wanted to too, but Mom told me another time. I anxiously awaited for when it would be my turn to go. Eventually the day I had been waiting for for so long (it probably wasn't too long) came, and I had so much fun with it just being me and Grandma. It was a

quiet evening but its a memory I will cherish forever. The video we watched together, when she tucked me in at night, the whole house all together was something oh so very important.

I realized now that I'm writing this so many other memories of her are flooding into my brain. There was this one time when all of my older sisters went to Mexico with my parents, and us three younger ones weren't able to. Disappointed at not being able to go at first, within the first couple days of our stay that disappointment just disappeared, and instead of them going "hahahahaha

we got to go to Mexico" it was saying, "hahahahahaha we got

to spend **a whole week with Grandma!** We did lots of things together that week.

We went out by the dunes, had some of the most delicious meals, played with all of the old puppets and old puzzles and we were just able to enjoy a fun filled week of quality time with Grandma. It was very special and memorable indeed!!! *Kimberlie*

KAITLYN Grandma~ I can remember one time when I stayed over at your house when I was in first grade. It was so much

fun. We went to places like the school house shop and I think
the cemetery and other fun places you showed me. (Your
pancakes for breakfast were
delicious!) I remember it was only me who stayed at your house
because I was home schooled and Mom and Dad weren't home for a
few days. I can remember how much fun I had there! I wish I could
do it again! :) ~love, *Kaitlyn*

JULIE

Sliding across the wooden living room floor

Orange sherbet with apple juice

Mints and lemon drops

Beautiful blue bottles

Gigantic beautiful Christmas trees

Relaxing on the porch swing

Exploring the forest

Tea and cookies

Listening to Uncle Ken play the organ

Walking together to the Schoolhouse shop

Playing with tons of cousins

Going for a visit to Aunt Hazel's house was always a treat! She filled her house with love and laughter. There was always so much to see and do, as well as time to sit back and relax. Aunt Hazel made everyone feel welcome and special. She gave me so many **wonderful childhood memories**. I love her dearly. *Julie*

MELISSA Memory 1: One of my fondest memories of going to Great Grandma's house as a child was getting to take a bag of treats home. We would only get them if we were good while we were there. When it was time to go home we (my brother, sisters, and I) would watch Grandma take candy from her special glass candy dishes and put the candy in plastic baggies for each of us. Lemon drops in one, peppermints in another, and an assortment of candies in the last dish. It was fun for us to take the **treats** and eat them in the car or to save them until we got home.

Memory 2: Uncle Ken and my Mom would tell us stories about a crazy old man that lived in the woods outside of Great Grandma's house. Sometimes I believed them, and I imagined that an old man

really lived out there and if I went out there by myself he might get me!!!

Memory 3: One night I stayed at Great Grandma's all by myself. It was the first time I stayed with no parents, brother, or sisters. I enjoyed being the only grandchild there. I slept in Uncle Dirk's room, and got really scared. It felt like the room was haunted! But in the morning I enjoyed breakfast with Grandma. I remember drinking orange juice from one of her special brown cups. Later I found out she got this set of dishes from the smoky mountain area. I do not remember what we talked about, but I remember that I enjoyed being with her, and talking to her. **She always told me stories** about her life, or our ancestors.

CHRISTINA Earliest memories of Grandma are of curling up on her lap on a cool summer morning when I was all of five or six years old in the family room as I woke up and then fell back asleep while rocking there; **feelings of warmth**, safety, comfort, contentment and peace.

Fast forward to the wonderful aroma of crepes with powdered sugar and tea with milk and sugar prepared special for me in one of the teacups from the special cabinet; usually I would choose the Kentucky Derby horse cup or the parrot cup; sometimes there would be another one chosen.

I remember special meals prepared throughout the summer with the wonderful woven tablecloths in red, blue or yellow and dishes chosen from the cupboards to compliment the presentation of the meal.

Lesson learned of treating some things with **pride and respect** and privilege is appropriate.

I especially remember my birthday dinners every summer with my favorites of roast beef, mashed potatoes, gravy and fresh green beans; and birthday cake from the special bakery in Michigan City with chocolate butter cream frosting and a layer of raspberry jam on the bottom. It was the same meal every year as it was and is my favorite (meal); I remember **the tastes, smells** and table settings more than any presents I

received over the years. I remember the laughter, the quietness, the company. In other words: the sounds, moods, and joy surrounding moments of **connectedness to family**.

I remember the cookie drawer and glasses of milk while playing Scrabble or Rummy or working a puzzle at night throughout the summer. From this I have learned to always eat and enjoy food, and drink, in **moderation**; and to take the time to sit, stand run or play with my children and enjoy the time Just being with them.

Fast forward once again, and I remember spending time living briefly for a few months with Grandma during what was I believe a difficult time in both of our lives. Grandma had had knee surgery, and I was between New York and Montana and probably only she knew exactly what that entailed. Here I learned it is okay to question faith and God and purpose and meaning. Here I learned what it means to serve and be served, accept and be accepted; and have joy when the happiness is intermittent or vacant.

Of course, time passed and left behind the heavier weights of life, rewarding us with the return to more lighthearted and happy visits. When Ed and I visited Grandma for our honeymoon, it was wonderful to see the instant connection the two of them made. **Sitting at the kitchen table** together, talking in conversation that could go on forever; savoring the moment.

Fast forward one last time, at least for now, to our family reunion and Grandma getting to see Joshua, Stuart and Jeremy again, and meeting Isabella for the first time; and knowing that even though there are so many great grandchildren, it mattered to Grandma that she got to see, hold, talk to and visit with Isabella. From this I knew – that not only Isabella mattered, but that I mattered – to her.

How to put in to words the **enduring love** and patience my Grandmother embodies I am not adequately equipped to scribe; it is difficult if not impossible to paint the depth of the memories I have stored away, as each memory leads to another tangent of the memory it was connected to, to begin with.

These are just brief vignettes over decades of my life. As I said, it is impossible to truly pen the experiences, love and appreciation I both feel for and have felt from Grandma.

I have the hostas and lilies and phaltzgraff and door knockers and pictures and tea cups as reminders. I always thought about the house on Furnessville Road, and how much it meant to me. It still matters – but not so much as the house, but as the home that my Grandma built – not with wood and china, linens and polish – but with a lifetime of memories she has filled with **love, peace, joy, laughter, tears, patience, acceptance**, family and lessons to provide a foundation on which to build my own home.

CHERYL Dear Aunt Hazel, your birthday is an opportunity to celebrate the splendid ways you have touched my life and the lives of so many others. I have been truly blessed to be part of your family and I'll tell you why I feel that way.....

There are so many childhood memories of visits to your home. All of us who look back on our memories will mention, of course, the

dunes and all those carefree summer swimming adventures. But do you know what I remember and cherish the most? It is the way you greeted us when we poured out of the car! Your soft, caring eyes and your smile are what I remember. You were delighted to see us, but you also had a quiet and kindly demeanor. Your voice, soft-spoken and welcoming, somehow transcended the hustle and bustle which is so common when relatives first arrive at a family gathering. I have often wondered how such a gentle demeanor could stand out in the chaos and continue to stand out in my memories. In my lifetime, I have met a very few people who radiate **a special aura**, a type of spirituality which instantly makes us feel good about ourselves. You are one of those people who radiates that spiritual sense which tells me, “All is well with the world...” and “I’m glad you were born...”

Well, I am so thankful that YOU were born and that you became part of the Hine family. Your **graciousness** continues to melt our hearts. On one of your recent visits, you brought along precious glassware proudly used by my Grandma

Jenny Hine and other relatives during family gatherings. You shared them with us by bringing enough of these treasures so that each of us could pick at least one item to carry home. You let me pick two because I couldn't decide! It is very fitting that you would share items used at table settings because my memories include the feasts we shared at your home. Your dining table seemed very long and large, and perhaps that is because I was a small child. Perhaps it was one table or several tables placed side by side. I only recall it was long and had lots of seating for many relatives! Aunt Hazel, I hardly ever have a chance to sit and talk with you, but I want you to know that I think of you at least once a week. And when I think of you, I smile and I feel content.

You have an inner gift of peace to share, and I am incredibly grateful that you

extend that comfortable feeling to me and to so many others. I have truly been touched by your kind ways. Many, many hugs and lots of love to you!

Love from one of your nieces....*Cheryl*

LINDA Dear Aunt Hazel, Happy 95th birthday!

When I thought about writing this for your birthday I was overwhelmed with memories; you have had such a positive **impact on my life** that I hardly know where to begin. So I will just start at the beginning.

I remember the house in the dunes and how much fun it was to play in the sand. It was just one big sand box. Then there was the jungle gym, play room in the basement, enough dolls and toys to start a retail store, the tennis courts where you could learn to ride a bike without getting killed, and of course the lake. It was like having a big private amusement park! What a great joy and benefit to me that you always let me come there and **you were so kind** to me. I never felt anything but welcome and loved, but as I'm older I think that Uncle Ken at least must have gotten tired of having an extra kid or kids underfoot. However, I never remember him showing that and he was lots of fun. Well, except for the time he made me go to bed because "if my stomach hurt and I couldn't eat my dinner then I must be sick". I

don't remember what it was, but it was something that I didn't like.

Your move to Knoxville and our subsequent visit gave me one of my first opportunities to travel and see some of the country. I loved the mountains and went back there as an adult to show Gar and Corey how indescribably great it was.

When you moved back to Indiana I could once again be there so regularly that Janet and I thought we were sisters. As a kid it never occurred to me that you loved Janet more than me.

I can not put a value or measure on how much **you enriched my life**, and I also know that I was not the only one.

Just a very few things I learned coming to your house:

You didn't have to be perfect and there were a lot of different kinds of "normal".

Calm is good.

Church is fun.

How to be a good friend.

Skin color doesn't matter.

You could eat/drink out of the dogs dish and not die. (Well really Dirk taught that!)

You have to love everybody, but you don't have to like them all the time.

Men cook.

To sew and select fabric. If we made mistake sewing and you discovered Janet's first and I could correct mine before it was discovered. (That is just an aside, Janet and I still joke about this 50 years later.)

A shared pot of tea and a cookie is as good as aspirin and a nap.

That family is important.

If you put Christ first everything else will fall into place.

Again, Gar and I both wish you a very happy birthday.

Love, Linda (Grote, since there are two Linda nieces, I always identify myself, because I can't remember if I'm "the one or the other one")

SARAH This is what I remember about you, Great Grandma.

When Diana and I were young, you and Grandpa had just the two of us over, and made us thin pancakes for breakfast. We enjoyed visiting with you, just the two of us. It made me feel special!

There are other things I remember too. The bedroom upstairs had two twin beds and a queen size one. I liked the closet full of toys,

especially the bells. **We had lots of fun**

in that room. I liked looking out into the backyard from up there.

Your house was always a place of gathering. We gathered there for

the fourth of July a couple of times. I remember how you enjoyed

having us sleep over. People were sprawled everywhere, in every

possible niche. I loved coming to visit. There was the playhouse

in the woods, the trails to walk upon, **the cookie**

drawer to get cookies out of, the marble game to play,

the coin banks to play with, and the pictures that hung on the wall

by the stairs. I enjoyed coming to visit because I always saw friendly

faces and **I knew I was loved.**

I was glad to come visit you in your new home before I came to

Canada, and listen to your stories and go through old photos and

learn more about my own mother. I also finally was able to get only one marble left! These are only a few of my memories of you Grandma. Memories full of love. Thank you. *Sarah*

NORMA Dear Hazel: Happy Birthday!

Memories. I've got a head full of them. We have been a part of each others lives for the last 55 years. When we see each other it's always fun to remember the "big" and the "not so big" things that we have shared. The aging process has a way of refreshing memories that I believed had been long gone.

I remember driving down Furnesville Road after our trip from the east and finally seeing the mailbox that said HINE on the side of it. We were tired, it had been a long trip, but we knew that we would be **welcomed with open arms** and a wonderful meal.

I remember that you bought Laurie a "school dress" when she was about 3 years old. You had gone shopping for your kids to get them ready for school and came back with this precious red calico dress for her. I can see her twirling around in it as if it were yesterday.

Such a loving Aunt Hazel.

Remember when Dirk picked out a book at the School House Shop called “Laundered Limericks”? We were sitting at the kitchen table and you started looking through it and the more you read the more

we laughed and laughed and laughed! Dirk was a little boy and it

wasn't age appropriate but the rest of us certainly did enjoy it!

When my parents died you invited me to make your home my home.

And I did. It was always like going home when we came to visit.

How lucky can one woman get?

Trips to the Mission Store in Nappanee, picnics at the beach, trips

to the School House Shop, tracking sand from the beach all over

your house, many wonderful meals shared, going antiquing, being

able to share my inner most being with you when I couldn't do it

with anyone else, **lots of hugs**, sharing our love

for the Lord and best of all was Hazel.

If you are very lucky, people come into your life that enhance it.

You are one of those people. To love you and know that your love is

returned is so precious to me. You have always been a wonderful role model. Both myself and my family have benefited from that. So, as you celebrate your 95th birthday, congratulations and best wishes. Cherish the memories! Love you, *Norma*.

GLENN Dear Hazel: What a joy it is to be able to wish you a Happy Birthday on your 95th. The first thought is to think how blessed you are to reach this time in your life. However, my first thought is **what a blessing you have been to everyone** to whom you have shared your life. I know that is especially true for me.

My earliest memories go back to Parnell Avenue. This must have been the early part of World War II because I can remember digging foxholes in the vacant lot next door. Your **tolerance** of the activities of Ken and I always amazed me because I could never imagine Mom Hine allowing this.

Perhaps the fondest memories will always be the Dunes. First, there were the vacations you allowed me to share. There were the **good times on the beach;**

the tea and afternoon snacks; the trips for ice cream; the peanut butter knife in the jelly jar that was a definite no no; the horses that almost ran us down and on and on the wonderful memories go. But above all that was the faith that you and Ken always demonstrated. I'm sure that played a part in leading me in the direction my life would go.

Then in adulthood there was always that first place to stop when our family would return to the mid-west on vacation. How we would look forward to the turn off at Michigan City and the welcome we would receive when we would arrive at your home.

How wonderful it was to really feel special and that you could just **be yourself and relax.**

So with these memories comes this very special birthday wish that you are loved and appreciated for all you have meant to me and my family. Love Glenn

JANET To mom on her ninety-fifth birthday:

M – Memories – I have so many wonderful memories of growing up – vacations, family get-togethers, Ogden Dunes,

Knoxville, Furnessville, special events, camps, **the Smokies**, learning to sew, music lessons, church activities, blueberry coffee cake, Sunday afternoon rides – the list goes on and on - carol sings, thin pancakes, family fun...

O – Open – You have shown me how to be open to situations and changes in life. It has helped me to work through difficult times.

T – Teacher – You have taught me so many things. I am thankful that you taught me about Jesus and God’s love when I was small because my faith and church have become my main focus in

life and that’s what it’s all about. I am the seamstress I am today because **you taught me how to sew** and insisted that I do it right. You taught me by your actions how to be a good mother.

H – Helpful – You have always **helped others**.

Especially, when family members needed help, you were there for them. You even opened up your home to them when they needed a place to stay for a while.

E – Encourager – You always encouraged me to try new things and

encouraged me to do my best.

R – Role Model – You have always been my **role model**.

I have tried to model my life and my home after you. I have wanted my home to be full of love; a place where family and friends could gather; a place where my children could feel safe and loved. Because of how you lived your Christian life and faith, I, too, have that faith and am living a Christian life.

I – **independent** – You have been and are an independent person. Someone who could stand on her own two feet.

L – Loving – Growing up I always felt loved. The home I grew up in was full of love. You showed your love for others by the ways you opened up your home to them.

O – **organized** – You have always been a **well-organized** person. Your home reflected that – even during the remodeling phase there was a semblance of order! Your sense of organization gave a sense of peace and well-being at home.

V – Volunteer – I remember how you would volunteer to help at school, at church, in family situations, neighbors and friends.

E – Energy – You always seemed to have the **energy** to get things done. After a big family get-together, the house would always be back in order before you went to bed.

Y – Yourself – You have always been yourself – You never put on airs or tried to be someone else. You have always been yourself. That is something I learned from you – to just be yourself.

O – **optimistic** – You always looked for the positive aspects in a situation. You taught me to be an optimist

U – Unique – You are a very **unique and special** person. Because of the person you are, you have helped many others to become the unique and special persons that they are.

All of the above sums up some of the many reasons why MOTHER, I

LOVE YOU! Love, Janet

BARBARA Memories of my aunt and friend, J. Hazel Henry Hine.

...Sunday dinner in the 40s, family all together, with a bull dog sleeping under the table...

...**beach cottages and homes,**

sand and water, more sand...assurances during a summer storm...

...As a Portage 5th grader with Mom and Hazel making soap or
canning in the summer - me. flitting around - Hazel reminding me
that "Pretty is as pretty does"...

...Hazel **smiling and laughing**

and working through years of wonderful dinners and food - all of
us: aunts, uncles, cousins, friends enjoying the fruits of her labors.

Always moving, making everyone feel welcome and wanted...

...Going to Pinhook for my fabrics because that's where Aunt Ha and
Hazel R. got the best...

...the supreme joy of being able to share her with my children and her
never-ending **patience in listening**
to my stories of them...

...An early morning trip to Furnessville to share with her the joy of a
new freshly-powdered baby daughter, dressed in pink ruffles...

...shopping in Chesterton when Julie was little, saying should we call
Aunt Hazel - "Yes, and maybe she will say, would you like a cup of
tea?"...

...my stocking-footed children sliding on the great room floor,
“shining the wax”...

...always there for me, as a teenager or adult, with tea and
sympathy - sometimes just tea and cookies was enough...

...Her commitment to God and her church - to her husband and
family...I was ever aware of her strong faith in the many challenges
of her life...I've taken many cues for my life from **her
wonderful example...**

God Bless You Always, Aunt Ha... I love you - *Barbie*

KENNY Mom...the memories just roll by. Silly memories? Maybe
not silly, but just all of the little things that add up to so much. Like
I remember *Etude* magazine and **dad playing
the piano** while you prepared dinner every night.

You washing our hair in the kitchen sink on Saturday nights.

Putting salt in the sugar bowl on April fools day. Drying the dishes
– inventing games with the knives and forks to turn a chore into
a fun activity. I learned how to make a game out of every task I
was ever asked to perform. (I still make games out of just about

everything I do.) I often wonder whether other people play the kind of games I play. I don't think they do (they think I'm crazy) but I've actually thought about doing a book about it.

Another silly memory: we'd listen to the Lone Ranger together on the radio when dad was out of town. That was around dinner time and he never let us listen to the radio during dinner. I really looked forward to his out-of-town trips. On the other hand, I remember joining him on one of those trips, to a department store somewhere (I think) in Illinois or Indiana. It was during summer vacation and I held the tape measure while he took measurements. But what I really remember is the owner of the store complaining to dad about the lack of response to his ad for a sale on sweaters in the local newspaper for that day. The sweaters were on a table right in front of the revolving door entrance to the store. Dad took the sign down and replaced it with a really crappy, scrawled "SALE" sign; I don't remember exactly what it said but I was appalled, because he always painted really nice signs. (My entry into this world was paid for by one of his signs!) Then he made a mess out of all the neatly

arranged sweaters on the table, mixing them all up. Ten minutes later there was a mob at the table and before we left there wasn't an unsold sweater left. That was a pretty amazing lesson.

These **incidental moments** are only recalled at the oddest, but most amazingly relevant, times. They are the moments I cherish most. And I tell many of these stories to my students: I've gained so much wisdom from these experiences.

The best thing of all, Mom, is that **we always talked** with each other. I can't ever remember a time when we didn't talk to each other (and I would even talk in my sleep with you. Do you remember that?) That's been the best, the absolute best. I can't ever remember a time when I hid a thought or idea from you or when I couldn't bare my heart to you. And I know, many times my problems were a burden to you, but you always gave me the strength, **comfort and wisdom** to somehow work things out for myself. And that remains true right to this very day.

And then there is the whole wide world of ideas. I should have

probably started off with this. I remember, so vividly, the arrival of *The Book Of Knowledge* (accompanied by *Lands and Peoples* - the first place I ever saw breasts of naked ladies!) in their special bookcases, in our house when I was probably about eleven years old. I remember the ritual of washing my hands and the **reverence** of sitting on the couch and handling each book and turning the pages properly and carefully. I remember the amazing, never-ending experience of **discovery** in those books – and I especially remember the category of “Things To Make And Do” in *The Book Of Knowledge*. More than anything else, the mixture and range of subjects of those books fueled my **curiosity** of the world, provided a fundamental education, and set the course for my life. I realized that I could learn about anything I ever wanted to know in a book. (Jay Thomas introduced me to Chaucer’s *Canterbury Tales* one night during a sleep-over and that REALLY opened my mind!) Those books were my real education. I’ll add the Marine Corps to that. And our bi-weekly family trips to the library

in Miller, with **hot fudge sundaes**

afterwards at the ice cream parlor.

But, back to talking. That's what we've always done best. Thanks, mom...for listening, understanding, and being my friend. I love you. (You're the only one who can still call me "Kenny." I like that!)

DIANA Memories of my Great-Grandma.

I can hardly express how much joy I have had in being able to know my great-grandmother, which is why I am so grateful that I lived so near her growing up. I loved going with my family to go see her for **family events** or just for simple Sunday afternoon outings. So many memories are attached to Jesse Hazel Hine and her dear house that I cannot single out one event as a most important moment.

As a child I looked forward to stopping by to see her whenever we were done at the beach. My siblings and I were forced to take baths to make sure we did not get too much sand around her house. Grandmother's floor tended to have a sandy feel to it in the summertime. Late into the evening we would stay, playing with her

old fashioned coin banks,

watching a little TV, playing the marble game, or curling up on the favorite velvety green couch in her large room. Occasionally we would all gather on the stairs to play the coin game, or if we were feeling particularly naughty, we would steal glances at the old fashion puppets in the closet in the upstairs bedroom or try and see what was in the attic space of the other bedroom. Then when it was time to go, Grandmother always put together a small plastic bag of candy for us. **Lemon drops**, mints, and other assortments from her candy jars on the kitchen counter.

Sometimes if we were lucky, Mom and Dad would leave us at her house to spend the night. This was always a very much-coveted event, to be able to be left with maybe a sibling or two at her house with just our grandparents. It was such a treat for me to wake up in the morning and come down and eat breakfast with her. There was always the blue tablecloth on the table, the bowl of plastic grapes, (which I probably played with more than I was suppose to), and then the **favorite mugs** with the animal

pictures on them. Some day I will have to find a set of dishes like she had.

My siblings and I also enjoyed drawing many pictures for our

grandmother. As a child the **orange ball paperweight** that held a pen, which was

always kept by the phone, always fascinated me, and so I always

tried to use that pen as my drawing utensil. Later, as we grew

older, it became a favorite activity to sit around the kitchen table

and watch as Grandmother pulled out old documents. So many

pictures of past relatives! It was such a delight to **listen and learn** the names and stories of the people in

those pictures. Along with the pictures of relatives, came the many

drawings that we had done for her, which she had saved all these

years. A particular favorite of mine was a book my mother had

made for my great-grandmother as a child. It was neat to see what

my mother had done at an age close to my own.

I always looked forward to large **family**

gatherings that took place at her house. We do

not get to do this as often anymore, but I will always remember **sitting around the table** that would go across the entire length of the room. It was so wonderful to be able to be with everyone, and grandmother's cooking was always delicious. At that time I might not have enjoyed drying all the dishes after dinner, but now I can look back to those times with fondness.

I will never be able to look at a Thomas Kincaid print or a print of the Animal Kingdom, without thinking about her. I think that a part of the reason I enjoy **art and music** so much was because of her. She was always supportive of all our artistic endeavors. She encouraged us to come and play for her, and was **always ready to share** with us her favorite books of art. I remember one year after solo and ensemble contest at school, we visited her, and I took out my flute and played for her the piece that I had just performed.

Now that the years have past, and I have grown older, distance has made it more difficult to see her as often as I did as a child. This

is why it was such a treat to stop by her apartment last year on our way back from spring break to spend a night with her, even though I was exhausted. And then the spending time with her when we went to visit our grandparents in Syracuse for the fourth was also a much-welcomed event.

Grandma Hazel has always been a **wonderful example** to me. I hope to be able to keep her legacy going on in the generations to come. My life and character has been positively influenced by her presence in life, and I would be most ungrateful to not express how much love and gratitude I have for this woman. I love you Great-grandma!

JAY Dear Aunt Hazel...May we all be as **involved in life** as you are at your age, enjoying mental alertness, physical health and renewing energy.

I've been thinking about my memories and most of them seem to revolve around the time I stayed with Grandma and Grandpa Hine while my folks traveled around the world, as well as, some memories attached to family visits to our Chicago area relatives.

They come in flashes of memories, not necessarily connected.

I remember your house in the dunes. I especially remember Uncle Ken's electronic organ that resided in the family room. I was always fascinated with organs, probably from being a preacher's kid and having a special liking for the organist at the Warwick Reformed Church, who one day, unknown to my mother, I invited to join us for Sunday dinner. So as a young person, I was very impressed that relatives of mine had their own personal organ in their home.

I remember going to the beach and the dunes and being surprised at all the sand that I thought only existed at the ocean.

I remember going with you in the car with others, to a little store that seemed down the road, a farmer's market and to what I think was your church.

I remember playing at your house, sometimes outside in the wooded area behind the house. I remember playing upstairs in the bedrooms with my cousins. And I remember coming downstairs into the kitchen and you being there, cooking or doing some other kind of domestic task.

I remember being impressed that Uncle Ken got to ride a train everyday to work.

I think what I remember about all of this was **the wonderful ordinariness**

of being around my relatives, who you had to get to by driving through Canada. Yet in that ordinariness, every memory I have is a good memory about a family that was warm and loving and inviting, that somehow grew within me a sense of the importance that family has in our lives.

The part you played in those ordinary everyday moments of the larger family is your gift to me. This letter, warmly sent with a few childhood memories, is my gift to you on your 95th birthday.

With love and affection, *Jay Hine*.

ALLAN By the time I met Hazel, both of my grandmothers – neither of which I was close to -- had passed on. So since that time, Hazel has been the closest thing to a grandma that I've had. She's **a wonderful person**, and certainly a bright spot in my life. And my parents will forever treasure the

little while they got to spend with her and Ken one summer. While thinking of her I came up with a silly little rhyme I thought I'd share. It's always hard to truly express someone's impact in our lives, so I guess little fleeting memories will have to do. Happy Birthday Grandma Hazel!!

Hazel and Ken

Lived there then.

That welcoming abode

On old Schoolhouse Road.

If you'd been there you'd know

The windows all show

Blue trinkets of glass

That sparkle as you pass

And the twinkle you spy

You might see in the eyes

Of Hazel that day ---

And oh, by the way

The front porch is screened

And in summer it's cool -

Architectural jewel.

*Ken would do
A hymn or two
Before dinner for a dozen;
Warm rolls in the oven.*

*The home is now gone
No more picnics on the lawn
But you can still hear
Children's voices echo clear
Through the forest so near*

*Now sit with Hazel a while
Be embraced by her smile
I think SHE WAS THE HOME
Not the wood and the stone
Still, such a welcoming abode
On Old Schoolhouse Road.*

(I originally had a rough draft of these thoughts filed under “hazel notes” . . . sounded a lot like Hazel Nuts . . . you know, kinda like Hazel . . . sweet, substantial, and good for you!)

JENNI Fond memories of my childhood- of my life- are incomplete

without words of my grandma. So many thoughts and memories run through my mind. I could probably write a book myself instead of just one part. But, here I will try to sum it up. Through the years she has been my grandma, great-grandma to Rafael, my friend, my **roommate**, and always a role model. But, her thoughts, her words, and her actions have touched my life in ways I don't even know where to start.

My first memory of grandma is when I was a little girl. We lived on Madonna and it must have been summer. I just stood outside by the green fence for what seemed like hours waiting because I knew grandma and grandpa were coming! I was so excited! The funny thing is I don't remember anything that happened when they actually got there!

Grandpa and grandma had created **a beautiful home**, and through the years, family and friends enjoyed the treasures of their hospitality, love, and friendship. Grandma is the most hospitable person I know. Friends and relatives always knew they could knock on the door and be welcomed

in. Chances were always very good that the cookie drawer was full and the tea was just about ready. And, if it was about meal time, there was always plenty for a few more at the table. People would then sit around the kitchen table for hours just talking and laughing. But, watch out if grandma got silly. There was **no stopping her giggles** then!

When my sister, Mary, and I were old enough to spend a week there in the summer, we had such a great time! There was always a trip to the library, the magic carpet, and trips to the beach and visitors center. One year we went to Chicago to see a Chinese exhibit. Then we came back and made our own exhibit and had Chinese food for dinner, complete with fortune cookies! And, I would not forgive myself if I didn't mention getting up early to watch grandma make crepes for breakfast. I now make them for my family and nieces and nephews when they spend the night. I never thought back then about how times would change. But, I can't make them and not think about watching grandma when I was a little girl.

Holidays were always exciting. The Christmas tree

was a huge, beautifully decorated trip down memory lane for grandma. And it always amazed me that she remembered who gave her every ornament. Some of them now hang on my tree every year. There was always a **carol sing** just before Christmas. I would get to wear my new Christmas dress that my mom made. My grandpa would play the organ and there would always be good things to eat after we sang! The 4th of July was always a big **family picnic** time. We would roast hot dogs and marshmallows outside and eat at the big picnic table.

I could go on and on about memories and stories - there are so many. But, here is the most important one. This is who my grandma is to me. I called her on the phone one day. We probably hadn't talked a whole lot recently because I was living far away and didn't have a phone at the time. So I called from a pay phone and said, "Grandma, things aren't working out here. Can I stay with you for awhile?" Not even any hesitation and I heard her answer. In my life, when things weren't always going right, she had never

seemed to give up on me. And, this time, she was there for me again.

For five years we were roommates, at a time when I think God knew we both needed each other. At least, he knew I needed her.

They were some very hard years for both of us - grandpa was in a nursing home and passed away and I went through my divorce.

But, I think it helped us both to have each other. And,

I was blessed to have five years to get to know her so well - to have her support, to learn from her, to hear about her life, to spend time with her, to have Rafael get to know his great- grandma. Grandma would read to Rafael and play games with him. They would sit and watch TV. He would go get her when he heard the music for the Antique Road show because he knew she would want to watch it. It was so cute to watch the two of them together!

What is so wonderful is that even now she is still reading, learning new things; She is always looking for the good in things and in people. **I wish there were**

**more people like her in
the world** because I am sure there would be a lot

fewer problems. She is the kind of person that I strive to be, and she is a part of who I am- the things she has taught me, the experiences

we've had, the traditions I am now doing with my family. I am

reminded of her everyday in different ways - her friends that ask

me to tell her hi, someplace we like to go, something like crepes

for breakfast, my favorite couch or the table that everyone used to

sit and talk around that now sits in my dining room. I am blessed

that we have such a relationship that not only is she my grandma,

but **one of the best friends I
could ever have!**

I love you grandma! Happy 95th birthday! Jenni

ANNABEL I am one of the procrastinators. I'm writing this half

an hour before my mom's deadline, simply because separating

out just a few memories of Grandma from the thousands hung on

display in my brain is such a difficult task. They all add up to a

particular feeling of love that fills me whenever I think about her,

which is often. I've tried to pull out pieces of that feeling before, in order to describe Grandma to friends of mine, and I always wind up sounding like I'm talking about just anybody's grandmother.

And we all know, our Grandma ain't just any grandma. Then, if I try and give words to the feeling itself, I find myself at even more of a loss. So, pure and simple, I'm going to write down the first three memories that come to mind.

Grandma had a crinoid bracelet. She showed it to me once after we found a crinoid on the beach. After that, I always asked to see it, until during one summer visit, when I was 10 or 11, when she gave it to me. I treasure it.

An image pops up, of Grandma taking down and cleaning each glass bottle from the sills in the family room. I feel close to her every time I do the same with the dozen amber bottles she gave to me when she moved to Joliet, that now line the windows in my home. Also, I'm always compelled to seek out bottles at yard sales and flea markets because someday I want to have a collection like hers. The older I get, the more I realize I am also a collector of

collections, just like Grandma.

When Jonas was a baby and I spent the summer with Jenni in Indiana, I spent a couple nights with Grandma in her apartment.

I was going through a difficult time in my life that summer, and Grandma was so **comforting and understanding**. She's good company.

Those two days are really special in my memory, because it was the first time I connected with her as a woman. We were two women, of different generations, talking about life, instead of grandmother and child.

I love you Grandma! Happy birthday! I hope you know how much you are loved, and how much you mean to all of us! *-Annabel*

DICK Dear Aunt Ha, If anyone ever “earned” Happy Birthday wishes, it certainly is you. Not just because you are adding one more year to the total. But because of the way you have lived this past year and all of your adult years; living your life as being a wonderful example to all of those who have come in contact to you.

I'm one of the lucky ones because I was “born right” and became

your nephew with my first breath.

In my youth, it was always exciting to come to your house in the “Dunes” and see you. With great admiration for all of the wonderful meals that I had there, roasting marsh mellows stands out as the best entrée on the menu. Always a prayer before we ate, although I don’t recall ever blessing those marsh mellows, before we gobbled them down. You always gave me a warm feeling that you really were glad to see me and would give me a hug and kiss. Being a skinny and not so confident kid, that was huge to me.

When you moved to Knoxville, I was fortunate enough to come to see you twice. These gave me more wonderful memories of you.

Of course, the one that stands above all the rest is when the mama bear almost got me. It seems that I can still hear your scream and the horror on your face.

Once you were back in Indiana, I had my own family. My life was busy and I’m sorry that I never brought my kids to see you, other than on a few occasions. But you never changed. You always welcomed me and still gave me that warm feeling.

Then seeing you lose Uncle Ken. The two of you were always there and now you grieved with his loss, but you kept going on. You showed others how do deal with such a loss.

As if that wasn't enough, you later had to make the decision to leave your home. You showed others that in life, sometimes you have to do the difficult thing, rather than follow the easiest course or the one your heart wants to follow.

Now in your Joliet home, you show to people that happiness is everywhere, if one just lets it in. And through Indiana, Tennessee, Indiana and Illinois, to me you have always been the same. The same in love for me, the same in goodness, the same in faith, the same in humor and the same in providing an example of how to care for and respect the lives of others. Most importantly, how to live one's life.

My faith is still a "work in progress". With you in my life and the visual of seeing your faith at work, my journey in faith has been made much easier.

So, on your well earned birthday, I wish for you His continued

grace and His continued blessings on you. Happy Birthday!

With love, *Dick*

RAPHAEL My Great-Grandma. When I was little, my mom and I moved to my great-grandma's house. I am very lucky to have a great-grandma that I know so well and who is so special to me. We always have lots of fun.

I always remember the scream of the tea kettle and grandma's orange marmalade toast for breakfast. Then she would sit on the couch and read the paper. I always loved playing at grandma's house. I liked the big back yard where I could play. Great-grandma always let me have birthday parties there.

We always had a great time at great-grandmas. I remember

getting a swing set. I remember Shadow Grandpa putting it together. I used it all of the time and when the Walkers came over we used the swing set.

Sometimes, great-grandma and I ran errands to the store, post office, or the church. Usually, when we went to the store the cookie

drawer was refilled. The cookie drawer was almost never empty.

When grandma made cookies they were gone quickly.

Everyday, grandma watched Jeopardy. On Sunday, grandma watched Robert Schuller. When we weren't watching TV, I played or grandma read to me. We read the good funnies, Beatrix Potter, or one of my library books (usually car books).

I love my great-grandma because she has always helped me. When I was little she helped me with my homework. **She has taught me a lot of things.**

She taught me to tie my shoes and how to make toast with orange marmalade. She also helped me learn manners, like table manners and saying please and thank you.

Great-grandma and I have fun all the time. I know I will always remember these and other memories. Another memory is that great-grandma helped me with my spelling - H-A-P-P-Y B-I-R-T-H-D-A-Y G-R-E-A-T- G-R-A-N-D-M-A!!!!

I love you! *Rafael*

JANET ANN I remember visiting Uncle Ken and Aunt Hazel when

they lived in a white house in the middle of the dunes right near Lake Michigan. The yard was entirely sand so it seemed like we were going to the beach. We did get to swim in Lake Michigan and take picnics.

I also remember the summer of 1957 when I was privileged to live with Aunt Hazel, Uncle Ken, Janet and Dirk for about a month or so. Aunt Hazel's nephew Bill Bearden was also there and would practice his bassoon, an instrument I had never seen or heard before. Dirk and I would play out in the woods around the yard. Janet and I would share a room and really got the giggles. We would laugh at just about anything. It was a fun time and a chance to really get to know my Indiana relatives. Because our names were almost identical, I was called Janet Ann, the only time it is used when I've not gotten into trouble.

OLIVER Grandma, I remember so many nice memories about you. From climbing Mount Baldy with you, to huge gatherings of family both outside at the picnic tables or spread out throughout the entire house with enough delicious food twice as many people. I

can't remember a single time we've gone out to eat, every visit and every night you always prepared a huge feast. We've taken walks and drives along Lake Michigan admiring the sights, the daily trips to the lake to go swimming. One of my earliest memories was my sister and I sliding around the hardwood floors in our socks at Christmas time, if only that still worked but we've gotten too big. Who can forget the delicious cookie drawer? I think on every trip, directly after **sharing hugs and kisses**, that cookie drawer was the next thing we'd pay attention too. I Love you Grandma!