



## Rita Hollingsworth Hoffman

February 15, 1931 - February 10, 2018

Rita Hollingsworth Hoffman (nee Pomponio) on February 10, 2018, of W. Deptford, formerly of Deptford. Age 86. Wife of the late Leo Hollingsworth and John Hoffman. Mother of Maryanne Blair (Ed) of Erial, Joseph Hollingsworth (Peggy) of W. Deptford, Carol McIntyre (Neil) of Deptford and Edward Hollingsworth (Karen) of Alloway. Sister of Carmen Pomponio (Sharon) of Folcroft, PA. Twelve grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

Rita enjoyed socializing and cooking meatballs and chocolate cake. She loved the Phillies, watching the morning mass, TCM and praying the rosary.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend a viewing Thursday, February 15, 2018, 9am to 11am in The Chapel at BOUCHER FUNERAL HOME, 1757 Delsea Dr., Deptford, NJ 08096.

Funeral Service 11am Thursday in the Chapel at the funeral home.

Interment private.

In lieu of flowers donations may be made to St. John of God Community Services, 1145 Delsea Dr., Westville, NJ 08093.

For directions, to sign online guest book and to view Rita's Video Tribute visit

[www.boucherfuneralhome.com](http://www.boucherfuneralhome.com).

# Previous Events

## Viewing

FEB **15**. 9:00 AM - 11:00 AM (ET)

The Chapel at Boucher Funeral Home, LLC  
1757 Delsea Drive  
Deptford, NJ 08096  
(856) 464-1097  
staff@boucherfuneralhome.com  
<https://www.boucherfuneralhome.com/>

## Funeral Service

FEB **15**. 11:00 AM - 11:30 AM (ET)

The Chapel at Boucher Funeral Home, LLC  
1757 Delsea Drive  
Deptford, NJ 08096  
(856) 464-1097  
staff@boucherfuneralhome.com  
<https://www.boucherfuneralhome.com/>

# Tribute Wall



“ *Boucher Funeral Home, LLC & Gloucester County Cremation Service created a Tribute Video in memory of Rita Hollingsworth Hoffman*



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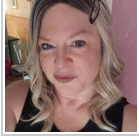
**Boucher Funeral Home, LLC & County Cremation Service** - February 14, 2018 at 05:46 AM



“ *Rita Hollingsworth Hoffman*

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November 27, 2022 at 03:45 PM



“ I took the time to know her story from start to end. She loved her father more than anything. She loved her mother too but the glow that came across her face as she spoke of her father shined so bright. She had a very good upbringing. She loved spending time with her cousins and going to the movies with them or just gathering on the stoop. She took care of her mother in law, her mother and both of her husbands until their dying day, and she was a natural. I'm thankful that she shared so many of her memories with me and set good examples.

*She loved my ability to write and often encouraged me to write letters to high ranking officials for various reasons, including the president.*

*She treated my husband like a son. She often called him at work to stop by to talk and of course, for something to eat. She left George with a ton of great memories and I'm so thankful he could be there for her during her toughest times. They shared a very special relationship. They shared a great deal of trust with one another and loyalty. She was a lot like George's own mother who sadly passed but Mom-Mom shared so many similarities to her, their relationship just came naturally and trust me, she would hunt him down too. Of course, everything was a secret with Mom-Mom. I'm sure we can all relate to that. She has most of those secrets with her today, and I can only imagine just how many secrets there are. I don't know who will get the impossible stains out of my clothes or pack my suitcase the way only you knew how, who will dry my tears or who I can turn to in your absence.*

*I know she's in heaven and she's happy and no longer suffering or in pain and she's content with what she left us both individually and collectively. The tears flow now but the memories remain. I find comfort in knowing I was able to take care of your wants and needs in your later years of life as you took care of mine in my earlier years. Regardless, I could never be able to place my appreciation into words. We took care of one another and you taught me so much about being humble and not bragging or needing recognition*

*for any and all good deeds done. Your beautiful, loving smile will never be forgotten. My mom-mom asked for nothing but LOVE. Love for her family, that's it.*

*I found a simple poem from an unknown author that I thought was fitting.*

*"Though her smile is gone forever and her hand I cannot touch, I still have so many memories of the one I loved so much. Her memory is now my keepsake with which I'll never part. God has her in his keeping, I have her in my heart. Sadly missed but never forgotten. I am not strong, I am weak, but I know each day with your help, I will regain my strength."*

*Thank you for taking me under your wing and protecting me, helping me and supporting me through my most difficult times. Thank you for loving me the way only you knew how. I will continue on with your legacy of loving greatly and giving often. I'll cherish every single memory I have with you. When God decided to take you, he took a huge piece of my heart away. I love you with a special love, my Rita Caroline.... Thank you for molding me into the woman I am today. Thank you for encouraging my achievements and chasing my dreams. Thank you for sharing in the milestones of my life, thank you for being so loving and wonderful to my friends. Thank you for saving my life. I will remain forever indebted to you. With Great Love, Christy*

*"Remember what I said."*

*May God bless Mom-Mom and all of you*

*Thank you for joining us!*



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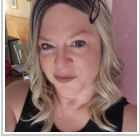
**Christy Barton** - February 23, 2018 at 09:01 PM



*Beautiful!!!!*

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**George Barton** - February 24, 2018 at 04:02 PM



“ Eventually, she allowed me to go to Heritage’s which remains my favorite store by myself to get a popsicle and a candy bar. I remember lying on her couch with the afghan on me after she made sure I was tucked in with a kiss and my favorite childhood dog, Sammy lying at my feet. Sammy and I had great history. She would walk with me to the neighbor on the corner’s house and swim in their pool with me. She was a great swimmer and so athletic. She went everywhere with me. There were visitors all the time coming in and out for their lunch breaks to have a sandwich that mom mom would fix for them and her neighbors and girlfriends would come and sit at the famous kitchen table and share Danish, doughnuts and of course, that great cup of coffee. I was a regular there and everyone made me feel so special as she doted on me. I could just walk into the neighbor’s homes and sit and chat with them for as little or as long as I wanted. I loved to swim in Ann Duffy’s pool. That was always a fun spot for me. Connie and Dean were often there, Pearl across the street and Rita Zilfakis next door. When I got fresh or talked back, I got the paddle, the wooden spoon, the belt or even a pair of flip flops or a wiffle bat. I remember her applying calamine lotion to my chicken pox and then my sister and brother. She took such fabulous care of us. I was so intrigued by everything she did. I was full of admiration for her. Mom Mom was a terrible driver. She often reminisced about pulling out of the gas station with the pump still attached to the car. She drove us In the outs and out the ins at the Deptford Kmart. When we went to the Dover Mall in Delaware she was headed the wrong way on Rt. 13 which was a major highway. I’ll never forget our drives to the farms and our trips we took, especially Myrtle Beach. I’ll remember all the shopping we did at Fashion Bug, Woolworths, Macy’s, Kohl’s and of course, Boscov’s.

Everytime I fell down, she picked me back up. She never gave up on me, despite the circumstances. She helped me bring out my best self with such devotion. You can’t put a price tag on the gift of abundant love. Our time was full of fun and she was often the butt of my pranks. I joked with her OFTEN. I put her in the car, whether we

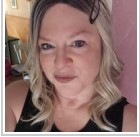
*were going to a beautiful dinner or just to Dippy's or Walgreens, road trips, secret adventures and told her to hold the bar at the top in the car because we were going to race and I would rev the engine real fast and she would tell me to knock it the hell off. LOL. I would blast Pink on the radio and comprised with channel 40 on satellite radio just as she wished. She would hum along. I would unwind the toilet paper and make her toast lying the entire stick of butter across the slice of bread. She would ask for a glass of water and I brought her all ice. I could go on and on about our pranks because they were endless but bring out a great smile for me. The phone pranks were the best. In more innocent times, before people took advantage of the elderly with telephone scams, I would change my voice to all different voices until she finally figured out it was me. Yes, our times were fun unless we were in the kitchen together. That woman could go through some paper towels. I would tell her to use the hand towel instead and that she was wasting all my paper towels. So, when I went to her house and she wasn't looking, I would tear the perforations on her paper towels and scatter them on every inch of the kitchen. Her responses were fabulous. She gave me a lot of shit for that*

*I took the time to know her story from start to end. She loved her father more than anything. She loved her mother too but the glow that came across her face as she spoke of her father shined so bright. She had a very good upbringing. She loved spending time with her cousins and going to the movies with them or just gathering on the stoop. She took care of her mother in law, her mother and both of her husbands until their dying day, and she was a n*



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**Christy Barton** - February 23, 2018 at 08:59 PM



“ Thursday, February 15, 2018

*(I never got the chance to read this eulogy I prepared for reasons beyond comprehension)*

*This eulogy contains additional pages and there's no way in the world I could fit all I have to say in 4,000 characters or less.*

*I'm Christy, Rita's first grandchild.*

*Thank you all for attending. By you all being here, I'm confident In knowing that my mom mom has touched your life at some point in hers*

*Mom-Mom was a mother, sister, grandmother, Aunt and a wonderful neighbor. She was a caregiver, a nurturer. She made friends everywhere she went, and I mean EVERYWHERE. She always had a kind word to say to each and every person she came across. She was the sweetest woman with the kindest soul. Mom-Mom was the greatest cook I ever knew. As a matter of fact, I rarely eat much elsewhere unless it came from her because I got accustomed to the very best and nothing else could compare. She was extremely strong and independent for as long as my memory serves me. She would do anything in her power to help other people, even when she could barely help herself. She was so selfless and giving, loving and tender but she was tough and mouthy and wasn't afraid to speak her mind when necessary.*

*My Mom-Mom was the most special person in my life from very early on. Her prescence created a safe haven for me, a place where I could laugh, cry, vent and just be me without judgement. We were thick as thieves. She always believed in me, encouraged me and was my ROCK! We had an extremely special relationship. She took very good care of me as a child, teenager and young adult, despite my mistakes in life. She never held anything against me or reminded me how terribly I screwed up. Instead, she comforted me, helped me through those journeys with a fierce love and never gave up on me. She would come hunt me down, and she found me. She*

*had to make sure I had food while I was living in some “not so nice” places. If I didn’t answer the phone for whatever reason, she would keep ringing it 40 times or more and then would call every person I knew in creation and hunt me down some more. She basically worked with me everyday. She would be on speaker phone as I sat at my desk telling me to “push my pencil.” And as my boss’s came in she would speak to them on speaker phone, asking how their day was going and inviting them over for coffee and a visit. It was “bring your mom-mom to work day for me everyday.”*

*The happiest and best days of my life were on 1113 Monmouth Road. I still remember the phone number from calling it so much. 848-8928. I spent most of my time there and couldn’t have been happier. Happiness and comfort flowed so easily for me there. I remember jumping fences, ripping my new jeans, the huge Charles Chips can on top of the fridge, the sugar bowl where I put excessive amounts of sugar in my rice krispies and at the end of bowl, I got to scoop spoonfuls of the mound of sugar at the bottom and eat it. She was always cooking and even let me go through “the path” to cross the big road (Cooper Street) by myself.*



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**Christy Barton** - February 23, 2018 at 08:54 PM

DM

“ *When I think of Rita, I smile....remembering her super famous meatballs and her kindness. She was always quick with a hug and a laugh. My thoughts are with the family.*

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**Debbie Milligan** - February 16, 2018 at 08:24 AM

EH

“ Cherished every moment we had together and will never forget all the memories created along the way. Love you, Mom Mom.



Eddie Hollingsworth - February 14, 2018 at 09:38 PM



“ 51 files added to the album LifeTributes



Boucher Funeral Home, LLC & County Cremation Service - February 14, 2018 at 04:42 AM



“ Garden of Serenity Bouquet was purchased for the family of Rita Hollingsworth Hoffman.



February 13, 2018 at 11:40 PM

MM

“ Rita was the sweetest neighbor my husband and I could ever ask for! I had the pleasure of having her as a neighbor for 7 years. She loved my dogs as they loved her! She always gave you the sweetest hello, so many times I sat and just talked with her! Prayers to her family, she will truly be missed from Mary, Keith, Tucker, and Spike.

Mary M - February 13, 2018 at 09:36 PM



“ I first met Rita 3 years ago when I moved in two apartments down. The first time I met her she was outside trying to dig in her garden and it was hot outside. I introduced myself and offered to do it for her, she was so grateful for the help and gifted me a pink sweater of hers. Over the past three years we sat many times in her living room and talked. She always said she would keep me in her prayers and hope that things would get better for me. Everytime I walked out the front door she would peak out the front door to say hello. She would give me meatballs and sausage, baked goods, flowers from her garden when they bloomed and soup when I was sick. Rest In Peace Rita, thank you for being the best neighbor a young girl could ever ask for. My condolences to the family.



Kelsey Leigh - February 13, 2018 at 03:04 PM

AM

This is perfect. This was her. Always ❤️ Thank you for sharing

ashley maute - February 13, 2018 at 04:18 PM

ES

*ED sorry for your loss the boys at public works*

**Ernie Smith** - February 14, 2018 at 04:23 PM

CB

*Perfectly put Kelsey. Thank you so much for your kind words ❤️*

**Christy Barton** - February 14, 2018 at 06:41 PM

NV

*All of us who knew her realize the loss this leaves. Everyone loved "Mom-Mom." She was always good to me even though she didn't need to. Those who are left will keep the fond memories of her love with us.*

**nelson valentine** - February 15, 2018 at 03:11 PM

RW

“*Rosann W. purchased the Full Of Love Bouquet for the family of Rita Hollingsworth Hoffman.*”



**Rosann W.** - February 13, 2018 at 01:49 PM

TH

“*I'll keep you with me always, Mom Mom ❤️*”



**Taylor Hollingsworth** - February 13, 2018 at 11:41 AM



“ Beautiful Heart Bouquet was purchased for the family of Rita Hollingsworth Hoffman.



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February 12, 2018 at 10:46 AM



“ I will forever treasure you ❤️ My Ree Bee.



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ashley maute - February 12, 2018 at 09:52 AM