



Charles H. Hoffmann

February 25, 1952 - November 4, 2019

Charles Hendricks Hoffmann was born February 25, 1952 in Pueblo, Colorado to Tony and Florence Hoffmann, and passed away November 4, 2019 in Pueblo. Chuck graduated from Roncalli High School in 1970. He was an outstanding athlete in track and basketball and was on the All State Basketball Team. He then graduated from the University of Northern Colorado where he attended on a basketball scholarship, playing outstanding basketball for the UNC Bears and leaving records to be broken.

He traveled to Europe while in high school and was bit by the travel bug. After graduation, he decided that there were more places to see so he went to New Zealand and Australia. He then set out for Alaska where he worked for the Alaska Psychiatric Institute and learned scrimshaw art from the Alaskan natives. Charlie, as the people in Alaska called him, then took a job with Sperry Sun as a Down Hole Surveyor. He then accepted a basketball coaching position with Susitna Valley High School from long-running no-win seasons to taking them to the Championship. At that time, he also trained for, and became certified to successfully climb to the summit of Mt. McKinley. The North Slope intrigued him and he decided he again wanted to work in the oil industry. He then returned to the North Slope to work for British Petroleum, and was afforded the opportunity to assist with Polar Bear Study aboard an Ice Breaker near St. Lawrence Island in the Bearing Sea. Although his degree was not in engineering, he performed very well in the field receiving a number of recognition letters from his employers for outstanding achievement and

performance. He had a knack for designing tools and methods to perform work on the oil rigs saving the companies great amounts of money for which he was very well rewarded. He worked as a petroleum engineer for Otis Engineering and British Petroleum for the majority of his oil career. He had become interested in polar bears working on the North Slope as they were one of the biggest dangers facing those working on the oil rigs. In his spare time, he built an off-the-grid cabin on his Alaska property, overlooking his own lake that drew many different species of wildlife. Charlie was a very accomplished knife maker, and many Alaskan people own knives that he made. He also enjoyed making jewelry, another skill taught to him by his father.

He moved to Hawaii where he planted and worked a small coffee farm. He told stories of sitting on the lanai in the evenings and listening to the wild boars chewing the macadamia nuts (that also grew on his property) that had fallen on the ground! He commuted back and forth from Hawaii to Alaska to continue working for British Petroleum. Then it was back to Colorado, where everything began. He split his time between his cabin in Alaska (during the summer and fall months) and Colorado. He was a true vagabond who loved the outdoors, wildlife, and his many adventures – from scuba diving and sky diving, to mountain climbing and everything in between! We will all miss his fascinating stories and the animation with which he told them.

He is survived by a daughter, Kristin, and three sons, Orion (Leah), Gunnar (Cat), and Koa (Dani), two grandsons, Brody and Hunter, and one granddaughter, Lively. There is a fourth grandchild to be born in March. Chuck is also survived by his brother, Jim “Mike” (Georgia) Hoffmann and their son, Eric (Judy) and Emerson. Also surviving him is his sister Libby (Wes) Bell and niece, Carrie Bell-Montoya, and her children Colin, and Chantel; and nephew Brian (Kerri) Bell, and their children Alicia, Erica (Kyle) and their children, Kinleigh and Emma. He is also survived by numerous cousins. Cremation has taken place and no formal service will be held.

Tribute Wall

BR

“ *Just found out about Charlie’s passing.
We worked together on the north slope of Alaska for BP. He was a great guy and will be missed! Does anyone know the cause of his passing? RIP Charlie 🙏*
Bill

Bill Rochin - October 13, 2022 at 04:04 PM

MS

“ *1 file added to the album Memories Album*



Martin Stanford - January 18, 2020 at 01:52 PM

MS

In July 1984 Charlie and I decided to climb Pioneer Peak (6,398’) in the Matanuska valley, Alaska. Rather than take the easy way up the back side we, of course, decided to climb up the almost vertical face. This photo is about half way up. We made it about 2/3 of the way up when the weather turned so we decided to bivouac for the at the base of a cliff. All night long we heard rocks falling and hitting the ground all around us. In the morning we woke up in a thick fog. We waited around for a few hours to see if conditions would improve. They didn’t so we retreated back down to the hi-way where Charlie looked at me and said; “That’s the first mountain that I failed to summit!”

Martin Stanford - January 18, 2020 at 02:27 PM

MS

“ 1 file added to the album Memories Album



Martin Stanford - January 18, 2020 at 01:50 PM

BB

Thanks for the post Martin. This is how I like to remember my uncle.

Brian Bell - January 23, 2020 at 08:23 PM

RO

gonna miss u charley

robert - June 16, 2020 at 03:38 PM

MS

“ 1 file added to the album Memories Album



Martin Stanford - January 18, 2020 at 01:50 PM

MS

When Charlie and I met in California to go to the Reinhold Messner lecture/book signing, he was living in Hawaii and I was in Alaska, we had a few days to kill. So one day we drove to Yosemite National Park. This photo was taken in Mariposa Gove with Charlie being...well Charlie. It was in November 1994 and it was really windy and cold. There was next to no other people so we pretty much had the place to ourselves. While walking along a trail we heard this tremendous crack, limbs breaking, a very loud boom and then ground shook beneath us. We didn't see it but definitely heard and felt one of those giant Red Woods hit the ground!

Martin Stanford - January 18, 2020 at 02:16 PM

MS

“ 3 files added to the album Tribute Wall



Martin Stanford - January 18, 2020 at 01:45 PM

LB

“ To my "big" little brother from your "little" big sister, I will miss you and your laugh. One of the last things you said to me was out at your place, and knowing how scared I was of snakes, you laughed and said "Lib, you better watch out, I just saw a red racer go through here", then you laughed. Say "hi" to Mom, Dad, and all of our Aunts, Uncles, and Grandparents. You can tell them your great stories forever now. RIP, I love you!

Libby Bell - January 14, 2020 at 01:49 AM

“ I will always remember my dad as one of the strongest individuals I have ever met, both mentally and physically. Tons of people knew just how strong he was, just because he would like to prove it any chance he got. But a personal favorite of mine was when he single handed picked up my entire preschool class when we lived in Hawaii. I couldn't have felt more proud when he pulled that one off. I was certainly the coolest kid that day.

His other feat of strength that always comes to mind, mainly because he mentioned it constantly lol, was how when he was representing all the petroleum scientists and engineers on the big Coast Guard ice breaker up in the Bering Sea, and showed up all the service members in arm wrestling and push up contests. You would swear that was his crowning achievement. Only a man as stubborn as him would risk sticking his hands in the mouth of a 13ft alligator (see photo lol).

My dad was also one of the smartest and most curious people you could ever meet. Anything he couldn't understand he would want to learn everything he could about that subject, and invest a lot of time in it. A big passion of his that most people didn't know about was his love for space. He used to tell me how when his time came, he would want me to put some of his ashes on Mars. He even enrolled me in an astrology program when I was in elementary school at the local community college because him and I loved space so much. I think I was a third the age of the next youngest person in that class. I also remember waiting in line at a book signing so he could meet astronaut Mark Kelly and get his autograph. I have never seen such a big burly man so giddy with excitement.

I think my favorite part about my time with the old man was the time we spent in the great outdoors, where he was truly in his natural environment. Whether it was the last frontier of Alaska, the islands of Hawaii, Yellowstone, the Grand Canyon, or anywhere in between, it was never a dull moment sitting around the camp fire sharing his life stories, survival tips, and I can't stress this enough.....incredible cringey dad jokes.

I'll miss you dad. You were one of a kind.





Gunnar Hoffmann - January 14, 2020 at 01:09 AM

MS

It was February 1978 when I first arrived in Anchorage, Alaska. This just happened to coincide with "Fur Rendezvous" an annual winter carnival and also the start of the Iditarod Dogsled Race to Nome. Charlie and I went to a bar in Anchorage called "Chilkoot Charlies." It was a wild and crazy place. There was an organized arm wrestling contest going on (part of the Fur Rendezvous Celebration) with lots of huge burley guys participating. We ordered beer after beer and watched these guys. There must have been 20-30 guys doing this. Finally this one guy was declared the champion unless there were any more challengers. To my surprise Charlie walked up to challenge him. The guy he challenged was way bigger than Charlie and looked like he could rip your head off with no problem. It was over in less than a second! Charlie slammed his arm down like it was a wet noodle!

Martin Stanford - January 18, 2020 at 03:42 PM

KM

*“ I’m gonna miss my cousin Charlie! I’ll always remember the fantastic time I got to spend with him at his home in Alaska— the many stories he shared with all of us and — just being the the gracious, humorous life loving person he was!!
God speed Charlie!!!*

Kenny McDowell - January 13, 2020 at 11:34 PM

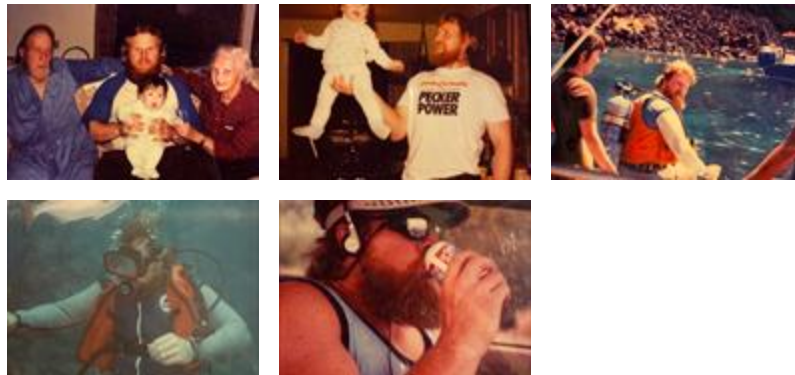
FN

“ To the Hoffman family, I truly share in your sorrow. I remember playing basketball with Charlie, the only name I've known him by while at Roncalli. I can still hear the head basketball coach, Tano Ozello, calling his name emphatically, "Chawley, c'mere". He always was and always will be Charlie to me. He was a unique, athletic, and a rugged outdoorsman who was very disciplined and determined. RIP, my dear friend, "until we meet again" and I love you, Bud !!! !!!

Frank C. Naccarato - January 13, 2020 at 08:48 PM



“ 14 files added to the album Tribute Wall



Roselawn Funeral Home & Cemetery - January 13, 2020 at 11:19 AM

SH

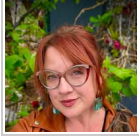
He was one of a kind that Charlie it sounded like he lived a very very wonderful life and had a very wonderful family you left him we will miss him God bless Charlie 🙏

Susan Giarratano Genova Humphrey - January 13, 2020 at 08:53 PM

CB

“ We will miss you Uncle Chuck!! 😞 Our memories of you are the best and will last forever! ❤️ RIP

Carrie Bell-Montoya - January 12, 2020 at 02:27 PM



“ Pre-Skydive with his friend Martin Stanford



Kristin Hoffmann - January 12, 2020 at 12:14 PM

MS

Charlie Hoffmann-Martin Stanford at Littleton, Colorado for a Parachute Jump 6-1977.

I gave my camera to our Jump Master so he was the one who took this photo. This was back before your first parachute jump was done in tandem with you clipped into an instructor. So now days if anything goes wrong the instructor takes care of it. Back then we were on our own. If anything went wrong we had to take care of it. We spent half a day learning how to safely do this. We learned what to do if our main chute failed and in what order to do things to cut away from the main and deploy the reserve. We went over and over and over again these procedures under various chute failure scenarios. Even what to do if the aircrafts engine failed.

We boarded the Cessna 185 right after this photo was taken and we took off. At 3,000 feet above the ground, the Jump Master opened the aircrafts door. Charlie was the first out (because he was the biggest). He motioned ready? Charlie gave a thumbs up (the engine noise and rushing wind was so loud that it was difficult to hear verbal commands). Then he motioned Charlie to swing out, put his left foot on the step, stand up while holding on to the wing strut. The next part is a bit disconcerting. Step off the step and hang from the strut. The Jump Master motioned Charile to let go - LET GO! Charlie did everything perfectly except he didn't let go! He was just hanging there like a sheet in the breeze looking around. The jump master kept motioning and yelling LET GO! LET GO! LET GO! LET GO! Finally Charlie looked back and saw the Jump Master yelling and motioning him to LET GO! He did and all went well after that except I came down on a rock and broke my foot! Later, at the emergency room, I asked Charlie why he didn't LET GO! He said "It was a great view...I was just taking it all in!"

Martin Stanford - January 18, 2020 at 03:03 PM



“ *Charles Hendricks Hoffmann in his element*



Kristin Hoffmann - January 12, 2020 at 10:38 AM

PS

Love this pic. Love and miss you , Chuck. I remember your last visit to Mom's, as the 3 of us just sat and visited.

Patty Stiesmeyer - January 12, 2020 at 05:33 PM

MP

awesome picture. i remember our last visit in pueblo (you, my bbrother Bill and myself talking about your time in Alaska. great memory. from mike porter.

marvin mike porter - January 13, 2020 at 01:38 PM

JN

I was very fortunate to have crossed paths with Charlie in Alaska. I have many great memories of good times with Charlie before and after his successful ascent to the summit of Mt. McKinley. Amazing person - would do anything for anyone. RIP Charlie!

John Naccarato - January 13, 2020 at 08:45 PM

FN

That is a true picture of the soul and spirit of Charles H. Hoffmann, the man, the legend, ... Rip, Brother !!!

Frank Naccarato - January 13, 2020 at 10:43 PM