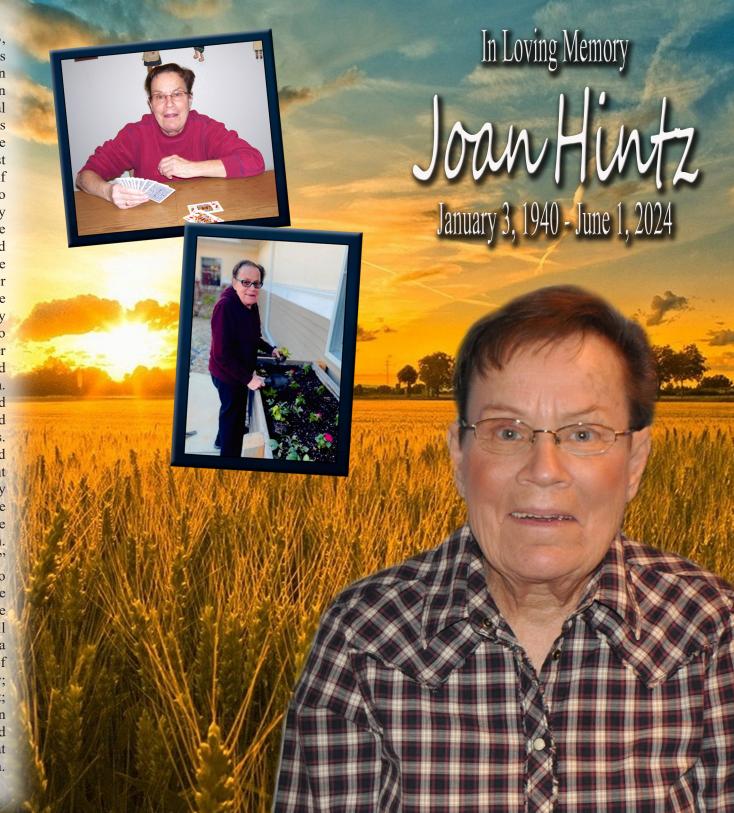
Joan Bernice Hintz was born on January 3, 1940, to Charles and Lillian (Enochs) Hawn. She was the youngest of 14 children. Joan attended school in Mott and New England. Joan married Richard Allen Hintz on January 17, 958, in the Congregational Church of Mott. To this union, three daughters Lenora, Tammie, Melissa and one son Rickie were born. Joan loved being a farmwife, she was happiest when she was by Richard's side. It didn't matter if they were milking cows, in the field, or at the Casino as long as they were together. She was always ready for a quick trip to Deadwood or Prairie Knights. The nickel slot machines were her favorite. Joan and Richard spent many evenings playing pinochle. She always complained that Richard would never let her win a game. Joan loved to read, a beautiful trait she passed onto her granddaughters. She spent many hours reading a book while waiting for Richard to finish seeding a field. Joan loved being outside. Her favorite things to do were moving the lawn and pulling weeds. Family was very important to Joan. She enjoyed spending time with her grandkids and making their favorite meals. Her knoephla soup and famous homemade gravy were often top requests. On holidays you would find Joan playing Old Maid with the grandkids. She always had an abundant supply of ice cream bars and a special candy bucket. Joan loved Junior Mints and would tell the grandkids they were good for their tummy. No one ever left Grandma's house with an empty stomach. The family would like to extend sincere "Thanks" to the staff of Country House and St. Luke's who created many moments of joy for Mom. We hope that every time you see a bottle of Pepsi, white cheddar popcorn and a work search book, you will think of Joan. Joan is survived by daughters, Lenora (Kyle) Mundstock of Bismarck, Tammie Hintz of Dickinson; son, Rickie (Margo) Hintz of Bentley; daughter, Melissa (Terry) Kirschemann of Regent; ten grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. Joan was preceded in death by her parents and husband Richard. In lieu of flowers, the family requests that memorials be made to the Alzheimer's Association.



Until We Meet Again

When my life on earth is done
I know you will be sad
For you will miss the body
That once my spirit clad

And maybe you will see
There is no need for sadness
For love's surrounding me

I'm here with God in heaven
No pain, no hurt, just joy
Beauty that I can't describe
And man cannot destroy

For all of us have purpose
Our souls are meant to grow
We teach, we learn, we suffer
And then it's time to go

You may not comprehend it

But soon I hope you see

That this is how God planned it

We're where we're meant to be

And when your earthly journey
Is finally at an end
You and I will come to be
Together once again

