

Peggy Ann Warnke

(June 20, 1932 - March 4, 2014)

Peggy Ann (Hoffman) Warnke, age 81 of Elkton, passed away Tuesday morning, March 4, at Huron Medical Center, Bad Axe while under hospice care.



Born June 20, 1932, in the home where she was currently living in Elkton to the late Mervin and Evelyn (Waggoner) Hoffman. Peggy grew up in Elkton and was a 1950 graduate of Elkton High School.

In 1958, she moved to Florida to raise her family. After her family was grown, she took a position in the Office of Purchasing, State of Florida, retiring September 9, 1996 with fifteen years of service. She returned “home” to Elkton in 1997 to care for her father and never left.

Peggy loved music and played any instrument she wanted to learn. She and others in the area like Howard Bedford and Ruth Leinweber played at area nursing homes to entertain the residents. She had many talents and was quite a singer and musician, in her day. She was quick-witted and had a wonderful sense of humor. She had attended the Pinnebog Methodist Church with her parents and was a past member of the O.E.S, Elkton.

Surviving are two daughters, Elizabeth Smith (husband Randy) of Melbourne, FL, and Suzanne Tinsley (husband Ray) of Havana, FL. She also leaves four grandsons; Michael Haggerty, Vero Beach, FL, Mark Haggerty (wife Pam), Atlanta, GA, Mathew Bailey (wife Amanda) Tallahassee, FL and Keith Horton, Jacksonville, FL; a brother, Robert Hoffman, Pennsylvania, six great-grandchildren and many nieces and nephews.

She is preceded in death by her parents, a son, Michael Horton, and her brother, William Hoffman.

As were her wishes, there will not be a formal funeral service. Champagne Funeral Home is in charge of her internment and a private family memorial is planned for a later date. Memorial contributions may be directed to the Pinnebog United Methodist Church.

Below is a tribute from her grandson, Michael Haggerty

Grandma Peggy

NOT a storybook ending to the best storyteller I knew. Before technicolor for me as a boy growing up, was Grandma-color. Her stories were wild and colorful and would spark my young imagination; Flying cars, musical trees. We didn't need a book to dream. There were NO impossibilities. This was a woman I loved as much as I feared. It was not uncommon to go over to grandma's and see her old green Maverick in the driveway with her tools and roly doodad, to get under the thing, sitting out after a fresh oil change. Ya, my grandma could change oil, mow the lawn. Whatever she needed done she could just

about do herself. I saw firsthand she didn't need a man around and that commanded a certain respect. We would go inside for some stories and to hear her sing and bang on the organ. As I got older she would play the tapes of me as a baby babbling in the background as she sang and played her music. I say banging but you couldn't touch it. It was amazing. I would just sit, listen, and sing along. She would tell stories about all her musician buddies coming over to play. She would tell stories about my own life nobody would ever remember, but her, in amazing detail. She would tell some stories. When my little band played in her town, I was glad my first bandmate, my grandma, could be there. We all were young and trying to be punk and stuff and grandma shows up at the show. She meets everyone watches us play and after the show we are all out there saying goodbye to grandma in her Maverick. She tosses me a \$20 bill for food and tells me to eat well and stay out of trouble, to get some Denny's or something. Then she proceeds to peel out of the parking lot like a Hollywood stunt driver. I turned to my bandmate, Geoy who was standing there in his leather jacket with his jaw dropped, "That's my grandma!" "She is a badass, Mike!" He says. "Yep, I hope she stays outa trouble."