



Robert F. Krause

December 19, 1931 - September 7, 2019

Robert F. Krause, 87, of Leesburg, passed away on September 7, 2019 in Tavares. Robert was born on December 19, 1931 in Amityville, New York to Frederick and Lillian (Reffelt) Krause. Robert married Marie Tempia in March of 1955 in Farmingdale, New York. Robert proudly served his country by serving in the United States Army. Robert and Marie moved to Florida in 1986 after his retirement, making Leesburg their home for the last 34 years.

Robert is survived by his wife Marie, of 64 years, daughter Sandy Verbeeck and partner John Nobile of Wading River, New York, grandson Bryan Verbeeck of Wading River, New York, brother Richard and Kathy Krause of Shelter Island, New York, and sister Pam and Darryl Peterman of Richmond Hill, Georgia.

There will be a memorial service held at Page-Theus Funeral Chapel in Leesburg on Wednesday, September 9th at 3:00 PM with a gathering of friends and family one hour prior to service.

In lieu of flowers, memorials may be made to Cornerstone Hospice, at <https://web.cshospice.org>

Events

SEP 11 **Gathering/Visitation with Family and Friends** 02:00PM - 03:00PM

Page Theus Funeral Home Chapel
914 W. Main Street, Leesburg, FL, US, 34748

SEP 11 **Celebration of Life Memorial Service** 03:00PM

Page Theus Funeral Home Chapel
914 W. Main Street, Leesburg, FL, US, 34748

Comments



“ It is never easy to lose a loved one regardless of their age or your own. But we can keep them alive in our kind remembrances and our anecdotes

As you all know, Bob enjoyed telling stories about his friends in youth and their antics, his time in the army, flipping houses with Mary Lou long before it became popular on TV shows, finding cars, motorcycles, or trucks to fix up and sell and racking up the mileage as he drove scenic routes in the neighborhoods looking for the next opportunity.

As the newest member to this clan of family and friends, Bob found a new audience to share these stories and I relished hearing them as I am sure many of you did too. But I can not guarantee that the endings I heard were the endings you know. Sandy would apologize whenever Bob repeated his story of entrepreneurship of running errands as a youth for the servicemen who were behind fences. There was no need to apologize as my father shares his stories of the navy with her over and over again as she listens with the biggest smile. There seems to be a theme here we can all take to heart. You will be remembered by the stories of the fish that got away, so make it a whopper.

On a personal note, I found Bob to be a warm, lovey, huggable guy. NOT! Whenever we arrived in or departed Florida I would greet him with a big hug and feel a tenseness in his body. I must admit, he tolerated me more each time. Along this line I once asked Bob as we sat around the breakfast table what I should call him? I suggested Mom and Dad. He immediately responded, “What's wrong with Bob and Mary Lou?” There was my answer.

Last October when Bob was recuperating in the hospital I visited with him while Sandy and Mary Lou ran some errands. During the visit Bob would ask interject into our conversation consistently and with regularity what the girls were doing and when they would be coming to the hospital. I would respond with the same consistency and regularity that I learned a long time ago that you do not ask a woman where she is going or how long she will take. This went on for three and a half hours until he saw Mary Lou and Sandy exit the elevator when he sprang up and emphatically announced, “Don't leave with this guy again, he never answers your questions!” Ya gotta love him!

I am sure each of you have your own moments to remember and that spark is what will keep Bob's memory going forward.

Bob, may you rest in peace knowing that you weren't a perfect man, but a damn good one.

John Nobile