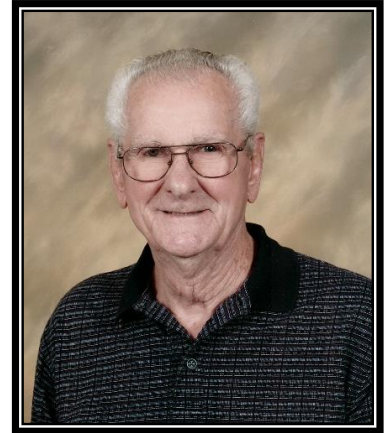


Read at Bob Strobe's Memorial Service

From Pastor Walter

This morning, just after breakfast, the phone rang as it usually does at that time of day. Usually the news from up there is more of the same. This morning it was different. The first words we heard were: "Bob Strobe died." For the remainder of the day my mind went back through the years from the first time I remember of talking with Bob personally, which was in 1954 to the last time last summer, when Bob, Albert, my wife and I had breakfast together in Endicott. Here I will just give a few of those times that left an impression on my mind.



Two things in 1954 and 1955 that left a lasting impression on my mind. First was when hurricane Hazel visited our area in 1954. The next day Gordon Hay and I went around to look at the damage that Hazel had left behind. One of the places that we visited that day was the Five Corners in Vestal where Bob Strobe and his gang were just starting to build that plaza where the farm store is now located. When that storm hit they had only one long block wall up. The next morning that wall was not standing. It was flat on the ground. I remember Bob's response almost nonchalantly, "We will just have to clean up this mess and start over. Two things impressed me at that first meeting. First, his calmness and secondly that hand or part of hand that I shook that day for the first time and would shake again hundreds of times over the next 62 years. Shortly after that, we played soft ball against the South Apalachin church on the field beside his mother's house on Pennsylvania Avenue, a mile or so north of the church. The way he could play soft ball with that half hand amazed me. That hand did not seem to be a handicap in any way. The way he could handle cinder blocks and bricks also intrigued me. He once told me if I could give him one half hour of my time he could teach me to lay brick as well as he could.

My response to that statement: "You are either over estimating your ability to teach, or my ability to learn." We both laughed and I never did take that half hour to learn to lay brick.

Precious memories of the past, these and dozens more I have thought about over the past two days. Memories never to be experienced again. Death ends all earthly relationships. That thought is so painful many of us are feeling right now.

But we have more than precious memories of the past. We have a future HOPE the Apostle Paul speaks about to those of us who are left behind when one whom we love has died. Bob and I had a lengthy telephone conversation about that Hope the day after Allie went home to be with our Lord. We spoke of these words in I Thessalonians 4. "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with a voice of the archangel, and with the trump of GOD, and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the LORD in the air: and so shall we ever be with the LORD. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

Today I extend this same HOPE and COMFORT to all here, who know and love the LORD JESUS CHRIST. We sorrow now but not without HOPE. We shall meet again when our Crucified Risen Savior comes to gather His loved ones Home.