



Kurt Richard Bloom

February 18, 2018

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Bursting into the world on August 1, 1965, in Peoria, IL, Kurt Bloom enjoyed a fairly average youth and childhood. To our knowledge, he only drank one bottle of Bird of Paradise perfume. In junior high, he tolerated trombone classes, but not for long. By high school, however, he and his friend, Kris Hagen, started playing the guitar, and music began to weave its seductive spell upon his immortal soul. In 1983, after a few years of wandering the high school halls, Kurt was able to convince the Indianola Board of Education that he had enough credits and had attended more than his share of school days for them to grant him a high school diploma.

Rather than jump right back into school at the end of the summer of '83, Kurt decided to see what was going on in the rest of the world. After stumbling through a few adventures, he enrolled in college. For Kurt, Modern Civilization just didn't have the provocative melodrama of the pharaohs and ancient kings nor the tomfoolery of the peasants, strolling musicians, and prattling philosophers, so he decided to pursue a degree in the highly marketable area of Ancient Civilizations. Apparently, he learned enough by 1990 that the University of Iowa sent him on his merry way back into the world with a Bachelors of Art.

Shortly, thereafter, he meandered his way to Minneapolis, wandered around the beautiful parks and lakes and thought, "Hey, I can work here," and, eventually, began working in Informational Technology with the Minneapolis Parks and Recreation Board. For 19 years, he was blessed with a ton of work (completely unrelated to Ancient Civilizations—Minneapolis folks, after all, are quite civilized and contemporary, thank you very much) and was surrounded by amazing co-workers.

As a result of his ambling enterprises after school and his classical sojourns in college, Kurt began filling his home with an extensive eclectic collection of books to satiate his curious intellect. Topics ranged from music history and musical instruments; civilizations and history; biographies of historical and cultural personalities, songwriters, musicians;

philosophy and religion; novels; and ancient and modern classics.

Kurt enjoyed tooling around the Twin Cities on both his Harley-Davidson and Moto Guzzi—but not at the same time.

His passion, however, became music and particularly guitars. He began collecting guitars and amps/speakers. Kurt built his own guitar, driving to the family farm in Iowa to work with his Dad, cutting out the guitar body and building the cases for amps. Kurt also played the standup bass and played at the piano and organ. He played with several groups: Geezers, The Same, The D-Days, and Schoolboy Howler. In later years, Kurt rocked his home and the surrounding neighbors jamming with fellow rockers and friends on Fridays and Saturdays.

Two years ago, at the age of 50, Kurt was diagnosed with cancer. He was told he wouldn't be long for this world, but Kurt wasn't done with the world yet. He had a few more miles to go before he slept.

On February 18, 2018, after two years of street brawling with his cancer and fighting tooth and nail, Kurt passed away at his home surrounded by family and friends.

Kurt is survived by his parents, Max and Carolyn Bloom, and four siblings: Mitzi Coffman and husband Jeff of Lincoln, NE; Lisa Bloom and husband Mike Swain of Lawton, OK; Todd Bloom and wife Katy of Tacoma, WA; Jodi Barclay and husband Robert of Racine, WS; and two younger brother-cousins Jesse and Eddie Arnold.

Kurt also enjoyed being a part of the lives of his nieces and nephews: Jared, Jill, Hannah, Andrew, Maximilian, Ian, Noah, Grant, and Genevieve, as well as several uncles, aunts, and cousins, and a menagerie of fabulous and funny-loving friends.

In lieu of flowers, the family would prefer donations be made to the hospice that provided loving care to Kurt during his last few weeks at Fairview.org/giving.

Comments



“ A little late to the gathering here, just heard the sad news.

I met Kurt through the Minneapolis Park Board. He and I shared an office for a couple years, and I got to know him well. I really enjoyed working with Kurt, being gently challenged by his debates, occasionally enlightened by his speeches, and frequently entertained by his rants. Kurt loved and hated technology, which I thought was a perfect model for IT work. Kurt focused on people as well as computers.

Kurt always had something colorful to say - an expression, an idea, a story. His horizons were very broad, and it brought a world of color to our staid government IT department. Despite being tasked with managing networks and workstations, Kurt introduced me to Siddartha, the Reverend Gary Davis, and vacuum tube audio equipment.

I bought my first electric guitar from Kurt - a black and maple Squire Telecaster. Kurt had surpassed the capabilities of the Fender knockoff. I suspect I never will I credit Kurt with sparking my passion for guitar, and I am sad I didn't get him to autograph my own.

Kurt and I reconnected shortly after he was diagnosed. We shared coffees and teas in our neighborhood. It was a pleasure to be with Kurt. Even with a bleak prognosis, Kurt never seemed to lose his interest in music, philosophy, and people. Good was a good friend, and I'll really miss him.

My sympathies go out to all of Kurt's family and friends.

Ben Swanson
Minneapolis, MN

Ben Swanson - March 08, 2018 at 04:57 PM



“ Kurt was our Best Man at our very simple wedding in 1986. My sister, Susan, is pictured here with Kurt. Kurt was Todd's only brother and they remained close, even in spite of the vast amount of miles between our homes. Rest in peace, dear Kurt.



Katy Bloom - February 23, 2018 at 11:24 AM



“ 3 files added to the album M & C Anniv. July 2008



Greg Benedict - February 23, 2018 at 12:41 AM



“ Many a high school antics are not safe for family viewing as well. However a funny one. At school assemblies in the gym, many of us somehow manages to sit toether. Not a good thing for the poor teacher. We would sit near the top of the bleachers. Kurt would jump up and swing from the rafters. He would let out his war whoop of “Was hoo hoo hoo”! Never failed to crack us all up. Out government teacher, Mr. Devore wasn't much of a fan of Kirt's antics. Always made our day though! I have many many more great memories and all of them good ones. I need to write them all down. There will never be a more unique and fun loving person like Kurt. I will miss you terribly! Thank you for the privilege of being your friend. Til we meet again, my friend!

Craig Ball

craig ball - February 22, 2018 at 05:41 PM



“ 1 file added to the album New Album Name



Bill Glanz - February 22, 2018 at 07:59 AM



“ Kurt will always be apart of our extended family. It didn't matter if it was a wedding celebration or a family reunion...he always wanted to be a part of a family gathering. His love of family...I hope will carry on as part of his legacy. My heart...my love...goes out to him and the rest of our family. I love you're beautiful spirit, Kurt.

susan peter - February 21, 2018 at 09:27 PM



“ How well this tells of Uncle Kurt—I was grinning, thinking of him and seeing him so vividly in the words! I have so many treasured memories of adventures at the farm, when the guitar would be heard in Kurt’s skillful hands. And the planning to make sure coffee and creamer were on hand at the farm especially for Kurt and my mom.

I’m so thankful for the afternoon (after his diagnosis) that I got to spend, just Kurt and me, when a conference took me to Minneapolis. Wish I could make the memorial, sending love and hugs!



Jill - February 21, 2018 at 08:50 PM



“ That's a great obit. Thanks to whoever wrote it. It's a little sparse on our time at the University of Iowa, though. So here goes...

Few of our experiences in Iowa City are safe for publication, but I can share that Kurt was one of the most interesting, well-read, sincere, funny, considerate people I ever met. I think we met in Latin, and our friendship took off.

We enjoyed some incredible times in the shitty basement apartment that I shared with Kurt and my brother.

I will never forget him grinding away at his guitar, night after night. He was usually playing the blues. I will never forget him experimenting in the kitchen, whether it was making fried chicken on the stove top or taking a hammer to a coconut and feasting on the insides for two days. I will never forget all the music he introduced me to. I won't forget the illustrated booklets that he and his friend Kris ("Kristof") used to mail each other. I won't forget his incessant whining about the government, the military or people he considered inferior.

And I will never forget the time we spent at the Deadwood (those stories definitely aren't safe for publication).

Such a heart-breaking loss, but I consider myself damn lucky to have known Kurt.

Bill Glanz

Bill Glanz - February 21, 2018 at 08:39 PM



“ Amen, brother.

Dean - February 21, 2018 at 08:42 PM



“ I worked with Kurt at the Mpls Park Board. He was so well-liked and respected at MPRB. What a great person, engaged in life and work. My sympathies to his family and friends. - Jan Halvorson, Park Board Payroll

Jan Halvorson - February 21, 2018 at 09:25 PM



“ Kurt came to the IT department during it's early inception. I worked with him briefly, as I left the department to go back into the field.

I am duly impressed with the obituary, and am sorry that I did not get to know him more intimately.

What I did learn about him was that he was joyful, expressive, and hard working.

My deepest sympathies go out to the family.

John Bell

John M Bell - February 21, 2018 at 11:36 PM



“ I have never met you, Kurt, but I am blessed to know your awesome parents and sister, Mitzi. You've been greatly loved and will be greatly missed. ~Lavetta Korf, Firth, NE

Lavetta Korf - February 21, 2018 at 08:08 PM



“ One of the many great Halloween parties. We will miss you Kurt



Vanessa Mitchell Cannon - February 21, 2018 at 02:01 PM