



## Mr. Robert Edward Anderson

January 27, 1931 - February 10, 2021

Robert Edward (Grandpa, Papa, Gramps) Anderson passed peacefully on February 10, 2021. He celebrated his 90th birthday in January. He is survived by his wife of 70 years, Jeanne, son Robert, son Joel (Stefanie), son-in-law, John Leitner (Joyce), son-in-law, Dave Sederberg, granddaughters Tracy and Amelia and grandsons, Joseph (Caitlin), Alex, Dylan, John, Johnny (Claire), Tim (Ruth) and Davy and great grandchildren Nick (Alysa), Alexis, Abraham and Ingrid. Preceded in death by beloved daughters, Teresa and Julie. His family will remember him as a master storyteller and life of the party. He was a railroad man through and through and proudly worked for Minnesota Transfer Railway / Minnesota Commercial Railway for 47 years. Every August, for 62 consecutive years, he worked at the Minnesota State Fair, most of the time in the Sanitation Department. When he retired in 2017 he had worked his way to the honorary title of Grandpa Sanitation, Some called him the Ambassador for the Sanitation Dept. We all would take a break from fair fun to relax on the bench in honor of him and his friend, Cliff "Ole" Olson in front of the building. They had worked together for half a century. Many years, 3 generations, with grandpa at the helm, would work the sanitation shifts together. Some of the loves of his life, besides Jeanne and all his family, were hunting, fishing and the home he built with his own hands, with the help of family and friends, on Big Sandy Lake in McGregor. He cherished his annual goose hunting trips to Canada with his son, Joe and nephew, Mike. He was kind, generous and welcoming to everyone. Always quick to share a story, pour a cup of coffee or

a cocktail, he took time for anyone who stopped by. He often told us not to be sad when he was gone because he got to do everything he wanted to do in his life. The family wants to extend gratitude to the Presbyterian Home of Lake Johanna and Dr. Barry Larson for their excellent and compassionate care. Arrangements are by Washburn McReavy Funeral Chapel. A Celebration of Life is planned for spring. Details to follow.

Here is the YouTube link for Robert Anderson's funeral

<https://youtu.be/rC-kWmuB370>

# Cemetery Details

## St. John the Baptist Cemetery (New Brighton)

835 2nd Avenue NW  
New Brighton, MN 55112

# Previous Events

## Visitation

JUN 19. 9:30 AM - 10:30 AM (CT)

St. John the Baptist Catholic Church  
835 2nd Avenue NW  
New Brighton, MN 55112

## Mass of Christian Burial

JUN 19. 10:30 AM - 11:30 AM (CT)

St. John the Baptist Catholic Church  
835 2nd Avenue NW  
New Brighton, MN 55112

## Graveside Service

JUN 19. 1:00 PM - 1:30 PM (CT)

St. John the Baptist Cemetery (New Brighton)  
835 2nd Avenue NW  
New Brighton, MN 55112



# Tribute Wall



“ *Emerald Garden Basket was purchased for the family of Mr. Robert Edward Anderson.*



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June 17, 2021 at 09:51 AM



“ *Peaceful White Lilies Basket was purchased for the family of Mr. Robert Edward Anderson.*



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June 15, 2021 at 12:01 PM



“ *Godspeed,,,,,,,,, "Donadagohvi"*

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**christopher burke** - February 14, 2021 at 11:26 AM

“ My alarm goes off for the 3rd time, The smell of coffee brewing-..breakfast having already been cooked and eaten- dogs who have been hunted for a few days and 4 day old socks are what you become aware of’ first”

*As the fog of sleepiness dissipates you then become aware of and hear activity and sounds coming from the place most of the smells have emanated from. And you know all is well. For it was the start of a new day and Uncle Bobby was up and at em and ready to go. The night before we had come to an agreement as to what time we would have to leave in the morning, to be ready to best profit in the next day’s duck hunt (i.e. shooting ducks and hopefully some numbers of them) After years of hunting together, we set a hard and fast time as to when the truck leaves the Plumas Mansion for that particular endeavor.... and be in it or be left behind to do some cleaning.*

*I don’t believe that in all our time together that rule of the house was ever enforced as there was never any tardiness from all who came This meeting was one of the rituals of an experienced duck camp, as each individual has different needs in our pursuits, Uncle Bobby usually got up a long hour and a half before the exit time He made the coffee and sandwiches, had his breakfast and did whatever else older men did before confronting the day Me half an hour and a cup of coffee and i was good Joe 10 minutes and a can of energy drink and he was in the truck ! We had a rhythm that you achieve through familiarity with each other.*

*This morning, driving out to our new discovery from the previous day , it was clear, and the stars filled the sky ,horizon to horizon, with pinpoints of light that sprinkle the heavens on that flat Manitoba farmland, and the conversation was muted, each in his own thoughts of what the day may bring , It also was a time, that we could get WCCO, as if we were next to the broadcasting station, and we would catch up on the news in our home state,*

*The anticipation was high because of what I had discovered ---- Lake Manitoba known to us as---- the big lake. A place where we have miles of shore line to set decoys, build a blind, and shoot divers and such - a place where a dog is appreciated for his prowess to retrieve downed ducks - a place that is known worldwide for its wing shooting acumen- a place Hollywood stars- outdoor writers- football coaches and on and on have come for decades to enjoy the sunrises and sunsets and all that came between them, for decades and it was only forty five minutes from the mansion in Plumas !!! Well because the day before we had made a trip to the big lake to search for a way to gain access to the water itself, we knew where we were going and how to get there. The way it turned out, if you just continue on the road that brings you East out of our town, some minutes away we come to a farm road -- and at the end of the half mile farm road you have to take a left turn and remove a 3 strand, barbed wire, cattle fence, you gain entrance to the shoreline of the lake, drive down a short way and your opportunities are endless.*

*As we were taking inventory and putting on our waders, Uncle Bobby was telling me the story of how he and a buddy of his had been down to Waseca Min to stop at an outdoor store called Herter's. While they were in the store his friend came up to him and said-- Bobby come with me --- he took him into the back of the store where laying in a discount bin was a pair of size 16 boot size waders for half price he being a large man, and never in his wonderings, had he been able to find a pair that would fit comfortably on a extra-large man ,He immediately bought them and it was said to me that--- if they knew how much he wanted them that he would have paid twice what they sold them for --- no article of clothing by anyone got as much care and extra effort in the handling as said waders.*

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**Mike Anderson** - February 13, 2021 at 10:53 PM



*Good story mike*

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**Nick Kaiser** - February 18, 2021 at 04:36 PM



*Beautiful picture, I can see and smell and feel it all*

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**Erik** - February 21, 2021 at 06:12 PM

“ After I loaded myself up with 3 sacks of decoys, two guns and two shell boxes I asked Uncle Bobby if he was ready to walk the shoreline, about a quarter of a mile, to get to a fine point of land that jutted out into the big lake. (a fine spot to set decoys) As I shined over him with the head lamp I saw he had the sandwich cooler and his 2 thermos of coffee yup he was ready The previous day on our scouting mission ducks were seen aplenty round the lake so our hopes were high!!

As we started our journey, aided only by our lights on this star filled night, we came to a section of the lake that had become quite slew like, because of rains they had prior to our coming up there to hunt , Uncle Bobby-- says I-- maybe you better let me go first I can cut a trail and if i can make it with all this gear you should have no problems

Well every plan is sound = until it aint =

After a little bit of effort, I made the 30 yards to the solid footing along the lake shore. Come ahead says-I just follow my trail. Some short amount of time later it sounds like he got involved with an anaconda or something and he starts cussing like a not born-again Christian What's wrong says I -- I'm stuck, and I fell and here I sit with only inches away from the water flooding into my waders As I started unloading the 3 bags of decoys, 2 shotguns, 2 shell boxes, and oh did i forget to mention 2 chairs and a backpack? I told him to stay right there\_ I'm coming! He didn't think that was funny and let me know it in a tone that would have done a sailor proud- cuz where the hell was he going to go to and to hurry up as we were gaining daylight, and I should make myself useful and come pull him out I mentioned to him that was pretty bold talk from a fat guy stuck in the mud and then that cussing again my oh my.

When I got back to where he was being one with the swamp, I grabbed his arms and started to try pulling him up out of his predicament, all the while trying not to get the water to overflow his

waders. It's miserable when you have to sit in wet waders for a day! Well try as I might there was no way my 145lbs was going to get that 278lb out of that mud I think it had something to do with suction and boy did he have it around them waders and his big behind he was stuck as fast as a cork in a champagne bottle!! what to do???

When we were making our foray up by the cattle gate on the way in, and in the headlights of the truck, I had taken notice of some logs that had been cut to perhaps be that winter's heat source. Being a graduate of Oakwood Elementary, Columbia Jr High and Columbia Senior High and 1 year at Anoka Ramsey I put all this knowledge into play and came up with the plan consisting of me going back to the gate and getting some wood for some leverage, and he as he was just sitting there, try to catch us some fish for supper. off da I am running out of metaphors- but the clouds over head of him darkened slightly from what his suggestion back to me was, and as I took off, mentioned to him that - it would be impossible to kiss that part of his person seeing how it was buried in the mud.

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**Mike Anderson** - February 13, 2021 at 10:52 PM

“ As I journeyed the quarter mile or so back to the wood pile the daylight in the East was showing itself more robustly and I noticed that the morning flight was steady, to say the least, and I quickened my pace, Grabbing a nice piece of appropriate size wood chunk, glanced around and gazed upon a fence post lying a short distance away, Somewhere in the matter I call a brain, I had a thought of using these implements as tools to extract the now fisherman . Every step brought more light to the cloudless skies and the flight of ducks flying up and down the coast line was such that I remember twice having to duck or risk having my hat knocked off by some low fliers. As to the purloined wood pieces' I had a thought to use the log chunk as a fulcrum and to use the fence post as the lever.

Getting back to the unsuccessful fisherman I soon explained to him that I would lay the wood chunk piece behind him, work the lever part down under his backside, and put a little bit of pressure on the lever fulcrum device and see if we can't break the swamps grip. It was agreed that the first attempt would proceed with caution, so as to positions of all the relative parts to gain maximum upward thrust to release the soon to be again duck hunter. After a few minor adjustments of the equipment, it was time to give it our all '..... on 3 ready 1 ..... 2 ..... and with the word three I put all I had onto the end of that seven-foot pole. and he truly popped out of that muck and was able to sit on the end of the lever, as long as I stayed firmly in place on my end. He didn't get even one drop of water in his waders, unless it was self-imposed. and of that I can't say one way or another

On the way back from my wood collecting trip I had stopped and gotten him 2 walking sticks of appropriate length and girth, that he could use to assist him in going the other ten yards or so. After picking up his sandwich cooler and 2 thermos bottles ( i found out later that afternoon that he spent most of his time while sitting, eating sandwiches and drinking coffee and he had no interest in catching any fish for dinner) He safely made it to the shores of Lake Manitoba. The sun by this time was just kissing the lake showing

*itself in its most shy way, just one little ray escaping the night's blanket of darkness. We or um I pack muled the equipment the rest of the way to our destination. And was happy to do so, WE WERE FINALLY GOING TO HUNT!*

*I grabbed a sack of decoys and started to un-tie the twine holding closed the opening of the sack. When we are at this stage of our pursuit it is usually my thing to set the decoys and Uncle Bob's duties lie in getting his blind and hunting housekeeping done. Of this he is a veteran of many hours in duck, goose and deer blinds, everything went to its place just so-as it has been practiced so many times. But this one time it was ordered- in the way things were done-that he, because of the hour of the day, now a full sun was sitting over the water, decorum of the long-standing norms, went by the wayside. The sun had won its daily battle with darkness and it was thought that 2 would work faster than 1. It was decided that he would set the left side and I would set the right side. An added benefit with this adjudication of our long-standing norms would be that it would wash the mud off his waders after his struggles with the swamp.*

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**Mike Anderson** - February 13, 2021 at 10:52 PM

“ It can be done in waders, this setting of decoys, because of the shallowness of this lake. The length of a pair of waders usually comes to just under your arms and to position your decoys at the 30 to 40 yard mark from shore, we would walk out as far as the height of our belly button in the water depth in this lake. I was focused on chores at hand, really not paying attention to the world around me. The silence on this magnificent lake was interrupted by the left side of the spread, in such a way to cause me to look up in alarm! Clearly something was a miss when with extreme amplification and forcefulness, for the 3rd or 4th time since awakening to the alarm, the words that came out of that dear old man was quite inventive and was broadcast with such forcefulness that any creature within a mile of our location, immediately took to wing and fled the area and I believe I witnessed the waters receded to the opposite shore by at least 3 feet, the wind even momentarily stopped blowing, and the whole world anxiously waited for me to ask the question--WHAT HAPPENED???---During this split second, before his answer, my mind was flowing thru the possibilities that caused this latest outburst.==== Was he having a heart attack, did he break a leg, did he drop his sandwiches in the lake, did a fart get away from him in his waders (one time I asked him about the wisdom you gain from age--and his reply was==== ( never trust a fart ) His reply as to his outburst was, that his prized waders of soooo many years, the only pair in the world that fit him in comfort, such as any pair of rain coats for the body can allow, the pair that he had handled with such supreme care for so many years, had a tear in them in his prodigious seat area.

Filled with mud that was caked on them, and because of the fever to get some hunting in, it had not been noticed that he had acquired a 6 in or so tear in his prized possession. After all that work and due diligence to not get him wet he was now well WET!!!! Seems the fence post, that I had plucked out of the wood pile, the one that replaced the new one with the 3-strand barbed wire, the one that I used as the lever in my lever/fulcrum device, had a staple in it that had held one strand of the 3-strand cattle gate fence. When I

*inserted the lever on top of the fulcrum and underneath his buttocks, as the rules of randomness came into play, the one staple left in the 7-foot pole, was placed where it could do the most damage. When we won the battle against that swamp--the best laid plans---until they are not.*

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**Mike Anderson** - February 13, 2021 at 10:51 PM

MA

“ *The reason for writing this adventure, and we had so many, is such. When he gets to the pearly gates and he comes before the gatekeeper*

*the conversation will probably go something like this*

*Robert Edward Anderson yes sir*

*YOU WANT TO GAIN ADMITTANCE TO THE GLORIES OF HEAVEN YES SIR WELL THEN LET'S REVIEW YOUR WORTHINESS TO ENTER you hear papers being shuffling and then EXCELLENT!!! I SEE YOU WERE A GOOD HUSBAND- A GOOD FATHER- A GOOD PROVIDER- A HARD WORKING HONEST MAN AND A FRIEND TO MANY --HMMM--- EXCEPT THERE IS THAT ONE TIME ON OCTOBER 11th 1995, with Mike on Lake Manitoba,== WE ARE GOING TO ASK YOU TO STAND OVER THERE AND TAKE A 5 MIN TIME OUT TO REFLECT ON YOUR IMPROPER VERBIAGE ON THIS DAY---- AFTER THIS 5 MIN PENANCE --- WELCOME ---- WE ARE PROUD TO HAVE YOU---- FOR YOU HAVE REPRESENTED ALL THAT IS DECENT AND KIND IN THE HUMAN RACE HE WENT IN PEACE IN HIS SLEEP AND I WILL MISS HIM DEARLY!!!!*



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**Mike Anderson** - February 13, 2021 at 10:50 PM

CO

*What an amazing wonderful tribute to your uncle, Mike! Loved reading about the adventures you had together.*

Char Ogdahl - February 14, 2021 at 03:17 PM

CO

*“ Bob, how can one person pick just one memory of you. You & Jean and my parents Cliff & Clareen go back to the dating years. You have been a role model and father figure to me my entire life. You always treated us as an extension of your family. You taught and me so much through the years. You showed us how hard work can build an incredible home. Your big hugs were always the best. I love you!*

Chris (Johnson) Olcott - February 13, 2021 at 03:00 PM

JS

*“ To my Papa Anderson:  
I had plenty of fun times with you at the cabin in McGregor.. you showed me how to play the slot machine you had, you always had an interesting story to tell, you taught me how to fish and use a pole properly, and you also were always very happy to see me at family events or holidays. I think back on all the time I spent at that cabin and can't help but smile. I even remember the time we went out on the boat and went fishing at the lake off your cabin! That was a very fun experience for me, and I can easily say that you gave me a new outlook on life and gave me plenty of knowledge in the time I knew you! I miss you and the funny things you used to say to make the whole room light up.. I love you Papa!  
John Sederberg*



John Sederberg - February 13, 2021 at 01:22 PM