



Robert B. Olney

July 1, 1924 - June 5, 2010

WWII Veteran Age 85 Of St. Paul passed away June 5, 2010. Preceded in death by daughter Victoria of (IA). Survived by loving wife of 47 years, Gladys; daughters Christine (Jeff) Bogut, Kathryn May, Roberta (Scott) Wrobel, sons Philip Olney of CA., Rodney Olney of FL. 12 Grandchildren; 3 great grandchildren brothers, Richard (Norma), Russell (Viola); sister Diane (Gordon) Paulson. Funeral service 11 am Thursday, June 10 at HOLCOMB-HENRY-BOOM-PURCELL (visitation 10 am) 536 N. Snelling Avenue. Interment Ft. Snelling National Cemetery

Tribute Wall

PM

“ Grandpa Bob always made me feel welcome from the first time I met him. I enjoyed the time I spent with him & wish it was longer. I'll miss his laughter, jokes, his firm handshake, & how he lit up the room with his presence. May you rest in peace. My thoughts & prayers are with your family at this time,

Paul

Paul Mattson - June 09, 2010 at 12:00 AM

LJ

“ My sincere sympathy to all who were a part of Bobbys life. Although I was only 16 the last time I saw my Uncle Bobby, I do remember how good looking he was and his infectious laugh. I also remember how excited my Grandmother became at news he was coming to visit. You are all in my prayers. Your cousin, Linda

Linda Olney Jablinske - June 09, 2010 at 12:00 AM

PM

“ Grandpa Bob always made me feel welcome since the first time I met him. I wish I could have spent more with him. I'll miss his laughter, jokes, stories, his firm handshake, & how he lit up the room with his presence. May you rest in peace. My thoughts & prayers are with your family at this time,

Paul

Paul Mattson - June 09, 2010 at 12:00 AM

SW

“ Bob was a tremendous father-in-law. He was always good for a joke or a story to make me laugh and squirm. And he was a modest guy. His service in WWII was heroic, but he never boasted. But his most heroic act was being good to his kids. He was a great, lovable guy.

Scott Wrobel - June 08, 2010 at 12:00 AM

LI

“ I have so many great memories of my grandpa. Every summer, he would slice up a huge watermelon for us to eat on the backyard picnic table. He sprinkled salt on each piece, insisting it tasted best that way. Grandpa would remove every pesky seed from mine, allowing me to chow down happily without worry.

He cultivated my love for baseball; he and I shared countless Twins games next to each other on the couch. His ability to rattle stats was second to none.

As I got older, he put every one of my boyfriends to the test, warning them it would be difficult to hold my interest.

I will miss his infectious laugh, his die-hard devotion to baseball, and the happiness in his voice when I would call the house.

May you rest in peace, grandpa.

Liz - June 08, 2010 at 12:00 AM

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May you rest in peace, grandpa.

Liz - June 08, 2010 at 12:00 AM

AW

“ I remember how he and grandma would always give me things out of the goodness of their hearts. I also remember him watching the baseball games and cheering the Twins on. I loved having a grandpa and will never forget him.

Alex Wrobel - June 08, 2010 at 12:00 AM

CH

“ To know my dad was to know his tremendous sense of humor. Whether giggling uncontrollably at Laurel & Hardy or at himself halfway through one of his jokes he never lost this. This is probably one of the greatest gifts that he passed on to his three daughters and likewise as we have to our children. I still can't believe your gone and will treasure your spirit forever. We love you and miss you and will take care of mom.

Chris - June 08, 2010 at 12:00 AM

JP

“ Our sympathies are with you and your family at this time. We have gotten to know the Bogut family thru our daughter Jessica Plemel. Judy and Joe Plemel

Joe & Judy Plemel - June 08, 2010 at 12:00 AM

EL

“ I've come to realize that one of the best things to do is listen to my grandpa's stories. I remember the time he told me that he and his friends hoisted a cow onto a roof! This must of been one of his favorite memories because I'll never forget how he jumped around in excitement. The time he explained what a "barn dance" was, and how fun it was to hide the liquor from the adults, was probably the funniest story he told. I'll always remember how proud he was to be in the war and how excited he got when I'd ask to see his scrapbook. I love my grandpa's raw humor, and how he'd get me to listen with a snickers or a milkyway. Anytime I stayed the night, I'd wake up to a plate of waffles and a coffee cup of milk. He woke up earlier than anybody I know and always had a half cup of coffee, in his spot on the couch, beside his quietly playing radio, newspaper always in hands:) My grandpa loved The Price Is Right, and watched his soaps with me all the time. He was one of the strongest people I know, and as I've grown, he seems to have also been the gentlest.

Elashia - June 08, 2010 at 12:00 AM

TE

“ My grandfather was a awesome person, we would watch the twins baseball game together. When I was sad he made sure I was ok. I wish he was here to read this with me. I will always love him. It was hard to lose him because we were really close. I love you, Grandpa.
Terrill

Terrill - June 07, 2010 at 12:00 AM

KA

“ *My father was a peaceful man that enjoyed spending time with his family. He was a very trusting and giving person, that enjoyed seeing people happy. He always did what was honorable, even if the circumstances called for less than that. What I will miss most about my father is his wonderful explosive laugh. Bless you daddy, I am glad you are at peace, I will be listening for your laughter.*

Kathryn - June 06, 2010 at 12:00 AM

CH

“ *So sorry to all of you. You are all in our thoughts and prayers. Cousin from Kadoka.. Colleen*

Colleen Hildebrand - June 06, 2010 at 12:00 AM

RW

“ *My father was a fighter. I feel so fortunate I had over 40 years to enjoy his life with him. He was a proud soldier that survived a brutal war and numerous heart complications over the years. I will always remember the great times we had playing cribbage and fishing. He was the BEST at cribbage! He could count my hand the second I laid it down. He was awesome! In later years, when I could finally beat dad, it was only because his eyes were failing and he couldn't read the numbers. I can still see him shaking his head as I pegged ahead of him. As for fishing, I was all thumbs. Dad would always be grumbling in the back of boat as he struggled to untangle my line -- for the fifth time of day! Sometimes Mom and I had to struggle to get him out fishing, but boy was he proud when we brought home our catch for day. I can still vividly see him teaching me how to fillet a fish in the basement. To this day, I still use dad's filleting techniques. My husband will probably mostly remember dad's firm grip. You had to have a firm grip to get his dating approval. My husband, Scott, shared many conversations about baseball and golf. Dad, we miss you. I hope you found Victoria and your parents.*

Roberta Wrobel - June 06, 2010 at 12:00 AM