



# Robert W. Neale

AUG 13, 1918 - NOV 30, 2010



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## **Robert W. Neale**

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**R**obert W. Neale age 92 of Lewes, DE, passed away on Tuesday, November 30, 2010 at Cadbury at Lewes. He was born in Swaledale, IA on Thursday, August 13, 1918, son of the late William and Nellie (Roberts) Neale. In addition to his parents he was preceded in death by his beloved wife of 64 years, Edythe J. Neale, who passed away on July 17, 2010, two brothers, Donald Neale and Wilford Neale and two sisters, Doris Harris and Constance Neale.

Mr. Neale resided at Cadbury at Lewes since October, 2007. Prior to that, he made his home in Morningside, MD. He retired in 1986 as a Comptroller for A. H. Smith Asphalt Company after 20 years. He was very active in the Camp Springs, MD Lion's Club and a member of their bowling league. He was also a longtime member of the Bells Methodist Church of Camp Springs. He enjoyed woodworking and gardening as his hobbies.

He is survived by his four sons: Bruce R. Neale and wife Patricia L. of Crofton, MD, Wayne A. Neale and wife Sherrill R. of Alexandria, VA, Lance E. Neale and wife Sandra of Crofton, MD and Keith W. Neale and partner Arthur R. Dochterman of Rehoboth Beach, DE; five grandchildren: Sean Neale and wife Dawn, Jaime Neale and wife Christine, Megan Pistolas and husband Andrew, Ryan Neale and Evan Neale; and four great-grandchildren: Alexis, Krista, Sage and Theo and three sisters: Isabelle Smith and Nora Holsinger, both of Collins, IA and Dorothy Conley of Ames, IA.

Chapel Committal Services will be held on Friday, December 3, 2010 at 10:00 AM at Delaware Veterans Memorial Cemetery, 26669 Patriots Way, Millsboro, DE. There will be no calling hours. Arrangements are being handled by Parsell Funeral Homes and Crematorium, Lewes.

In lieu of flowers, the family suggests memorial contributions be made to : Compassionate Care Hospice, 28467 DuPont Blvd, Suite 6, Millsboro, DE 19966

EULOGY TO ROBERT WILLIAM NEALE



## Obituary

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Born: August 13th, 1918. Died: November 30th, 2010

Delivered at the Millsboro, Delaware Veteran's Cemetery: December 3rd, 2010

When I think of my father, I think of him as an un-erring provider, a loyal family member, a companion, and a loving husband to Mom. He was all of these things.

They were so obvious, that we took them for granted.

But mostly, I think of him as a country boy who was raised in Collins, Iowa

(population 450), and who never really left home. Yes, he lived in San Francisco

for a short time before the war, served in the Marines for 4 years, married

Edythe, and lived in DC for a short time before settling in the suburban town of

Morningside for six decades. But in his heart, he never really left the cornfields of

Iowa.

By all measures, Collins was an unremarkable town in an ordinary mid-west

place. It was not unlike other towns found here in Delaware, such as Bridgeville,

Seaford or Millsboro. It contained a main street which boasted a grocery store

where Pop bagged groceries, a hardware and general store, his father's shoe

store and two billiard halls. One edge of the town was defined by huge high

grain silos and a railroad siding. The other edges bled into the hedgerows of the



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world's finest tasting corn.

That is where he grew up with his large family of British immigrant parents and seven other brothers and sisters. It is the time and place that shaped his character and formulated his values. In the days before television, and barely radio, his large family was the center of his life. They played family games and music and every other imaginable thing together. He played the clarinet in the high school band, and at home, he played alongside his sister, Isabelle, at the piano. He played all of the high school sports (his true calling) and excelled at basketball and baseball. After graduation, he joined the Collins Independent Baseball Club, and played second base in front of his brother, Brownie, who covered left field.

He was the oldest of three active and energetic brothers, which leads me to believe that he was a co-conspirator, if not the leader, in their teenage mischievous pranks. It was not until I was older, that he told me the story of their expedition into the melon patch of a neighboring farmer. It seems that they got away with melons, but not before the farmer shot off the heel of his shoe as he leapt over the top rail of the fence. I would like to have heard him explain that



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one to his father, the shoemaker.

After two decades of being away from Collins, he returned in 1979, for a town reunion. As the event began, he walked up to an older, and obviously, local farmer and said, "Hi, I'm, Bob Neale". The farmer responded, "Why you SOB! I've been looking for you for years. You're the kid who left his name scratched into the wet cement of my concrete sidewalk!" I am beginning to think he left Collins because he had to.

He led a simple, but enriching life, in a simpler time. He and his family lived without very much money, but in their separate ways, they all contributed to the common good of the family. They learned valuable lessons by sharing responsibility, economics and charity. These lessons shaped him, and in turn, he molded his children, and influenced his grandchildren.

The Second World War had a profound effect on everyone.

And, well, if Winston Churchill and British people can have their finest hour, so can my father, and I think that it came at the end of the war, when he married my mother. They were married for 64 years and after she died, we were sorting through her papers, where we found a previously unknown cache' of their letters.



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From their love notes, it is obvious that they were as close to each other as eggs

are to Easter, and undoubtedly, they were the best years of their lives. The

Marine Corp motto is Semper Fidelis, or Always Faithful, and he always was.

I should mention that there are a couple of things that he was not. Although he

was the son of a lay minister, he was not religious. Nevertheless, he respected

the benefit that religion brought to many people. In later life, his religious

upbringing manifested itself in the form of charitable work at the Bells Methodist

Church, and the Southgate Lions Club, where as a lifetime member, he managed

the affairs of the eye bank. He was also not inclined to promote himself. In fact,

he was quietly humble. I never heard him say anything to anyone in an effort to

impress them about himself, or even cared to.

I can sum up the significance of what my father meant to me by reading a quote

that I have been saving for many years,

Were you to take every moment from the course of my life,

Except for the times that I spent with my father as a youth,

I could still say, I had a rich and beautiful life.

PDF Printable Version



## Tribute Wall

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SB

**Susan Bolivar** posted:

My thoughts are with the family. I only knew Bob for a few years, but I'm glad he came into my life.

December 7 at 8:00 PM

LC

**Larry And Sunny Conley** posted:

I will always have fond memories of my Uncle Bob. Even though I didn't get to see him often, he always impressed me with his quick wit and positive outlook on life. I believe he would say he lived a very rich life with his family. He will be missed by us all.

December 2 at 8:00 PM



# Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Robert by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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