



Robert Juul

January 17, 1929 - June 7, 2015

Robert Juul, 86, passed away on June 7, 2015, in Roswell, NM. He was born on January 17, 1929, to Clarence Juul and Edna Brock, in Ferguson, Missouri.

Celebrating 65 years together, Robert married Mary Jo Cox on December 31, 1949, in Albuquerque, NM.

Robert worked for sixty-four years in construction and retired after 23 years with the Civil Service, in Anchorage, AK. He enjoyed building, woodworking, reading, writing letters and singing hymns.

Preceding him in death were his parents, two brothers, and a sister.

Those left to carry on Robert's legacy are his wife; eight children: Gary Joe and Teresa Juul, of El Paso, TX; Linda and Tommy Kirk, of Roswell, NM; Mike Juul, of Roswell, NM; Rebekah and John Robbins, of Alabama; Robin and Don Smith, of Minnesota; Robert and Jocelyn Juul, of Washington; Bryan Juul, of Roswell, NM; and Patrick and Debra Juul, of Minnesota. Also surviving Robert are twenty-one grandchildren, twenty-two great-grandchildren and two great-great-grandchildren.

A Funeral Service will be held on Saturday, June 13, 2015, 10:00 AM, at Church on the Move. Burial will follow at South Park Cemetery. Pastor Savino Sanchez will officiate. A reception will follow at the 180 building for friends and family.

Please take a moment to share your thoughts and memories of Robert with the family in the online register at andersonbethany.com.

Services are under the direction of Anderson-Bethany Funeral Home and Crematory.

Tribute Wall

SJ

“It's been 50 years since I last saw Bob. Pete, John and I stayed a number of days with him and MaryJo and the kids at their place at Thoreau. It is one of my fondest memories. He was the model of a man to me. I regret I never got to see him again in this life however, I find comfort in the hope that we'll be reunited with our loved ones in the presence of our Lord and Saviour one day. The last words I heard him say (over the phone) were "I love you little brother." I continue to pray for the family. Sam Juul

Sam Juul - July 04, 2015 at 08:56 AM

JH

“I didn't know Mr. Juul except for seeing him at church (Abbott Loop church). I grew up with Bryan and Pat, going to the school there from the eighth grade on to graduation. I'm so sorry for your loss, but I am glad to know that someday we will see Mr. Juul in heaven. The God of peace that passes all understanding is with you all. The fond memories that help the hard day's of missing him and most of all the gentle hands of a loving God will help carry you through. I will continue to pray for you Mrs. Juul and family. Jean & Craig Hoffman (Paniptchuk)

Jean Hoffman - June 15, 2015 at 01:23 PM

SD

“I didn't know Mr. Juul but I have the pleasure of working with his daughter Rebekah. Rebekah is one of the kindest people I have ever met and now reading all the tributes to her father there is no wonder she is so caring. My prayers are with you and your family at this sorrowful time. Rest in Peace Robert Juul.

Sandra Dodson - June 13, 2015 at 07:37 AM

SM

“ Uncle Bobby,
Some of my fondest memories are around the table. One could say we really like to eat. Mary Jo made great sandwiches. I made Green Chile Stew. I like to cook. Home cooking, or take out, we enjoyed spending time together sharing news, telling stories, and laughing. Now, you are singing in the Heavenly Choir, your building talents are keeping you busy, and all your dogs are sleeping at your feet. God Bless You. May Your Family Have the Peace of Knowing You are Well and Strong Again.
Sherie

Sherie Moore - June 12, 2015 at 10:06 PM



“ I am deeply saddened to hear of the passing of Mr. Juul. Just over 2 years ago I knocked on his door and introduced myself to him and his family. I could instantly tell from his firm handshake and the passion in his voice that he deeply cared about people, and especially Mrs. Juul. Over the next few years, he and I got to visit about his history and what he loved to do. Before I left on my first visit, he asked me to spread the word that he could build strong barns and that he was ready to start working! I can remember he was always studying and reading something new. Mr. Juul never stopped living/loving life, serving the Lord, and caring for his family. I have looked up to him so much over the past couple years and I can only hope that I will become as good a man as he became. I have been incredibly blessed and honored to have such a great friend/man in my life. My thoughts and prayers go out to the entire Juul family. If I can help in any way, please do not hesitate to call me at (575) 420-3934.

Dustin Devenport - June 12, 2015 at 06:30 PM

“Our paths seldom crossed after I married at age sixteen. Ken was in the military. We then moved to the Midwest. I saw Bobby when we visited in 1963 when he lived in Thoreau, NM. The other times I saw Bob were in 1968 at Sonny’s funeral, and 1986 at Mama’s funeral. We did get to spend some time together during the late 90s – 2003 when Bob lived in Bosque Farms. We had some very pleasant visits.

Bob has a beautiful singing voice. We (Sherie & I) were in Bosque helping him finish things at the house after they had everything moved to Roswell. We were painting, and the radio was playing “Hernando’s Hideaway,” when Bobby walked into the room. He started singing along with the radio. We all sang the song, and laughed when it was finished.

Bob always worked hard. When I was very young in Las Vegas, NM, I remember the house being cold. Bobby took buckets over to the railroad tracks and picked up coal which had fallen off of the coal cars as the train went through town. Later on, he worked in the brickyards in ABQ. He also was a lumberjack in the mountains. Bobby was an artist with his wood working. He was always making cabinets and other items for people. He did beautiful work. He was tough. He was kind. He had a sense of humor. He had an ornery streak.

Bob and Sonny always had to be on their guard. They did have to protect themselves.

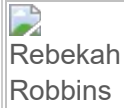
One day Bob, Sonny, Gene and Jack were walking downtown on Central. A gang of Pachucos, came from the opposite direction looking for a fight. A man driving a milk truck saw the ensuing trouble and asked if he could join them. Along with the milkman, who was big and strong, Bob and Sonny were big and strong, Jack and Gene were football players, and Jack was a boxer. That was when Bob rubbed his hands together and said “Bring it on.”

Needless to say, they won. Bob wasn’t afraid of anything.

“Go Rest High On That Mountain” big brother, “Your Work On Earth Is Through.”

Your Sister, JoAnn C. Juul

JoAnn C. Juul - June 12, 2015 at 03:57 PM



“ I was writing Dad a letter... I didn't get it out to him in time so Im going to post it here.

Dear Dad,

I think I have started this letter 100 times in my head. What does a daughter say to her Dad when he is on his way home to see Jesus? First of all I want you to know I love you. Thank you for your love and strong but gentle advise for two very young newly weds. Thank you for being a strong role model. I am so thankful and happy to know you are a man of God.

They don't make men like you anymore. I'm sure many many people have benefited from your knowledge.

Here are some special things I float through my mind about you. Long Sunday drives, picnics at Blue Water Creek, the swimming hole there is forever in my mind as one of the most fun things we did as kids. Thank you for the best swing set and trapeze ever in a kids back yard (Thoreau). Im sure Im not alone when I say thank you for the wheelbarrow rides and shoulder rides. Thank you for checkers and chess. Thank you for dancing with me in the living room while we waited for dinner. There is so much more but these thing will always be special to me.

As a young girl I remember sitting in the yard under a tree and watching you work with your hands on something you were building with wood. You seemed to be so peaceful. Something about the pride and patience would draw you into your work. I remember feeling happy for you to have that in your very busy life.

One Christmas you made a decoration from an old tree log, It was beautiful!! It had holes for two tall red candles and a pine wreath . It also had a place for an open Bible. I know you made more of those through the years but that is the one I remember every Christmas. I don't know how, but you and Mom always made Christmas so wonderful for eight growing children.

I remember one time you took me to get a new pair of shoes. We went to a little Trading Post in Thoreau. I walked right over to the shelf with the shiny black buckle shoes. I couldn't see any other shoes in the store after I saw those. They were beautiful. Then your strong but gentle hand took hold of mine and steered me to the row of shoes that would keep my feet safe for all the running and playing and growing I had to do. We ended up getting a pair of white and black saddle oxfords. I wasn't very happy about them, but later and still now today I remember them to be the most comfortable durable shoes I ever had. They were the best shoes I ever had.

*Thanks Dad for always knowing what was best for me,
When we all get to Heaven what a Blessed Day that will be!!!
Love Becky*

Rebekah Robbins - June 11, 2015 at 08:27 PM

HW

*Thoughts are with you and your family during this time.
~ Hunter*

Hunter Williams - June 12, 2015 at 12:58 AM



“ *I was so thankful to be able to see Bob last summer, visit with him and experience his smile and kind demeanor. I remember the descriptive letters he wrote our dad about Alaska, and the words of faith they included. Our family enjoyed them. A beautiful soul has passed on to his heavenly Father. God Bless his family. We are thinking of you all.*

Lena Juul Duncan - June 11, 2015 at 05:32 PM



“ *Serene Retreat was purchased for the family of Robert Juul.*



June 11, 2015 at 05:27 PM



“ *Our loved ones don't see us after they die, do they? THEY DON'T SMELL FLOWERS..I always send things to people when they're alive..And I did over the years..I said what had to be said to my brother over the years..Bob knew where I'm coming from and that I love him..We can't hug Bob, we can't see or hear Bob anymore therefore we are the ones left empty..My brother is free.. On the other hand we are sad and empty, missing someone that was always there..The world is a mess now..America is not America anymore..BOB DOESN'T HAVE TO SEE or LISTEN TO THIS HORROR ANYMORE..Say what you have to say to people while they're alive..Let go of your hate...Juul's. blood and in-laws, OPEN YOUR EYES..LIFE IS SHORT, flowers while we're still alive..Stop and smell the roses..*



Christina Johnston - June 11, 2015 at 04:28 PM