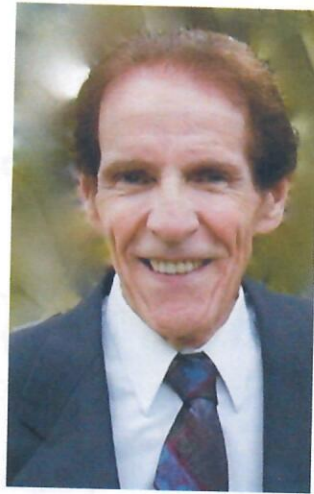




Bob's Boots

03-06-2017 by Harry Zirkelbach
Stars and Sun Date34717

*The very word, Boots, hint on weight, noise,
military authority about to be exercised. But wait!
That Boots connotation does not describe this
gentle man we celebrate.*



Bob LeFebvre

*Once upon a time,
just after Monday's 27 February one hour Windsor Gardens Writers'
reading, I, wearing the same boots as previous days, journeyed to visit an
ill friend, only to learn that he had died three days earlier.*

*His boots never again to walk, meet for luncheon and gab fest.
Now **forever a name**. Never to add to his stature with a feat or tale of
another adventure on this globe, alone or with others.*

*That I shall miss. I Immediately add his face to that pantheon of large and
small gods who have graced the path given me these days,
34717 Stars and Sun Days far,
the days of life, as we like to relate from the galaxy I have dwelled in.*

*Bob's boots were small, left a giant impression.
He was near pure spirit.*

*Colorado, forever Colorful, that mixture of all colors, is just that,
a collection of individuals, most having begun their journey in another
piece of land. Bob was from Massachusetts, I Pennsylvania. For years our
lives that did not cross paths, though both spent happy,
sometimes tedious Navy days, then through that fickle finger,
move our boots, anchor and remain Coloradans.*

*Then so it happened.
As Luke narrates in 2.1 ... At that time the Roman Emperor Augustus
decreed that a Census should be taken throughout the Romand Empire.
And, then Article 1.2.3 of our Constitution this decree,*

that beginning 1790 .. "The actual enumeration (census) shall be made ...
and at subsequent term of ten years."

In preparing for the 2000 U.S. Census, hiring began mid-1999. I was one of
the first hired for the secured Aurora facility, as Clerk for the Manager.

One day a man knocked on the door, I admitted him; he asked,
"what were we doing here?."

I explained. He applied. A week later he was hired, assigned to the
computer operations. One part, payroll. So Bob La Lefebvre became
everyone's pal. And our friendship began, continued after that Census was
completed mid 2000.

Bob, the only curious soul to ask what was happening behind the shopping
center's locked doors.

In retirement that followed, our favorite gathering place, Burger King,
Alameda at Dayton, our boots facing. Recently, time for these were subject
to Bob's health.

In those hours over years, we learned of one another's past and hopes.
I learned that Bob was kind-of a Massachusetts Canadian, conversant in
French; his Navy years; migration to Colorado; employment here and
elsewhere, as Newsman, Realtor, writer, published author,
husband and father.

While we met for lunch, he never ate; had a cup of coffee, no refill.
Overweight as a youth, he began a diet, lost weight, stayed slim, looking
taller than he stood because of that profile. In these later years he had two
meals a day to retain that slim outline, denied him as child.

And Bob treated all with kindness personally, and in private conversation.

A gentle, gracious, kind, competent man, in body and spirit.

This day we say a final **God Be With You** Bob Lefebvre,
who, though your boots are forever stilled,
lived and lives, an example to all,
any census.