



# Robert I. Rubin

APR 19, 1918 - MAY 8, 2011



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# Table of Contents

<b>Obituary</b> .....	Page 3
<b>Tribute Wall</b> .....	Page 5



## **Robert I. Rubin**

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**R**obert Rubin was born in Boston Mass on April 23 1918. He is the next to last of the surviving 1st generation Rubin's. Their parents Harry and Etta were emigrants from the Ukraine Russia, escaping the pogroms in 1912. After high school in Boston Mass, He joined the Army in October 1943 and served his country until January 3, 1946. He married his high school sweetheart Rebecca prior to entering the service. Their marriage lasted 66 years. Yes 66 years. Steven 68 a son and Janis 62 a daughter are the products of that warm and tender marriage. Bob had a number of jobs in Boston while pursuing his love in journalism, and singing from Emerson and Berkeley College, where ultimately his training in music and writing became his lifelong avocation for poetry. While living in Boston, he and Rebecca were avid dancers and social butterflies often enjoying their leisure time with a tight knit circle of friends and family. In 1964 Bob moved his family to San Mateo California where he joined the employment of Rodale Manufacturing, an electrical wiring device manufacturer in Pennsylvania. While at Rodale, Dad worked working closely with his kid brother Walter in Southern California. During the succeeding years Jan and Steve each married and had their families. Dad lost his soul mate Rebecca, our mother and life partner in 2005. A brother Leonard living in Massachusetts, his son Steve Rubin and wife Karen Rubin, his daughter Janis Weatherford and husband Jim Weatherford survive him. Bob is also survived by 5 grand children David, Leslie, and Paul Rubin, Michael Green and Brian Weatherford. He is also survived by 4 great grandchildren, Taylor, Gavin, Luke and Grayson Rubin; Paul Rubin's sons who live in southern California. Bob was an active participant in his Jewish War Veteran Post in Boston, and San Mateo, being elected post commander twice. He continued to participate in VFW and VA activities through his retired years. He was an avid tennis player until his service related injuries brought that pastime to an end. While living in San Mateo, Dad was an active member of the local Elks Lodge where he enjoyed the



## Obituary

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companionship of the members along with his son Steve. He will be remembered for his wisdom, kindness and gentle philosophical way of looking at life. He shared openly and willingly with all people he came in contact. His gifts to us are that the life trip is short and unpredictable, there are no pockets in the coffin, and be kind to your fellow human beings. His final wish was that everyone would celebrate his life with a party and share a drink. Dad passed away on May 8 in his sleep. His family was gathered at his side sharing memories and the joy of his life and gifts. He will be remembered for all the wisdom and unconditional love he shared with us.



## Tribute Wall

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**Anonymous** posted:

What can I say about my brother Bob that can really express how he effected my life. Well, let's try to check out a few memorable memories. When I was attending Boston University, it was Bob who picked me up early on a weekend morning (VERY EARLY IN THE A.M.!) and who paid me to help him deliver and stock the shelves of his Kasanoff Bakery customers. The few dollars I earned (that I believe came directly out of his own pocket) made it possible for me to buy some of the things I couldn't otherwise afford. It was Robert who encouraged me to go to college when others in the family wanted me to not go and, instead, help to support my mother. It was Bob who was the best man at my wedding to my wife, Sandra. There are so many delightful, funny and joyous days in which he was a participant in my and Sandra's life that they all flow together like a brook flows through a gentle and beautiful landscape. He was my friend and I always loved him for his sense of humor and the gentle nature of his soul. I miss him today and I'll miss hearing his voice when I occasionally telephoned him just to make sure he was still there in California while I lived in Massachusetts.. I have had a difficult time getting to write this about my brother. Was I denying the reality of his passing? Probably. He may have passed, but his memory lives on in my heart, mind and body. These simple words I've written really don't do justice to my brother's memory. But it's all I can harness today as I think of Robert Rubin: my brother, who was always my friend.##imported-begin##Leonard Rubin##imported-end##

July 17 at 3:41 PM



**Anonymous** posted:

When I first met Bob it was in the early spring of 1955 at a get together to meet the Rubin family on our engagement to his youngest brother. If I remember right it was in Sharon at the home of Lyllian and Saul Rubin. Coming from a family of just one sister I was overwhelmed by the whole Rubin clan and their children. Don't think anybody else can say this but Bob was the Best Man at our wedding at the Temple Mishikan Tefilah in Roxbury, Mass. on October 16, 1955 which was a horrendous rainy and windy weekend. I can remember Bob singing the wedding for us. For some reason I remember him wearing heavy horned rimmed glasses.. Bob always held a special place in the Rubin household, because he provided a job for his my husband of almost 56 years, on Saturdays with him on the bread delivery truck so that Len could have \$\$ for going to Boston University and being the only one of that family that did. When in these past few years we weren't able to get out to the West Coast Len would call Bob and ask him how he was doing.. and he answer was always "fine'...Well Bob, you were more than "fine' to us...We loved you and Rebecca.##imported-begin##Sandra Rubin##imported-end##

July 14 at 4:49 AM



## Tribute Wall

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**Anonymous** posted:

Dad's grave marker.JPG##imported-begin##steve rubin##imported-end##

July 11 at 10:18 AM



**Anonymous** posted:

Uncle Bob – as a kid I wondered if you really were ‘Uncle Bob on the radio’ or were our parents kidding? With your humor and cheery personality I bet it really was you!!! Hope you are still on the radio entertaining many up there!!!! so – long Uncle Bob, Love Cari and Mel, too##imported-begin##CARI MARCHESE##imported-end##

June 14 at 6:49 AM



**Anonymous** posted:

I did not have the pleasure and privilege of seeing Æ?Uncle BobÆ?–Æ regularly during his long life. However, sometimes you meet someone for the first time and it makes a lasting impression. Uncle Bob was that type of person. He was charismatic man and he made you feel at ease when speaking with him.Over the years, IÆ?–Æ?ve enjoyed listening to a number of anecdotes as told to me by Cari regarding her uncle and members of his family. Those stories reaffirmed my thoughts and observations of Æ?–Æ?Uncle BobÆ?–Æ He was a very special person who loved his family, loved his friends and loved his country.##imported-begin##Mel Marchese##imported-end##

June 14 at 6:46 AM



**Anonymous** posted:

I met Robert only a few times. Once at lunch in Sacramento and once at his care home in Mountain View. In those short encounters he quickly impressed on me his amazing love of live, nature and other people. He lived life big and enjoyed all it had to offer. He set a great example for us all that life is short and we need to treasure each moment and each person we encounter.##imported-begin##Mark Thomas##imported-end##

May 18 at 7:46 AM



## Tribute Wall

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**Anonymous** posted:

I have nothing but fond memories of my Uncle Bob. I was lucky enough to grow up and hang around with Steve. Jan was the little sister. I would ride my bike from Sharon to Dorchester and visit fairly often. Uncle Bob and Aunt Beck always had a smile on their faces and you could tell they loved each other very much. They would come out to visit my Mother, Stella, often and we would hang around there also. Always lots of laughs. My trip to San Francisco last year was high lighted with a visit to Uncle Bob. He was in good spirits and had not lost his sense of humor. I will always cherish the memories. I send my thoughts and condolences but my memories will always be good. Jeff##imported-begin##Jeff Callum##imported-end##

May 11 at 3:00 PM



**Anonymous** posted:

Uncle Bob Rubin was always a happy guy. Why not? He was married to Aunt Beck Richman, my favorite Aunt. He always had a great sense of humor, and a kind sense of humility about him. I remember how Beck and Bob loved each other, in a comfortable way. They were never rich in material things, but rich in love and respect for each others, and their loved ones around them. I remember them attending many family weddings and B'nai Mitzvahs. It always was a joy to see them, and they made you feel the same way. Even in their later years, as their health declined, they made extraordinary effort to 'be there'. They were both filled with love. Love for their children, their extended family, their country, and yes...love of God. They appeared respectfull of all faiths and differences, and exemplified grace. Steve and Jan were blessed with two outstanding, loving parents, who lived long lives. People like them will also enjoy the afterlife, whatever one defines as heaven. So rest in peace, Aunt Beck and Uncle Bob. Thanks for the memories. love, Jerry Richman##imported-begin##Jerry Richman##imported-end##

May 10 at 2:10 PM



**Anonymous** posted:

To Steve and Jan, I don't have too many memories of your Dad, Uncle Bob, but I can clearly remember how he and your mother looked, the sound of his voice, and your home on the second floor maybe in Dorchester; the living room, and Steve's bedroom where Jan, my sister Susan and I played with the old reel-to-reel tape recorder. One thing which stands out in my mind as I visualize Uncle Bob, your Dad, is that he was usually smiling. It's a pleasant image. My mother Lillyan also passed away on Mother's Day in 1987, Sunday May 10th. So Mother's Day carries that extra reminder every year. My Dad chose a day more in keeping with his military service, Independence Day July 4, 1992. Your father will always be a presence within you, and many others. Love, Hal##imported-begin##Hal Rubin##imported-end##

May 10 at 8:24 AM



# **Memories only last if you share them**

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



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