

# The Robbie I Knew

When Frankie asked me to write a few words about Robbie, I was honored that I was considered someone who qualified as such a close friend.

I first got to know Robbie at the Bears Deer camp about 20 years ago. Robbie and I immediately hit it off, and became good friends. We kept in touch, either by me coming over for a visit or by phone all year long.

The Robbie I Knew could be Tougher than Nails, and to a Friend in need of anything. he was as gentle as a Big Fluffy Puppy.

Robbie, and I shared many good times at Deer Camp, but our favorite time spent together was the extended rabbit season chasing behind his excellent pair of beagles.

One Friday evening before our planned Saturday rabbit chasing session, I called Robbie, and told him that the Temperature was to be in the single digits on Saturday morning, and we should start later to prevent the dogs from hurting their lungs as they yelped after the bunnies.

I pulled into Robbie's about 9:30 in the morning. with the Temperature still in the Low teens, only to see an open engine compartment of a Friend's car with a pair of Blue jeans and about 6 inches of Plumbers crack deep into the compartment. One of Robbie's Friends had a problem with a water pump, and Robbie was changing the part in only a pair of Blue Jeans, and a Flannel shirt in that frigid temperature. See what I meant about Tougher than Nails, and anything for a Friend. That was The Robbie I Knew.

At Deer Camp, Robbie would do anything, and drive anywhere to get the deer moving. He was tireless when chasing deer. After a long day in usually cold, rainy, and tough deer drives, Robbie would get back to the Bears Camp, and immediately get a pot of Boilo on the stove to get the chill out of our tired and sore bones. One thing I could not understand about Robbie was how he could hit a running deer, in thick scrub oaks with a single bullet, and miss a rabbit hopping in front of the dogs with a thousand BBs. I often kidded my Friend about that. On the other hand, I had a pretty good percentage of hits on the Bunnies, and I can still hear Robbie shouting, don't you ever miss! There was usually a curse word between ever and miss, but we won't go there. Sometimes you get lucky.

There are many, many more Good stories I can relate, but I promised myself: that I would keep this short. I can Honestly say that every day was a pleasure to be with Robbie.

Although Robbie passed too early, I enjoyed the quality time we shared together and I think of my Friend often, with a smile on my face. Knowing how fond of Boilo Robbie was, as I viewed my Friend for the last time, at his service, I snuck a double shot of Rocket Fuel in beside him for his long journey. God Bless My Friend.

That was **The Robbie I Knew.**

Robert Wasilewski