

# **My Uncle Rob**

By Lynzee Savitsky

On March 8, 2005 a very special person was lost. Robert Savitsky was not only my uncle he was also my godfather, and he was like a father to me. When it was his time to go many hearts were broken. In his life, which was taken way to soon, he touched many people's hearts in many ways but I can guarantee that anyone who knew my uncle Rob would not be able to say a bad thing about him. Robbie was one in a million; there is no one else like him. As I sit here and think about him it brings back a ton of memories and I could go on forever but I'll share a few of my favorites with you.

First off let me tell you a little about my Uncle Robbie, family was very important to him, his son Pumpkin was his world. In high school and college Pumpkin played football and his dad was his biggest fan, he never missed a game. If at any given time you didn't know where he was, there were only three places to look at a football game, fishing up on the river, or at Dado's with some friends.

Robbie was very family oriented and he spent much of his time with family and friends. He loved the outdoors, hunting, fishing, horseback riding, you name it he did it. I can remember so much about my Uncle Rob but some of my favorites by far have to be our summer parties. The day would start out "down the farm" swimming and cooking out on the grill until Uncle Rob decides that the pool was too warm for his likings. So therefore the party would get taken "down to the creek" and eventually everyone would end up at his house to sit around the campfire. During the summer this was a weekly event. My Robbie loved having cookouts and getting everyone together. Of course, as many of you know he was the life of the party and he made it a great time and now it's just not the same without him, but I know in some ways he's with us the whole time.

Fishing and my Uncle Rob was like bread and butter it was his absolute most favorite thing to do. Going up on the river fishing with Robbie was an adventure all in its own. Every time I went fishing with him I would come home with a ton of stories to tell but sitting here thinking about it one sticks out the most. It was Robbie's birthday and he wanted to go fishing so we went up on the Susquehanna River fishing for catfish, I got a bite on my line and I looked over at him and he just started to laugh. When he started laughing I didn't know what I was in for. So as I was reeling it felt like it was never ending, but finally after a little while we could see the fish outside of the boat but it kept pulling the rod until my rod snapped in half and Robbie Jumped up and started pulling my line in with his hands until the fish was close enough to the boat that we were able to catch it in the net. Once we got the fish on the boat Uncle Rob said he had enough and he was ready for a beer.

I could go on forever sharing special memories of my Uncle Rob but for the most part I just wanted to share with you that he was truly a special person. Robbie's life was cut short and when it was his time to go an amazing person was lost. It is four years now since he passed and he still is and always will be greatly missed.