



Robert George Sigman

AUG 5, 1928 - APR 12, 2014



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Bob was born in Sheldon, IA and raised by his Aunt “No No” (her nickname). She had never had children and was a tough lady... He went into the U.S. Navy at 18, and his title was Electrician’s Mate Third Class. Later on he went through college with his GI benefits and obtained an engineering degree. He worked at AT&T in Parsippany, NJ and eventually moved to CA and worked for Boeing in El Segundo. He and his late first wife, Helene, had two children, Barry and Sharon; and a granddaughter, Kira. After retirement from Boeing, Bob and Helene owned a mobile chocolatier business and traveled around the country. It was at one of his horse show events that he first met his second wife Dottie’s son, Jason, who was keenly interested in the weights and measures used in the chocolate business and befriended him. Years later, after Helene had passed away, Bob and Dottie’s friendship blossomed and they were eventually married in 1995.

Bob had many years of heart health issues and relied on a defibrillator to keep his heart beating steadily. That device gave him 19 more years of life, during which he settled into his retirement life, working (by choice) at Wal-Mart to keep active and connected to people. He embraced his newly acquired family, including Dottie’s other children Lee and Steve, daughter-in-laws Sandy and Melissa, granddaughter Bissa, grandsons Chris and Joshua, and a large menagerie of various animals including horses, dogs and cats. Everyone fondly called him Pops...

Bob was extremely Patriotic and believed that our Constitution had been killed and buried; he was disillusioned by the current government regime and the direction in which the country is going. Integrity and honesty were his middle names – he called things the way he saw them... Bob will always be warmly remembered as a kind-hearted, gentle soul by all accounts, a very hard act to follow...



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BS

Beth Stryker posted:

Hi Sharon. Do you remember me, Beth Spiwak (now Stryker)? The last time I saw your parents was about 1989 when they came back to NJ to visit. They stopped at my parent's house. They both looked the same as when we were kids. I was sorry to hear that your mother had passed and your father had remarried. I remember the times our families got together. Helene made sure the dinner dishes were thoroughly rinsed before loading your dishwasher. Your dad always had the camera. I didn't go on the Bar Harbor trip (new boyfriend). My mother has a pic of everyone on horseback. Pretty funny. Don't you wish we could go back and have our parent's with us? Give my best to Barry if he even remembers me. My condolences to you and your family. I have lots of fun memories.

September 28 at 9:03 AM

LF

Lee Folino posted:

Hi Kira, I am so glad that you shared your memories with us! I knew very little about his life before he married my mom and everything I hear only makes me love him (and miss him) more!

May 27 at 5:41 PM

SG

Sharon Girard posted:

Kira, so eloquent. I am so proud of you for putting into words memories and cherished thoughts about your grandpa. Love, Mom

May 12 at 2:04 AM



KP

Kira Palmer posted:

I spent a lot of my childhood at my grandparents house. My love for puzzles and magic was inspired by my Grandpa (Robert). I remember spending hours while my Grandpa paused and rewound VHS recordings of David Copperfield. He would sit there with his note pad, jotting down notes of how he thought the trick was done. He was the one to give me my first horseshoe puzzle and he guided me on how to solve it. Its wasn't long before I had half a dozen of those metal puzzles that he had given me. Later when I was old enough to be responsible for myself, and old enough to be trusted with money, I would help out at the their candy store during the summer at The San Mateo County Fair. He was the person who taught me how to use a scale to weigh out pounds of sweets and how to make change for a customer's purchase. Throughout my years working in retail it always amazed that so many people do not grasp this simple concept, relying too heavily on the cash register to tell them the correct amount to give back. Whenever someone would ask me, "How can you figure out their change so quickly without even typing in the amount?", it gave me yet another moment to reflect on what my Grandpa had taught me. (Plus the fact that I had been working a cash register at their candy store since the age of 10 helped too!) Even after my Grandma died, my Grandpa tried to keep the business running. I continued to help during the summer and was there, helping out, during the last summer at The San Mateo County Fair. I am so thankful for the quality time that I got to spend with him and all the experience and knowledge I gained from him. He was always patient and had a way of explaining things so that I could understand. After my Grandma passed, our family worried about him. We worried how he would survive without her caring for him? Then, him and Dottie found each other. Even though it hurt to see a gap forming between the family and him, while the space closed between him and Dottie (and her family), I am still thankful that he had someone by his side after my Grandma left this earth. May he rest in peace. His memories will be cherished.

April 27 at 3:44 AM

DD

Denise Dellagatta posted:

Steve, Lee, and Dottie, It is good to read of Bob's life, so much I did not know about him. Death is never an easy part of life, and my thoughts and prayers go out to you all. We will all miss him, especially his close family. Amazing how the memory of our loved ones stay with us forever. Love, Denise and Kim

May 8 at 11:10 AM



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DO

Dottie posted:

Bob, you are a hard act to follow by anyone.... my very best friend for the past 20 years we shared. You were so handy and so able to fix everything but you never taught me to do so....Please be watching over me now so I don't mess up plumbing, sprinklers and other mechanical things that are so foreign to me. I know God must have wanted you in heave to fix gates and hinges.... You will be so missed by all with your quiet manner and your smile. Love you, please watch over me! Your wife, Dottie

May 6 at 8:52 AM

DO

Dottie posted:

How do you say Goodbye to your best friend???? Bob was my very best friend and the wonderful 20 years we were able to spend together were partially due to modern medicine that kept him alive; when he first suffered his major heart failure two weeks prior to our wedding day in September 1995, I shared my fears and concerns with my children as I had been widowed once at 29 and it truly scared me to take this new risk. My faith in God's will in presenting me with this wonderful guy who actually reminded me so much of Stan, my first husband and father of my daughter Lee and son Steeve, and the encouragement that even if we only shared 5 years it would be better than not to take the risk in going ahead with out wedding, which was great! Pop, as he was lovingly called by all children and grandchildren alike was a tinkerer and a fix-it man.... His last five months were very difficult ones, his mind was not working right and he spent most of his time in and out of the hospital, spoke very little and it was very painful to see him so changed, as I spent most of my time rushing him back and forth to the E.R. and had to be watching over him as he was falling a lot. The week before he passed he actually wanted to take Communion at the hospital, and when I questioned the visiting Chaplain about this he merely said "the door is always open"....God has been kind to him and took him home, hope he is watching over me as I struggle to learn to do all the incredible many little mechanical things he would do rather than to teach me how to do these. Bob, you better be keeping a close eye on me so I don't mess up plumbing, sprinklers, truck and trailers and other things that are so foreign to me.... You are special and you would be a hard act to follow for any man! God must have needed you to fix gates and hinges in heaven, love you forever!Your wife, Dottie

May 6 at 8:30 AM

LF

Lee Folino posted:

Thank you so much, Sharon, for sharing your memories and helping me to know your father better. He really was a good man. My sincere condolences go out to you and your loved ones.

May 1 at 6:53 AM



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Lee Folino posted:

Dear Pop, I miss you so. I will always remember your sweet, gentle spirit, your patience, and your warm, loving smile. I'm so glad we got to share so many years with you. May you rest in peace. Love always, Lee

May 1 at 6:03 AM



Paula Bass posted:

Dear Sharon, Betty June and I want to extend our sympathy to you and Barry. We also remember the early days we spent with you Mom and Dad. We are so sorry to hear, hope he didn't suffer. We are thinking about all of you. Our best Paula & Steve, Betty June & Albert.

April 28 at 9:19 AM



Sharon Girard posted:

I remember my father as a caring, loving and helpful man. He helped me to become a responsible, clear thinking, independent adult. I remember fondly conversations held around the dinner table discussing politics of the day, current events, philosophy. My father taught me to get the facts and make a clear deduction. We would talk about the presidential candidates, life on other planets or anything that we liked. His gift to me was back up the facts and never make assumptions. I remember him sitting at his desk and doing bills, he taught me how to manage money and be responsible with finances. He taught me to drive. His greatest compliment to me was that I raised a wonderful daughter, doing a great job (in his view) even as a sometime single parent. His pride in me will be remembered as a great gift. His tenderness and caring to my mother as she battled cancer. His protection, respect and love during those terrible times. He was thrifty and taught me the value of money. He learned to sew late in life and even made complicated and elaborate square dance dresses with matching shirts. I am in awe of this expertise, self taught. He and my mother loved to square dance, camp and travel. My childhood was filled with family, love, laughter and new and learning experiences. We went everywhere in this country from St. Augustine, Florida to Bar Harbor Maine. As a child, history came alive because I had been to Bunker Hill, Washington DC, Williamsburg, etc. He loved his camera and was an avid photographer. He has joined his sister, brother and father. I never knew my grandmother but did know his stepmother ,Estelle. Grandpa Sigman was a funny man with a Russian accent. We saw him much to little. Dad was a good, strong and fair man. He worked much too hard for much too long. I remember him coming home on Friday, hooking up the trailer and driving to a campground for the weekend. Family was important to him when we were growing up but so was free time with his wife. These weekends away gave the children something to do while he could reconnect with my mother. I remember him carrying baskets of Hannukah presents to parties, singing Dyanu at Seders, coming to temple parties at Purim. He loved Halvah candy and lasagna was the meal my mother made for his birthdays. Rest in peace my father and say hello to mom for me, I will miss you both and keep you in my prayers. Shalom.

April 27 at 3:44 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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