



Robert "Bob" Wayne Kamerath

DEC 22, 1927 - JUN 2, 2024



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Robert "Bob" Wayne Kamerath

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R obert Wayne Kamerath

Bob was born 22 December 1927 at Holy Cross Hospital in Salt Lake City, Utah, the son of Herman E. Kamerath and Katie Neve Kamerath. He was fortunate enough to live in the same house until he was married. He graduated from East High School and the University of Utah. He served in the United States Army at the end of World War II as part of the occupying force in Japan and during the Korean War. He married "my gift from heaven" Marjean Calder (whom he first met on a date arranged by his mother) in the Salt Lake Temple 11 June 1952. They were blessed with five children. Bob worked as a salesman for Utah Bank Note Company for 46 years. He was an active member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints and served in many callings. He is survived by his wife, Marjean; daughter Jill (Dave Pfister); sons, Kurt (Debbie); Kevin (Kara); Eric (Kristin); and Brian E. (Diane); 23 grandchildren, 64 great-grandchildren and 5 great-great-grandchildren. He was preceded in death by his parents; his sister, Lillian (Max Creer); his brothers, Ray, Richard his twin, Buddy and Don (Carolyn).

A viewing will be held on Saturday, June 15, 2024 at the Canyon Rim 4th Ward Building (3051 S 2900 E, Salt Lake City, Utah 84109) from 10:00 to 10:45am MDT, followed by a funeral services beginning at 11am MDT.

In lieu of flowers, please make a donation to your favorite charity.



Tribute Wall

Robert "Bob" Wayne Kamerath

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CK

Craig Kamerath posted:

Bob was a second Father to me. We had great fishing trips together and he was always there for me. Bob and Marjean raised a great family and their posterity is quite remarkable. I love them all. We leave this world but live on through our love and memories. Save me a place on the heavenly river. Lots of love, Craig Kamerath

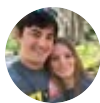
June 9 at 5:03 AM

SL

Sheri Linnarz posted:

I have lots of memories of my grandpa. Motorcycle rides, lagoon, trips to Southern Utah, motorcycle rides, camping, fishing, Christmas parties with Santa, did I mention motor cycle rides? Sunday dinners, lots and lots and lots of dishes washed, backside broom smacks to get sand off my clothes, rolls on the grass to finish getting sand off, spotless house, oatmeal, cream of wheat, name calling, and gardening. These are just a few of the many many memories I have of my grandpa, which are probably shared by many of you. One memory of him that is especially dear to my heart was when I was a very young, naive 16 year old girl who had decided to get married at this super young age. One Sunday, we were gathered having a family dinner like we always did. I came in and grandpa asked "where is Ricky?" I told him we didn't bring him because my mom and dad were uncomfortable with it (rightfully so, we were not married yet). He got his car keys and said "cmon, we are going to get him". When grandpa spoke you did what he said, so I left the family dinner with grandpa and went to get Ricky, who was at least 30 minutes away. I was shocked! He wanted Ricky to be comfortable, feel included and be part of the family. I will never forget the way that made me feel. I knew he cared about these two young, dumb kids, and I've never forgotten it. Was he perfect? No. Did he make mistakes? Absolutely. But who is perfect and who hasn't made mistakes? He was the perfect grandpa for me and I know he blessed many lives while he was here. Even with his gruffness you knew you were loved by all the service and hard work he gave. I love you grandpa

June 6 at 5:39 PM



David Kamerath posted:

What a wonderful man and a wonderful grandpa. Always went out of his way to help others. He never forgot a birthday, threw the best family Christmas parties, and always wanted to be part of everyone's lives. When I was 16 and needed a car, he gave me his jeep (complete with detailed, handwritten records from the day he bought it). I cannot say enough about this man. He will be sincerely missed by myself and his family. I'm sure he's already up in heaven putting WD-40 on the pearly gates to fix a squeak.

June 4 at 7:19 AM



Memories only last if you share them

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



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