



Robert Howard Weber Jr.

June 6, 1951 - July 15, 2020

Robert 'Rob' H. Weber Jr. of Fort Collins passed away on July 15th, 2020 at 69 years old. Born and raised in southern New Jersey, he moved to Fort Collins as a young man, where he ultimately resided for the remainder of his life. He attended Bridgeton High School where he was class president, then attended Salem College in West Virginia, where he was also class president, American University in Washington D.C. and ultimately Regis University in Denver, graduating Summa Cum Laude with a degree in business administration. He was a firefighter for over twenty-three years from 1974 to 1997 for Poudre Fire Authority, retiring as a Fire Captain.

He was larger than life, a mountain man, and world traveler, the loudest voice in every room with a wry sense of humor. He was extremely well-read and seemed to have a vast knowledge of everything from wildlife to astronomy to local history. He always had a fun fact to share or a crazy story to tell. Rob was known for giving out the most eccentric gifts at random times and for always having unique foods to try. He was the kind of guy who made you feel special and who challenged you to try new things and think outside the box.

He will be deeply missed by his many family and friends. Rob is survived by his sister Linda (Raviley), brothers Jeff and Pete (Jill) Weber, nephew Elliot, and nieces Emily, Kerrye, Kelsey, Christina, and Shelly. A celebration of life will be held at a later date. Ee-Ah-Kee!

Donations in his memory can be made to National Fallen Firefighters Foundation at firehero.org

Comments



“ I was a Poudre Fire Authority Dispatcher and the first time I laid eyes on long haired Truck 1 Captain Rob Weber he was sitting in a low lawn chair just inside the bay at Station 1. Half a dozen laughing firefighters encircled him. As always, Rob was the center of attention and the loudest. Instantly I became fascinated with who this man was.

Both single and unattached we ended up becoming close friends and I spent many years watching and being part of, "The Rob Show." I've never met a more fascinating person in my life. Educated, opinionated, quirky and absolutely hilarious. Rob led a fast and indulgent lifestyle. We ended up traveling together quite a bit both domestically and internationally. Anything and everything could happen such as being roused by Canadian Border Guards. Who has that happen to them? Rob. In Jamaica our hired driver was stopped by police. After being separated then released along the roadway we compared experiences learning I had paid a "fine" of about \$25 and Rob purchased tickets to the Charity Policeman's Ball. Upon closer examination the tickets revealed the Ball had been held two years earlier. It was a positive experience Rob reasoned as neither of us ended up in a Jamaican jail. A favorite story Rob told was about being mugged in Rio. He surrendered his money but drew the line when they demanded his shoes. "I decided I'd fight them for my shoes. I woke up in a planter but I was still wearing my shoes!"

Everywhere Rob was he freely engaged with strangers capturing them with his knowledge, wit and "routines" which I never tired of watching and listening to him perform. Rob became a friend of my family which included my brother, his wife, cousins, my mother and grandmother. Rob stopped by to say good-bye to 103 year old, "Grandma" just a few days before she passed. Grandma often said Rob was one of the most interesting and enjoyable personalities she had ever known. "I love you, Rob" were her last words to him.

My first thought when I learned of Rob's death was what he likely said when he met God. "I told everyone you were a Black Woman but no one would believe me!" As with nearly all things no matter how bizarre the notion was when first presented, in the end, Rob was usually right.

Thanks for inviting me into your life, Rob. I'm a better man because of it even though I ended up throwing up a number of times along the way.

Brant Keeney
Phoenix, AZ
Larimer County, CO 1979-1997



“ Living in Greenwich NJ, I never saw Rob much after he moved to Colorado. However, there were times he would visit, sometimes with Pete. My favorite memory was a Christmas they all came home for, about 20 years ago. The Weber household was alive and well during that holiday!

Dean Rork - July 22 at 03:17 PM