

"OH THE LAST GOODBYE'S
THE HARDEST ONE TO SAY,
AND THIS IS WHERE THE
COWBOY RIDES AWAY."



IN LOVING MEMORY ROBERT CHARLES WEYRAUCH

BORN TO HARVEY & AURITA WEYRAUCH
June 20, 1955 ~ Williston, North Dakota

CALLED HOME TO HIS HEAVENLY FATHER
February 22, 2020 ~ Ray, North Dakota

FUNERAL MASS

Saturday, February 29, 2020 at 10:00 AM
St. Michael's Catholic Church
Ray, North Dakota

OFFICIATING

Father Corey Nelson

SCRIPTURE READING

Old Testament: #4 Isaiah 25:6a, 7-9
Janae Moe ~ Reader

MUSIC

"Amazing Grace" ~ "Here I Am"
"The Old Rugged Cross"
Phil Jore ~ Musician

PALLBEARERS

Blake Wheeler	Evan Wheeler
Jerry Monson	Kelly Booke
Leonard Goebel	Todd Ringhouse
Tom Wheeler	Willie Moe

HONORARY PALLBEARERS

All of Bob's Nieces & Nephews

GIFT BEARERS

Brian Moe & Angela Lyle

FINAL RESTING PLACE

Highland Cemetery ~ Ray, North Dakota

FAMILY & FRIENDS ARE INVITED TO A SOCIAL
GATHERING AFTER THE FUNERAL AT CLUB RAY.

ARRANGEMENTS BY

Fulkerson Stevenson Funeral Home
Tioga, North Dakota



In Memory Of
ROBERT C. WEYRAUCH
"BOB"

JUNE 20, 1955

FEBRUARY 22, 2020



Robert Charles Weyrauch (Bob) rode his horse onto God's Ranch in-the-sky on February 22, 2020. Robert was the third born child of Harvey and Aurita (Daniel) Weyrauch on June 20, 1955.

He was raised and educated in Ray, ND, graduating from the Ray High School with the class of 1973.

He married his high school sweetheart Julie Hill in 1980 and together they had one child, Kristin Lee. Robert and Julie were later divorced.

He worked on the farm harvesting and taking care of the cows and horses. Through the years he held numerous oilfield related jobs, including managing a rod guide shop and welding in his later years before retiring. Every year he would come back home to help Paul with harvest, and he could push the old Gleaner to its limits like no one else could.

Robert lived for horses, dancing, and hunting. He was somewhat of a horse whisperer and broke countless horses in his years. He loved to go on trail rides with friends, give wagon and sleigh rides, rode in many parades, did the Maah Daah Hey Trail in Theodore Roosevelt Park, and rode in the reenactment of the Pony Express Ride from Williston to Ray. He loved dancing to a good country band or song and often with every lady in the room. A few times he would even ride his horse to town, dance all night and then ride home again. Hunting and fishing were always a big part of his life and something he liked to do with his friends and family.

He would try just about anything once – or twice! He could water ski sitting on a lawn chair, built and learned to fly a gyrocopter and wrecked it. He could play the harmonica while "Whiskey" the dog sang along, and could crack a bull-whip like nobody's business. When the Juneberries ripened, he would round up a crew, pick berries and then convince his mom or sister Joanne, to make him his favorite Juneberry pie. Robert was what they called "A Real Character!" Kids were drawn to Uncle Bob because he had an extraordinary "way-with-kids" but they were always told (and usually listened) that there would be no whining at Uncle Bob's. He could always keep the kids laughing and having a great time! His 3 year old grandson, Carter Wyatt was the light of his life the past few years.

Robert will be forever missed by his daughter, Kristin (Joe) Gunderson and their son, Carter; parents, Harvey and Aurita Weyrauch; siblings, Marie (Dave) Challes, Faye Moe (Cal Raaum), Joanne Ulven, Paul (Peggy) Weyrauch; nieces, nephews; great-nieces and great-nephews.

Welcoming him in heaven are his grandparents, Agnes and Charles Daniel, George and Cecelia Weyrauch and Wyatt Booke (the son he adopted as his own).

COWBOY LIFE

I'VE MET A HEAP O' COWBOYS
AND SOME WAS REAL TOP HANDS

I SAW A MILLION CATTLE
AND READ A LOT O' BRANDS.

I'VE SEEN SOME HARD COLD WINTERS
WHEN NEARLY ALL THE CATTLE DIED.

I'VE RODE SOME HANDY HORSES THAT
COULD TURN RIGHT OUT THEIR HIDES.

I ATE MY SHARE O' BEEFSTEAK
AND DRUNK SOME WHISKEY, TOO.

AND DID A LOT O' DANCIN'
WITH NOTHING ELSE TO DO.

BEEN BUCKED OFF OLD OUTLAWS
THAT I COULDN'T START TO RIDE.

AN' SAW SOME FINE OLD BUDDIES
GO OVER THE GREAT DIVIDE

WITH FRIENDS AND FAMILY NOW
I'M MAKING MY LAST STAND

AN' HOPING TO BE HORSEBACK
WHEN I REACH THE PROMISE LAND.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

