



Robert "Bob" G. Vandervennet

October 15, 1953 - April 15, 2025

Robert G. Vandervennet of Tipton, Michigan passed away peacefully on Tuesday, April 15, 2025 at the age of 71 years old.

He was the son of the late Robert and Dolores Vandervennet (nee Curtis). Survivors include his partner of 16 years Dianne Kemski, daughter Echo Love (Zach), grandchildren Dorian, Atlas and Azriel, sisters Stella Vandervennet, Jennifer Wilson (Scott), and numerous aunts, uncles, cousins and friends.

Bob was a master stone mason and bricklayer. In his younger days Bob was involved with the Detroit art community and was commissioned to create numerous temporary sculptures in the city of Detroit and has a permanent sculpture at The Port Authority courtyard at the Ambassador Bridge. He was a BMW motorcycle enthusiast and enjoyed many adventures traveling to various destinations throughout the USA. Bob was a brilliant man who loved debating and having conversations that covered a vast amount of topics; some of his favorites being politics, social justice, the environment and motorcycles. He chose to be an organ donor and donated his eyes to help give someone the gift of sight.

"Grampa will always be in our hearts, and the moments we stop to appreciate the beauty hidden in the weeds, sidewalk cracks, and old buildings. It takes an amazing person to see past the hurt in the world and find beauty and

happiness in the most unexpected places."

"Creator we return our loved ones to your care with reverence and respect. May their soul travel gently with the guidance of our ancestors, finding a place to rest among the stars. Bless them with your intimate love and let their spirit dwell in peace for eternity. Comfort us in our time of loss and help us to remember the joy they brought into our lives. May their legacy continue to inspire us. Amen."

"May the road rise up to meet you, may the wind be always at your back, may the sun shine warm upon your face, and the rains fall soft upon your fields."

At Robert's request there will be no funeral service. A Celebration of Life will be held at a future date.

Those who wish to make a memorial contribution in Bob's name may do so to the American Cancer Society, The National Federation of the Blind, or any other charity of their choice. To leave a memory you have of Bob or to sign his online guestbook please visit www.rbfhsaline.com

Tribute Wall

SL

“ My heart goes out to each of you that loved Bob. I know he always held a special place in our family's heart because of Doug's love of his best friend. Bob came down on his motorcycle to visit us several times in Florida and once I had the scariest ride hanging onto my husband's back on his motorcycle when he and Bob wanted to take their bikes on the back roads through the park to eat Mexican Food at a mom and pops restaurant in Zolfa Springs. Let's just say it was my first and last time with the guys on their bikes. He helped Doug built a lovely hearth for the fireplace that trip. I am quoting Bob; Doug will always live on in my thoughts and memory until we meet again. I am sure Doug was waiting with open arms to welcome his friend home. God bless you all.

Sharlon Lind - April 24, 2025 at 09:04 PM

JW

I remember hearing about that trip. Thank you for sharing

Jennifer Wilson - May 01, 2025 at 04:52 AM

MV

“ *Bob was different, in an honest & beautiful way. He would be proud that you captured his essence in this obituary.*

Bob was unique, artistic, intense, kind and genuine. He was always secure enough in his beliefs to be himself, with no apologies. I truly admired that about him!

The last time Bob and I spent time together we laughed so much. Those moments will always be part of my best memories of this amazing person!

Mava Vandervennet

Mava Vandervennet - April 22, 2025 at 01:55 PM

JW

Love you!

Jenny Wilson - April 22, 2025 at 05:56 PM

“ *In loving memory of my dear Cousin Bobby V!*

Dear Stella, Jenny, Scott, family and friends:

While I was growing up (which is still a work in progress), I had the opportunity to work with LJV & Sons every summer while in high school and college. There were some summers that I even got paid. It was tedious, hard manual labor, but I enjoyed the time with Uncles and Cousins.

My fondest memories of slaving through the hot summer months were when I could get on a job with Cousin Bobby V. Regardless of our oppressive bosses (all uncles!), we had a blast getting the job done and goofing off all day long. From sticking pieces of bricks in soft mud for Uncles Ed or Leo to discover and share a litany of choice adjectives with reference to the Almighty - to nailing mortar boards to the scaffold planks to impeded movement. We were always having fun! Thank the lord we could run faster than all our uncles.

The best workdays were rain outs. Soon after the whistle blew the workday dead, we were at the nearest dive bar with our uncles. We had good times, many laughs and too many beers. Sorry - I can't share specifics.

One funny work memory with Bobby V. was during the winter on a job while I was on school break. To make mud the sand had to be heated and unfrozen. This was done by dumping the sand on a hollow tube open at both ends to make a fire to heat the sand. The hot sand would be used to make the mud, which kept it from freezing.

One cold morning Bobby V. was putting scrap wood in the tube to start the fire. He was having trouble getting it started. After 10 minutes or so he went and got a coffee can of gas to help it along. He threw the gas into the heating tub and ran quickly away. Nothing

happened.

We were standing about 15 feet from the heating tube and looking at each other wondering why the fire didn't start. I suggested we wait, but Bobby V. wanted to throw another match in the tube. He approached the tube bent down and investigated the hollow opening. Immediately it exploded with a loud boom and flame shooting out both ends of the tube. The blast blew his hard hat off and Bobby's beard and hair were on fire and smoking. We were both laughing so hard we could hardly put the fire in his beard and hair out. I'll never forget his face and glasses covered with ash surrounded by his singed hair and beard. He looked like black beard the pirate with ash covered glasses on.

From that day forward, whenever wherever we needed to start a fire the family lore was "call Cousin Bobby V - He'll get it going!"

We spent our summers working hard, riding our motorcycles around town to various activities, parks and lakes. We played a lot of frisbee and frisbee golf. Perhaps, with a few cold beverages and some whacky tobacky.

Although we went our separate ways after I completed college, I always had fond memories of our time together. Whenever I hear Janis Joplin sing Me and Bobby McGee, I always change the lyrics - Bobby McGee to Bobby V., Salinas to Salem, I let him slip away...

Bobby loved life and I loved him like a brother. Love to all – Rest in Peace Bobby V!

Love Cousin Bill - William R. Vandervennet, Jr., Jane (wife of 40 years), Daughter Sarah, Sons Jeff and Mike.

JW

*Oh I love that story!
Thank you Billy!
Love,
Jenny*

Jenny Wilson - April 22, 2025 at 05:55 PM

DK

A "grey old bewildered goat" who took a chance on meeting a gal with "smiling eyes ". Perhaps to just make a new friend that turned into an eternal love. Mr. Blue Eyes, my Mr V. Bob said the most wonderful thing in life was being able to say G'night and G'morning to the one you love sealed with a kiss. I said those words to you as we said our final G'night. Forever in my heart, rest well my darling, I'll be dreaming of you

Dianne Kemski - April 23, 2025 at 02:02 AM

DK

Love you!

Dianne Kemski - April 23, 2025 at 02:03 AM

JW

*“ When Bob moved to the Hills, on the first day of spring, we would spend it together in a Dark, Dank Bar!! 😂
Love you & Miss you Brother 🥰*

Jenny Wison - April 22, 2025 at 11:25 AM

PD

“ Our deepest condolences to the family. Our hearts are with you at this difficult time. Love, Paul and Jane Dutzy

There is one piece of Bobby's art that stays with me. I don't know why it struck me but I think of it often. He had a showing in Detroit and one of his sculptures was a large stone wheel on a ramp with several glass panes at the bottom of the ramp. A small pebble was holding the wheel from rolling down the ramp and smashing the glass. To me, it shows the impact something or someone can have on the overall result. I believe that's how Bobby felt in his beliefs of his position in our world. May God hold him in the palm of His hand.
- Paul

Paul Dutzy - April 22, 2025 at 09:39 AM

JW

*Paul,
That sculpture was dedicated to Timmy! 💙 That's why all the Dutzy's were at that art show.*

*Love,
Jenny*

Jenny Wison - April 22, 2025 at 11:20 AM