

Celebrating
THE LIFE OF



ROBERT "BOB" STIVERS

October 28, 1945 - September 13, 2020



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Miss Me But Let Me Go

**When I come to the end of the road
And the sun has set for me
I want no rites in a gloom-filled room
Why cry for a soul set free?**

**Miss me a little-but not too long
And not with your head bowed low
Remember the love that we once shared
Miss me-but let me go
For this is a journey that we
all must take
And each must go alone.**

**It's all part of the Master's plan
A step on the road to home
When you are lonely and sick of heart
Go to the friends we know
And bury your sorrows in
doing good deeds
Miss me but let me go.**

Robert "Bob" Stivers of Beebe passed away suddenly September 13, of an aneurysm of the lung during a battle with cancer. He survived by his daughter Marsia, Zak (son-in-law/deer hunting buddy) and Kevin "Nutty" Zakowski (sidekick, best friend, roommate, only grandchild) and girlfriend Summer Mills and dog Zadie. He is also survived by sisters Cora (Gene) Orvis, Dora Glass, Sarah (Ray) Modlin, all of Beebe, Bertha Whiteside of Batesville, Louise (Steve) Norman of Lonoke, and brother Chris Stivers of Lonoke. These are the last of 16 siblings that he had the joy of growing up with. The girls made meals and took turns with daily visits since April when he started radiation and it continued until his passing. He enjoyed visiting with them, more than the food. Love is a Great Healer.

Bob is preceded in death by his wife of 54 years, Frances Stivers, in 2017; parents Dink and Roxie Stivers, seven brothers and one sister.

He served as a police officer in McRae and Beebe in the 70s before starting Bob Stivers Construction, where he became a master plumber and electrician. Bob was a jack of all trades, there wasn't much he couldn't fix or build. He was always willing to help anyone.

Besides his being with his big family, the outdoors, especially Deer Season, was the happiest of times. He was excited we had gotten his deer feeder and blind ready for this year's upcoming deer season. A big buck left him a calling card as if just telling him "to get well Bob, I am rubbing this tree waiting on you." He was looking forward to a meet and greet with him.