



Robert Mons

October 17, 1942 - February 14, 2011

Mons, Robert F. age 68 of Plymouth. February 14, 2011. Beloved husband of Marietta. Loving father of Julie (Robert) Purdy, Maria (Jamie) Broxholm, Dawn (Mike) Edgerton, and Kristian (Brian) Price. Grandfather to Tonya, Nicole, Christina, Teresa, Michelle, Megan and Audrey. Dear brother of Bill (Debbie), Mel, John (JoAnn) and the late Carol (Don) Hopps. Visitation Wednesday 2-9 PM at Vermeulen Funeral Home, 46401 W. Ann Arbor Rd., (between Sheldon & Beck) Plymouth. Funeral Service Thursday 11 AM at the funeral home. Burial at Holy Sepulchre Cemetery, Southfield, Michigan. Memorial contributions may be made to St. Jude Children's Hospital. To leave a message of condolence or share a memory with the family, please visit vermeulenfuneralhome.com

Tribute Wall



“ Robert Mons

December 07, 2023 at 05:11 AM



“ Im truly sorry to hear about your lost. Lee will definitely be missed by so many. One thing that helps me deal or cope with loosing a loved one is the scripture John 5:28,29. It stats " Do not marvel at this, because the hour is coming in which all those in the memorial tombs will hear his voice and come out, those who did good things to a resurrection of life....." Soon we will be able to see Lee again because God (Jehovah) promises a resurrection hope. Also if you notice that it uses the term "memorial tomb" and not [Grave] which means Gods memory. Robert seems like a really nice guy, a person that God will definitely remember. I hope this gives some comfort.
Dion R (Truth.1914@yahoo.com)

Dion - December 12, 2014 at 10:15 AM

R(

“ *Hero of Yesterday. A tomorrow that was wished away has come around again. Like a bad song, you hate when it comes on. The station never changes, so what did you expect? Tomorrow will bring you to your knees, no matter how many times you scream please. Yesterday's were filled with jelly beans, gum drops, silly jokes, and good times. Because of you we smiled, because of you we understood. You were a hero, a fighter, nothing less. You held on, gave it all you had; all the while, making us laugh and smile. None the less, you will be remembered for nothing less, than a hero. One of a kind, unique to find. You are a hero of yesterday, no one will ever be as good as you were after the tomorrow that was wished away. Thanks for everything is an understatement, but more than an uncle is not. The jokes came easy, but then again so did anything that was "fun." The care and love was even easier, always wanting more togetherness, more get-togethers, more "going for a ride" somewhere, anywhere. Thanks for being my friend and sharing your tang with me so many early mornings as we played checkers and rolled small cars back and forth on your dinner table. Thanks for my very first Butterscotch candy...even though my mom wasn't happy. Someday we'll meet again, I hope there's enough time for you to prepare new material, so be prepared! Because everything else you've ever said or taught us will live on for the generations to come. So see ya later, and thank you. All my love. Oh, and don't worry, I'm sure Bill will make sure the Ford's always clean and shining!*

Robert E (Bobby) - December 12, 2014 at 10:15 AM

RB

“ *So sorry for your loss. May he rest in peace.*

Ray and Josette Busuttill - December 12, 2014 at 10:15 AM

DO

“ At difficult times like this, one never really knows what to say, but just being part of the "history" I feel compelled to offer something. Uncle Mel covered so many memories, mine are simply memories of good times. Uncle Bob ALWAYS had a smile, a new joke to share, and a love of life and family that I TRY to draw on as I raise my own. A huge loss for us left in this world. I think "see you later" is the best way to put it. So long Uncle Bob, give my mom a hug for me okay?

Donnie - December 12, 2014 at 10:15 AM

ME

“ baseball in the schoolyard.... the first day of school at John R.King winning the school spelling bee and the prized dictionary... Mrs. Whaley... the graduating class of five boys...our skipping catachism and still making our First Communion together... slap tongue white buck shoes (what if everybody's name was Jones)...washing the vaseline out of our hair with Ajax... learning to drive.... cleaning out the garage... customizing the bike...Billy Nut But...those silent-but-deadlies...the first garage door opener... Evil Angel...black suede jackets...rides to school...all the Christmases and Easters...Dads Club fourth of Julys... skating on home ice on the frozen lot... gumdrop decorations on the tree at Aunt Carol's... your silly jokes always at the ready.. a smile like no other... always the leader... always inventive... able to do most anything... your tenacious fighting spirit... never giving up... overcoming so many things... yes, just a few of the memories of childhood... things that will always live in my mind and heart.... things that may help to soothe some of the pain of losing you by bringing a smile maybe in the weeks or months ahead... things of the big brother you always were... the role model... the strength and determination. Thank you Bob for being what a big brother should be - and so much more. You will always be loved and you will always be missed, for the world is far less kind with you not in it. Never 'good bye', big brother, just 'Love You- see you later'

Mel - December 12, 2014 at 10:15 AM

JD

“ I am writing for both us....wow did you ever capture a great picture! I haven't been around along, but this is how I will always remember "your" Bob. I'm so sorry for the grieving you will face going forward, but I know the love and caring will get you through...we were ALL better people in knowing & loving Bob Mons. God bless. We love you all. Joe & Diane D'Aiuto

Joe & Diane D'Aiuto - December 12, 2014 at 10:15 AM