



Robert "Bob" W. Snider

September 6, 1951 - November 9, 2017

Robert W. "Bob" Snider,

66, of Indianapolis, passed away November 9, 2017. He was born September 6, 1951 to the late Arnold W. and Dorothy Snider. Bob was employed at Pratt Printing as a Pressman.

Bob is survived by his sisters, Teresa Phillips and Cindy Rothwell; and several nieces and nephews.

Memorial contributions can be made to Parkinson Awareness Association, 4755 Kingsway Dr. #333, Indianapolis, IN 46205. Final care and arrangements are entrusted to Shirley Brothers Thompson Road Chapel.

Tribute Wall

TP

“ I have no answers. I trust Bob is in a better place. Thank you Paige, Dawn, Daphne, Jasmine, Ashley, Justin, Amber, Maria, Roberta, Joey, Donna, Katie, Christine, Christina, Jamie, Rachel, Ryan, Lisa Sue, Vicky, Eddie, Linda, Bob D. Sarah, Alice R., When you hear Bob Dylan Music know Bob is smiling like it's Christmas morning. Bob loved few but loved deeply. Our Mom, Dad, little sister Cindy and me. The Snider's and Abney's. Jerry and Elmer could bring such joy. Brenda and Diana could bring comfort. Kim, Aunt Dolly and Uncle Curt support. Bob love all his niece's, great niece's and nephew's. The love of his life Kim. The older I get the less questions I have. Thank you family and friends for all your prayers, love and support. May peace be with you. Tereasa

Tereasa Phillips - November 12, 2017 at 09:41 AM

TP

“ 1 file added to the album *New Album Name*



Tereasa Phillips - November 12, 2017 at 08:48 AM

KT

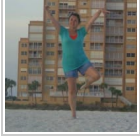
“ Bob was my first love. We were together for 5 years and our time together I will cherish forever. I have thought of Bob often especially since I found out he was in a nursing home. I thought of going to see him several times but wanted to remember him as he was when we were together and didn't know if he would have wanted me to visit with him. I have always had a special place in my heart for Bob and always will. Rest in peace Bob.

Kimberli Thomas - November 12, 2017 at 12:29 AM

KI

“ I had really gotten to know Bob better over the last few years taking my Mom and Dad to visit him every other week in the nursing home. We were able to share lots of stories and memories of growing up. I'm going to miss those visits. Rest in peace. Love you.

Kim - November 11, 2017 at 12:52 PM



“ *My uncle, Robert Warren Snider, went to be with God yesterday. He was 66-years-old. For too long, he battled Parkinson's.*

My uncle spent most his life afraid to venture out. He lived at my grandparents' house into his sixties and in the last decade, rarely left his room. He drank too much beer. He argued for arguments sake.

But once upon a time, my uncle climbed Pikes Peak. He loved a woman who loved him back. He painted pictures and wrote folk songs.

My uncle taught me to appreciate art. He instilled in my mother a love of reading. He read the Bible, every word, more than once. He wrote poetry. He worked for a printing press and helped organize a union strike. When I was 8-years-old, he bought me a guitar.

I don't know why my uncle feared the world more and more the older he became, why he avoided people and places. I only know he missed out on a lot of things. And the world missed out too, because he was talented and smart, and so much might have been - if only.

Rest in peace Rain King. I pray in Heaven you find the sun. I will think of you when I teach my children to draw a lion.

*'When I think of heaven
Deliver me in a black-winged bird
I think of flying down into a sea of pens and feathers
And all other instruments of faith and sex and God
In the belly of a black-winged bird
Don't try to feed me
'Cause I've been here before and I deserve a little more*

*I belong in the service of the Queen
I belong anywhere but in between*

*She's been crying, I've been thinking
And I am the rain king*

*I said mama, mama, mama
Why am I so alone?
I can't go outside, I'm scared, I might not make it home
But I'm alive, but I'm sinking in
If there's anyone home at your place
Why don't you invite me in?
Don't try to bleed me
'Cause I've been there before and I deserve a little more*

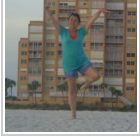
*I belong in the service of the Queen
I belong anywhere but in between
She's been lying, I've been sinking
And I am the rain king*

*Hey, I only want the same as anyone
Henderson is waiting for the sun
Oh, it seems night endlessly begins and ends
After all the dreaming I come home again*

When I think of heaven'

- Counting Crows

Cindy Rothwell - November 11, 2017 at 08:37 AM



“ *My brother taught me growing up to love books art and music
He took me to Talbott street art fairs the raft races
He made ice sculptures in our front yard
He camped and fished
He went on a road trip to Colorado with his friends and climbed
Pikes Peak
We were close when I was young
And in my heart I will treasure the memories sitting on the back
porch him playing his guitar and us singing
Rest in peace Bob Snider*

Cindy Rothwell - November 11, 2017 at 08:34 AM