



Delbert Downs

March 6, 1930 - August 16, 2007

Downs, Delbert E., Thursday, August 16, 2007. Beloved husband of 58 years to Pat Downs; dear father and father-in-law of Kathy (Mike) Mikulin, Don (Diane) Downs and Jeff (Lisa) Downs; dear grandfather, great grandfather; brother-in-law, uncle and friend;

Memorial Service, 11 AM, Monday, August 20 at St. Mark's United Methodist Church, 315 Graham Rd., Florissant. No visitation. Interment private. In lieu of flowers, the family asks that donations be made to the American Cancer Society. On line guestbook at www.hutchensmortuary.com

Previous Events

Service

AUG **20**. 11:00 AM (CT)

St. Mark's United Methodist Church
315 Graham Rd.
Florissant, MO

Tribute Wall



“ *The Lord works in mysterious ways or we never would have known in time. It was wonderful working with Del all those years at Mueller's. Our thoughts and prayers are with Pat and the whole family.##imported-begin##Danny and Ann Schmerber##imported-end##*

August 20, 2007 at 04:23 AM



“ Memories have been flashing through my mind about Uncle Del and I'd like to share a few with the family.

I will never picture Uncle Del without a smile on his face. He loved life and his face showed it.

When Sunny, Corky and I were small he was around a lot and he always had a joke to tell us. This particular joke has stuck in my mind for over 50 years.

Pete and Repeat were sitting on a fence. Pete fell off and who was left.

Of course, we all yelled REPEAT.

Pete and Repeat were sitting on a fence. Pete fell off and who was left.

Again we yelled REPEAT.

I'm embarrassed to say how long it took us to catch on to the joke!

Uncle Del was very competitive when playing badminton. He would dog the front of the line and pounce on the birdie and smash it over the net. He would kill that birdie! I hated to play the front of the line on the opposite side for fear I would suffer the same fate as the birdie.

But my fondest memory was one that occurred when I was around 8 years old. Uncle Del came over to visit us in East St. Louis in a raging snowstorm (at least it seemed raging to an 8 year old's eyes). He and dad decided to go out for --- ice cream. I know you thought I was going to say beer!

They bundled up, trudged through the snow to the car and off they went to Collinsville Dairy. Those of you who were born and raised in East St. Louis will remember that name. I can still see my self standing on the back porch and the car pulling up - not knowing if

they even made it through the snow to the diary. But, out of the car they came, holding the ice cream. That night - my dad and Uncle Del were my heroes.

Of course to an 8 year old it doesn't take much to make you a hero - in my case it was ice cream.

My dad and Uncle Del always, and I mean always, would do anything for their children, including an ice cream run in a semi-blizzard.

Jeanne Barbre

Niece of Uncle Del

Daughter of Uncle Del's older brother Ray.##imported-begin##Jeanne Barbre (niece)##imported-end##

August 19, 2007 at 01:19 PM