



William Robert Field

November 15, 1955 - December 11, 2012

FIELD, WILLIAM ROBERT. Tuesday, December 11, 2012. Fortified with the Sacraments of Holy Mother Church. Beloved father of Michael (Anna) Field, Christopher (Bridget) Field and Melinda Field; Former spouse of 34 years of Mary Field (nee Shook); former father-in-law of Megan; loving grandfather of Emily, Dylan, Koleen, Alaska, Margaret, and Kynleigh; dear brother, brother-in-law, uncle and friend.

Visitation 5-7 p.m. Friday, December 14 at HUTCHENS Mortuary 675 Graham Rd. Florissant followed by 7:00 p.m. Funeral Service. In lieu flowers of memorials to The American Heart Association or The American Cancer Society. Online guestbook at www.hutchensmortuary.co

Previous Events

Visitation

DEC **14.** 5:00 PM - 7:00 PM (CT)

Hutchens Mortuary and Cremation Center

675 Graham Rd.

Florissant, MO 63031

(314) 831-3100

info@hutchensmortuary.com

<http://www.hutchensmortuary.com>

Tribute Wall

CK

“ *To my little brother, You WERE loved and I am sorry you couldn't accept our love, but it was always there.*
Carolyn

Carolyn Kuelker - December 23, 2012 at 10:50 PM



“ *Sweet Tranquility Basket was purchased for the family of William Robert Field.*



December 14, 2012 at 10:04 AM

JR

“ *1 file added to the tribute wall*



Jim Randall - December 14, 2012 at 08:47 AM

KB

“ *To Bill's family: Thank you for sharing him with me. He was a wonderful friend and will be sincerely missed. My deepest sympathy goes out to you. God's blessings.*

Kathi Buckner

Kathi Buckner - December 14, 2012 at 08:44 AM

KB

“ *Kathi Buckner lit a candle in memory of William Robert Field*



Kathi Buckner - December 14, 2012 at 08:42 AM

AG

“ *To Bill's Family, I'm so deeply sorry for your loss. I didn't know Bill that well, but what I knew was a caring, intelligent man who loved his family. May you all find peace in the good memories you have. He will be missed. You are all in my thoughts.*

Alma Gayle - December 14, 2012 at 05:33 AM

LB

“ *“Do not stand at my grave and weep,
I am not there; I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glints on snow,
I am the sun on ripened grain,
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning's hush
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circling flight.
I am the soft starlight at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry,
I am not there; I did not die.”*



Bill may you find eternal peace you seek.

Lisa Bayless - December 14, 2012 at 04:45 AM

LM

“ *Lisa Mash lit a candle in memory of William Robert Field*



Lisa Mash - December 13, 2012 at 09:49 PM

LM

Dear God of eternal life, all who have died by their own hand. Grant them peace from their inner turmoil and the compassion of your love. Comfort those who mourn their loved ones. Strengthen them to face the questions of pain, the guilt and anger, the irreparable loss. Help us to reach out in love to others who prefer death to the choices of life and to their families who grieve. In Jesus' name, Amen.

Lisa Mash - December 13, 2012 at 09:51 PM

DA

“ *Dani lit a candle in memory of William Robert Field*



dani - December 13, 2012 at 08:33 PM

DA

“ *Well heaven has gained a great Angel will always remember the laughs gone but not forgotten*



danimal - December 13, 2012 at 08:32 PM

KE

“ *Kat Ellis lit a candle in memory of William Robert Field*



Kat Ellis - December 13, 2012 at 07:53 PM

KE

My deepest condolences to the family & friends of Bill. I am at loss for words; just heartbroken over his departure. May everyone who loved him, find peace in their memories of him...all of the smiles he caused, his contagious laughter, and that bottomless heart of his. I find comfort in the following poem and hope that his family & friends, can too:

*Death is nothing at all.
I have only slipped away to the next room.
I am I and you are you.
Whatever we were to each other,
That, we still are.*

*Call me by my old familiar name.
Speak to me in the easy way
which you always used.
Put no difference into your tone.
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.*

*Laugh as we always laughed
at the little jokes we enjoyed together.
Play, smile, think of me. Pray for me.
Let my name be ever the household word
that it always was.
Let it be spoken without effect.
Without the trace of a shadow on it.*

*Life means all that it ever meant.
It is the same that it ever was.
There is absolute unbroken continuity.
Why should I be out of mind
because I am out of sight?*

*I am but waiting for you.
For an interval.
Somewhere. Very near.
Just around the corner.*

*All is well.
~Henry Scott Holland*

Kat Ellis - December 13, 2012 at 08:01 PM