



Gary Howard Krueger

July 19, 1953 - December 9, 2024

Gary Howard Krueger was born July 19th 1953 to Calvin and Virginia Krueger in Kansas City, MO. He has two brothers, Steve and Eric, and one sister, Carole. He has four daughters, Lisa, Erica, Hannah and Sarah, and one grandson, Alex. While in school, Gary worked at various restaurants from Crackerneck to Union Station. He met his first wife's mother in one of those kitchens, and was married to Debbie for ten years. Gary made his living building houses, but his first love was chemistry. He studied at MU and UMKC and completed his degree after his first daughter, Lisa, was born. He jumped into construction in the housing boom of the 80's, working weekends while still employed at Butler Manufacturing. He built hundreds of homes throughout the area, including one for his daughter Erica and her husband Bowen. He drew his own floor plans and designed front elevations that were distinctively his, and made many lifelong friends in the construction business. He loved scuba diving and would tell stories of sailing and diving with his brothers. He was also a runner, and ran three half-marathons, including the Hospital Hill and Miami. Gary always enjoyed a good happy hour with his buds. That is how he met his second wife, Denise, who worked at one of their hangouts. His two daughters from that marriage, Hannah and Sarah, never left home staying with him until the end. While his brothers moved to Florida, he remained in the KC area to look after his mother and sister. Virginia suffered for many years with Alzheimer's, and he and his nephew made sure she was able to stay at home until she passed away in 2023. He visited her daily. During that time, he

came to regard his nephew William as a son, and they looked out for each other over the years. Gary loved his daughters more than anything. He was constantly fixing things for them, listening to their stories, cooking for them, and taking care of them. He would never hesitate to fix a broken down car for them, bait a fishing hook, make a cup of coffee, or stop by to help with a repair around the house. He was very proud of his daughters and supported them in their education, careers, and personal lives. He cherished spending time with them. Gary was always planning a big Sunday dinner with his girls, and of course his lifelong friend Jack. He could make a margarita that would have you passed out on the floor, while Jack would have the whole room laughing with stories from their youth. He was a kid that built rockets and mixed explosives and rarely got in trouble for the unintended consequences of his experiments. He was an Eagle Scout and his mother let him get away with a fair amount of mischief. The boys could tell a lot of stories about their childhood adventures. When he wasn't in the kitchen cooking something amazing, he was in his basement brewing a batch of delicious beer. He enjoyed re-creating his favorite German style beers or anything that we requested. His brewing equipment was his own creation, fabricated and assembled by him. Local breweries were always a good time, as we compared the beers and talked about how he could make something like that. When times were good, he loved to go out for fancy meals and live music. When times were lean, he enjoyed a nice meal at home with a cheap bottle of wine. He could live cheap, as he was raised. "They sure are proud of that, aren't they?" He loved the water, whether ocean or lake, and could sit on the beach or the dock with a cocktail in his hand for hours. All of his girls have memories of cruising around the Lake of the Ozarks, bouncing on the waves and listening to tunes from the Beach Boys to Van Morrison. Gary's Catholic faith was very important to him, and it was his desire that all of his children know that God was with them. He prayed often throughout the day, and was moved by the beauty of Catholic mass on Sundays. He often feared that his failures were too great, and leaned on the grace of Jesus Christ his savior. We

know that he is with Him in heaven, but we miss him dearly here with us. He left us on December 9th, 2024.

Gary asked that his body be donated for research into the terrible disease that took him. As such, the family requests donations to the University of Miami Brain Endowment and the Glioblastoma Foundation.

<https://development.miami.edu/Page.aspx?pid=660>

<https://glioblastomafoundation.org/get-involved/donate>

Tribute Wall

RB

“ We are so sad to hear of Gary's passing. We are blessed to have known him, along with his immediate and extended family. We always recall time with Gary, especially during a trip to St Maarten when he was the life of the party. His wit and humor will be missed. Wishing peace and fond rememberances for the entire family. Dick and Carol

RICHARD BRYANT - January 09, 2025 at 05:22 AM

DS

“ Gary will be missed. My two favorite pictures are from our sailing trip to the BVI and they have always hung in my office. The pirate crew was Captain Steve, Gary, and Eric along with my brother David and myself. I have yet to duplicate the experience of that trip, and most likely never will. Gary loved his family more that anything in the world, and my heart breaks for all of you. Rest in peace buddy, and one day we will share a Heavenly cocktail...or two.

Doug Stine - December 10, 2024 at 10:40 AM

EG

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Erica Griffitt - December 10, 2024 at 09:48 AM

DR

Those who know Gary best will see him all too well in this memory. When our girls were very little, in fact I had not yet gone back to work after giving birth to Erica, he decided to go out with the boys to "nickel beer night". He left the house at 4:30 in the afternoon and said he'd be back in an hour. I kinda doubted that and was glad he was going to do something fun. Like the dutiful wife I had his dinner ready at 5:30, just in case. Many hours went by and I was more than a little worried about him. Did they crash in a ditch? At 1:30 in the morning they literally poured him out of the car onto the driveway. He was too drunk to confront, so just helped him to bed without a word but probably some dirty looks. The next morning he says to me. "I don't know why you're so angry. I only spent 35 cents", he was totally clueless that I had been worried sick about him or that it had been inconsiderate not to call. Just how could I possibly be angry about 35 cents!!!

Debbie Reeves - December 11, 2024 at 07:51 PM

EG

“ He was an amazing dad and I miss him so much



Erica Griffitt - December 09, 2024 at 09:21 PM