



## William Robert Kraxner

December 13, 1944 - September 12, 2016

In remembrance of Bill Kraxner, a loving and devoted husband to Lana for 49 years, a proud father of David and Lisa, and grandfather of Destiny, Dylan, Shelby, and Dayton, a Marine Corp Vietnam War veteran, and a private and reserved man respected and admired by those who knew him. Bill attended Raytown High School where, despite his small stature, he played defensive lineman for the varsity football team, and perhaps more impressively, competed as a high jumper on the track and field team, even setting a school record...according to him that is. Bill married his high school sweet-heart, Lana King, and celebrated their 49-year wedding anniversary this past July 1st. He was a loving and devoted husband who always said Lana was the best thing to ever happen to him. Bill enlisted in the Marine Corps in September 1964 and fought in the Vietnam War where he served as a gunner on an infantry truck on the front lines. Like so many vets, he lost many friends and was forever changed by this experience. He battled with the emotional toll of war and while it impacted his everyday life and relationships, he was incredibly strong (and stubborn) and persevered through with the support of his friends and family. In 1968, Bill was honorably discharged from the Marine Corp at the rank of Corporal. Since he was stationed in beautiful Oceanside, CA, Lana joined him there and they lived life in the Sunshine state for 2 years where Bill had a job with an upholstery company and surfed the Pacific ocean in his spare time. In 1970, with Lana pregnant with their first child, Bill turned down a job offer with Union Pacific Railroad and they returned to Kansas City.

In September of that year, their son, David, was born and in 1974, their daughter, Lisa, was born. Bill was proud and wonderful father.

In 1978, Bill began working for the Raytown Water Company and he continued to pursue his passion of art - he loved art and was a gifted painter and an expert in charcoal drawing. As his kids grew older, his hobbies of course would change, mostly to taxi service, coach, and even cheerleader. He would continue some passions, like art, playing tennis, listening to music, reading, and archery, but he also began new endeavors such as stamp collecting, going to the car races, home-repair of his own car (which was always interesting), watching his kids play sports, lawn maintenance (which his family affectionately referred to as "moving dirt"). By 1999, Bill and Lana became empty-nesters and work became one of Bill's primary passions. He always had an incredible work ethic but with the kids gone, it was his livelihood. Bill loved going to work every day at 4:30am and making coffee for the crew when they arrived. Bill cherished the friendships he built with his co-workers at Raytown Water Company and Jackson County Water Supply. Bill loved his work and he rarely missed a day, working all the way up to August 1st of this year, while sick and feeling terrible. Work meant everything to Bill. He would want us to thank all of his co-workers for their support and friendship over the years, especially the visits while he was sick - they meant the world to him.

Bill was a good and decent man with an incredible sense of humor - he loved to laugh and make others laugh with his quick-witted barbs. Bill appreciated quality down-time too...simply his favorite spot on the sofa, a good movie, a cold beer and smokes. While he did occasionally enjoy an in-depth discussion on a variety of topics, he was a relatively quiet man, believing there's more to learn by listening than by talking. Although he kept his emotions closely guarded, Bill cared deeply for his friends and family, and he did express at every opportunity an immense amount of appreciation to the nurses who took

care of him, and especially his favorite nurses, Gail and Sara. He was most thankful for his wife, Lana, there at every step and through his last breath.

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The Old Man At The Sea

He stands silently looking seaward,

Perhaps longing to be free?

To be free from land's firm clutches

To roam the endless sea?

Perhaps he's just a dreamer?

Staring at a peaceful tide.

Or was he once a surfer

Dreaming of huge waves to ride?

There's a sadness in his staring,

Looking neither left nor right.

Standing on a lonely boardwalk

From dawn to late at night.

His suit has seen its best of days.

His shirt unbuttoned at the top.

There's a pride - Yes! There's a longing

For his looking never stops.

Does he see his early youth

On a Merchant Navy ship?

Did he fish the deepest oceans

On each fraught, each dangerous trip?

Did he lose his dearest love one  
In a battle with the foam?  
Or does he spend his lonely hours  
Wishing that the sea was home?

There's an ocean full of questions  
Which he would think absurd.  
There's a sea so full of answers  
Which never will be heard!

- Joe Hughes

# Previous Events

## Mass

SEP 17. 10:00 AM (CT)

Our Lady of Lourdes Catholic Church  
8812 E Gregory Blvd  
Raytown, MO 64133

## Celebration of Life

SEP 17. 11:00 AM (CT)

Our Lady of Lourdes Catholic Church  
8812 E Gregory Blvd  
Raytown, MO 64133

## Graveside Service

SEP 19. 2:00 PM (CT)

Floral Hills  
7000 Blue Ridge Blvd  
Kansas City, MO 64133

# Tribute Wall

AK

“ I have so many good memories of my very caring big brother. But the best one is one that I don't remember at all. When I was born, Mam brought me home to a 3 story walk up at 333 Southwest Boulevard. Grandpa Kraxner owned the building and lived on the bottom floor. Aunt Dorothy, Uncle Hugh and their family lived on the second floor. We lived in the one-bedroom apartment on the top. It was very hot--it was July, no air conditioning back then--and crowded. Mama and Daddy slept in the one bedroom with a fan blowing directly on them. My crib was in the living room, and Bill's cot was just next to me. That first night home, he heard me whimper. He told me I never cried out loud, but he knew I was hot and uncomfortable. Mama could not hear over the fan. So Bill figured out how to lower the side of the crib. This little 8-year-old boy unwrapped my blankets, carefully picked me up, and carried me out to the screened-in porch, where there was a little breeze, making it much cooler. There on the porch, he sat in the rocking chair, holding me against his chest, and rocked me all night long while I slept. I guess he often held me on that porch at night. Although I can't remember it--he told me the story just a few years ago--some memories stay in our bodies, in our cells, and I believe that this one is safe inside of me. When I think of that little boy taking care of me, I realize that in those nights rocking on the porch, he taught me love. Now and always, Buzzy, I love you. Anna

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**Anna M Kraxner** - September 19, 2016 at 11:09 AM

CL

“ Chris Lewis purchased the Full Of Love Bouquet for the family of William Robert Kraxner.



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**Chris Lewis** - September 18, 2016 at 11:35 PM



“ *Beautiful in Blue* was purchased for the family of *William Robert Kraxner*.



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September 16, 2016 at 11:46 AM



“ *2 files added to the album William R. Kraxner*



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**Reflections Memorial Services LLC** - September 14, 2016 at 02:51 PM