



## Roland Kimball

December 31, 1969 - April 2, 2007

Obituary of Roland Kimball Roland W. Kimball, Sr., age 89, of Ocala, Florida died Monday, April 2, 2007 at Ocala Regional Medical Center. He was born in Monson, Maine and moved to Ocala in 1981 from Clinton, Maine where for over 30 years he owned and operated a Used Car Business. Roland loved playing his guitar and listening to country music. He also loved traveling and was a big NASCAR fan. But most of all, he loved his family. He is survived by his loving wife of (66) years, Viola M. Kimball of Ocala, Florida; his (2) sons, Roland W. and wife Rhonda Kimball, Jr., of Austin, TX. and Robert B. and wife Susan Kimball of Benton, Maine; his (2) daughters, Karen A. and husband Donnie Elston and Gayle M. McGuire and Rick, all of Ocala, Florida; also numerous grandchildren, great grandchildren and great-great grandchildren. Funeral service will be 11 a.m., Friday, April 6, 2007 at the ROBERTS FUNERAL HOMES, BRUCE CHAPEL WEST, 6241 SW State Rd. 200, Ocala, Florida 34476 with interment to follow in Good Shepherd Memorial Gardens Cemetery.. The family will receive friends at the Funeral Home one hour prior to service time.

# Tribute Wall

“ This is a very sad time for my family, and as sad as it is, when i stop to think about my Grampy I still cannot help but smile. My great grampy had to have been one of the most kind hearted people I know. He was so happy-go-lucky. I always felt worry free and at peace around him. He had this special demeanor about him. His facial appearance alone was enough to brighten a room. He always smiled so big with his mouth wide open. When he finished his wide mouth smile, he'd always close his eyes first, and then his mouth last. It was so captivating and adorable to watch. He was such a charming man. And his smile and happiness were contagious. I had the pleasure of spending some quality time with my grampy back in October of 2006. It was simply delightful. I took the time to really study him while I was with him. It was funny to me how particular he was, and how he liked to follow a set agenda. Every morning he had to go to the Market to get his bananas. While there he would be sure never to bypass the baked goods, he would spend several minutes just admiring the goodies. I am not sure if he enjoyed more: the looks of the goodies or the taste of them. He would just check them all out and see what was there. Giving the goodies all of his attention. I don't really recall him every buying any. However he did have an extremely healthy appetite. I had the honor of preparing a meal for him. I made a taco bean dip, mashed potatoes, green bean casserole, and meatloaf. Grampy cleaned his plate, twice! Grampy's favorite thing to eat though, was pizza. It was his Wednesday ritual to have pizza. I had such a nice time going with him to Lacki's. He had to sit in the corner on the side with the chairs (as opposed to in the booth) so that he could hear what we were saying. He smiled the whole time. He was right in Greek Salad - Pizza Pie - Tuna Cracker - heaven. It will be sad to go there and see his special seat empty. It is funny how far the world came during the time that grampy lived. It wasn't until I grew up and matured that I realized the years behind my great grandparents and the miles of memories that they had put behind them. Grampy had roughly 67 years on him by the time I came around. It is incredible for me to think that he lived 10 years shy of a century. He and grammie educated me about growing up during the great depression, luckily for me they

told me about these struggles at a time in my life when I would appreciate it. One of the funniest memories I will ever have of grampy was from a few years back. He had gone to Maine around the same time my mother had just bought a new car. He had stepped outside to check it out and he was looking at the back of the car. Mom and I were watching him from inside. Mom decided to play a funny joke on him and she used her automatic keys to pop the trunk from inside. Grampy was so puzzled. He shut the trunk, and continued checking out the back of the car. Mom popped the trunk again, and again with a curious look on his face he shut it. A third time, she popped the trunk. This time he slammed it shut, and was making a face. If expressions could talk, his would have cursed the trunk. The concept of remote trunk poppers was new to my grampy. Grampy was a funny guy. Without even trying to be. He just had the cutest disposition. Each of us have our own memories of this funny ways. Bobby loved the little clap thing he did. Aunt Karen liked how he talked about his "Queer Doctor" that he loved so very much. I was talking to my grampy, trying to find out my families roots and heritage. So I asked him: "Grampy, where is your family from, like where are you from?" He looked at me as serious as ever, curious as to why I was asking a question I already knew the answer to and responded: "Maine." Clearly, not understanding my question. It was hilarious. I can remember when I was a little girl, grampy fixing up a bike for me so I could ride it with Bobby while we were in Florida on vacation. He let me pick it out. I am not really sure why I have such a vivid memory of this, but clearly it was something my grampy did that touched my heart. I loved how my Grampy would sit. I loved going down to his room with him and sitting. (I like to sit myself, I think it's his legend that I will continue. Just as he loved to reminisce. I love to do that as well). It would be completely silent. He would sit in his chair in his room, tap his finger tips on the arm of the chair and gaze out the window. Occasionally he would just look over and do the wide open mouth smile or reach out and squeeze my hand and say: "I love yah." With his southernish accent and Mainer pronunciation. Grampy was one hell of a card player. I find myself fortunate to have been able to sit with my grampy at 22 years of age (he, 89) and play cards with him.

*What I didn't expect, was to have my ass handed to me, which I did. It was an amazing time. Another incredible time with Grampy was the time a few years back where I got to dance with him at my uncle Bobby's wedding. It made my day to dance with my grampy, and more importantly it made his. Oh how he smiled the entire time. Grampy is gone now. I will never be able to dance with him again, but his spirit will always dance in my heart. I will never forget the special dance I shared with my grampy, his big smile, his healthy appetite, his stories, his dominance in Rummie, the way he lit up a room, or the wonderful life he lived. He and his love will remain in my heart and in my mind. Until we meet again. Rest in Peace my grampy. You are my hero and inspiration. I love you very much and will miss you. God bless you. "When I get where I'm going (...) I'm gonna walk with my granddaddy, and he'll match me step for step. And I'll tell him how I've missed him, every minute since he left. And then I'll hug his neck. When I get where I'm going."*

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**Juna Cornforth** - December 12, 2008 at 12:00 AM

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“ *All the staff here at Roberts Funeral Home want to express our condolences to the family of Mr. Roland W. Kimball, Sr. at this difficult time.*

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**Rosemary Arthur** - December 12, 2008 at 12:00 AM