



## Robert James DeYarman

December 23, 1972 - September 15, 2025

Robert James DeYarman passed away in his home on September 15, 2025. He was 52 years old. Robert was survived by his mother, Karin DeYarman, sisters Jody DeYarman and Connie (Kevin) Miller, and his beloved niece Lily Miller. Robert was preceded in death by his father, Thomas DeYarman. Robert was a lifelong Pueblo resident. He attended Pueblo Central High School and graduated in 1992. While a student at Central, he was a member of both choir and the drama club, and served as president of the drama club in his senior year.

After high school, he attended Pueblo Community College, where he graduated with an Associate's degree from the Culinary Arts Program. Shortly after graduation, Robert secured a position as a cook at the University Park Care Center, where he remained for 30 years.

These are the basic facts of Robert's life, and while accurate, they fail to reflect the type of person he was.

Our mom remembers him as being the “happiest baby.” Mom would walk down the street, and strangers would walk behind her just to talk to Robert, who was strapped in his carrier, backpack-style. Mom says it was because he was always ready to entertain. When he got older, he would tell the neighbors the most fantastic stories, providing them with ample laughter. He was blessed with an outgoing personality and, in preschool, would march right up to the other children and ask if they wanted to be friends. If they said no, Robert, undaunted, would chug off to the next kid (and the next).

By first grade, Robert had entered the theater world. He began his career in the City Park summer play: “The Wizard of Oz,” (directed by Lois Duvall), in which he was cast as the Mayor of the Munchkins. His costume was a purple and gold satin tux complete with a top hat. From that came his first nickname, Mayor Munchie.

Robert continued to pursue theater in high school, where he worked the hours required to become a card-carrying thespian. This card remained in his wallet until the day he died. In one of his final plays at Central, Robert bent over, and with a cacophonous tear, the seat of his pants split, exposing his very white drawers against the black of the pants. True to his belief that the show must go on, he wrapped a blanket around his waist and completed the scene. It was there that he was given his second nickname, “Rip,” which he accepted with reasonably good cheer and significant aplomb.

While enrolled in the Culinary Arts program, Robert received his third nickname. It was a special nickname because, unlike the others, it was still his name (Robert) but pronounced with a French accent: Robear. That’s the nickname that stuck. He was referred to as Robear by the staff and residents at the University

Park Care Center for 30 years.

Robert went out of his way to improve the world around him, even in the face of a lifelong struggle with depression. He was remarkably kind in that way. No act of service was too big or small for his undertaking, from helping his father daily with his TED hose and eye drops, to making special meals for family and friends, to buying lottery tickets for his mom. He provided shelter to his youngest sister when she needed it, and always managed to find the perfect gift for his brother-in-law.

Robert’s kindness extended to his professional life as well. Whenever possible, he would purchase special food items like steaks or favorite cereals for his residents. Over the years, he delivered and returned hundreds of library books for them, acquired countless donations for bingo prizes and craft

projects, and hung and maintained bird feeders. He also, with a commitment bordering on zealous, consistently tried to cook meals for his residents that were both delicious and healthy.

Family of Robert would also attest to his marked absence from many holidays and special occasions, including his own birthday. This was because he would cover the shifts of his colleagues so they could be with their own families on those days. He counted numerous staff past and present friends and a precious few as family.

Robert's life of service did not stop there. Instead, he spent several years volunteering at Books Again, sorting through cartons of books to be placed on shelves, thrown out, or set aside as rare and more valuable editions. Robert was a lifelong reader, and this work suited both his love of books and of service to his community.

In recent years, Robert was unable to volunteer due to increasing pain and limited mobility. However, he would still go to Books Again to find unique gifts and new reading material; it was also where he donated his own and other people's used books to support the library.

Robert's gift-giving skill was truly remarkable. Over the years he managed to find something everyone appreciated, or at least left them saying... "huh."

Among the appreciable would be his ability to find niche graphic tees, (guinea pig merchandise is not easy to come by), his willingness to cook wonderful meals,

such as his gift to Kevin of 12 months of dinner, or framed paper flowers found at an estate sale that still hang on Lily's wall. Among the "huh," would of course be the preserved-in-epoxy-resin McDonald's Chicken Nugget. May your nostalgia be eternal?

While Robert had no children of his own, his niece was a constant source of enjoyment and pride. Robert would brag about her to anyone who would listen. When she was born, he stepped far out of his comfort zone and got on

a plane to meet her. When it was time to leave, he cried the whole way to the airport (and it was not because he was going to miss his sister).

Robert had an absolutely twisted sense of humor. He told the worst dad jokes and was unnaturally fond of puns. Nobody was safe from his love of the pun, and he was incredibly quick with an appalling rejoinder. His humor was often commented on by members of the extended family he inherited when his sister remarried.

His brother-in-law Kevin summed up much that there was to be said about Robert, and as Epitaphs go, it seems appropriate.

“Robert never stopped trying to be the best brother, uncle, and son. He was a unique person with an exceptional skill set for showing people how much he cared for them. He had a heart as big as any I’ve ever seen. I miss you, man.” Robert so often succeeded in making the world a better place, one small act of kindness or service at a time. His life was too short, he was loved, and he will be missed.

The family requests that if you wish to remember Robert in a tangible way that a donation be made to Books Again in Robert’s name.

A check or money order can be mailed to Books Again 622 S. Union Avenue Pueblo, CO. 81004.

# Tribute Wall

CH

“ My heart goes out to you. I am holding your family in my thoughts and wishing you comfort and strength as you walk through this time together.



Christina Haney - September 29, 2025 at 02:27 PM

SR

“ Robear was a kind soul his, presence was profound. Friendship was held dear to him and he always made you feel special I will miss his spontaneous text messages and his yearly spice mix . Rest in Peace my friend you will be missed !

susie rinn - September 22, 2025 at 11:32 AM

EV

“ Growing up next Door to the Family was an honor...Robert "baby blue eyes" as my Aunt would call him always had a great Smile and joke to tell .. Robert was always a shy guy but once he got use to you he always had a great story to share...Robert was one of a kind... Always sweet and caring he would always make it a point to say Hi when I would see him out in town.  
My deepest Condolences Love and Prayers go out to the family...  
Rest Easy "Baby Blue Eyes"

Eron Naomi Valdez - September 22, 2025 at 10:24 AM

BR

“ I'm so thankful that you brought Robert into our lives, Connie. He is, and will be, very well remembered here.

Brian - September 22, 2025 at 09:20 AM

EV

*Growing up next door to the family was an honor.... Robert "baby blue eyes" as my Aunt would call him always had a great Smile and joke to tell .. Robert was always a shy guy but once he got use to you he always had a great story to share...*

*My deepest Condolences Love and Prayers go out to the family... Rest Easy "Baby Blue Eyes"*

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**Eron Naomi Valdez** - September 22, 2025 at 10:17 AM

EV

*I do apologize I posted in the wrong area.*

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**Eron Naomi Valdez** - September 22, 2025 at 10:25 AM