

# BILL STRAUB SR.



**Bill and Louise Straub**

## **William Straub**

February 9, 1930 - November 8, 2019 Age: 89

William Joseph Straub, 89, of Fernandina Beach  
Born in Hastings on Hudson, New York, he was a son of the late Adam  
and Marion Abbott Straub.

After service in the U. S. Navy Bill spent many years owning and  
operating his own business, **Capital Inventory**, a firm which  
inventoried hospital pharmacies. In 2002, Bill and his wife Louise  
moved from Woodstock, Georgia to Fernandina Beach, Florida to  
enjoy family and friends and his passion for golf.

Bill was routinely seen on the golf course mentoring our juniors in golf.



I would like to share with you the comments of two of Bill Straub's many friends, so you have an understanding of the man leaving this scholarship opportunity for our juniors in golf. These comments were delivered at Bill's "**Celebration of Life**" on Veterans Day, November 11<sup>th</sup>, 2019 at Oxley-Heard Funeral Homes in Fernandina Beach, Florida in front of family and friends with standing room only.

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Good Morning and thank you for being here today, on this very special Veteran's Day to celebrate the life of a Great Man, Mr. Bill Straub.

Bill, who was my friend, was a great man. Better yet, Bill was the epitome of a Great Man. A leader and a Veteran of the United States Navy and the finest of human beings who served our country and community. He served with great dedication, honor and respect.

Bill wore RED, WHITE and BLUE his entire life in honor of his country, so what day better to celebrate the life of a patriotic man than Veterans Day. Happy Veteran's Day Bill and thank you for your service.

I met Bill while working as a PGA Professional at Amelia National Country Club. My day was always better when I had my Bill fix. He would just brighten my day and brighten any room he walked into and he was the life of the party. He was magical in presence, so very few have that gift. Maybe it was his words of encouragement or the soft spoken, almost whispered jokes that always made me laugh. Maybe it was just his wit, his sharpness. I'm certain he was a member of the MENSA club.

I loved that Bill invited me into his life. I judged Bill many years ago and it's something I don't normally do, but Bill was more unique than most. I found him to be an altruist, a lover of mankind, a listener, a giver, a mentor, a man who loved his family and showed it every day. He was a man with the highest of integrity and great respect for people and rule.

Bill loved his friends and his friends loved him and that love is reflective by the number of people in this room. Bill was a leader, a man with a plan, a man with vision and a man with action to ensure his visions were successful.

What a great thing Bill and his amazing family have done over the past 20 plus years with Bill's vision bringing attention to the "***Organ Donation Awareness Program***" via the Adam Straub Memorial Golf Tournament. A negative and sad moment with the loss of his son Adam turned into a positive and tens or hundreds of thousands of dollars raised for a great cause and countless lives saved because of it.

Bill had no time for dreaming, as he knew, without action, dreams were just a waste of time. Bill lived and loved golf, there was no question about that. No one loved or respected the game of golf more than Bill.

Bill was proud and honored to be a partner to the North Florida PGA's Northern Chapter and a partner to the North Florida Junior Golf Foundation and it was also an honor for us to be partnered with him as we together took steps to grow the game of golf for all the ages.

Bill loved playing in Northern Chapter PGA Pro-Am's. I played in more than 30 Pro-Am's with Bill and his friends over the 11 years that I have known him and it was a joy each time.

In the years I've known Bill and through all the professional time I got to spend with him I only saw him get upset once and that was when he had to give shots to a field of better players at the Amelia National club championship because he was playing an up-tee. Bill was adamant about the fact that if you created your handicap from a certain tee box at your club and you played against other players at your club who also created their handicap from another teeing ground that you should not be penalized with stroke adjustments. He fought that fight for over 30 days straight wearing out the Head Pro. Bill didn't win that battle, but I'll beat the rules change at the Pearly Gates Golf Course where son Adam and brothers John and Adam are all on the rules committee.

I Love you Bill Straub we will all miss you, but know this, we will all carry your legacy forward and ensure your support will not go for naught.

To the Straub family and friends, may your future days be filled with joy and happiness! This is a difficult time, but reflect on all the positive Bill has done for others in his life.

Jack Aschenbach, PGA

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Delivered by Dr. William Peters,

It is not possible to do justice to 89 years of a man's life in a few words – particularly of a remarkable man such as Mr. William Straub, Sr.

My name is William Peters, I have known Mr. Straub for over 15 years and I had the honor of being one of his cancer doctors. People who know me know that I do not talk about patients, but I asked Louise if I should say some things about his medical issues and she said I should.

We often think of medicine as a science – but it is really a more complex epistemology (or way of knowing) – part science, part art, part research, part guessing, part synthesis of experience. A big part of the epistemology is what we see, observe and learn from each patient.

As his doc, I have seen and learned a lot about Mr. Straub.

I have seen him from the front and back,  
With his cloths on, and with his clothes off  
I have seen his blood, his chemistries and his urines  
I have seen his insides – his CT's cut horizontally and sagittally

His MRI's and his PET CTs – even the head scan report that read “unremarkable brain” – I don't think so.

Mr. Straub had an abundance of medical problems – his main ones being cancers of the head and neck and of the kidney. As a complication of one of his procedures, he lost functioning of his esophagus and needed to get all his nourishment from a tube in his stomach for years. At the end, he was receiving a new immunologic treatment for his kidney cancer from which his tumors were getting smaller, but it was tough on him. He had a fall, and was briefly hospitalized to drain fluid around his lung. On the day he died, he was at home and was comfortable and much his usual self. He went to bed and got up in the middle of the night by himself and took his medicine. In the morning, he was found dead. At the end, I really don't know why he died – I suspect he had a pulmonary embolus or a collapsed lung.

As his doctor, I wanted to keep him living for many more years – at least to his 90<sup>th</sup> birthday which he charged me to do – in that I failed by three months;

But, as his friend, I am thankful that this man with cancer died peacefully in his sleep.

As I have said, I have seen a lot of Mr. William Straub (the patient) – but that is not what I want you to see of Bill Straub (the man)

For a moment, I want you to close your eyes and bring into your mind as a picture, your strongest memory of Bill. Think about it for a moment. I will bet that among this group, there are a hundred different memories of Bill that really are pretty much the same.

My memory is a group picture taken on the first tee of the Championship Golf Course at Carnoustie. It is a cold, grey, windy day in Scotland in May of 2017. Bill is in the center of the picture with his peaked hat and 8 layers of clothing holding his driver.

Everyone in the picture – Wade, my wife, myself, the caddies (and in the background Louise and Melanie and Bill Duff – all are smiling – except Bill. He stands there with a fierce intensity in his eyes, and determination to conquer arguably the toughest golf course in the world. It was so “Bill”.

At 87 years of age, he optimistically hit his tee shot and sped off down the fairway. He was the fastest golfer. Through cold, and wind, and rain and occasional sun that day, he hit shot after shot, climbed in and out of bunkers, and plodded his way around a golf course that brings professionals to their knees.

Now, honestly, he was not a very good golfer – Bernard Darwin would have said he lacked the fundamental style to be even a bad golfer – but he played with relish.

After the round in the clubhouse, he sat with his life's love Louise at his side, joking and while we were having a beer, he funneled a can of Osmalite into the tube in his stomach – with humor – optimistically declaring the next course that he would conquer – St. Andrews.

That's my memory picture. I would bet yours shows the same character of the man.

Tough, resolute, persistent, filled with love and humor, insanely generous, determined, courageous, stubborn – these are all words that I have heard to describe Bill – and all true.

I would be talking all day to share even a fraction of the life of this fine man. Let me tell you just two additional things you may not know.

We all know that Bill built his company –Capital Inventory – from nothing to a thriving enterprise. What you may not know is that he did this at age 49 and he put everything he had on the line – all his savings, his pension, he double mortgaged his home, borrowed every dime he could – to make the company work. And with courage and persistence he made it work. That is what he does. Bill had the courage to be himself --- otherwise, how could he dress like that.

We all know that Capital Inventory started in Virginia and moved its offices and 11 employees and their families to Georgia. What you may not know is that Bill moved it there to be with Louise. Bill had met Louise on the phone buying telephone equipment. In one of the great love stories of all time, after a long courtship by phone, he flew one day to Atlanta with a dozen roses which he delivered personally to Louise. It was the 2<sup>nd</sup> of August, 1982. The plane ticket is framed in the back of the room. The rest is history. When she wouldn't move to Virginia, he moved the company to Atlanta. They were married in 1983 and on the second day of each month ever since, he sent her a dozen roses. That story puts nearly every husband to shame.

I started by talking about epistemology and that I try to learn something from every patient. I learned a lot from Bill but what I will remember all my life from him is that life is 10% of what happens to you, and 90% of how you react. No matter what happens to you, it has no power to keep you from a passion for life and love.

Bill had freedom from self-pity – God knows that he had trials – but he never complained or blamed anyone for his troubles. For some, losing some faculties is worse than losing your life – not for Bill – he somehow made them into virtues

William Wallace, the great Scot of Braveheart said “Every man dies, not every man really lives.”

William Straub really lived.