

The following letter from Bob Martin (on behalf of the Easy Street Band) was published in the Herald on 2/5/05 after the passing of one of the band's biggest fans . . .

Barberton's Bob Krska.

Procrastination had set in. I had told my closest friends that I was going to write a letter to the papers after the passing of Barberton city worker Bob Krska. My motivation came while reading the editorial in the Barberton Herald by Editor Robert Morehead (1/27/05) about the city's recent losses of Coach Jack Greynolds and Bob Krska. Needless to say—he quite honestly brought me to tears. I didn't really regroup until later in the day. I read his articles every week, but this one was different. He bared his soul and even dared to ponder the meaning of life. Wow. Reading that article was a cosmic leap up from shaking my head at the constant whining and bitching in the Herald Views Line or reading the sad, but true Police Logs! I commend Mr. Morehead for his eloquent words and philosophical thoughts. If you missed this in the paper . . . you really need to find a copy and read it.

My mom used to go to everyone's funeral. Sometimes she admitted that she went (in a few cases) because "she feared that there might be low attendance" for that certain person. As many of you know—she was a very kind and loving woman. Hundreds came when she died. Many came to show their respect and I'm sure a few—as payback. But 3,000 people stood in line in the January cold to honor Bob Krska. That is unfathomable. Mr. Morehead asked if that was "the measure of a man". It probably is. Did some of us ponder (if just for a second) how many would come to our own funeral? I know I did. There were people there from all walks of life. I don't think anyone gave up and left. It is truly amazing that such a simple man had such an affect on so many people.

Twin brothers, Bob and George Krska came to every Easy Street Band reunion show. They called right away to get the best seats. They danced and listened all night. All the guys in the band knew them from over the years and would surely agree . . . we had no better fans than the Krska brothers. It's dedicated fans like them that allowed us to live the dream of getting to play music for a living for a few years of our lives. We will never forget.

Bob seemed to always be smiling . . . always glad to see me . . . never complaining or bringing me down. In December, I saw Bob and his daughters at a basketball game. I only waved. Why didn't I go talk to him? I have no excuse.

Mr. Morehead spoke of Bob's job of painting the lines on the roads, filling potholes . . . thankless jobs. Maybe we should all learn something from this . . . as many of us did on 9/11 . . . that we should take the time to thank our city workers, fireman and policeman that risk their lives for us on a daily basis. While you're at it—how about a teacher or two? Maybe it's also time we all take a moment to tell our family, friends and loved ones—just what they mean to us. For as the Don Henley song goes . . . "One day they're here, the next day they're gone".

The city of Barberton has lost a great employee & citizen and our sports teams have lost one of it's most passionate supporters. We all will miss his smile and his love of life.

Lastly, I'll quote the Michael Stanley lyric that really rings true right now . . .

"Thank God for the man who put the white lines on the highway".

Bob Martin