



Robert Burt Dean

January 10, 1942 - April 12, 2011

Robert Burt Dean passed away on April, 12, 2011 at the age of 69. The beloved husband of Joyce Frank Dean for 47 years. He is survived by 2 daughters, Janice Dean Triplett (Sean) and Cheryl Dean (Mark). Pawpaw of Cian and Bain Triplett. Brother of Harlin Dean, Sr., Victor Dean, Roger Dean, Scotty Dean and Sharon Barthel. Son of the late Kermit and Myrtie Dean. Son-in-law of Chester and Shirley Frank. He will be missed by all who knew and loved him.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend a Memorial Service at the Kenner Funeral Home of L.A. Muhleisen and Son, 2607 Williams Blvd on Saturday, April 16, 2011 at 2:00 p.m. Visitation will begin at 12:00 noon.

Previous Events

Visitation

APR **16**. 12:00 PM - 2:00 PM (CT)

L.A. Muhleisen & Son Funeral Home
2607 Williams Blvd
Kenner, LA 70062
(504) 466-8577
info@muhleisen.com

Memorial Service

APR **16**. 2:00 PM (CT)

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2607 Williams Blvd
Kenner, LA 70062
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Tribute Wall



“ *Robert Burt Dean*

October 15, 2023 at 09:39 PM

JD

“ Robert, my husband for 47 years, 8 months, and 9 days, he is missed very, very much. I thank God for those years of love and happiness we had together. There are so many wonderful memories. Robert was a loving husband, doting father, and a very good grandfather. Family always came first.

Every morning I had my coffee and paper sitting on the table when I got up. Everyday I got a good morning kiss, a good by kiss when I left for work or to run errands, and a good night kiss.

Our girls always talk about the vacations we had every summer. We would start out early in the morning, stop for breakfast, and before long Robert would tell me to make the sandwiches for lunch. We would eat and snack the whole trip. We always had a "vacation song" to remind us of each trip. We also joined in the ABC game finding the letters along the way. He could always find them first, but would let the girls get to say them.

We had great fun camping with Vic, Faye, Tina, and Brandie. Robert and Vic would have gourmet meals ready for us at the camp site when we returned from the day's activities. One time they came to the pool to swim with us. What a great surprise. The girls loved it.

We will never forget the great meals he prepared for us every day especially the "special" ones made with the "finest ingredients" as he would say. No one will forget the barbecues, the crawfish boils, gumbo, stuffed crabs, pecan pies, pralines, and the list goes on.

Christmas was always so special. We have the loving memory of the "um-la-tee-da" song he would sing while dancing on his tip toes when he was making the pies and desserts. We enjoyed our tradition of watching Emmitt Otter's Jug Band Christmas each year even after the girls were grown.

Our grandchildren will always remember the knock knock jokes and the rhyming word games he played with them at bed time. He was a

warm, caring, loving grandfather.

Another one of our special family times was watching the Saint's games together each of us sitting in our assigned spots to bring them luck. Thank you God for letting him see the Saints win a Super Bowl.

Robert was such a loving, kind, honest man. There are just not enough words to express how much he meant to all of us and how sad and lonely we are without him. I pray that God will let him help watch over us and greet us when it is our turn to be called home.

Joyce F. Dean - June 25, 2011 at 10:36 AM

HS

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



HarlinRay Dean Sr. - April 22, 2011 at 04:12 PM

“ I would like to be sad about my brothers death, however, as I think about his life I can only rejoice in his legacy and what he meant to me.

The following are just a few of the fond memories that I have of a brother that was always so proud of me and was not shy about expressing it. Well now as ever I want everyone to know how proud I have always been of him and his many talents. He could sing, dance and talk the horns off a bill goat. Love, aught and charm his way into any ones heart. I rejoice in a life filed with love, laughter, happiness, zest and a giving heart that was open to one and all. God bless Robert Burt Dean my brother.

I was only 3 1/2 years old when he was born, but, I can still visualize being across the road (Williamsburg Road to Bassfield, MS) when he was born in that two room shack that was our grandparent's house. We watched as Doctor Blunt drove away and raced into the house to see my new brother. Now I might be just remembering stories that I over heard, but it seems real enough to me. Mother had gone back to her parent's house, in rural Bassfield, Jefferson Davis County, Mississippi, to give birth to her new baby, I know not why.

We lived at 3209 Gravier St. in New Orleans, Louisiana at the time. Our home was a two-room apartment in a house that had been divided up into four units; all the tenants shared the one bathroom at the back end of the house. Robert and I loved the big claw footed cast iron bathtub. It was so big that we envisioned swimming in it. Mother bathed the two of us there for many years.

Daddy and Mother visited their old homes in Mississippi quite often. This was great fun for Robert and me. Our grandparents were so proud of us, but as usual Robert stole the show. He could and would dance and sing for Grandpa Dean and he was always rewarded with a nickel. I could never match him and all of his talents.

We went to F. T. Howard No.1 Grammar School on Lopez Street

behind Sacred Heart Church and s School on Canal Street. When Robert was old enough to go to school Mother took us to school the first day for Robert and needless to say he did not like school one bit. He raised so much hell that they came and got me to try to settle him down, only to have him cause me to go all to pieces and they finally sent both of us home. His early birthday had him in school about six months to soon and he did not go back until he was almost 6 years old.

Robert and I use to walk to school, which was about six city blocks from our house. We had to pass a house where and old lady lived and was she ever scary. We would dread the walk home fearing the worst as we passed her house. She would stand there in front of her home and emit these spooky sounds, Wooo, Wooo, and scare the living hell out of us.

Robert and I never let any grass grow under our feet, we always found a way to make money to go to the Escoreal Movie theatre on Banks Street.

We collected sold newspaper, coat hangers, foil off cigarette packages, soft drink bottles, etc. At that time it was perfectly safe for he and me to go to the movies walking the five city blocks at night on the weekends. We often, however, found ourselves scared to death walking home after a horror movie. We suspected a monster in every shadow and every rustle of the breeze. We walked arm in arm clutching as hard as we could to each other longing for the safety of our home. We made it every time.

I from time to time was not kind to Robert, as me and my friends being older than he would not take to kindly to him playing with us. To get rid of him we would engage him into playing cowboys and Indians and tie him to a tree in the front yard and then run off and leave him there. Robert, however, would always escape and was never far behind us. We could never shake him. The little devil was always there.

Once in a while Daddy and Mother would take the two of us to Ponchartrain Beach Park to ride the merry-go-round. Robert use to

call it the too-nanny-nanny, too-nanny-nanny. Nothing could thrill us more than the rides and walking up and down the promenade. Ther

Harlin Ray Dean Sr. - April 22, 2011 at 07:53 AM

FD

“ *I will always remember weekends at Robert & Joyce's house. Robert would be sitting on the floor with his legs crossed listening to music. As the night went on the socks came off pulling them off one at a time by the toe. It was classic. On a more serious note I could always count on my brother-in-law when Vic was sick. It did not matter if I called day or night he was always there. He helped me during the most difficult times and was involved in all my decisions regarding Vic's health. He was a wonderful man and a I will miss him very much.*

Faye Dean - April 18, 2011 at 08:32 AM

JT

“ *1 file added to the album Daddy*



Janice Triplett - April 17, 2011 at 11:40 PM

JT

“ *1 file added to the album Daddy*



Janice Triplett - April 15, 2011 at 04:08 PM

JT

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Janice Triplett - April 15, 2011 at 12:18 PM



“ 1 file added to the album Daddy



Janice Triplett - April 15, 2011 at 01:37 AM

JT

“ 1 file added to the album Daddy



Janice Dean Triplett - April 15, 2011 at 01:36 AM

SD

“ Our mother and Father and a few outside friends have always said that Robert and I are the only Dean boys that favor each other. We both seem to have taken after our Father with the brown hair and light skin. Robert will be missed terribly. I can still see Robert when he lived on Bruin Dr. (I think its called now) and I accidently tripped on the cord of his guitar and it broke. He never got angry or anything. He simply took out some tape and fixed it. Which is how Robert was. Always mild mannered and quiet. Mother always told me the story of how he and a friend sort of sneaked away from his Unit in the Air Force and caught a train to come see me when I was born. I love you Bro! I really do!!
Scotty

Scotty D. Dean - April 14, 2011 at 09:32 AM

TB

“ All of my childhood memories include Uncle Robert. Our families were together every weekend when we were kids. He and my dad would cook great food. I still remember his precision in cooking his wonderful food. We would all listen to some great music. Sing and dance the night away. I still talk about these weekends. He was a good man and always there for his family. The world has lost a wonderful person. He will be sadly missed by all who knew and loved him.

Tina Bourgeois - April 14, 2011 at 08:32 AM



“ 2 files added to the album Daddy



Janice Triplett - April 14, 2011 at 12:28 AM

MF

“ *When I was 12 years old Robert took me on a tour of the LSU campus. We had a great time and I remember on the way home he bought me a delicious meal. Made my day!!!*

*Thanks for the memories,
Melvin Frank*

Melvin Frank - April 13, 2011 at 08:08 PM