



Wayne Reynolds Krause

January 27, 1925 - December 18, 2020

Wayne Reynolds Krause, 95, formerly of Broken Bow and Longview, Washington, passed away December 18, 2020. A service and celebration of Wayne's life will be held at All Faiths Funeral Home in Grand Island, NE on Tuesday, December 29th at 10:30 a.m. The service will be livestreamed on All Faiths Funeral Home Facebook page.

Wayne was born at home on a farm outside of Ansley, NE, on January 27, 1925 to Henry and Effie Mae (Tykwart) Krause. He found his love of music early and played the tuba, baritone, and trumpet. In high school he became captain of the football team. He developed 2 of his loves early on. Immediately upon graduation, Wayne left for the Army where he served in the 20th Armored Division. That division liberated Dachau concentration camp at the end of WW II.

After the Army, Wayne married Phyllis Jensen in Broken Bow on April 5, 1947. Together they had four children. After their farmhouse outside of Ansley burned down, Wayne and Phyllis moved around a bit. In Mason City, Wayne worked as a TV repairman, and then to Boone where he repaired more TVs and had a creamery route. Then to Broken Bow, where Wayne worked for Palmer Monument Company. Finally followed Phyllis to Becton Dickinson, from which they both retired. It was then Wayne found a 3rd passion – golf. After Phyllis's passing in 1992, he met a grade school/high school friend, Charlene (Steinmeier) Mundhenk at their 50th class reunion and they were married May 17, 1994. Wayne and Charlene moved to Longview, WA, and

were active in music through their church and retirement homes. And Wayne continued his golfing and fishing. Wayne and Charlene made annual trips back to NE to see family, attend class reunions in Ansley and to renew old friendships. After Charlene's passing on May 21, 2020, Wayne moved back to NE to be closer to family.

Wayne is survived by his children, Wayne Jr. (Eileen) Krause of Cabot, AR, Fred (Cindy) Krause of Kearney, NE, Linda Dillon of Lincoln, NE, and Larry (Peggy) Krause of Wood River, NE; grandchildren, Wayne Krause III, Wendy Krause, Joe Krause, Rachael (Krause) Stevens, Beth Krause, April (Krause) Wicklund, Kelly (Dillon) James, Amanda (Dillon) Minert, Tony Krause, Kent Krause, Katie (Krause) Gartner and 22 great-grandchildren. He is also survived by stepdaughters, Melody (Mundhenk) Bywater and husband Galen of Independence, OR, Mona Mundhenk of Maple Valley, WA; stepson, Kurt Mundhenk of Puyallup, WA; and step-grandchildren, Gwendolyn and Grahame Bywater.

Wayne was preceded in death by his first wife, Phyllis (Jensen), his parents and siblings Grace (Krause) Mortensen, Gene Krause, Lois (Krause) Bennett, and by his second wife, Charlene (Steinmeier).

Memorials are suggested to the family to be designated at a later date.

Previous Events

Celebration of Life Service

DEC **29**. 10:30 AM (CT)

All Faiths Funeral Home
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Grand Island, NE 68801
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<https://www.giallfaiths.com/>

Tribute Wall



“ *Wayne Reynolds Krause*

October 08, 2023 at 11:02 PM

“ Nearly a Century

*For nearly a century I enjoyed this earth –
The wind blew in my face
Birds whispered in my ears
I experienced beauty -- oceans, mountains, trees, sunrises, sunsets
and more*

This gentle, soft-spoken man had the resilience of the earth. Life may batter, chip and tear at the exterior, waters may wash and erode, but his core remained the same – soft and gentle, strong and forgiving – and loving.

Wayne grew up on a farm on the Nebraska prairie during the Great Depression. His own father, Henry, was like many Germans and farmers of the times. Children were loved, but the farm and the work came first. Work came first, before schooling, before affection, before family. The entire family had to work hard in order to survive. When WWII came calling, Gene, the older brother, a farmer and unspoken heir apparent for the home place, was deferred. Wayne much preferred growing things and playing in the band to guns and hunting, but still he felt the need and when drafted, chose to go instead of taking an ag deferment.

He spoke little to nothing of his time with the 20th Armored Division, the Liberators. When I asked, he looked away. His response, “We were just the mop up.” Army reunions brought more info from others. Old friends bound together by the horrors of war, recounted memories: some bawdy; most ghastly and unimaginable. “Just the mop up” included the liberation of Dachau, one of the most horrible of the concentration camps. One haunting story – while crossing a bridge, one tank driver refused to drive further, could not take it and dropped down into the body of the tank. Another said he would drive and stepped up into position. There he learned why the first man could not drive further. – To cross the bridge, they were driving over bodies fallen on bodies, bodies of both GIs and Germans. Those members of the armored division who walked beside the tanks, they had to walk over those same bodies. – “Just the mop up.” – The

war entrenched Wayne's dislike of hunting, of killing anything. A return to the farm, although hard, brought a much-needed respite. There, life had its own music, a time measured by the sun's position and a life ordered by the seasons. Then came marriage followed by 4 children. The burned-out home drove them off the farm and forced a move to a faster-paced life in town.

In Mason City, where he knew everyone, his TV repair service failed because of his empathy with those who could not pay their bills. Another move, another town, Boone — TV repair and a creamery route. More hard times. However Wayne and Phyllis managed it, presents for the kids always appeared at Christmas and birthdays. Regardless of the difficulties, Wayne's calm demeanor helped create an environment for their children free of fear. Under their parents' care, motivations for education and success seemed to emanate from within the children themselves.

Wayne's tender touches cast lifelong shadows. He was concerned about his son having to withstand the rigors of yelling sergeants and officers in boot camp when Wayne Jr went off to his initial military training. "Don't worry about the loud voices," he wrote in his first and only letter to his son, "They will stop..." In those few words, Wayne explained his own method for staying calm amidst the chaos of the world, how to withstand what life throws at you, how to remain soft and gentle, strong and forgiving — and loving. Loving for nearly a century.

Eileen Krause

Eileen Krause - January 11, 2021 at 03:16 PM

“ I remember grandpa's house was full of interesting things. The basement was definitely the place to visit with the old chinchilla cages and a hand operated grinding wheel and countless screws and nails. I remember grandpa getting up when it was a little past my bedtime to go to work. Getting to watch the Jimmy Carson comedy show (much past my bedtime). Microwave donuts from the freezer, I don't know what kind they were but they were the tastiest donuts I had ever had. They had some honeysuckles that my sister Rachel and I were always wondering if they had honey in them. Chokecherry bushes that we were always told not to eat. A huge garden about a half a block away that had huge sunflowers and carrots and was fun to walk through. I remember the tubas and the upstairs attic with four bedrooms, and old games and toys. I used to climb the trees outside the house to sit in them and see how high I could get. For part of 3rd grade I went to school in Broken Bow and we had pancakes nearly every morning looking out the window at the bird feeder to see what might be there. There was also a huge book collection with science fiction books and encyclopedias. I remember being so happy to be snowed in at Grandpa's house and not having to go to school over Christmas vacation. Later when grandpa moved to the artistic house I learned how the sewer system for houses worked as my father and grandpa replaced the sewer pipe since it was getting clogged with tree roots. I also had the opportunity to help tear down a really old house after grandpa bought a much smaller house that had a big garden and an old house on it. We were able to demolish the house and take it to the junk yard, but the old cellar was indestructible and it is probably still there buried in the yard. My grandpa really liked trees and we visited the Olympic forest when he lived in Washington which was my first time to see such huge trees in person. After getting married I was only able to visit him once with my family, and he was able to play the tuba for us and show my two girls Amy and Julie an old battery powered train. Grandpa visited us in Northville Michigan once and my daughters played the violin and piano for him and Charlene.

The last time I heard my grandpa talking was in the morning after he

had went to the hospital over my dad's cell phone, and he asked if my daughters were still playing the violin and piano. He sounded just like he always did, happy and interested in what we were doing. I'm sure he was smiling as always. I thought that he was going to be just fine after talking with him. The world really lost a great person later that day. I hope that he is in a better place and I will get to meet him again someday. I will miss him.

-Joe

Joe Krause - December 29, 2020 at 02:19 AM

WE

“ 3 files added to the album Memories Album



Wendy - December 26, 2020 at 02:46 PM

WE

“ I remember my grandpa always tinkering around in the garage with the blue van and the guys were out there while I was running back and forth between there and the house. We always could tell what time it was because wherever you went a clock was there. Never the same clock twice

When he came in with donuts he would say we have to wait. Then we sit by the table where he looked at the temperature and read the paper and peaking over one side or another to see if I was still there after a while and he started on the crossword puzzle, even though the donuts were still there, we begin to talk about the temperature and he look out the window at the birds.

When we played with the Tuba he made sure the value on it was released.

He always had a smile.

Wend - December 26, 2020 at 02:45 PM

WJ

“ 2 files added to the album Memories Album



Wayne Krause, Jr - December 23, 2020 at 04:06 PM

“ Wayne Krause III Part 2

Going to Grandma and Grandad's house and always a mix of my Dad, Fred, Larry and the cousins being there. I would hop out of the car and go find what Grandad and everyone were up to... Always fixing something.... Trying to get some motor running right seemed to be the main thing that I was pumped about through those years. I always felt loved and safe at Grandma and Grandad's... and got to do things that my parents would not let me do! One time, watching a football game with everyone one fall Saturday afternoon, I saw Larry crush a beer can with one move and I was impressed. I spent some time trying to imitate his success... Could not do it and decided Larry was the strongest man I knew.

And through all of this was Grandad. Showing me how it worked and letting me help. Whether it was building something, fixing something, helping with his garden, showing me how to hammer without hitting my fingers, taking us camping and fishing and just being there with us.

Grandma and Grandad's camper... It was awesome part of these trips and it taught me to make sure you snap the cover closed by the bed, because one night we did not do that. I rolled out of the bed and woke up outside the camper next to a tree wondering where the heck I was.

Grandad and Dad taught me to drive a stick in their old ford van with 3 on the tree and dental chair for the backseat. What could be better than that? I drove for hours around town and out on the back-country roads figuring it out.

As I grew up, Grandma and Grandad shared stories with me of what it was like when they were growing up and got married... Grandma had the nice car when they got married and liked it a lot. Grandad telling me he had to heat up corn husks in water and place it under the car to warm it up enough to start it. Learning about the draft horses and how he had to walk between them with a broom stick to keep them from leaning together and squeezing him, playing football where the starters got the new rigid helmets and the non-starters still had to wear leather helmets – good motivation to be a starter he said.

The summer after Grandma passed away, I was lucky to spend a week with Grandad. Just him and I. We played golf. During the course of the week, I proceeded to drive the ball through Grandad's golf cart... through the front window and through the roof. Grandad being Grandad said well you hit it well and laughed. I was just glad I had not hit it a few feet to the right as that was where he was standing.

Time started moving faster. Grandad married Charlene... what a fairy tale... his old high school sweetheart. They moved to Washington. They were able to share the final chapters of their lives together. I am thankful that he and Charlene found each other again and were able to build and share a meaningful life together.

Through the course of events, we ended up in Washington for a short time, and Grandad and Charlene were able to come up and see Drew, Zac, and Trey play football and Kylie play soccer.

Grandad said he was a blessed man being able to watch his 4 great grandchildren play. It was perfect. It was a small town that loved their football and all the boys played like they can play. Grandad was able to share something he loved with all of our children.

I was fortunate that Larry setup a call with Grandad and I a few days before he passed. His final words to me were "God Bless and I hope to see you again in this life." I know by faith that I will see him again.

Wayne Krause, Jr - December 23, 2020 at 04:00 PM

WJ

“ From Wayne Krause III Part 1

The man I was named after enters my memory wearing a hat and a wool coat on Christmas Eve when I was 4 or 5. I could not wait to see him. The Christmas tree was up. The heater in the corner of the dining room was running, Grandma, Dad, Mom, and Wendy were all there, and it was a perfect childhood Christmas. I can still feel the room and the moment. I had that sled they gave me for decades. Grandad and Grandmas house was a treasure trove to me as a child. The “K” on the screen doors, old equipment, old toys, chinchillas, tubas, homemade pool table, an old 40s style cabinet radio that was used to place secret communications by Joe and I... Grandma and Grandad many times had all kinds of pop in the fridge... and in the corner of the upstairs room was the chest and pictures from his time in WWII. The chest was a time machine that made all the history I was learning in school real and personal. When we stayed the night, we would try to get up early so we could be there when Grandad got home from the plant and eat pancakes with him. Sometimes we made it... sometimes we did not. The breakfast cove was perfect. We could see their birdfeeder right outside the window while we ate and sometimes there was a brightly colored bird there that Grandad would tell us what it was. I loved their basement... the already mentioned pool table... Joe and I spent a lot of time learning to play pool together. Exploring all the old equipment and we built all kinds of contraptions. I learned a lot in that basement... like don't touch that cause it will shock you! All the clocks... The grandfather clock in the living room. My favorite was the clock that predicted the weather... mechanically moving the appropriate character out of the door... and with all of this, Grandad showing me how it worked. I loved staying the night there falling asleep to the sound of ticking clocks singing saying all was right.

Wayne Krause, Jr - December 23, 2020 at 03:59 PM