



*Celebrating* THE *Life* OF  
JAMES JOSEPH LANDWEHR

OCTOBER 17, 1941 - JUNE 26, 2020

## Participants

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### MUSICIANS

Pianist: Scott Sellner

Vocalist: Carolyn Landwehr

### LECTOR

Jane Kolb Goessel

### REMEMBRANCES

Louis Landwehr, Sara Hopkins and Joshua Landwehr

Natalie and Nicole Landwehr

Jim Neuner

Tom Kolb

John Kolb

Monsignor Robert Kurwicki

### PALLBEARERS

Thomas "T.K." Kolb

Matt Sinnett

Benjamin Kolb

Greg Kolb

Kevin Riley

Bret Bodenhamer

## Celebration of Life Service

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### LITURGY OF THE WORD

11:00 am Tuesday, June 30, 2020

Cathedral of St. Joseph

The Reverend Louis Nelen

Prelude ..... "On Eagle's Wings"

Gathering Hymn ..... "Amazing Grace"

First Reading ..... Wisdom 3:1-9

Responsorial Psalm ..... Psalm 23 "The Lord is My Shepherd"

Gospel ..... John 5:24-29

Remembrances

Meditation Hymn ..... "Ave Maria"

Prayers of the Faithful

Our Father

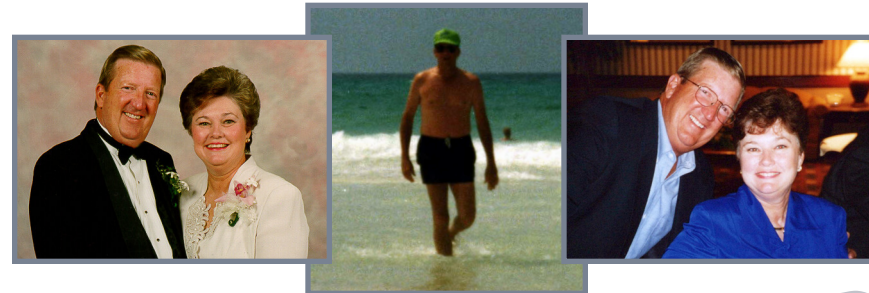
Song of Farewell

Final Commendation

Recessional Hymn ..... "How Great Thou Art"

*Following the service, there will be a time to visit with  
Twink's family informally and it would be appreciated if  
everyone would wear a protective mask while visiting.*

*Private graveside services and interment  
will be held at Resurrection Cemetery.*




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# REMEMBERING *Twink*

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James Joseph “Twink” Landwehr, age 78, of Jefferson City, Mo., passed away Friday, June 26, 2020 at Barnes-Jewish Hospital in St. Louis, Mo. with family by his side.

Twink was born on October 17, 1941 in Jefferson City, Mo. the son of Louis Francis and Lucille (Prenger) Landwehr. He was married on June 17, 1967 in Jefferson City, Mo. to Linda Anne Kolb, who survives.

A lifelong resident of the Jefferson City area, he enjoyed playing sports during his youth and learned to play golf at the age of 13 from his aunt, Minnie Landwehr. That passion continued throughout his life. Twink was a 1959 graduate of Helias High School and a member of the 1958 Helias State Champion Golf Team, the first State Championship for Helias in any sport. He went on to earn a Bachelor’s Degree in Accounting from the University of Missouri where he lettered on the Mizzou Golf Team.

In 1966, Twink began his 40-year career in insurance at the Winter Insurance Agency, which later became Winter-Dent & Company. When the agency’s principal owner died suddenly in 1980, he purchased the agency and served as its President until 1999 when he sold the company to his son, Louis. Twink valued continuing professional education and throughout his career he maintained the Chartered Life Underwriter (CLU) designation and was a member of the Life Underwriting Training Council. A man of honesty and integrity, he was always available with words of advice both in business and in life.

Twink was an active member of the Cathedral of St. Joseph, Knights of Columbus, Lions Club, and was a past president of Jefferson City Country Club.

He loved small game hunting, especially quail, in Central Missouri with his father and later hunting waterfowl with friends and family. Golfing was his favorite past time, and he could be found watching golf, Cardinal baseball and Mizzou sports in his spare time. Twink was an avid reader and especially enjoyed mystery novels. He had a passion for music and entertained family by playing the guitar, piano, and banjo. He cherished time barbecuing and was well known for his ribs.

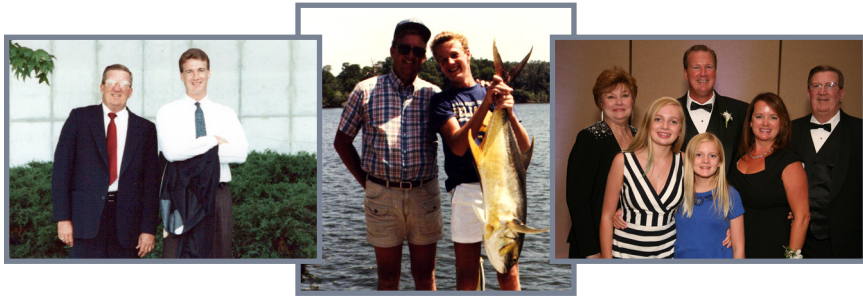
Twink had a strong love for home and the Jefferson City community. Some of his favorite times with family were spent in Destin, Florida when the kids were younger, and on Seabrook Island, South Carolina at their vacation home after Twink retired.

Survivors include: his loving wife of 53 years, Linda; three children, Louis Landwehr (wife Laura) of Jefferson City, Mo., Sara Hopkins (husband Matt) of Silverthorne, Co. and Joshua Landwehr (wife Liz) of Louisville, Co; two granddaughters, Natalie and Nicole Landwehr; one sister, Rosemarie “Puddin” Reed of Jefferson City, Mo.; and numerous nieces and nephews.

He was preceded in death by his parents and three sisters, Margaret “Maggie” Montgomery, Mary Caird and Bette Doolan.

# A GOOD DAD TO ALL OF US & A LIFELONG FRIEND FOR ME

by  
LOUIS LANDWEHR



Most parents are great and pour immense love and rearing into their kids. If they aren't then they really shouldn't be parents. But sometimes for a son or daughter, their Mom or Dad also becomes one of their very best lifelong friends. If you look around you, you will see these sorts of parent/child relationships, and it doesn't detract from the love the other children feel from the Mom or Dad, but rather has deepened the relationship beyond that of just a good parent.

One of my early childhood memories to leave a lasting impression on me, was when my Grandpa Landwehr died and I saw my Dad weeping by himself in the living room chair. I'd never seen my Dad do that, and to tell the truth I've rarely seen him be that sad ever since. Grandpa Landwehr was in his early seventies when he died. I was just in first grade. So I didn't really understand much of what was happening, and I certainly didn't understand why Dad was suddenly so sad.

Lou Landwehr, my namesake, was sort of an iconic figure in Jefferson City. When people would find out he was my Grandpa, they would have to tell me a story about the Landwehr's Dairy, or big game hunting in the mountains of Alaska before it was even a State, or his involvement with the formation of Helias High School or as longtime Chairman of the Jefferson City Park Board.

Dad would tell me about these things too, but I came to realize his admiration of his father went beyond things like this, and was more a

result of the friendship they had built through the years of small game and bird hunting around Central Missouri, and big game and fishing trips to Wyoming and Alaska. While Lou had been a good parent and provider to my Dad's four older sisters (albeit rather strict and tough on them from what I've heard!), Dad had not only received that same parenting from Grandpa, but as he had grown up, Lou had become one of his very best friends as well.

That story, maybe, reflects the relationship I had with my own Dad. But while Dad was the youngest sibling and only had his Dad until he was a young man, I was the first child and have had 51 years of love and friendship with "Twink" (I never called him that actually!) that I am so grateful to have had.

I couldn't be prouder of the man my Dad was. Like his own Dad, I suppose my childhood relationship based upon a parent's love, may have become deepened by the admiration I had for his prowess as a golfer and a hunter, as a businessman and mentor, and as a person who cared so much about the people around him.

I was a bit of a stinker at times growing up. I ran with some neighborhood kids who liked mischief and I was right there with them. From time to time I got caught, and I had to get my ears boxed a few times before I finally shaped up, maybe around seventh grade or so. I wasn't a bad kid really, and I have some great childhood memories of my Dad and the love he gave, but until I finally got my act together he had to be more of a father to me than a friend. As a father he shared great love and quality time with me when I deserved it, and he lowered the boom when I didn't.

Dad coached my little league baseball and grade school basketball teams for many years and he really was a great coach and teacher of sports. I loved competitive sports, and worked hard at them. I was just an OK athlete really, but he helped me raise my game to its fullest potential and I loved that. One of his proudest things at that time of life was the success of our "I.C. Blue" basketball team, which he coached from 5th through 8th grades. I wasn't the star player for sure, but I did have my own significant role in the many wins that I.C. team had over the years, and I know my Dad was really proud of us for that.

Those of you who've known my Dad for awhile, know that he's had some really great friends. Many of those guys are long gone now, but being around Dad and guys like Grandpa Landwehr, Ronnie Boyce, B.A. Mantle, Joe Jimenez, and so many others, I loved it because they were so

much fun, but I also had so much admiration for how they performed, be it golf, or hunting, or shooting or whatever. It made me really want to be like those guys, and be with those guys, and probably starting around 7th grade when I shaped up a bit, and was old enough to actually participate in those activities and not just watch, I think that's when my "friendship" with my Dad really began to blossom.

Many of you know how much I love golf. It was the only sport I played into high school and I got pretty good at it. Dad didn't believe in starting kids real young at golf because he was afraid they couldn't make it fun enough for the little kids to keep their interest. So he had me ride or walk along with their groups, watch them play and listen to their banter, and I loved it! Maybe 4th grade or so he gave me a little 3-wood and let me start hitting a shot once in a while, and then probably 6th grade he finally got me a full set of clubs and sent me on my way.

I am naturally left-handed in most things, but Dad wouldn't let me start golf left-handed because he was afraid I wouldn't be able to get proper instruction and equipment. His friend and golf pro, Joe Jimenez, gave me a lesson once in awhile, but Dad was really my teacher. I got pretty darn good at it, good enough to win an event once in a while and maybe good enough to have played college golf somewhere, but I know I was never as good as Dad was in his prime. I didn't know Dad when he was really playing his best golf. But if his box of trophies was any indication, not to mention the stories others would tell me about his skill level, and his nickname of "Merlin" (because of the magically-creative golf shots he could pull off), I really wish I could have been there to see him at his golfing best.

But by the time I was old enough, and his game had faded enough for me to give him a run for his money, we had some great matches. He was a competitor, and I was too, but as great as the matches were, when it came down to the end, inevitably, if I was ahead, he would pull off some crazy "stuff" and beat me, or I would somehow find a way to blow it on the last hole. I could never beat him growing up, until I finally did, and then I had his number, and he rarely ever was able to beat me after that! I thought I had just gotten that good, but now looking back on it, I realize that his body wasn't what it had been athletically, even still at a fairly young age, and he simply could not hit the shots he used to be able to hit, and that he needed to hit to be able to score. While his love of golf continued the rest of his life, both playing it and watching it, I know the fact that his game faded so fast was always a frustrating thing for him.

Golf obviously was a great connection for us. And while I had big ideas about going to college via Navy ROTC and flying jets, or going to University of Arizona and being able to play golf all winter while I was in school; Dad had already given me a taste of Mizzou sports going with he and Mom to MU to watch the great Big Eight basketball teams of the 1980's. It was in my blood. And like so many other things, when push came to shove I did exactly what my Dad had done for college and went to Mizzou. It kept me much closer to home, which was nice, and while I wasn't home a lot, I met my parents at many Mizzou games even while I was in college, so we continued to share that experience together quite often.

But at the end of the day, it was our mutual love of hunting, and the time we spent together doing that, which I think really helped deepen our friendship connection into what it eventually became.

When Dad bought me my first gun and let me go with him on a hunt, I was hooked from the start. I loved all kinds of hunting, but of course, the hunting I had an opportunity to do at that time, were the types of hunting Dad was doing then; which were mainly dove hunting, waterfowl, some deer hunting in Missouri, and the occasional squirrel or rabbit hunt. I think hunting made us so close because part of it was (necessarily) spending time together, just him and me, on long car rides, or freezing my toes off side-by-side with him in the duck blind, or living together with him in a little Playmor trailer at Mendon duck camp.

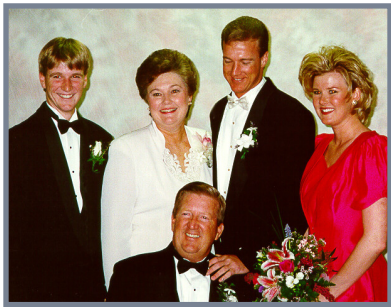
I would daydream about hunting with him during school. I would fantasize about it, staring at the taxidermy in the basement, and the gun cabinet we had which contained Dad's hunting guns and Grandpa Landwehr's old big game rifles. I loved it when Dad pulled out some of Grandpa's old 16mm hunting films and narrated it with the stories my Grandpa had told. And from time to time upon special request he'd entertain a crowd of his hunting friends with the same films and stories over some drinks, and they loved it too! Dad didn't like to be in the spotlight, he hated public speaking, but if you put up a hunting film or put a guitar or banjo in his hands, he became a different person and could really go to town! Some of you may have seen that side of him too. It was fun to watch.

To help make the point how much I loved to hunt with him, when I was a pledge in my college fraternity, we were having a party the opening weekend of duck season, and pledges were required to be there to do the dirty work. I didn't mind the work, but I had gotten a call from Dad that he had a spot for me at Swan Lake, and when our pledge trainers said "no



you can't go", I said "outta here" and went anyway. I assumed I'd either be kicked out, or at a minimum was going to pay for it with some really nasty extra work, but I was not going to miss that opportunity with my Dad. I can't remember the success or lack thereof of that particular hunt, but I know I was glad I went, and fortunately the guys gave in when I got back and I was still initiated into the Fraternity!

After college, I went to St. Louis and started working with the Federal Reserve as a bank examiner. Dad had made it clear that there was an opportunity at Winter-Dent for me, but I didn't really see myself returning to Jeff City, at least not anytime soon, and I was pretty sure I wouldn't make a very good insurance man and agency manager like I knew my Dad was.



About two years into my banking career, my wife Laura who was my girlfriend at the time, had returned to Jeff City to teach in the public schools. I was enjoying my work in St. Louis, but I was missing Jeff City and starting to have a hard time with the sporadic and quick weekends with my girlfriend back "home". Dad called me up one evening, likely after

a long commute home after work through St. Louis rush hour traffic, and basically said "There is an opportunity here at Winter-Dent for you, but the window is closing quickly. If you don't do something fairly soon I'm going to have to go down a different path with the business continuation plans."

What I didn't fully understand, but realize now after talking with him over the years to come, was that he had a retirement timeline for himself, and he was getting worried about my ability, if I never did come back, to adequately learn the business and successfully retire him out of there on the rough timing that he was thinking. What he was saying was basically, "if you don't come back here soon, and we at least try this thing together, then I am going to begin the process of selling the agency to a big national firm so that I can solidify my own future." Dad never wanted that for his people or his clients, but sometimes in a business like ours, you sort of run into a business perpetuation "brick wall", and simply have no other choice but to sell outside.

Well he must of hit me at a weak moment, because in fairly short order I turned in my resignation at the Federal Reserve and moved back to Jefferson

City. Looking back, that is one of the best decisions I've ever made, both personally and professionally. I just needed that little nudge from Dad and he gave it to me. But he would not have done that only for his own interest, or even for the employees or his clients. He did it because he knew me so well already, and he knew in his heart that coming back to the community and taking a shot at running the company could likely be the best possible thing for me, and my own happiness with my future life.

That was 1993. Dad and I worked together in Winter-Dent for six years before I purchased the company from him in 1999. With college and then living in

*I couldn't be prouder  
of the man my Dad was.*

St. Louis, we hadn't spent the amount of time together lately, like we had in high school and late grade school, so while we still shared the same interests...golf, hunting and Mizzou sports...that closeness as friends had perhaps started to fade a bit. Over those six years together in the business though, our old duck blind over coffee chats, and our long car rides to hunting fields, became coffee meetings at the office over Winter-Dent business, and long car rides to client offices or insurance companies.

To anyone who has not worked with a parent in a family business, it may be difficult to understand or seem like "just business", or even boring stuff. But for us, this too was quality time. Maybe the best ever because I was learning and he was teaching again. He was proud of my progress, and I felt that from him, and I loved it. Working through that transition of the company, from him to me, over that six year period, created a new connection between father and son that lasted the rest of his life, even as the hunting, and unfortunately even the ability to play golf much at all, began to fade for Dad in his last few years.

Most of you may know that in 2005 we bought the house next door to Mom and Dad, and suddenly we didn't just live in the same town, but we became neighbors looking across the yard at each other every day (except when they were at their Seabrook home for extended periods). Laura wanted to buy that house, and I liked it too, but I was a little nervous about being that close to my parents, even though we always got along so well. I made sure Laura knew that "this is your decision not mine", and "I'm always going to remind you that it was your decision, even fifteen years from now if you start to regret it when my parents get older, and we live so close to them!"

Well, we've never regretted it, not in the least, and I think Mom and Dad have loved it too. And once again, it deepened the friendship with my Dad in a different way as the other things that had bound us together, slowly began to fade.

Now our coffee meetings and long car rides for work, had become a phone call to Seabrook when I needed to bounce something off of him about the business that only he could possibly understand, or a walk next door to have a cup of coffee or a cocktail after work to do the same. And often that time together as a neighbor wasn't much about business at all. A lot of times it was just me popping over on a Sunday afternoon to catch the end of a PGA golf tournament, or to yell at the TV together over an away Mizzou football game on a Saturday afternoon. I couldn't always be there, but I was there a lot, and I could tell that he wanted me there with him, and I wanted to be there too. That was quality time for us as well, right up to the past six months, even though he didn't feel good enough to do much of anything else except watch TV and talk.

...just know that sometimes your Mom or Dad can become more than just a good parent that you have great love for, *sometimes they can become one of your closest lifelong friends.*

So, one thing Dad always despised was long-windedness, and when I would take him a business letter or an email to review, he usually chopped it up and shortened it pretty good! I'm sorry for writing a four page story here, that's kind of ridiculous, but I wanted to get some things out of my heart and onto the page, and I knew you didn't want to hear someone get up there and talk about all of this at length, so I decided to share it in writing with you instead, if you care to take the time to read it.

If you don't, then just know that sometimes your Mom or Dad can become more than just a good parent that you have great love for, sometimes they can become one of your closest lifelong friends. That is who my Dad was too me. And I'll always treasure the 51 years we had together, especially the years after he had transitioned from a loving and guiding parent, into one of the very best friends that I will ever have.

# LESSONS IN LIFE: DO AS I SAY, DO AS I DO

by  
SARA HOPKINS



Explaining my relationship with my father is a complicated process that I am not sure either of us could really understand. This is not a bad thing. It is actually one of the things that endears me to him most. My father was salty and sweet, hard and soft, gentle and an iron fist. We could, and did, fight. A lot. And I have come to know over the years, that it was simply because we were basically the same person. It always perplexed me that the things that irritated my dad most about me were the very things that made me so much like him. I am sarcastic and crass. I like (and tell) dirty jokes. I talk loud. I laugh loud. I listen to music...loud! So did he, and that's why I did it. I WANTED to be like him, because I loved him so much. Despite the misunderstood misunderstanding, we loved each other FIERCELY, and still do.

Dad was an incredibly wise person, not that I realized or appreciated that when I was younger. He was a gifted teacher and mentor in so many ways and was always structuring a lesson somehow. Rarely was it ever straightforward. It took patience and a good bit of listening, and usually subsequent hindsight, to understand the real message. He disciplined us, sometimes harshly, but never cruelly, and always for a very good reason. Oftentimes he used the anticipation of the discipline as the discipline itself. Mom always said he would never actually spank his "little girl", but he would threaten to "do it when he got home". I would spend the whole day terrified of what was to come. But it never really ended with the thunder he had promised. Instead, I would hear "young lady, come in here" and

I would creep into the room on trembling knees. He would sit me down and talk it out with me, explaining why what I had done was wrong, and then making me explain back to him why what I had done was wrong. Coaxing me to UNDERSTAND; “teaching me a lesson”. It was important to him that we learned honesty, integrity, hard work, ethics, and how to think of others before ourselves...to do the right thing. I like to think of this in the words of Dan Fogelberg from the song Leader of the Band. He had a “thundering velvet hand”...“his gentle means of sculpting souls took me years to understand”. Perfect.

He was teaching us our whole lives, all the way to the end. Louis and I, the two oldest kids, received his lessons in a very different way than Josh. Our life growing up could often be a struggle as dad was so often stressed while making his way in the early stages of his career. Although we didn't have much, he gave his all to make sure we had enough. Most of this was not monetary. He gave us lessons in life and family: the things that mattered most. It was mandatory that we had breakfast and dinner together. Every day. The most vivid memories of this were on Green Berry Road, especially after he had acquired Winter-Dent. I still remember sitting at the kitchen table in the mornings before school. He loved to eat sweetened Cream of Wheat on buttered toast. I never really liked it, but I ate it when he did, because I wanted to be as cool as he was. I didn't really get a lot of alone time with him, but he was my hero.

Dinners at 6:30 every night were non-negotiable. TV was off...we were going to TALK, damnit! I think this was his way to decompress, even though I am sure we drove him crazy most of the time as Louis and I bickered and picked on each other. I have always been impressed with the way he shared his day with such honesty and openness to Mom. The structure of this act was comforting to him, and over the years the routine became as comforting as it was frustrating as a teenager when I wanted to go do teenage things. But the lesson stuck. Family, people, time together are the most important things.

One of my earliest memories was on Rose Valley Drive when we would sit on the white couch in the living room and listen to him play the guitar and sing to us. Peter, Paul and Mary, The Carpenters, The Mamas and the Papas, the Kingston Trio. There was literally nothing I loved more in the world than to hear him play and sing. I am certain there were times he would rather be doing anything else, but I know he couldn't resist my pleas for him to play, as it made me SO happy. I would sing along,

not well, because I wanted to be just like him. He loved folk music and especially good harmonies, which he had personally mastered as part of a barber shop quartet when he was young. I remember going to church on Sundays, always sitting in the same pew on the right side of Immaculate Conception church (he was a creature of habit!). I would grab his hand and stare up at him when he would sing, filled with pride and awe. That beautiful voice rising above the others and harmonizing so perfectly was MY dad. You could find me staring up at my Dad a lot over the years. I just thought he was the bomb-diddie.

He used to have a collection of old vinyl 45s that he kept in a red metal case with a silver top. I was obsessed with these things because he loved to sing along with them. I would play them on my Donald Duck record player and sing at the top of my lungs and try to sound just like him. Epic fail. No one sounded like him. I still hear those songs and think of him.



I will never forget the way he smelled. He was a mix of Old Spice, coffee, Dewar's White Label scotch, cigarettes, and golf course sweat. I specifically remember one day at the Rose Valley house he had come home from a hunting trip. It was late at night and he had been gone for several days and I couldn't wait to see him. He came into the kitchen and sat down to talk to Mom about his trip. I curled up on his lap and buried my face in his dirty flannel shirt. I just sat there and listened to his deep voice, and inhaled...he hadn't showered for days and boy, did he stink!!! And I absolutely LOVED that smell. I can still smell it.

And his hands. I loved his hands. They were so strong and manly, yet gentle and elegant. I can see those hands playing the guitar, holding my hand, pointing at me (he pointed a lot, but hated to be pointed at), patting me on the back. Any time I hear the song “Daddy's Hands” by Holly Dunn I turn into a blubbering pool of mush.

As the only girl and interested in hobbies that he struggled to relate to, it was often hard to connect. I know that was difficult for him. As a man who was a creature of habit and liked what he liked, a little girl that was horse crazy was a big pill to swallow. Especially on a shoestring budget.



But like him, I dug in my heels and decided that was what I wanted to focus on. In all honesty, somewhat in part because he hated it! So, being the consummate teacher, he had to learn about horses. Which he did. The

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*do it right.*

drives to horse riding lessons were some of my favorite times. We would ride in the car together, listening at an incredibly high volume to Anne Murray, Kenny Rogers, Waylon Jennings. The voices of my youth. That's how we bonded. And we would talk about my riding...what was I working on? What did I need to improve on? He videotaped me

so I could see myself and analyze the good, the bad, the ugly. I never appreciated this until later, the sacrifices he made to make me happy and to help make me the best rider I could be, to excel in whatever it was I chose, even though it wasn't exactly what he had hoped. Because the biggest lesson, regardless of subject, was if you are going to do something, do it right.

I struggled to fit in throughout late grade school. Dad would drive me to school on his way to work in the morning and we would talk. Somehow in that short ten-minute drive he would coax things out of me. A preteen girl doesn't exactly want to tell her dad about her emotional woes, but he had a way of making it a bigger picture. He would ask me if I wanted to act the way I "needed to act" in order to fit in. I told him it didn't feel right. He said, "exactly". Stay true to yourself. Treat others how you want to be treated. You will never regret being a good person.

Through my teenage years, I was opinionated, head strong, and defiant (like I said, basically the same person). Dad found a way to connect with me and show me how much he loved me. He was an exceptionally thoughtful person and always gave the greatest gifts. That started early on. I remember the day he came home with Tootsie the dachshund, our first real, full time family pet. I think I was five years old. Dad was SO excited to surprise us and see how happy he made Louis and me. What a day.

When we were little the BEST part of Christmas was waiting until all the gifts that Mom had so thoughtfully shopped for were opened, and he would go into the bedroom and get the "crock pot full of coins". This was his moment to shine. With a flourish he would dump the whole thing

on the floor, and Louis and I would scramble and meticulously evenly divide the loot. Quarters, dimes, nickels, pennies, and if we were lucky the occasional silver dollar or half dollar. Two for you...two for me...It was probably the only day of the year Louis and I weren't at each other's throats (we had to work as a team—yet another veiled lesson). It was probably the only day of peace he and Mom really had! He would sit on the couch and watch us with his arms crossed...animated and excited, egging us on to hurry up. He wanted to see how much we each ended up with and talk with us about what we were going to spend it on. I knew he got a great kick out of it. I think he had more fun than we did

As the years went on, I came to anticipate the gift "to Sara from Dad", which was always the last gift under the tree at Christmas, or sometimes hidden back in the bedroom as he loved to make a big production out of it. He would pretend all the gifts were opened and then we would sit there for a few minutes before he would say "Oop, wait! I think we forgot something!". And out would come a little box, usually with a piece of jewelry in it that he had personally and painstakingly shopped for that was exactly what made him think of me. He has carried that tradition on with my sisters-in-law and his grand-daughters. He loved to see pretty girls smile.

It always cracked me up when he used to say "sit down in here and watch this with me, we are going to have some family time". Well, family time consisted of watching whatever it was he wanted to watch. Usually golf, basketball, or football. I hated it. SO boring! But, there was a lesson in this, too. Dad appreciated and respected hard work and excellence, especially in sports of any kind. He was a student of sports. He loved a winner. Now I find myself watching golf (electively!) analyzing the swings, respecting the game through his eyes and mine...I finally started playing in my 20s. I would often call and text him while watching sporting events, especially golf and tennis. We would be on the phone watching and talking together, critiquing the skill sets of the athletes and appreciating together the hard work and dedication it took to play like that, whatever sport it was.



Dad was an exceptional business mentor, to all of us. When I graduated from college, he reiterated that I had the tools, now it was time to figure out how to use them. As I went into and began to excel in medical sales,

He was a good,  
honest man in life  
and in business, and  
you could just *feel*  
it when you were  
around him.

I know he was proud of my success. Even though he didn't understand the details of what I was doing, he understood the process behind it. When I would call about challenging business situations, looking for advice, he would ask intuitive and relative questions, finding a way to convert his experiences and relate to mine. Don't sell anything you don't believe in. NO deal was better than a BAD deal. Sell to people not to

a bottom line. Do what's best for the customer. Walk away if you must. Above all, he taught me to be passionate about whatever it was I was doing, work hard, and to never compromise if I felt like something wasn't above board. I like to think I made him proud by structuring my sales success around his principles, which really were his philosophy on life.

He had a knack for connecting with people that I like to believe my brothers and I inherited. He certainly filled a room. He wasn't necessarily overly social, but everyone knew who he was, and he knew and remembered everyone. He asked questions, and he really, really listened to the answers, no matter who he was talking to. He was sincere. He was successful because people felt they could trust him. He didn't pull any punches. He looked you in the eye and told you the truth, even if it wasn't what you wanted to hear. He wasn't a swindler. He was a good, honest man in life and in business, and you could just FEEL it when you were around him.

I know he was confused and somewhat disappointed when I left medical sales. I was a little lost for a while, and that was hard for both of us. Although it created friction, me not quite knowing what my next step was going to be, he always reiterated that whatever it was I was doing, to give it my all. Eventually I would find my way. Taking a new direction, I went to culinary school in 2012. As I prepared to start a new business, he was a great source of advice and was always asking what was going on, excited that we could bond over the trials and tribulations of starting

from the ground up. The true satisfaction of a hard day's work. He never sugar coated how hard it was going to be, and I know he was worried about me. As I progressed through this new endeavor and finally found my direction, he came to Colorado to "see me in action" at a large dinner event I was cooking at. I could literally feel him swell with pride as people praised my skills and told him how much they loved me there. That was all he really ever wanted for us. To be the best people we could be, and to be the best in whatever we chose to do.

So much of my love for food and now cooking as a profession is the experience it creates for people, and I definitely got this from my Dad. That was how he showed his love and affection for family and friends, and it was definitely his moment! He was known for his famous ribs, and he was meticulous about his process. But, Thanksgiving. Thanksgiving was the best day. Ever. Mom worked tirelessly on a million delectable sides, but Dad did the turkey. And did he ever do a turkey. I couldn't wait for Thanksgiving morning. I would make sure I was the first one downstairs. Dad would be in the kitchen standing in front of the roaster, basting that bird in butter every 30 minutes, the aroma wafting through the kitchen and wrapping around me like a warm blanket. I can still smell it. As soon as it was "safe enough" the quality control would begin. He would take a fork and start plucking dressing out of the ass end of that bird. If I was lucky he would put his finger over his lips, "shhh" and call me next to him so I could have some too. It was our special little secret. In hindsight, it's a miracle we never got sick, eating out of the not quite done bird, but I wouldn't trade it for the world.

Throughout the most recent years, coming back home I have always felt anticipation and excitement walking through the garage door into the house. I came to rely on seeing him sitting in his chair reading a book or at the kitchen counter doing his crosswords; paying bills. I loved getting up early in the morning and looking downstairs to see if the lights were on. He always beat me. Smelling the coffee, it was just the two of us, him asking me for an answer to a crossword he was stuck on. He and Mom walking me to the car as I was leaving to once again drive away with their arms wrapped around each other, waving, trying not to cry. He was a big softie.

Dad, I will cherish forever the lessons, and the part of me who is so much of you. Thank you for making me the woman I am today, but I will always be your little girl.

# MY FATHER THE MENTOR

by  
JOSH LANDWEHR



My father was a mentor, confidant, trusted source of information and knowledge. He was a hard critic but not judgmental. Tell it like it is, or at least how he saw it. He was helpful, proud, a self-made man who really preferred not to be the center of attention. He was a very charitable person, not just to the church, but to numerous organizations in need. He was the man I had the privilege of calling my father.

While I may be the youngest and perhaps the most unhinged of his three children, I would not be the man I am today, that is to say a work in progress, without the support, wisdom, and love of my father. The values, traditions, knowledge, and critical thinking that he continually tried to pass down have made their lasting mark.

My older brother Louis helped my Dad retire in a graceful and honorable way. He took the helm of Winter-Dent, so that the legacy of his work, sacrificed time and dedication to create a business built on integrity and honesty would continue on. I know Dad was very proud that Louis has continued and even expanded Winter-Dent, always adhering to his high standards of ethics and honesty. He was proud of Louis's leadership and that Winter-Dent is still backed by the Landwehr name.

My sister Sara and I chose to take a different path, away from the family business and eventually away from Jefferson City. Like Louis, Sara has been a success in every endeavor. She tackles all life and business have to throw at her using knowledge, strategy, people skills, and work ethic, all traits I know my father encouraged.

Then there is me. I may never run a business and insurance was decidedly not the way I wanted to go, but I didn't stray too far when I decided to move into the mortgage business. Luckily, I've always had the values of honesty and integrity that my father instilled to guide me on my own adventure. In 2004 I moved to Colorado. It was wild west time in mortgages. Being young, I assumed the large company I had chosen to work for would be built upon similar values as my Father's business. It didn't take long before I realized that something was afoot, so I called Dad to discuss and get his advice. This was not the first and definitely not the last of many calls that Dad was always willing to take. I will never forget that phone call. Dad said, "if you don't feel like you are doing the right thing for your customer walk away from the deal, take a step back and analyze the situation, and if the culture of your company is encouraging you to make what you consider to be a bad deal, leave the company you work for." While I do now, at the time I don't think I understood the gravity of what he was saying. I wanted to do well and impress my father by being a top sales person in a booming business and put myself in the successful ranks like my brother and sister. What I know now, is that he was saying, we have taught you well. You are a good person with good morals and ethics. Don't sacrifice or compromise all that you have learned and who you are just to make a dollar. Operating with integrity is good business and it will get you a whole lot farther than that one commission check. Thank you, Dad. That was a good one.

Some might say, ok everyone would say, that my Father was a creature of habit. I can identify. He very much-loved Jefferson City, the place where he grew up and always called home. He lived only a few miles from where he grew up and only a few steps from Louis. He enjoyed consistency in his life and was stubborn enough to do whatever he could to keep and hold on to it. Jefferson City was that for him. For family vacation, Florida was the destination. The Emerald Towers, always the Emerald Towers. I have very fond memories of cramming the five of us into the car with a 2 week supply of food and beach gear to make a 16 hour drive. These drives, while long, especially with three kids, usually devolved by hour 10 into some kind of sing along to the Carpenters, jokes about each other, and the

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*proud,* a *self-made*  
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occasional turkey gobble sprinkled in for good measure. Louis probably has some good video footage of that turkey.

When I was 10, we moved to Constitution. That first year was pretty hard, starting a new school and learning the ropes of a new neighborhood. My Dad's way of helping me through those years was unique and would come to define me as a person and as his son. Prior to the move to Constitution I only remember rare occasions that Dad wasn't up and out of the house before anyone else, so he could get into work and start his day before the normal craziness began.

Once we moved, he was able to spend a bit more time at home. The most important part my day was waking up at the crack of dawn to share in a small breakfast and watch CNN Money, prior to the market open. He was able to teach me the basics about stocks, stock market trends, the time

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value of money, PE ratios and what stock may make a good investment compared to others and why. In very simple terms my father was able to explain to an 11-year-old the basics of one of the oldest and complicated industries in the world. It's quite a gift to keep the attention of an 11-year-old on stocks and investing rather than going back to bed or playing Nintendo. In my opinion this was one of my father's greatest talents. He could grab your attention and explain

complicated topics without leaving you looking like a deer in the headlights. Before you knew it, you just learned something very important. I wish I had more time to learn from him. Some things you just can't google.

His teaching extended to the dinner table. The whole family would sit down and we would discuss our day. The local news would be on in the background and Dad would pick an event and explain the insurance implications. It wasn't always insurance but he did like to talk his business! There was also politics, taxes, Desert Storm, the floods in 93 and 95, and golf. For me the discussions at the kitchen table, whether it be just Dad and I for breakfast or the whole family at dinner was worth more than any class room education.

To say that my younger years with my Father were different from Louis and Sara I think would be gross understatement. Things changed drastically

for my Father and our family as a whole in 1981 when he bought Winter-Dent. Though I don't recall a lot about those early 80's I know that my father was under a lot of pressure to turn his new business into a success and that cost is the most expensive currency in life...time. By the 90's Dad was still working long hours, but was starting to have more free time, usually for golf, but also for me. I am very grateful to have had so much one on one time with him. I just wish the currency was there to buy more time with him.

I was never very good at too many sports. After many attempts by Louis to play catch with a football or baseball in the front yard, often while being filmed by Dad so he could teach me some technique later, I think Louis and Dad had pretty much figured out that the popular and mainstream



sports were not for me, but never discouraged me from continuing to try. As his time freed up, he was able to watch me strike out at tee ball and never catch any kind of ball that was thrown at me, ever. Yet he forged ahead and helped me find my sports by pushing me to play golf while I would have much rather played in the pool. Golf was a sport that my father truly loved. He was an excellent player and again, an excellent teacher. We also began shooting together on the weekends. These two activities, shooting and golf, would become the common ground for us as a Father/son activity. Having never met Grandpa Landwehr, I believe shooting was a way for him to connect with one of his father's favorite hobbies and pass it on to me. All I can say is mission accomplished on that one Dad.

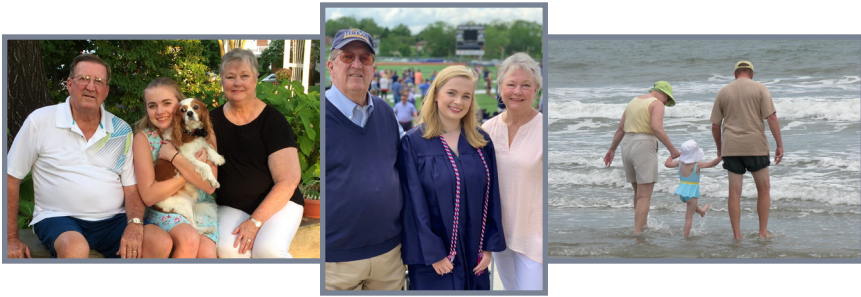
I will miss you forever and I will hold on tight to the lessons you passed down and the passions you fostered in me. I love you.





# MY POPPA NEXT DOOR

by  
NATALIE "NAT" LANDWEHR



As a college student, I have met many kids my age who have never had a relationship with their grandparents. Sometimes grandparents passed away before they were born, or they live across the world. I, on the other hand, was very lucky. My Poppa not only lived in my state and in my city, but lived right next door for most of my life. There was no planning involved in seeing him. I never had to wear shoes on the short walk over. When I went home he would always stand outside by the garage until he knew I made it. It allowed for a relationship

He was always  
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part of my life.

that many people never get to have with their grandparents. He was always next door, always a very important part of my life. I want to share here with you some of the memories I have of him.

My parents would very often travel together when my sister and I were too young for those kinds of trips. My parents were lucky; they had the best free babysitters right next door. It was always special when I got to spend time at Mimi and Poppa's. I got my own room, and had old books to look through and lots of toys. Poppa would always grill for my sister and I, and make fun of my affinity for macaroni and cheese. Sometimes, he'd even take me to the basement and show me all the hunting relics he had down there. Basically, I thought he was probably one of the coolest people ever.

My Poppa also made the holidays extra special. I will always remember him sitting at the head of the table on Thanksgiving day as we all enjoyed the turkey that he had meticulously carved up. On Easter we would go to Mass together as a family and hunt easter eggs in his backyard. On Christmas he let me pretend to be "Santa" and pass the gifts out to the family. After all the presents under the tree were unwrapped, he would always have something special to end the day with. Once, he threw change on the ground for my sister and I to race to pick up. Once he bought us stock in Disney. (It wasn't until later that I found out that this did NOT mean I was the new owner of Disney world). Another time, he gave us dollar bills with stickers of his face covering George Washington. As we grew up and became teenagers, he would buy special jewelry for my sister and I. We were so lucky to spend every holiday with Mimi and Poppa, and Poppa always made sure that holidays were a special time for the whole family.



Although I will miss him greatly, I am so glad for all the times we spent together. He was there for me through every stage of growing up, and he loved me through all of it. I was so lucky to have a relationship like that with someone as caring, smart, and loving as my Poppa. Although our time with him was cut short, the amount of quality time I had with him in my nineteen years of life is unmatched.

# A SMALL MEMORY WORTH MILLIONS

by  
NICOLE LANDWEHR



My Grandfather, who I've always known as Poppa, has been not only a relative, but also a neighbor throughout most of my life. It was something special, to have grandparents right next door all the time, always available. Because of this, I had the ability to visit them not only often, but whenever. This meant we could share many memories together. There are many that could be gone over like retelling a story, but something that meant a lot to me wasn't some big story, but a small constant from every visit I took.

Poppa was always a huggy person with me. Every time I came next door, I'd have to make sure to hug him, else he'd call me back just to remind me. Even as I got older this never changed, and it continued to be something I always treasured when I came for a visit. If I wasn't so lucky that he was my neighbor, I would've never been able to have experienced this so often. I still remember exactly what it was like to hug him. I remember him quietly saying "thank you" in a laughing tone when I'd hug him almost unexpectedly. Maybe it was just a small act, a quick feeling with an even quicker word, but it meant millions to me every time it happened, and that's something I hope to never forget.



## *In Appreciation*

All of Twink's family want to express their sincere appreciation for the many comforting thoughts and prayers, floral tributes, food, and acts of kindness extended to each of them during this time.



Until we meet again,  
*may God*  
*hold you*  
in the palm of His hand.



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