



Mr Jeffrey Lee Krueger

June 13, 1960 - September 10, 2013

Krueger, Jeffrey Lee, June 13, 1960-September 10, 2013

Mr Jeffrey Lee Krueger of Kirkwood, Missouri died on September 10, 2013 in St Louis , Missouri. He was born in Colorado Springs, Colorado on June 13, 1960.

He is the son of Jean Norwine Krueger and the late William Charles Krueger, the brother of Jay W Krueger [Holly], and Gregory C Krueger [Sally], the proud father of Lorin Crandall and Jeffrey "Chip" Reed Krueger and uncle to Evan, Dylan, and Graham Krueger, and Kathleen M and John J Rehagen.

Jeff was loved by many. Jeff was well known for helping others in times of need and had a range of interests including camping, fishing, farm animals and pottery.

He graduated from he Kansas City Art institute in 1983 with a BFA in Pottery and created several pieces that many recognize as outstanding works of art. Memorial arrangements will announced soon by Valhalla. In lieu of flowers, please consider a memorial donation to the National Council on Alcoholism and Drug Abuse, 8790 Manchester Road, St Louis Mo 63154

Feel free to bring a pot luck dish and any memories

or stories about Jeff to share with friends and family.

Previous Events

Memorial Service

OCT **27**. 1:00 PM - 5:00 PM (CT)

Tower Grove

4256 Magnolia Ave

Stone Shelter house

St Louis, MO 63110

<http://www.towergrovepark.org>

Tribute Wall

JL

“ I am sorry this is so late, I just found out last night about Jeff's untimely passing.

My brother Marc and Jeff were always into something Sometimes good and sometimes not so good but nothing changed the friendship over the years. Threw the years our friends can change, just like the seasons of the year but Marc and Jeff hung in there together for over 40 years. Good or bad, sadness or joy their friendship always prevailed.

The last time I saw Jeff was a little over 4 and a half years ago when he drove down to the Lake of the Ozarks for my mom's funeral. He was the same old Jeff, soft spoken, kind words and gentle demur. He was there for his buddy Marc but he made sure he spoke to each one of the rest of us in the family.

I still have the potted vase that he made for my mom so many years ago. Mom was very proud and impress with his pottery skills. Mom and Dad always liked Jeff and thought he was a good friend to Marc. They could see that he was a kind and gentle soul.

Jean, Jay and Greg I am sorry for your lost. I will keep you entire family in my prayers.

Joan Lehmuth

Joan Lehmuth - October 03, 2013 at 08:01 AM

 Marc
Lehmuth

“ I am overwhelmed with grief to hear of Jeff’s passing. I can remember the first time I saw you all on Princeton. Jeff and I became best friends right from the start. My childhood years are filled with wonderful memories of Jeff and I playing “little army” for hours on the third floor of your home. I think I spent more time at your house than I did at my own. I have so many great memories: Listening to music and making cassette tapes, moving Jeff from one bedroom to the next, then next, then next, running up and down two flights of stairs, hide and seek, water fights, sneaking into Jay’s room to listen to his nice stereo while he was gone, snowball fights with Jeff, Greg and Jay, building snow forts in the back yard, and we even build a “skating rink” one year, riding the lawn tractor up and down the drive way, making clay figurines and clay pots in the basement, setting up a BB gun shooting range in the basement and shooting little army men, camping in the backyard, seeing a James Bond movie together that my parents wouldn’t let me see, Carlos his cat, riding bikes, skating at the U. City skating rink, roller hockey in the street, basketball by the garage, building Jeff’s kiln, rebuilding the kiln, again and again, play risk, fishing at Lewis pond, sledding at Lewis park, softball games in the street, soccer in my backyard, night tag, and “ring doorbells and run”. We were always together as kids.

All of my fondest memories of childhood have Jeff in them. Even though we never were in the same school, I could never wait to get home and tell my mom, “I’m going over to Jeff’s house.” During the summer, I would wake up and “go to Jeff’s”, and not return till dinner, then go out again until I heard the “bell”. Even when he went to Kansas City for school, I visited him and we saw the Pink Floyd movie, The Wall. I remember his old mail jeep, and the picture he drew of it overturned, from an accident he was in. I remember riding in the back of his pickup, under a tarp, in the middle of winter, when there was no more room in the cab. Riding in the Gran Torino. He taught me how to drive, contrary to what my mother thought. We went snow camping one year when it was below freezing and I still have a chill today. We had a house painting business one summer

and he cut his hand on a window. I remember the day he broke his arm riding his bike. Going on late night White Castle runs. So many memories...an entire childhood.

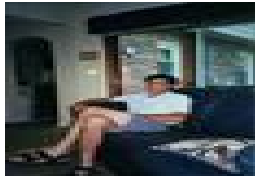
Jean,

You were like a second mother to me. I don't know how you tolerated all the trouble Jeff and I got into together, when we were young. You always treated me like one of your family. Considering I spent most of my childhood at your house, I almost was part of the family. You raised an amazing bunch of boys. You have set the bar of which very few can surpass. As a child, I always looked up to Jeff, Greg and Jay, and respected you. Jeff may have had his shortcomings, but he was always polite, courteous, helpful, fair, patient, kind, loving and very generous. Those attributes are not inherent, they were nurtured by you. I always admired those traits in Jeff and have tried to emulate them myself. For this and many things, I thank you.

Marc Lehmoth - October 02, 2013 at 09:54 AM

CL

“ 23 files added to the album *New Album Name*



Cathy Lind-Kern - September 27, 2013 at 07:04 PM

CL

Love you Jeff, I keep thinking of the song by James Taylor Fire and Rain, I always thought I would see you one more time. I never got to say good bye or see you before you were gone. I will always love you. Rest is peace baby...miss you !

Cathy Lind-Kern - September 27, 2013 at 08:18 PM

LW

“*Jeff, and his brother, Greg, were two of the nicest, kindest, boys you ever could have met. I didn't know their oldest brother, Jay. I met Jeff, in early elementary school...we were the same year, and remained friends throughout high school. I attended First Presbyterian Church with the boys, and have very fond memories of our Youth Group meetings and retreats. Jeff never, ever teased me, as most of the young boys would do. He always had a smile, and a "hello" for me.....even though most would say he was in the more 'popular' crowd than me! These, at the time, were important things to teenagers; he broke the mold by being so friendly to all. I am sure that I am not the only one, from Jeff's growing-up years, to have had this memory of him. I wish that I had remained friends with Jeff as we aged.....it was definitely my loss that we lost touch. My heart hurts for his brothers, mamma, children, and all who loved such a sweet man. And that's what I think he was, underneath it all.....a very sweet man. In sympathy, Linda Walden-Collins*

Linda Walden-Collins - September 15, 2013 at 02:48 PM