



Robert B. Faulkner

February 3, 2024

Robert B. Faulkner, 89, of North Kingstown passed away on February 3, 2024 at his home. He was the husband of Brenda (Heath) Faulkner and the son of the late G. Harvey and Doris Faulkner of Cranston.

He was employed as Area Supervisor for Dunkin Donuts and later worked for many years as Assistant Director of Dining Services at URI.

Mr. Faulkner graduated from Cranston High School and Bryant College after serving in the US Coast Guard and The Culinary Institute of America.

He leaves behind two adult children, Donna McNamara of Homer, AK and William Faulkner of North Kingstown and his sister, Elaine Briggs of Charlestown.

The funeral service is private.

Tribute Wall

ED

“ I met Donna and her parents during my Junior year at the University of Rhode Island. Donna became my Little Sister in our sorority and opened her world of devoted parents. Her Dad was always happy to see me “pop in” whether it was a quick dash to decorate Donna’s bedroom with candies and gifts while Donna was at a meeting or stopping by to chat before Donna and I created an adventure. One of my fondest memories included a group of us stopping at Donna’s parents’ home in between a day at the beach and our evening plans. Donna’s Dad handed each of us a mudslide. I had never tasted one before and never had one as delicious to this day. Donna’s Dad’s joy in watching and listening to Donna was palpable. Speaking to Mr. Faulkner (whether at his home or in Whole Foods Parking Lot) was engaging because his knowledge and insights were vast. Donna, thank you for sharing your Dad.

Ellen Dressler - October 20, 2024 at 09:40 AM

SB

“ I remember uncle Bob as an incredibly capable and wise man, combined with a humbleness that I don't think would allow him to understand how gifted he really was. Whether it was shellfish acquisition, construction know how, or grape & garden advice - he always possessed some insight and was happy to share and teach. The best example I can recall was how he taught me to sweat copper plumbing joints as a teenager (on my back, in a crawlspace, positioned so as to avoid solder as it dripped to the dirt, and with a little bit of bread to stuff up the pipe to avoid any water intrusion into the joint - a skill that has served me well repeatedly over the subsequent decades!). I also remember his grin - "ear to ear" actually fits - and of course it helps to have impressive ears like his to complete the picture. I most vividly remember that grin keeping me optimistic through the night the two of us spent as self assigned guards during remodeling of the house on East Beach Road. An evening we spent in water logged pajamas dumping rainwater coming off the not quite large enough tarp (by the trash barrel full), falling from the thunderstorm that was not predicted but came anyway, the day the roof had been removed for that renovation. Sort of miserable with no power, nothing dry, and a lot of anxiety about what damage might happen, yet we laughed - and grinned - the entire time. Loved, respected, appreciated, and missed.

Stephen Briggs - March 13, 2024 at 09:28 PM

DR

“ 8 files added to the album Bob



Donna Rae - March 13, 2024 at 01:16 PM

DD

Thank you to those of you who added memories to Dad's page and who loved him so well! Love, Donna Rae and Don

Donna Rae and Don - March 13, 2024 at 01:31 PM

JR

*My deepest sympathy 💔
Remembering your Dad as one of the neighborhood Dads, we had the best.*

*Sincerely,
Julie Jackson Richard*

Julie Richard - March 15, 2024 at 10:54 AM

JW

“ I remember my Uncle Bob for his love of seafood, big smile, big laugh and big hugs. When I was young, he had a way of singling me out and acknowledging me with an emphasized "Judy, how are ya?" in his beautiful Rhode Island accent. He and Dad would tell stories of their escapades in childhood and their lobster eating competitions and never ceased giving their mother (Grandmom to me) a hard time. One weekend we went digging for quahogs and he taught me how to use my toes to find them. I ended up with lots of little cuts on my feet, but it was well worth it and I'll never forget that day. I treasure those memories and thank him for making me smile. I'll miss you Bob.

Judy Wilcox - March 12, 2024 at 10:38 AM

PF

“ In The Faulkner tradition, a few cherished memories....Point Judith fishing expedition- early 70's. We got up before dawn and I'm pretty sure Dad, Bob, Bill & I, maybe David? all piled into this tiny boat, and motored way offshore near the tower off Point Judith, and sat there in the drizzling rain, bobbing up and down in 3-4 foot (felt like 10') waves or wake from large tankers. We were using ugly red clam worms as bait, fishing for fluke. I unceremoniously wretched up my Life cereal breakfast into the cold waters, wishing I could just get back on dry land! Bob knew I wasn't enjoying the trip however I tried to tough it out, and we did make it back eventually with some fish that we filleted on the back deck later that day, and fried up in bread crumbs for dinner... Yum!

Then the infamous day on Green River trawling for bay scallops, dredging up stinky seaweed and mud, interspersed with half dollar sized scallop shells, dumped out of the net onto a board balanced between the gunwals, we picked out the shells and threw them in a galvanized trash bucket, and pushed the muck back into the brackish water...Back and forth, back and forth for hours it seemed, as the bucket of shells amazingly filled up, almost to the brim - when the motor cut out! Although he yanked on that pull cord until the sweat was dripping off his nose, he still had an idea of how to not ruin the day and drift out to sea... surmising in his mind, that we could make it to land if we pulled ourselves back using the anchor, which he told me to throw as far as I could towards shore, neglecting to mention that I needed to hold onto the other end, and as it sailed off into the fast moving river, he may have muttered an obscenity (like shucks or drat!), but not blaming me for my stupidity, figured some kind soul would take pity on us and give us a tow back to shore. We eventually got back home, and that huge mountain of shells yielded an ice cream gallon plastic container of little tasty scallops, which he gave to me to take home. I still owe him an anchor, and thanks for memories of all the fun sea adventures we had. Love you Captain Bob.

Peter Faulkner - March 11, 2024 at 07:40 PM

PM

“ I have now lost the second of the Faulkner brothers. This has made me reminisce about Bob and Dick and how they enjoyed each other’s company. They were “best man” long before they took that title at their weddings. I was so delighted when Bob found his wonderful wife Brenda and I have such fond memories of two families visiting each other over the years. Even though he wasn’t talking in the last few years when I visited, he was still the same dear sweet man he had always been. I will be missing him.
Paula

Paula Merrick - March 11, 2024 at 06:50 PM

NK

“ I remember Uncle Bob always with a smile on his face and often a twinkle in his eye. I remember him and Dad always cracking jokes together - they seemed the most compatible brothers. After Dad died I loved to hear Bob laugh - it was the same as my Dad’s. I also remember how much he loved the ocean and reaping its bounty. He was a terrific cook and one of our special recipes for Kugel came from him. We have made it many times and it always gets raves! I will miss him
Nancy

Nancy Kehoe - March 11, 2024 at 11:35 AM

TB

“ I have a cherished memory of Bob from our Fourth of July celebrations at the beach. Each year Bob would organize clam digging expeditions to Ninegret pond. He would lead a parade of mostly kids to the pond across the street and always dressed in baseball hat, shirt, black dress socks and shoes with a clam rake over his shoulder. He looked like the pied piper leading everybody to a fun filled time in the water. Fondly from Ty.

Tyler Briggs - March 07, 2024 at 01:47 PM