

Please join us in honoring the love of my life

Captain Bruce A. Plyer

At

Arlington National Cemetery

April 4th at 3 p.m.

For more information please call Barbara at 201-739-3589

*& please read more about Bruce which is a compilation
from those who knew him at different stages in his life.*





**Captain Bruce Arnold Plyer
Requests Your Presence at Arlington National Cemetery
April 4th at 3p.m.**

To Honor him on his Final Journey and to Celebrate his Life

Bruce was a warm and very loving husband and I could see the love in his face every day. He was my best friend, my soulmate and my travel mate for the many adventures we went on. I knew Bruce for 15 years before he finally proposed. We had just had six amazing days in Sedona together and we had so much fun. It was truly a gift and I am so thankful for those days.

Bruce had been lifting weights, came upstairs and apparently had a "catastrophic event" when his soul left his body within 5 minutes. He will be missed by very loving children, especially Michael and seven grandchildren that adored him especially Cordelia and Anabel. Grandpa could talk to them about anything from how they were feeling to history, stamp collections and he loved to have fun with them.

He grew up in California and since his father worked for Bell Labs they move quite a few times and ended up in Sparta N.J.

He loved his time at Yale and his "brothers" from there knowing how difficult this been have contributed to his story.

Bruce was an interesting guy who had different compartments to his life. At Yale he was a member of the Dramat, at least in freshman year where he won a stage role in the winter show. I (Len) was assisting about stage lighting. He rowed for four years and later kayaked with Barbara. He was an architecture major. It seems that he kept all of those things separate.

One of his best buddies was Fran Boyer, who died very early on. According to Barb he spoke about him often with great affection and sadness.

He went to Annapolis and became an officer in the Navy and did his two tours in the Pacific. He was in Japan and when he wanted to see palm trees and sunshine the Navy accommodated him and sent him to Viet Nam.

While in Hong Kong he ran into a classmate that mentioned Harvard Business School which the Navy sent him to. This brought him into the military-industrial complex and the world of aerospace and he worked for Bendix where he had some very remarkable years and great stories of his travels. In his own words he then entered the world of finance as a financial consultant, advisor confidant, teacher counselor, manager and friend as well as a leader continuing in the Naval Reserve association. This is when he would invite Barbara for dinner (salmon & asparagus) in Hackensack and still be working on his reserve courses and planning a Harley trip.

Bruce was a talented artist who drew the cover for the Wiffenpoofs singing group at Yale and he was always designing badges for his crew His drawings were amazing. He had a beautiful baritone voice and I loved when he sang to me and danced with me in the kitchen. He was an avid reader of history and especially the history of warfare. He was very knowledgeable about WW1, WW2 and Vietnam and he loved all things military (you can tell from the books in the house), He was very proud of his Navy service and apparently had the rank, the medals and the active service in Vietnam to have the great honor or being in Arlington.

He was also extremely strong and they called him "The Rock" in the Navy. I called him my Fuzzy Bear and when he would order food or sign cards it was always Fuzzy. Under that strong exterior was one of the most loving, gentle and ethical men I have ever known.

We may all remember him differently but he will be remembered and missed by us all.

“My love for you will never falter, never subside. My love for you will remain a constant, a barrier for grief and a vessel for joy. As you lay your head upon this pillow do so with the thought of my eternal love resting gently upon your heart.”