

The Gremps

In 1972 on a small island on the end of US 1, Betsy was working at the Navy Communications Station as a Communicator while raising two children from a previous marriage. Bob was at the Fleet Sonar School as an instructor, footloose and fancy free. During one of the usual downsizing periods, the communications station was closed and Betsy was transferred to the Chaplains Office. Quite a change, going from working with a bunch of sailors, to working with a Catholic priest and a Baptist minister.

Time for the Combined Federal Campaign and Betsy had to hand out the packets, and only one name stood out for her, and that was Robert Grempe. He missed the first meeting and had to go to the Chaplains office to pick up the information. He seemed to make a lot of adding mistakes for which Betsy had to call him back for corrections. This led to many lunches and eventually time to meet the children, Robert and Cynthia. They thought “Mr. G” (none of this “Uncle stuff”) was wonderful as did Betsy. They really liked him because he filled the freezer with steaks, not the usual rice-a-roni that Mom bought.

When Bob presented Betsy with an engagement ring, Rob wanted to know if he could now call “Mr. G”, Daddy and was told not until we were married. As we stepped down from the alter in 1973, Rob and Cyndi applauded and they were told that “Daddy” was now a wonderful name to be used.

