



Douglas Lee Marcus Sr

January 6, 1959 - May 26, 2015

Douglas Lee Marcus, Sr passed away May 26, 2015. There will be a Celebration of Life 11 AM to 1 PM Saturday May 30 at Antioch Park, shelter # 2, 6501 Antioch Rd, Merriam, KS. He was a Army Veteran. Survived by his wife Robin Marcus, son Douglas Lee Marcus II, his spouse Franchesca Vaca of Overland Park, KS, daughter Krystal Dillon, her husband Alfred, of Kansas City, KS, he was, "Like a father," to Ashley Boyd of Olathe, KS, two brothers David Marcus of Kansas City, KS, Ronnie Marcus of North Kansas City, MO, grand children, Alfred Dillon III, Christian Marcus, Chloe Marcus, Jordan Dillon, Douglas Marcus III, Brice Dillon, Hunter Dillon, Dominic Marcus.

Previous Events

Memorial Service

MAY 30. 11:00 AM - 1:00 PM (CT)

Antioch Park

Tribute Wall



“ *Douglas Lee Marcus Sr*

October 08, 2023 at 10:59 AM



“ *Douglas Lee Marcus Sr*

September 17, 2022 at 08:24 PM



“ *Clara Smith sent a virtual gift in memory of Douglas Lee Marcus Sr*



Clara Smith - May 29, 2015 at 01:57 PM



Doug has always been a good friend and one of the family. I remember lots of fun with him and Robin at the rock quarry and such. He will be sorely missed, Rest in peace Doug. We love you.

Clara Smith - May 29, 2015 at 02:00 PM

CB

I remember the rock quarry! I was the little kid Doug dragged around with him. Gosh, what a great memory! Thank you.

Christopher Brock - June 04, 2015 at 10:39 AM

CB

It's three years later and I am think about you every day.

Christopher Brock - November 28, 2018 at 01:51 PM

“ Doug watched me grow up in Kansas City. His wife, Robin, is my sister so he has been in my life as long as he and Robin dated. I remember him coming up to Berkshire to hang out and get into trouble. It didn't take much for Doug to get into trouble. Trouble usually found him quite quickly and he got along with it quite swimmingly. He knew how to roll with the punches. Doug had an easy spirit and usually found humor in even the most frustrating things. His laugh made you think he was a bit tickled with what he had just said. Quite proud of his wit, he was quick to take you on a tour of his mental methodology. And it was usually quite a fun ride.

I spent hours alone talking to Doug. We talked about all kinds of things. He listened to my frustrations as I went through growing pains. He made suggestions sometimes, and others said you are going to have to figure that out yourself. But he would listen. He saw my childhood pain and tried to show me how to handle it like an adult man. Anything insightful from him started with a "Look here, Chrissy...". I knew to listen well to what precipitated those words because he had thought about them in advance. He taught me to love Frisbee as a kid and antithetically taught me what not to do through his actions. Remember, he was well acquainted with trouble.

Doug might have been the inspiration for the car chases in the Dukes of Hazard. He always ran. One time, he drove into the parking lot in Berkshire while Dicky G. was chasing him and he was able to get out of the car and run away before Dicky caught up to the car. Unfortunately, Dicky lost again. As he approached the car and shined his flashlight into the drivers seat, he saw something sitting in the seat, but it wasn't Doug. It was Fred staring back at him. For those of you who don't know Fred, his full name is Fred Fontana. Fred was a black Doberman with floppy ears and a long tail. He was a constant companion for Doug and a better match there never was. Fred didn't get arrested that night, but the car was towed and Doug escaped. He was probably laughing all the way.

Doug filled a void for me. By the time I was ten, my own brother had left for college and was busy living his life. Doug filled in because he was around Robin all the time and they lived with us paying part of the rent so we could all survive. It was a blessing to have a full house and to get out of school knowing someone was at home when I arrived. He was always there for me and I am very sad he has passed. I knew Doug to be a lot of different things to many people, but he was always one thing to me. A second brother.

He also introduced me to The Eagles. He loved music and could listen for hours in his younger days. The Eagles were his favorite when I was a kid. When I heard of his passing and how it all happened, all I could hear in my head were Eagles songs. The accompanying vision is that of him in a t-shirt and jeans with his hands stuffed in his front pockets and a smirk on his face and a gleam in his eye as he turns away from me and walks away into a light.

So to you brother, I will never forget you; I will always appreciate what you did for me growing up; and I will always, always love your Eagles. As you would say to me on many occasions; later.

Christopher Brock

Christopher Brock - May 29, 2015 at 12:46 PM