



Robert L. Allen

September 30, 2017

Allen, Robert L., 81, of Smithfield, formerly of Barrington and Rumford, passed away on Saturday, September, 30, 2017 after receiving care at home from Hospice. He was the loving husband of Elizabeth F. Allen and devoted Father of his Son Robert W. Allen and wife Ines Allen of Gathersburg, MD and his Daughter Susan E. Ellingwood and husband Mark Ellingwood and his beloved grandson Noah Ellingwood of Foster, RI. Robert was the son of Leroy Allen and Helen Allen, raised on the water in the Edgewood section of Cranston. He enjoyed years of sailing out of the Edgewood Yacht Club. A lifelong outdoor enthusiast, he enjoyed hiking, skiing, sailing and spending his summers on Ossipee Lake in NH and Lake Rescue in VT. In his later years he enjoyed many Audubon trails and weekend trips with family to Tiverton and Little Compton, Briggs Beach and Grey's Ice Cream. He was employed as manager of the E.L Freeman Company, Newport, RI branch up to his retirement. He was a member of Central Congregational Church in Providence. He was deeply loved and will be forever missed by his family and friends. He was known for his gentle kindness, his giving nature, warmth and humor. This Reading is offered in his loving memory: Gone from My Sight; I am standing on the seashore. A ship, at my side, spreads her white sails to the moving breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength. I stand and watch her until, at length, she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come to mingle with each other. Then, someone at my side says, There, she is gone. Gone where? Gone from my sight. That is

all. She is just as large in mast, hull and spar as she was when she left my side. And, she is just as able to bear her load of living freight to her destined port. Her diminished size is in me not in her. And, just at the moment when someone says, There, she is gone;, there are other eyes watching her coming, and other voices ready to take up the glad shout, Here she comes!;. And that is dying. Death is a horizon, and a horizon is the limit of our sight.