



Craig Meyer

May 1, 2008

Craig Allen Meyer, 43, of Highlands Ranch, Colorado, formerly of Cedar Falls died May 1, 2008 at his home in Highlands Ranch.

He was born June 8, 1964, in Cedar Falls, Iowa, the son of Calvin and Alice (Burger) Meyer. He graduated from Cedar Falls High School in 1982 where he was active in music and scouting. He earned his Eagle Scout Award. In 1986, he earned his degree in Mechanical Engineering from South Dakota School of Mines and Tech and in 1990 his Masters of Mechanical Engineering from the University of Iowa. He had been employed as an engineer with the Ford Motor Company in Michigan and Colorado for several years and currently was self employed in Colorado.

Craig enjoyed woodworking, making himself several pieces of furniture. He was an avid photographer, enjoyed rebuilding cars and driving his sports car. His greatest joy was fishing and camping with his good friends.

Survived by: his parents of Cedar Falls; brother, Steven (Flo) Meyer of Elko, MN, sister, Kathy (Glen) Fry of Boulder, CO; niece, Christina Meyer; and three nephews, Eric Meyer, and Corbin and Conner Fry.

Preceded by: maternal and paternal grandparents; and uncle Kenneth Burger.

Tribute Wall



“ Craig was a long time friend of Brian's. They grew up together. I've heard many stories from both Craig and Brian about some of their mischievous ways in their younger days. I met Craig when Brian and I began dating in 1987. He was always fun and funny. I knew why he and Brian were such good friends. Brian, Craig and I used to shoot pool together back in the day. He used to tell me I had a funny stance and he didn't know how any one could shoot pool like that. Shy he wasn't. Craig was part of our wedding in 1989 and we kept in touch with him and he with us through all these years. Craig will always be remembered for his sense of humor and his wit. Brian and I are deeply saddened by the sudden los of our friend. Please accept our sincerest sympathies and condolences during this most difficult. Craig will surely be missed.

March 29, 2013 at 02:52 PM



“ Like Rich, Tony and Mike, I too worked with Craig at Livonia Transmission Lab. Craig was one of those people that would lite up a room the moment he entered, with his always smiling face, williness to help or play a pratical joke, things were never boring when Craig was around. He was a good and true friend and I surely will miss him. Every time I think of Craig I see that smiling face with a little smirk added in for good measure. God bless you Craig for making my days at Ford better.

May 29, 2008 at 12:00 AM



“ Aim very sorry to hear of Craig's passing.As Rich #2 was saying we'll miss him. I was one the guy's that made his hair brain ideas work. Things were always exciting with Craig around. I didn't know what would happen next in the lab.Usually Craig's hair brain idea would work we'd all have a good laugh over a beer. I'll miss him...”

May 16, 2008 at 12:00 AM



*“ We were saddened to hear of the passing of your son Craig. You have our deepest sympathy in this time of sorrow.
Joe and Becky Wilson*

May 15, 2008 at 12:00 AM



“ I was greatly saddened to hear of Craig's passing last week, and I send Craig's family and friends my deepest sympathies and condolences. I've thought a lot about Craig over the past few days and wanted to share some special memories:

My family moved next door to the Meyers in the summer of 1971. We had lived in Missouri for several years and I was not happy about the move and leaving my good friends behind. However, I still remember seeing Craig for the first time as we were unloading our car in Cedar Falls. He was in the front yard throwing a rubberband-powered airplane. I remember thinking to myself, "Hey - maybe this move will work out okay after all!? That was the beginning of a great friendship.

Craig and I spent A LOT of time together growing up, and we did all the things that boys should do. We climbed trees, chased bugs, built Legos, raced slot cars, played football, launched model rockets, shot bow and arrows, played golf, built forts, and threw snowballs. We spent hours blowing up army men in our sandboxes with the firecrackers he always brought back from South Dakota. We were in Scouts together for many years where we camped, hiked, and sold Boy Scout popcorn together. I eventually left Scouting, but Craig continued on to earn the rank of Eagle Scout. I admired him greatly for his commitment, hard work, and dedication.

All told, Craig and I attended school together for 11 years. We walked together, rode together, and (occasionally) stayed after school and wrote sentences together. After high school graduation, we split up and went to different colleges. We would eventually both become engineers, Craig, Mechanical, and me, Aerospace. After earning his undergraduate degree, Craig continued on to earn his Masters of Mechanical Engineering. Again I greatly admired his commitment, hard work, and dedication. Throughout these years we would often see each other around the Holidays and catch up with each other's adventures.

After college, we both moved away from Iowa and would only see each other only occasionally. However, I remember each time that I saw Craig, he had a big smile, a twinkle in his eye, and some funny stories to tell. Craig enjoyed life, and made it fun for the people around him as well. Looking back, I'm reminded again how very blessed I was to have lived next to Craig, to have gone to school with him all those years, and most importantly, to have had him as my friend. He added so much to my life! I'll always treasure my memories of Craig!

May 15, 2008 at 12:00 AM



“*Craig and I met in Colorado around 1998 at Ford and I got to know him better a few years later. He was always ready to lend a hand. I remember Craig sitting Indian style at his desk wearing his tie-dyed shirt under his upside down clock, which was set to the correct time, with a big grin on his face. Craig came into work early and I would look forward to getting his take on things while drinking a cup of coffee first thing in the morning. He could always make me laugh and see things in a different way from his unique perspective. The office just wasn't the same after Craig left. Please accept my condolences. I will miss Craig and feel privileged to have known him.*

May 14, 2008 at 12:00 AM



“ *It is with deep sadness and a heavy heart that I type these words. Craig and I met in the early 90's at Ford. He was certainly one of a kind. I remember that his desk was always a disaster, papers everywhere, yet every fact was in his head. He could tell instantly why an answer was right or wrong. He would certainly enjoy the time it took for others to come to the same conclusions that he did. He was a bit mischevious, and was a wizard with the Unix machine and the programing languages. I laugh now at some of the things that he was able to get away with. It was never malicious, just good fun, and I feel priveleged that he let me share in the game. When I came out to Colorado, he was there to pick me up. Greeting me with a grin, and a handshake that made me glad to know him. I will truly miss my friend. He always called me #2. He was #1. He still is #1. Please accept my condolences, and know that Craig always made me smile, and laugh, and that I will miss him, but that his memory will live on.*

May 13, 2008 at 12:00 AM



“ *Cal and Alice, we are so sorry to hear of Craig's passing. He will certainly be missed. Bev's daughter, Sandra, was in his graduating class and she, too, sends her condolences.*

*Sincerely,
Dick and Bev Michael*

May 13, 2008 at 12:00 AM



“ Craig and I met in 1982 during our first week at the South Dakota School of Mines & Technology, hit it off immediately and remained friends. My deepest condolences go out to Craig's immediate and extended family, who have shared the same kindness and warmth at The Farm and over Thanksgiving Dinner in Bison.

While unable to adequately express the feeling of loss at Craig's passing, I can describe how much his friendship has meant.

Meeting Craig was like the moment in the ?Wizard of Oz? when it changes from gray to color. Not many people know about the first act of greatness I saw Craig perform. At the Mines, it was the goal ? nay, duty ? of every Frosh (that is, an uninitiated Freshman) to steal the Senior Car, a feat rarely accomplished and sternly punished when caught. Craig successfully found out where it was hidden, hot wired and stole it undetected; he used his wit, persuasiveness and audacity to return it on his terms under ransom. It was so embarrassing to the Senior Class it was kept quiet. The few Frosh who knew of the feat stood in awe, and he got instant respect from the Seniors. Craig's wry and in-your-face wit was a challenging delight; while living on top of Skyline Drive, Craig ? annoyed at my ubiquitous and prominently displayed rocks and minerals ? chose his own specimen: a cinder block he would proudly point out to the many visitors. Wherever Craig lived, you could be sure the place would be packed every weekend (and many weeknights) because that was the place people wanted to be.

As an outdoors enthusiast, Craig was in his element climbing, backpacking and photographing nature. Even the big game animals were drawn to him; as I write, I look left to an enlarged Mountain Goat photo Craig set up by drawing the nanny's attention. Setting up a scene for a nanny was no problem for Craig, because he could get close photos of the big Billies.

Spending a few years at the Mines can be great because, if you are lucky, you meet friends like Craig.

As times changed over the years, the best of Craig didn't. That's why the friendship didn't end at graduation, as it did with most others. We stayed in touch and took a couple of road trips back to the The Hills. The agenda for each was, thus, very predictably unpredictable. In one week, we were going to meet many colorful people, and Craig would draw the most out of each moment of conversation. The first time you went into a restaurant or diner with Craig wasn't the most fun, it was the second time when you were immediately hit with a friendly laugh and the comment "I heard about you!?" Word about Craig got around fast.

Always gregarious and generous, we later did a couple of 40 pound FedEx food swaps. He would send game from Colorado and I would send seafood from Philadelphia. He would ask for samples of the more, shall we say, exotic-looking delicacies. The arrival was an event for all he could feed, and he would phone back about how thrilled people were when he threw a seafood party. The message was not "I liked it?", but "You've made a lot of people happy in Colorado?". And 40 pounds of fish was never enough to serve all of his friends.

Craig and I have been able to share mutual friends "whom neither of us have ever met face-to-face" on the other's word. And perhaps that says the most about him: people like each other only because they know Craig.

May 12, 2008 at 12:00 AM



“ We are very sorry to hear of Craig's passing. He will be missed and will always be in our hearts and memories.

Brian, Mary and Loni Wetrich

May 08, 2008 at 12:00 AM