



Bobby Gene Schulz

October 12, 1930 - November 21, 2025

Dad (Grandad, Bob, Uncle Bob, or as he liked to call himself “Sweet Old Bob” - SOB) passed from this Earth on November 21, 2025. He was loved and appreciated by his family and those who knew him well. He will be remembered for his love of his family and his keen sense of humor and wit.

Family and education were of utmost importance to Dad. He was the first generation to graduate from college, and it was understood that his five children would also graduate from college (which we did). Dad met our mother, Millie, at a University of Oklahoma (“Boomer!”) dance. Before Mother passed away three years ago, Mother and Dad spent 70 years together sharing family, love, laughter, travel and learning.

Dad’s degree in Chemical Engineering took him and our family of seven across the gas producing states of Illinois, Oklahoma, Texas, Kansas, and briefly to Louisiana. Being promoted included moving on an average of every two years. Our longest stop was six years in the Oklahoma panhandle where we established lifelong friendships, and we kids learned to horseback ride on a friend’s ranch (and ended up with three horses of our own)! With five children, all two years apart, we were not only siblings but friends. So, when we moved, we always had friends who moved with us. Additionally, after each move, our parents found the local Catholic church, which we attended faithfully.

Dad and Mother gave us a strong sense of family by creating family activities. Every summer we drove and camped our way to and throughout Colorado, where (conveniently) our Aunt and Uncle owned a motel. Three summers we took longer vacations driving to southern California (to see cousins and Disneyland!), to Banff and Jasper in Canada, and to New York City and Washington, D.C., camping at National Parks along the way. Our travels gave us a unique opportunity to see most of the US in our youth. Always looking for something the family could do together, Dad bought an inboard motorboat when we were teenagers, and we enjoyed water skiing on the lakes around Tulsa during the summer.

Dad immensely enjoyed hunting from the time he was a boy and his family used the game to supplement their meals. An excellent shot, he lettered on the rifle team at OU, and at 80, he still had a perfect skeet score. He enjoyed teaching his kids and grandkids to shoot and to safely handle a firearm. When he retired, Dad also became an avid fly fisherman and introduced his kids and grandkids to the sport with family trips to the San Juan River in New Mexico.

Dad was born October 12, 1930, and grew up with his parents in El Reno, Oklahoma, a railroad town near Fort Reno, the last Calvary fort (i.e., a fort with horses for soldiers) in the US. On December 7, 1941, Dad's Uncle Ralph was stationed at Pearl Harbor naval base when it was attacked and earned a Purple Heart for returning fire and for injuries he sustained. Dad's Uncle Roy then joined the Army. Stationed in England, Uncle Roy was the top turret gunner/flight engineer on a B-17, named "The Joker is Wild," which flew 35 missions in Europe. Dad's dad then joined the Navy and was stationed in Pearl Harbor. Dad was extremely proud of his family's service. During WWII, Dad was a young teenager and delivered laundry to Fort Reno where he fell in love with horses. He had happy memories about all the Army men from across the country whom he met at Fort Reno.

One of our favorite stories from Dad's youth is that he had a pet chicken named Turk that sat on Dad's shoulder wherever Dad went. He also had a horse, Shorty. We'd heard of pet horses, but never a pet chicken.

By the end of his career, Dad had traveled to six continents. He was proud of the fact that in the early 1970s, he was the first in his company to hire women in the field and to promote minorities to leadership positions. After retiring in Tulsa, Dad and Mother enjoyed organizing and hosting large family get togethers there and in the San Juan Mountains and in the Grand Tetons. Dad also volunteered on the Oklahoma Historical Society Board, on the Will Rodgers Museum Board, at the Gilcrease Museum, at Fort Reno, and at the Buffalo Bill Museum in Cody, Wyoming, where he catalogued their cartridge (bullet) collection. During his retirement he enjoyed studying and learning about such varied topics as Calvary and Native American history in the West, western art and sculpture, and the origins of the universe and the galaxies.

Dad is survived by his children Mark Schulz, Karen Graham (John), and Carmel Fisk (Dan). He is also survived by his eleven grandchildren Nikki Baker (Mike), Austen Graham; Matthew Lakich (Amy), Ryan Lakich; Peyton Schulz Teneriello (Peter); Becca Hoffman (Alex), Maddie Monaghan (Steven), Emily Fisk; and Byron Cox (Janet), Melanie Gutierrez (Joe), Heather Ortega (Cosme); and twelve great grandchildren.

Dad was preceded in death by his wife, Millie; his parents; his daughter Linda Lakich (John); his son Grant Schulz (Tamara); and by his daughter-in-law Linda Schulz (Mark).

Dad will always have our love and appreciation, and we will cherish all the many memories he left with us.

(A special thank you to the caring staff of Aspens of Fort Collins, Kelly and Dustin with Bristol Hospice, and Dr. Mills with Bloom Hospice. Dad could feel your love and support).