



Roy Leslie Cole, Jr.

December 27, 1928 - October 31, 2025

Obituary for Roy Leslie Cole Jr.

Roy Leslie Cole Jr., 96, of Fort Collins, Colorado, passed away peacefully at home on October 31, 2025. He was born on December 27, 1928, in Denver, Colorado, to Roy Sr. and Marguerite Cole, and moved to his childhood home in Edgewater, CO a year later.

Roy spent his childhood in Edgewater, helping with family agriculture and proudly never missing a single day of school from first through twelfth grade. Summers were a special time for him, spent in Walden with his brother-in-law, Jimmy, putting up hay and helping on the ranch.

After graduating high school, Roy attended Denver University on a basketball scholarship, earning a degree in education. He began his career teaching in Edgewater and served as assistant basketball coach, helping lead the team to a state championship. After a year of teaching, Roy changed careers and became a master plumber, working with numerous companies—including Martin Marietta—until 1971. He also served his community as a member of the Edgewater City Council and was proud to be a Mason.

On March 19, 1950, Roy married Lucille Schaaf, in Denver, Colorado. In 1962, they purchased the farm of his dreams in Fort Collins, where they raised three

children, started a dairy, and celebrated 51 wonderful years of marriage. In 1971, Roy and his son Brad began a dairy business together, which Roy operated until 1989 before passing it on to Brad. He continued raising corn and hay and actively irrigating into his late 80s. You could always find him on the farm tinkering or in his woodshop building or napping. And if you didn't, he was having coffee with friends in town. Roy remained in his farmhouse until the end, just as he wished.

After selling his dairy cows, Roy and Lucille bought and remodeled a cabin in Pingree Park, where he loved spending time fishing and enjoying the river that runs in front. After Lucille's death, Roy married his wife, Marilyn Buis, in 2004 and they shared 20 happy years together.

Roy was a proud grandfather who rarely missed his grandchildren's sporting and 4-H events. His earlier pickup had a bumper sticker that read, "Ask me about my grandchildren." He loved fishing, woodworking, attending family gatherings, and sharing his quick sense of humor. His strong work ethic and kind spirit earned him friendships across Fort Collins and beyond.

Roy was preceded in death by his parents; his sister, Royona; his wife, Lucille; his son, Robb; and his great-granddaughter, Sierra.

He is survived by his wife, Marilyn; daughter Peggy (Van); son Brad (Arlene); grandchildren Brian (Keri), Eric (Melissa), Doug (Sarah), Tiani (Bradley), and Garrett (Millie); ten great-grandchildren; and four great-great-grandchildren. Four stepdaughters, Melody, Chrys, Brenda, Penny and a large extended stepfamily.

The family wishes to thank all those who spent time with Roy and helped brighten his days for all these years. A special thanks to Russ Schaefer and Roger Morgan for their companionship and for keeping his social spirit alive

until the very end. Thank you to Cyndee Thoen for her nursing help and friendship over the years.

A Celebration of Life will be held on November 22, 2025, at 1:00 p.m. at Windsong Estate, 2901 Saddler Boulevard, Severance. To honor Roy, donuts and pie will be served.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to Laporte Presbyterian Church or Larimer County 4-H, in Roy's memory.

Previous Events

Celebration of Life

NOV **22**. 1:00 PM (MT)

Windsong Estate Event Center
2901 Saddler Blvd.
Fort Collins, CO 80524

Tribute Wall

LB

“ Roy was a friend and neighbor of my Grandpa Joe, I spent my whole childhood seeing Roy. He was as ornery and as much a joker as my Grandpa. He called us three boys the three little neighbor girls, which at the time bothered us, but in my older years it makes me laugh. I remember Roy wasn't large in stature but he was one of the hardest working men I can remember and a good role model for a child. His wife Lucille worked in the schools many of the years I attend grade school. My father Dick also spent much time with Roy and they often helped each other out like good rural neighbors do. My condolences to all the Cole family. RIP Roy.

Lance Brauch - November 23, 2025 at 01:30 PM

“ I prepared a poem for Roy Cole:

*He rose before the sun could find the barn,
hands already remembering the weight of a milk pail
long after the last cow was sold.
Ninety-six Octobers came and went,
yet the irrigator's gate still knew his step,
the corn still leaned a little when he passed,
as if listening for the old joke
about city folks who thought hay grew in squares.*

*At Silver Grill he held court in the corner booth,
coffee black as plow-turned earth,
telling the same stories until they felt brand-new:
how Edgewater kids once shot hoops in a barn loft,
how the state championship net came home
draped around a bus like a victory flag,
how Lucille looked in that March light of 1950
when forever still seemed a safe bet.*

*He could fix anything with baling wire and prayer,
build a grandfather clock that kept perfect time
and a memory that kept perfect people—
never missing a 4-H show, a basketball game,
a great-grandchild's first wobbly cast
into the Cache la Poudre.*

*His pickup wore its bumper sticker like a medal:
Ask me about my grandchildren.
Strangers asked.
He told.*

*Dry wit, quick as a swather blade,
but underneath it ran a river of kindness
wide enough for every cop, firefighter, nurse, neighbor
who ever needed a hand or an ear.
He kept the Masons' secrets*

and everybody else's coffee warm.

*When Lucille left first,
he carried her absence the way he carried fence posts—
quiet, steady, one at a time
until the cabin at Pingree rose again around him,
rod in hand, river talking the way she once did
when the world was smaller and the nights were loud with kids.*

*Marilyn found him later,
brought new laughter into the old farmhouse,
and the house decided ninety-six was just a number
after all.*

*On the last morning the mountains wore their October blue,
he sat in the kitchen he'd built twice—
once for Lucille, once for love the second time around—
watching light slide across the fields he'd coaxed into harvest
for more than sixty seasons.
The coffee cooled.
The river kept talking.
And Roy, who never missed a day of school
and never missed a chance to make someone feel at home,
slipped out the back door of the world
the way a good farmer does:
quietly,
leaving the gate open
so the rest of us can still follow him in.*

*We will, Roy.
Every time the irrigation water laughs over the rocks,
every time a grandchild casts a line
or a stranger leaves Silver Grill smiling,
we'll hear that twinkle,
feel that hand on the shoulder,
and know the corner booth
is still warm.*

Ray Martinez

Ray Martinez - November 21, 2025 at 04:23 PM

CI

“ *Uncle Roy*

A wonderful son, brother, husband, father, uncle, and friend. He was very supportive of his family, friends and community, both in the Edgewater EFD and Ft. Collins. His sense of humor and compassion was abundant everywhere. Roy was always telling his mother a tall tale. Grandma would ask him what he told her the truth or a joke. His smile told her what she already knew. He didn't know a stranger. He even found a friend from the past at the Las Vegas Airport. He had love and support for all his family, his kids sports and the community 4H activities. He even housed my calves, and all it cost me was a German Chocolate cake for payment. He loved camping at Lone Pine with the extended family with campers and a tent and pheasant hunting on his property. When the family friends or neighbors needed plumbing on a house, he came and helped. He will be greatly missed by all.

Cindy

Cindy - November 18, 2025 at 06:53 PM

J(

“ *Uncle Roy was my FAVORITE uncle. He came to my high school graduation and he again traveled to Albuquerque to see me get married. I have so many amazing memories of him from a small child to my late adulthood. He always accepted me and made me laugh. It is with a very heavy heart and tears in my eyes I share all this. Because of him and my Auntie Lue I have so very many amazing cousins. I am so very grateful for the time that I was able to spend with him and I will forever cherish every memory I have.*

Janelle Arnold (Stage) - November 17, 2025 at 09:29 PM

LB

“ Roy, Lucile, Peggy, Brad and Robb were great friends and neighbors to my Family when we moved to the community in 1967. One of my best personal memory, was when Roy helped me with my first show calf. I had won a "Catch-it-Calf" at the Larimer County Fair in 1968. Roy suggested that I feed the Calf better and suggested I bring a 5 Gallon Bucket to his Silage Pit and fill it with Silage to feed my calf until the Fair in August. He only charged me a nickel a bucket. Thank You Roy for all that you did to encourage young people.

Warmly, Laquitta Simmons Blehm

Laquitta Blehm - November 17, 2025 at 07:33 PM

KC

“ Uncle Roy will be so deeply missed. In my lifetime, I don't think I've ever met such a jokingly funny, down to earth, extremely intelligent and genuine man than Uncle Roy. He had a way of always making everyone laugh with his witty jokes, while also being sincerely compassionate at the same time.

We always loved coming up to the farm and seeing Uncle Roy as it was an experience that money will never buy. I'm beyond grateful that both of my kids got to spend a day on Uncle Roy's farm when they were little - he even gave them fresh eggs and a tractor ride.

Uncle Roy had a unique personality that will never be repeated. Lucky us who were able to be in his happy path of his beautiful life. Thank you Uncle Roy for being the extraordinary man that you were.

Fondly,
Ken Colaizzi

Ken Colaizzi - November 15, 2025 at 02:07 PM

SS

“ Always enjoyed Roy!
He was a special man!

sandi Seaworth - November 12, 2025 at 01:54 PM

RS

“ Uncle Roy,

Throughout my life, you have been a second Dad to me. I still remember my first duck hunt; I was maybe 5 and so bundled in clothes you had to carry me much of the time. Cold and no ducks, but I loved it. The "giant" kite you built for me of homemade frame and glued together butcher paper, and I could barely hang on when we flew it. In my early teens, you took me on my first deer hunt and presented me with your rifle afterwards to celebrate my success. A few years later, you started my driving lessons on the farm in the "old Chevy" pickup--well before I turned 16. That fatherly support continued and graciously extended to my whole family as it has grown over time.

An entire lifetime of support (humorous critiques, always!) with maybe a "directional" criticism as needed. You were truly special; to me, then Pat, and eventually all of our kids and grandkids!

*A lifetime of love and wonderful memories,
Roy*

Roy Stage - November 04, 2025 at 03:54 PM

RM

“ Dear Roy,

Though you're no longer with us, your spirit lingers in every corner of Fort Collins you loved to share. You had a rare gift for making anyone feel like an old friend—generous, considerate, and always ready with a story about the town's past that made history feel alive. Your pride in your children shone through every gracious boast, and your deep respect for law enforcement and emergency services reminded us all of the quiet heroes among us.

I'll miss our breakfasts at the Silver Grill, where your dry humor and that trademark twinkle in your eye could turn any morning into something special. Great people like you don't truly leave—they live on in the hearts you've touched.

With fond memories and deepest sympathy,

Ray Martinez, former mayor of Fort Collins

Ray Martinez - November 02, 2025 at 08:43 AM