



## Robert Daniel Welch

July 13, 1952 - August 25, 2023

Robert Daniel Welch (Bob) born July 13, 1952.

Friday August 25 2023 Our Hero, Father and Friend left this earth to be with God. Bob was baptized as a infant and always kept faith near to him, but closer to his passing he gave his soul to Jesus and began reading scripture. He is now at peace with his Mother Jolene Rogers, his Fathers Ronald Rogers (Red) and Foy Welch, sister Roxanne Welch, his granddaughter Madison Welch, his faithful dogs and loving friends/family who went before him. He was survived by his brother Rick Welch, life partner Mary Welch, six children Angela Welch, Christina Welch, Jason Welch, Robert Welch III, Jolene Stephens (Welch), and Beverley Welch, Several Grandchildren, a great grand baby and many many friends. Bob was a good ol boy from Montana who wore many hats. A son, brother, bull riding cowboy, golden glove boxer, veteran for the Army, a husband, father, cancer survivor ,Director of special events, grandfather, friend and Hero to most. His heart was huge , his unwavering loyalty, precious advice and lingering essence ( yes it was Paul Sebastian) was inspiring. If only we all could be so generous of heart and quick to fix a problem. He always had the best Advice " be proactive not reactive" ," never lend what you aren't willing to give away" ,"don't ever assume, it makes an ass out of me and u" ," it doesn't matter if you win the fight, you just make sure they don't wanna come back for seconds", and my favorite, "Savor life, every last moment". He was boisterous, quick witted, protective , stubborn and loved to talk. To everybody. All the time. Seriously.

He could easily be found in a crowded room. The mobster looking guy in the center of it all jabbing his elbow into your side with one of his famous jokes, laughing harder than you and spinning the room full of people enamored by his contagious enthusiasm. He was a man. He was a legend. He was our Hero. Thank you for a life well lived, in service to those you loved.  
Rest easy Daddy, Ditto

# Tribute Wall

“ My father was the bravest man I have ever known in my entire life. He was an SP5 during the cold war when they had the berlin wall up and communism began to spread like a cancer. He was stationed at Checkpoint Charlie with the Army Rangers after training with the SBS for his traumatic bootcamp and his POC bootcamp drill instructor "with eyes like lasers" who would call all the men "Joe (short for GI Joe) until graduation from bootcamp, upon with you shall be addressed as 'Joseph') :D!! My father was able to tell me about only a miniscule portion of his bootcamp and service that was not classified and we laughed very hard at the creative mind games his warrior brothers would play on him and the subsequent shellshock he had afterwards that made perfect sense for what he had been through and what he helped to achieve in the name of Freedom and Human Rights. SP5 Sargent Bob Welch specialized in psychological warfare and having already been educated on the atrocities of WWII Nazi Germany, my father was a trailblazer, studied the soviet union's methods of psychological torture(The Army recruitment video for Psywar called Ghost in the Machine is so hot right now by the way) as well as black ops that was classified still to his death which he was not authorized to speak about and never said a word about, keeping his oath. I could not have dreamed up a better father in a fictional story than the father I was so lucky, honored, privileged, and blessed to have been born to. I can't believe the legendary Bob Welch was my Dad. My father was an ESTP (extroverted sensing thinker perciever) in the Meyer's Briggs personality typology which is the same as President Donald Trump and he might have been a little bit more popular than President Trump for all I know, he had so many good friends and brothers at the tip of the spear. His function stack with MBTI was almost opposite and backwards from mine, save for Ni. Together we were the dream team with jokes for days and the most interesting, complex, honest, thought provoking, supportive, loving, philosophical conversations that I have a lot of trouble finding with anyone else. I've never met anyone like my Dad. He was very unique even despite being in a regimented training with HALO (high altitude low opening), special reconnaissance, communications,

*weapons, intel, strategy, technology, team building, etc. My father also enjoyed dream interpretation and I could always talk to him about anything at all no matter what it was.*

*He had an impressive score on the ASVAB for the Army and scored very superior intelligence when translated to IQ (I have a theory that my dad actually topped out the IQ test and uses this number to cover up how intelligent he really was because my father was so creative, always knew what to do and how to adjust adapt and overcome any situation that was ever thrown at him his entire life excluding death and taxes[which he said were the only two things guaranteed in life lol <3]Yep. Actually my Dad probably freaking invented the ASVAB, he was so epic!! :P). It is guaranteed that my Dad could beat up your Dad because he was a tough as nails bull riding cowboy and golden glove who, as a child, would beat up all the school bullies picking on smaller kids including his brother Rick who was born with backwards feet (That Shriner's children's hospital did multiple surgeries for for free and fixed him so that he could go on to be an Army Green Beret among other extremely badass and secret sly occupations that ensure domestic tranquility and public order until his well deserved retirement) and when a kid was bigger than my father he would continue to perservere and get his ass handed to him every single day losing a fight to the bigger bully until the bigger bully got sick of looking over his should for my dad and wanted to be friends and stop bullying people. That is what was meant by the advice about "it doesn't matter if you win the fight just make sure they don't want to come back for seconds". Bud M. trained my father to box and I had fond fond memories of my father passing on those beautiful red hand wraps to me that Bud gave to him. My father fought south paw and showed me Mohamed Ali fighting dude in the "Thrilla of Manilla" "fight like a butterfly, sting like a bee". My father would call the jab the distraction and the cross he would say "then you want to bring home baby while they are distracted with the jab" and show me how to power my inertia ergonomically up from the heel, through the hip, and right to those first two fingers. I was so proud to see him nostalgic about his boxing days and share such stories with me and teach me the stuff he knew. He was very patient and very communicative and very*

good at talking, learning, and teaching. Most of all, my dad had heart. His big heart is what killed him ultimately. My father led a very Christian Life and followed Jesus' message to the best of his ability and understanding. I am overwhelmed when I think about how good of a person my father was and all he did and how many lives he touched and how extraordinary and special he was. I don't know anyone who loved harder than he did. If my dad loved someone, he would move mountains for them and then give them moon dust to top it off. If you crossed my father he was the scariest man in the world and extreme in formidability and that would have been the time to pray to Jesus making him mad or hurting someone or something he loved. My father went to and was supportive of my MMA class with krav maga and muay thai, which he was so proud of me when I practiced the weapons and got my blue belt certificate. My father enjoyed watching me to the cloud motion for Dr. Lam's beginners Qi gong on his red back patio in the spring time with the beautiful Sakura tree dropping pedals down in the most peaceful, pristine fashion, the cool wind blowing fresh air in the spring time. He also loved dogs. A lot. And I do too. He said anyone who dogs don't like you should not trust because he believed dogs were a good judge of character and had special instincts that humans do not have. My father gave the most esteemed and colorful complements that built people up and motivated them to be their best selves, even if they made a mistake. My father is the reason I have self esteem and self confidence. My Dad understood me unlike anyone else ever could. He knew how to get me to open up out of my shell and saw me for my sensitive nature and said that I see the world differently than other people and that I am an artist. He thought I was really smart and helped me study for my A and P test, which coincidentally was about the bloodflow pathways of the heart (While he had left ventricle congestive heart failure from wtATTR Amyloidosis. My Dad would make me stand up in the Cameo Cafe restaurant and sing Ave Maria to everyone when I was 10 years old, just super out of the blue, so that we could get a free loaf of Texas Toast and that was the beginning of my severe stage fright. My dad bought me multiple instruments and music equipment and we loved to listen to music together and hear about the stories

*behind it and listen to our favorite songs and talk about them. My sister and I took my Dad to the Elvis movie at Cinetopia for his last movie theater experience and that was a sincerely good time. My Dad enjoyed movies quite a bit. He was the type of man who a movie should be made after him, he was that great, that smart, that badass, and that funny. The world is such a better place because my wonderful father was in it. My father was so proud of his children and loved his family more than anything in the world. He was so loved by his friends and dogs and wonderful neighbors, as well. RIP Dad. They don't make them like you anymore. I will forever miss the gigantic void that replaces your huge and dynamic personality. You were the most special person I have ever had the honor of knowing and I love and miss you very much.*

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**Bev W** - February 22, 2025 at 12:00 AM

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“ We are deeply sorry for your loss ~ Evergreen Memorial Gardens Cemetery, Funeral Chapel and Crematory

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**A Memorial Tree was planted for Robert Daniel Welch** - August 31, 2023 at 12:00 AM