



Robert Warren Clark

January 29, 1928 - January 1, 2016

Celebrating the Life of Robert Warren Clark Robert Warren Clark passed into his new life in Heaven on the first day of this new year, 2016. Dad is survived by his children, Robert Gary Clark, Linda Lee Pulver and Laura Annette Clark Fey; his sons-in-law, Burk Pulver and David Fey; his grandchildren, Chelsea Holt and her husband, Philip Holt, Christen Ober and her husband, Brent Ober, Chloe Pulver, Emily Fey and Andrew Fey; and his great-grandchild, Corvyn Ober. His two sisters, Virginia Vice and Mary Helen Martin, his son, Steven Alan Clark, and his wife, Terry O'Brien Clark, passed away before him. Our dad was born on January 29, 1928 in Wewoka, Oklahoma. His relatives called him "Sonny." Dad spent his childhood years in Dewar, Oklahoma, a small town close to Henrietta. He spent his youth playing hard and working hard. As a child, dad, whose father worked for Gulf Oil, lived in oil camps in Wewoka, Seminole and Dewar, OK. He also lived in Henrietta, OK. Dad loved riding the family horse, "Old Jim," on saddle or bareback. He had a vivid recollection of one time hitting "Old Jim" with a switch when his younger sister, Mary Helen, and his friend, Billy Gaines, were on it. The horse took off, his sister (predictably) fell, Billy Gaines fell on top of her, and dad got in huge trouble! Dad was very resourceful. He made a boat for himself out of tin, wood and black tar. He enjoyed riding in his boat and shooting snakes. He also made a bicycle for himself out of spare parts and scraps that he found. Dad always had a very strong work ethic. As a boy, every day, he had the following routine: Wake up before dawn and restock and light the family's coal-fired furnace; deliver newspapers on his bicycle; milk the cow; collect the eggs from the hens...and then go to school! His jobs included "anything my parents asked me to do." As an older boy, he got jobs lifeguarding at a local pond; working at a grocery store; and bellhopping at a Henrietta hotel, where he washed dishes and cleaned spittoons. Dad saved his money to buy ice cream bars, clothes, repair his bicycle, and later to take local girls on dates. He told us that, when he was 16, he borrowed his father's car and wrecked it. He was, of course, responsible for paying to fix the car. It took all of his summer earnings to pay to fix the car. This significantly dampened his social schedule that year. Dad's favorite memories of his childhood were the family trips they took to Waco, TX to see his grandpa and Aunt Allie and her family. He also enjoyed playing basketball and football in junior high and high school. He enjoyed playing the games, but a significant

motivator was the fact that he could get a warm shower after playing a game. He was very proud of lettering in football as Henrietta Hen. Dad recalled that, even during the Depression, his family had plenty of food. During his boyhood, he ate lots of his mom's home-fried chicken, green beans from their garden, about a gallon of milk a day from the cow, and lots of fruit cobbler. Every morning, his family had fresh eggs from their chickens. He recalled that rarely a Sunday went by that his mom was not feeding their Methodist minister or a church member's family. Dad's mom made him clothes from potato sacks that bore the words: "Buy the Potatoes, Wear the Sack, If Not Satisfied, Your Money Back." Dad graduated from Henrietta High School in May of 1946. After he graduated, he enlisted in the Navy, where he was a gunner on the U.S.S. Fieberling. Dad boxed throughout his two years in the Navy. Every time he won, he got a steak dinner, which we suspect was a significant motivator for his "boxing career." After the Navy, dad went to college at OSU-Okmulgee, then at Oklahoma City University, where he got a Business Administration Degree with a Minor in Accounting and English. Dad's first full-time job was in college when he worked for Oklahoma Natural Gas as a meter reader. After college, he worked for Skelly Oil Company as an accountant. He later worked in Venezuela and Bolivia as an auditor for Mene Grande Oil Company (Gulf Oil) and Tenneco. But dad's career passion was selling life insurance, which is the job he had for most of his life. He recalled that the best career decision he ever made was terminating his job with Tenneco to become an independent insurance salesman. He loved selling insurance because it fulfilled an important need that others had. Dad's strong work ethic continued well into his 80's. Dad, who was an independent insurance agent with the Messer-Bowers Insurance Agency in Enid, Oklahoma, continued selling insurance until a couple of years ago, when his Parkinson's disease finally forced him to quit. Dad loved going on family trips. He took us on great family trips to Florida, Wyoming and California. But his (and our) favorite trips were the many trips we took to Estes Park, CO, where we stayed at the fabulous Ponderosa Lodge. We once pulled a trailer (the "Prowler") to Colorado, where we had many great adventures. Dad also enjoyed listening to Johnny Cash and Marty Robbins on his eight track; cooking breakfast for the family on Saturday mornings (He would say, "Breakfast will be served in the main dining car in 10 minutes..."); hanging out with "Henrietta's Gifted" at breakfasts in Tulsa, which he did for over two decades; going to Sunday School at Jenks United Methodist Church, where his class raised money selling Watkins' products to help those in need; and sitting in his back yard visiting and looking at his roses. Dad, an extraordinarily and eternally positive thinker, believed that "you get out of life what you put into it." He wanted to be known as a person who gave every job or opportunity his best effort. Dad thought it was important to always do your best in every endeavor, while having a realistic understanding that not every situation would result in success. He was always saying, "Better days ahead!" We know your "better days ahead" are now here, dad. We are blessed to have had you as our father and are grateful that you

are now with your Heavenly Father. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to
Clarehouse, 7617 S Mingo Rd, Tulsa, OK 74133, (918) 893-6150.

Comments



“ I knew Papa Bob as a “happy go lucky” man who was always friendly, gentle, and kind. I can’t recall even one time when I ever saw him angry, or mad, or rough with anyone. His relationship with my mother (Gramma Tulsa) began at about the same time that my daughter was born and so she grew up, spending virtually every Christmas at their house. Gramma Tulsa and Papa Bob kept Christmas well. It was always a joy to be around them during the holiday season and doing so had a way of making us adults feel young again and was simply magical for their grand kids. My daughter and I also spent many a summer with them up at the lake house on the Elk River at Grand Lake. It was there that Papa Bob invented the “Vicky Roll”, which was my daughter’s pronunciation of the “Victory Roll”, a long sweeping circle that Papa Bob made with the fishing boat before heading into the dock. Papa Bob would do a Vicky Roll, regardless as to whether we had caught fish or not (very seldom, for Papa Bob was a good fisherman). I think for him it was an expression of “joie de vivre” at the prospect of some relaxation time on the deck, a good meal, and perhaps a nap. The Vicky Roll was Papa Bob’s way of saying “I am home and glad to be there!” I knew Papa Bob best as my fishing partner. Together we explored the origins of the Elk river, way up in Missouri (real “Deliverance” country), all the way down to Number 10 Bridge on Grand Lake. We caught a lot of fish between those two points, a lot of fish. Just beyond Number 10 Bridge was a floating convenience store where we would gas up and each of us buy a treat. Papa Bob loved treats. I loved seeing Papa Bob enjoying his treat as he was in heaven when eating one. I don’t think Gramma Tulsa ever knew what a poor impediment I was to Papa Bob getting his treat! We love and will miss you Papa Bob, as you have taken that last journey home. I don’t doubt that, as the end of that journey approached, you did one last Vicky Roll! Godspeed Papa Bob. With Love,
Tom Westhusing

Tom Westhusing - January 06, 2016 at 07:45 PM



“ Uncle Bob's smile was always so warm! He listened with a big heart and was interested in even the smallest stories we can to share... I enjoyed the weekend in the San Juan Islands when Thad Westhusing got married... he was into Bee Pollen at the time and told us all about it many times that weekend. We played cards and enjoyed the weekend with family. I know he is reunited with Aunt Terry and many other loved ones. Love to all of the family and Uncle Bob we will miss you dearly!

Barb Eisner - January 05, 2016 at 09:48 PM



“ Papa, it was so much fun visiting you and Grandma Tulsa almost every weekend. I'm so happy you get to be with Jesus and Grandma now! You will always be my Grandpa Bob. Love you so much! : 1:

Alec Foster - January 04, 2016 at 05:57 PM



“ Lit a candle in memory of Robert Warren Clark

Julie Benevento Ball - January 04, 2016 at 05:17 PM



“ Bob Clark became a friend after he married Terry and joined Pat and Dick as brothers-in-laws married to the O'Brien sisters. He made our travels together uplifting and joy filled. His positive and upbeat full of life personality was fun to be around. His love of family, children, and grandchildren came through in all of our conversations. I will greatly miss him. My prayers are sent to the Clark and Westhusing families, Patrick Tabor

Patrick Tabor - January 04, 2016 at 03:52 PM



“ Love you Uncle Bob.....The Benevento's will miss you.....you were a special person in our lives.....

Susie Benevento - January 04, 2016 at 03:10 PM



“ Papa, I'm so happy you are with Grandma now! All of the Westhusing's had a special place in your heart. And you in ours. You will always be my Grandpa. Love, Lauren Westhusing-Poole

Lauren Poole - January 04, 2016 at 02:27 PM