

LTC (Ret) Robert T. Bagley, Ph.D.

I am Bob Sr.'s son, Bob Bagley Jr.

It is a privilege for me to be up here...to give the eulogy for Bob Sr.

I have thought about, all week, how will I ever be able to convey how special my father was to you. But then it finally came to me... that the glow in this room...of people's love for Bob Sr...will convey it before I can even speak one word. He was SO very special.

Bob Sr. was a wonderful man, husband, and luckily for me, the best dad anyone could ever have.

I can hear his booming laughter; see the twinkle in his eye...I can feel his strong embrace.

This morning at 4:30 a.m., I sat in Bob Sr.'s office, his solid desk and chair, all his books, and memories surrounding me. It was very quiet and still, but I could feel his presence there.

About two weeks in to Bob Sr's stay at the hospital, with determination, he motioned for my mother, Wanda, my wife, Kim, and for me...to all gather close at his bed side. He slowly and methodically pointed silently to each one of us and then pulled our hands together in front of him. He stared in to each of our eyes. Even on his death bed, his concern was only for his loved ones...that they might stand strong together, for soon he knew he would be gone.

Whatever Bob Sr. tackled in life, he did it at full throttle, but always, above all, he did it with love and caring in his heart for others. That is his legacy.

I have a short poem I found...*author unknown*...I would like to read it to you:

How Did He Live?

Not how did he die, but how did he live?

Not what did he gain, but what did he give?

These are the units to measure the worth

Of a man as a man, regardless of birth.

Not, what was his church, nor what was his creed?

But had he befriended those really in need?

Was he ever ready, with word of good cheer,

To bring back a smile, to banish a tear?

Not what did the sketch in the newspaper say,

But how many were sorry when he passed away.