



Robert M. Witkop

MAY 9, 1940 - SEP 26, 2016



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Robert M. Witkop Jr., aged 76, died September 26, 2016, with his wife and family by his side in La Jolla, California. Bob (as we all lovingly know him by) was born May 9, 1940 in Detroit, Michigan to Eileen and Robert Witkop Sr. He leaves behind his wife Patricia, daughters, Caroline, Cathleen and Marianne; sisters, Alice and Penelope; brothers, David, Aaron and Leo; son, Bill; grandkids, Brittany, Fallon, Aidan, Dominic, Tristan, Garrison, Marco, Jonah, Rowan, Isla; step-son Todd and step-daughter Jennifer and faithful dog Sparky. Bob was an amazing father, brother, husband and friend. He would give you the shirt off his back if you needed it. As a father, he had a way of making you feel better no matter the situation. He had a true gift for telling stories. All those around him would still laugh no matter how many times we'd hear those stories and believe us, we have heard them quite a few times in the past few decades! As a young child, he had many interests but they seemed to involve some level of mischievousness (as his older children came to find out when his mother divulged tale after tale of naughtiness that left you smiling). Let's just say he was a tinkerer who liked to take apart things and put them back together. On many occasions he discovered what the word "electric shock" meant but that didn't stop him from being curious. That brings us to the next characteristic to describe Bob which is persistent. If he set his mind to something, well, it was going to get done no matter what. After he graduated from high school, he joined the Army where he served as a Medic for 3 years while stationed in Japan. In Japan, he met his first wife, Yukiko. After marrying and moving back to the states, they settled in Southern California and had three daughters. Bob graduated from Cal State Northridge in 1970's with a Bachelors of Science in Mathematics and eventually left his job as a Lab Technician to become a Software Engineer which really was his true calling. He left Southern California with family in tow and headed to San Jose, California to become a Software Engineer at GTE Sylvania. After his first marriage ended he moved to



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Illinois which allowed him to be closer to his Mother, Father and siblings. Eventually though, shoveling snow year after year was not in the deck of cards for him and he ventured back to California, this time settling back in Southern California where he found his next true love, a 40' boat appropriately named Proper Toi. There were many great memories on that boat! He eventually moved to San Diego where he met his last true love, his wife Patty. He lovingly always said that he had to break his back to meet her (he was in the hospital with a broken back and she worked in Radiology which is how they met). They enjoyed their weekends on the boat in Coronado. He was an avid bike rider easily powering through 30 mile bike rides well into his 70's. He had participated in many Century rides and even endured indoor spinning classes (he was not a fan of working out indoors but loved putting the resistance all the way up and powering through the class). To say he was a glutton for punishment would be quite the understatement! He enjoyed family BBQ's and had recently bought a Traeger smoker for the ultimate meat experience. He would not let anyone down with his BBQing expertise! All who knew Bob, knows that he enjoyed his family, his computers, his biking and his Michelob Ultra Lights. He loved to laugh and it was contagious. He will truly be missed by all who were blessed to know him. "A memorial service will be held on Sunday, November 13th at Loews Coronado Bay Resort at 10:30 am. Morning refreshments will be served. In lieu of flowers, contributions can be made to your own church or charity of your choice in memory of Bob."



Tribute Wall

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WL

Warren Lovell posted:

Remembering his laugh. His love for sushi. And him singing "Cookie...Cookie...lend me your comb". San Fernando trips to visit the Witkop family after the earthquake in the early 70's. Till we meet again. Warren Lovell

October 24 at 12:18 AM

MA

Marianne posted:

After graduating California State University Northridge, Bob came to work at Litton Data Systems, where he thrived as a software development engineer. Subsequent jobs took him to other companies and other locations, including the San Jose, California area, and Illinois, and eventually the San Diego area. Here he is pictured with myself, another good friend of Bob's (Russ Saigo) and another colleague from Litton. – Gene Montgomery

October 27 at 2:09 AM

MA

Marianne posted:

Yone and Yuki, our respective wives, met first at San Fernando dance class for our children, about 45 years ago. Through their acquaintance, the husbands, Bob Witkop and I met. It didn't take long for us to become friends. Bob was working at the San Fernando Veteran's Hospital in Sylmar as a laboratory technician, and I was an aerospace engineer. – friend of 45 years, Gene Montgomery

October 26 at 8:23 AM



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MA

Marianne posted:

It was on a dive at Christmas Tree Cove at Palos Verdes Estates that Bob and I went through a memorable event. He had been boning up on the legal fish we could take, bag limits, etc., and had his fishing license in hand, and was ready to try spearfishing. It was on a return from a foray into the shallow waters of the cove that he encountered an extra large wave just as he was exiting the water. He was tossed off-balance, and the tip of the speargun he was carrying jammed into his inner thigh. He looked down and saw the blood gushing out of the hole in his wet suit, and knew he had to deal with the situation immediately. Now on the shore, he signaled me to get out of the water and to come and help him. I scrambled onto the shore and came to his aid. He had already taken measures to staunch the flow of blood, and he patiently explained to me what had happened, and that he would need help to get up the steep slope (about 170 feet up), to get to the car, parked on Paseo Del Mar. I was panicking, and I urged him to let me find a phone and call 911 to get an ambulance, but Bob insisted that he could handle the wound if I could get him and the gear up the cliff to the car. The next 15 minutes were hectic, hauling his gear and my gear up the trail, and then helping Bob to hobble up to Paseo Del Mar. Once in the car and on the road, Bob explained to me that he wanted to go to Dr. Sakaguchi's office. Apparently, Dr. Sakaguchi was the Witkop family doctor. But we were in Palos Verdes Estates, and Dr. Sakaguchi's office was in Pacoima, many miles away. Bob convinced me that he had a tourniquet and a small rock strategically placed so that his bleeding would be minimal, so I wasted no time driving him to Dr. Sakaguchi's office. The Dr. said that Bob had nicked his femoral artery, but that it would heal up properly, which eased our minds considerably. If I remember correctly, after that event, Bob switched to the somewhat less powerful, but perhaps safer arbolete pole spear, which many of us used. That spear has proven to be safer to use. – Gene Montgomery (regarding a particularly memorable dive in the 1970's)

October 6 at 12:15 PM

LB

Lydia Borenstein posted:

I am so sad to hear the news of Bob's passing. I had the pleasure of working with Bob for over 3 years (2011-2014) thru Henry Elliott & Company. Bob was the epitome of a professional — very responsive, cheerful and full of great ideas! Above all he was very loyal as one of our top consultants and always represented us well. I will miss his sunny disposition. May his soul rest in peace and his memory forever be a blessing to all who knew him. With deepest sympathy, Lydia Borenstein

October 20 at 8:42 AM



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BA

Bojac Abrantes posted:

Bob's positive attitude always made me smile. Every time he came in the bike shop I would take time to chat about the good times on the bike. I loved his stories about bombing mountains, he was a descender. I know he is in a better place and he can ride his bike in the sky. My condolence -Jacob

October 10 at 5:37 PM

SW

Swtikop posted:

You are in my thoughts. For some moments in life there are no words Some say? they know for certain that we never lose the people we love, even to death. They continue to participate in every act, thought and decision we make. They leave an indelible imprint in our memories. We find comfort in knowing that our lives have been enriched by having shared it. Uncle Bob didn't tell me how to live; he lived, and let me watch him do it. I will always remember the times shared when visiting: days at the pool, dinners, the bike rides and boat rides. Sent with love and remembrance. Steven Witkop

October 10 at 1:19 AM

TR

Tyler Rowden posted:

I have many memories of Bob while taking care of his beloved Waterford bicycle. He will be missed.

October 9 at 1:30 PM

KF

Kevin Fallis posted:

I look back today on all that we've shared, there's nothing that I'd want to miss; not one smile, not one frown, not one up, not one down, not one word, not one touch, not one kiss... Love, your loving wife, Patty

October 7 at 10:54 AM

MG

Marianne Grosner posted:

A very happy and proud moment for Bob with his granddaughter who recently graduated high school.

October 7 at 5:26 AM



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MG

Marianne Grosner posted:

Back in the day when Grandpa owned his boat, the Proper Toi. here he is sitting with one of his daughters and granddaughter donning a classic shirt typical of his humor that we will miss.

October 7 at 5:22 AM

MG

Marianne Grosner posted:

Bob was proud to be a member of the "Crown City Cyclists". He would ride with Bill on Saturdays in Coronado, CA.

October 7 at 5:13 AM

PW

Penelope Witkop posted:

I am one of Bob's younger sisters. Saw him last in 2015 when my son Sean and Granddaughter Skylar visited him and Patty. we started remembering all the things that happened when we were young. He is only 5 years older than me. with the large family that we came from we do have stories. The one story I can remember that I am willing to share is when he decided to fix his car. He took the engine out of his car and fixed whatever he thought was wrong, but when he tried to lift the engine back into the car he had trouble. There was no garage, nothing handy to use to hold the engine in place while he put the bolts and nuts back in place so he volunteered me. He asked me to come into the backyard with him and push on this board, I didn't know what I was doing, but I did what he asked. I found out later that I was holding the engine up while he put all the things back that hold engines in place. He ended up with a handful of nuts and bolts left and didn't know where they went. The car did start and sounded great, and I received a new nickname. We have laughed at that for a long time. I know that he is looking down on everyone he knows and is send love to all of us. Going to miss you big brother.

October 6 at 12:15 PM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Robert by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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