



Robert "Bob" Ian Roseman

August 16, 1938 - June 6, 2025

It is with tremendous love that we share the passing of our beloved Robert Ian Roseman, following a two-year battle with lung cancer due to Agent Orange Exposure in Vietnam. Papa, as he was fondly known, passed on Friday, June 6, 2025, at MD Anderson in Houston. Papa was 86 and married to his loving wife, Libby, for 66 years to the day.

Born in New York City on August 16, 1938, Papa moved from the Bronx to Charleston, South Carolina, in 1941 so his father, Ray, could work with the Navy to develop radar technology for the war effort. A natural athlete and leader from a young age, he played baseball, football, and golf throughout his youth and proudly participated in the first Pony League World Series in 1951. In high school, he was a student leader, a participant in Boys State, and won a VFW award for his paper on citizenship — experiences that sparked a lifelong love of sports and team building, as well as a strong commitment to service and patriotic duty that lasted throughout his life.

He met his beautiful wife, Libby, at the University of South Carolina in 1957, although she liked to remind him that she stalked him around campus for an entire year before he noticed her. They married on June 7, 1959 - exactly 66 years before his passing.

Bob graduated from the University of South Carolina in 1960 with a Bachelor

of Science in Electrical Engineering and a full commission from the U.S. Air Force. Just three weeks later, the young couple moved to Moore Air Force Base in Mission, TX, where Bob began Pilot Training. What followed was a 21-year career as a rescue pilot that took him across the globe and had a profound impact on the lives he saved.

During his distinguished Air Force tenure (1960–1981), Papa flew HC-130s with the 57th Aerospace Rescue & Recovery Squadron (ARRS) at Lajes Air Force Base in Azores, Portugal (1964–1967); followed by daring rescue missions in Vietnam (1967–1968), and later with the 67th ARRS at RAF Woodbridge, England (1975–1978). Colonel Bob, as he was known later in his career, was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross “for heroism and extraordinary achievement while participating in aerial flight,” for directing the high-risk evacuation of hundreds from the CIA’s Air America radar installation at Lima Site 85 in Laos, which was about to be overrun by enemy forces. He commanded over 50 aircraft, drew intense enemy fire, and personally performed repeated low-level in-flight refuelings of rescue helicopters over hostile, mountainous terrain. During that tour he also was awarded the Air Medal with Four Oak Leaf Clusters “for single acts of heroism while participating in aerial flight;” the Air Force Presidential Unit Citation “for extraordinary heroism in action against an armed enemy;” and the Republic of Vietnam Gallantry Cross with Device “for valor and heroic conduct while fighting the enemy,” among other honors.

When he wasn’t flying missions, Papa returned to academia, completing his Master’s in Electrical Engineering at the University of New Hampshire in 1970, where he led his team to be one of the first in the nation to create computer-generated music. Shortly thereafter, he moved into R&D for the Air Force, where he worked on developing new technology to enhance NORAD’s airborne command and control capabilities.

He retired in 1981 as a Lieutenant Colonel and Command Pilot, often quipping, “I should have died a thousand times,” a sobering reflection on the countless missions he flew to rescue fellow aviators and civilians from peril, which defined his heroic service.

Papa’s curiosity truly knew no bounds. Whether he was perfecting his golf swing, crafting woodworking projects, roasting coffee, and pulling perfect espresso shots, or meticulously curating the latest high-end knife-sharpening gear, he fully embraced every passion. He was an early adopter of gadgets, including his Even Realities glasses, which use real-time transcription to caption the world and conversations around him, helping him overcome his deafness. He loved nothing more than chasing YouTube rabbit holes, from quantum physics and K-dramas to funny animal videos, deep explanations of how things work, and anything alien, devouring shows like *The Secret of Skinwalker Ranch*.

A true believer in the joy of the hunt, he insisted a hobby wasn’t real unless it came with extensive gear and involved enthusiastic research, often inspiring his family to join the fun. Between expensive bourbon tastings, craft beer brewing, and endless curiosity about every corner of life, Papa's greatest thrill came from discovering something new—and making sure he had the best equipment to do it.

Papa taught us that life is richest when lived fully: with kindness, courage, laughter, generosity, patience, and an openness to the extraordinary in the everyday. He fiercely protected his family, obsessed about his dogs, and welcomed every “bonus” daughter, grandchild, and friend with open arms.

He is survived by his beloved wife, Libby; daughters Debby Roseman and Robyn Jones; Son-In-Law Alvin Jones; six grandchildren; and four

great-grandchildren, plus more than a dozen bonus daughters and grandchildren. He was preceded in death by his parents, Raymond and Syd “Shirley” Roseman, and sister Allyn Karshmere.

His soul soared highest when he recited High Flight, the iconic 1941 pilot’s sonnet by John Gillespie Magee Jr.

“Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth...

Put out my hand and touched the face of God.”

Lt. Colonel Roseman - mission complete. Fly high.

There was a memorial service with military honors at 1:30 pm on Wednesday, June 18, 2025 at Houston National Cemetery, 10410 Veterans Memorial Dr., Houston, Texas 77038.

In lieu of flowers, a memorial donation to the MD Anderson Cancer Center would be appreciated. Papa was also a recipient of multiple transfusions during his treatment; therefore, blood bank donations in his name would also honor his memory. www.mdanderson.org

Cemetery Details

Houston National Cemetery

10410 Veterans Memorial Dr.
Houston, TX 77038

Previous Events

Cemetery Chapel Service

JUN 18. 1:30 PM (CT)

Houston National Cemetery
10410 Veterans Memorial Dr.
Houston, TX 77038

Please make sure you arrive at 1:15 pm to line up in the procession lane which leaves promptly at 1:30 pm for the pavilion.

Tribute Wall

JU

“ *Mr. Roseman was always such a joy and a delight to talk with when he accompanied Mrs. Libby Roseman to the sewing and repair shop.*

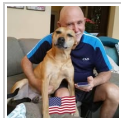
He loved his wife dearly and was always up for helping her tote around the tank of a machine she works on! He was so knowledgeable about many things and even though our interactions were short, I could tell he was a very kind soul.

I know he passed his joy around to everyone he met, no matter how long or short a time they knew him.

I am praying for his family and friends but especially for his wife as I have seen the grief of losing a spouse in others. Some see passing from cancer as having lost but the only time anyone loses to cancer is when they let it affect their joy. In the different posts, updates and photos shared by his family, and no matter how hard some of the battles were, Mr. Roseman never lost his joy and love for life and his family.



Julia - June 21, 2025 at 10:02 PM



Thank you for your lovely words

Bob Roseman - June 24, 2025 at 04:49 AM

“ *For Bob Roseman
Lt. Colonel. Explorer. Friend.*

*With Even Realities perched upon his face,
He captioned the world in light and grace—
Though silence marked the edge of sound,
He found new ways to hear what’s all around.
Not just words, but wonders, he’d pursue,
From quantum realms to alien clues,
A YouTube thread could last all night,
K-dramas to ranches bathed in starlit fright.*

*He chased the hunt—not just the prize—
Gear in hand, stars in his eyes.
Be it brewing beer or bourbon’s burn,
Each curiosity took its turn.
Every pastime a sacred quest,
Researched, geared, and chased with zest.
And oh, how often we’d be swept
Into hobbies where his passion leapt.*

*With laughter large and kindness wide,
He stood a giant by our side.
A compass strong, a gentle shield,
A heart where open arms could yield
A home for strays, for friends, for kin—
Each “bonus” soul found space within.
He guarded us with patience rare,
With dogs at heel and love to spare.*

*Bob showed how full life grows
When courage meets the joy one knows.
The daily stuff, the grand unknown,
He made it feel like treasure shown.
From science deep to dogs well-fed,
From craft brews brewed to books he read,*

*He taught us life is best unfurled
With awe for this strange, wondrous world.*

*Now, like the poem he loved to recite,
He's slipped the bonds, embraced the light.
"Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth..."
He knew those lines, he knew their worth.
His mission's done, his course now free—
A flight beyond what eyes can see.*

*Survived by Libby, love of his days,
By daughters, grands, in countless ways;
He lives in stories, laughs, and lore,
In every soul he gave love to—more.
Though Earth is dimmer with him gone,
His legacy keeps flying on.*

*Lt. Colonel Bob Roseman—mission complete.
Fly high, Bob, with eternal fleet.*

Marissa s - June 16, 2025 at 07:54 PM

MD

“ Marta. ,Bertha,Carla and Daysi purchased the Peaceful White Lilies Basket for the family of Robert "Bob" Ian Roseman.



Marta. ,Bertha,Carla and Daysi - June 16, 2025 at 12:30 PM

MD

“ Marta. ,Bertha,Carla and Daysi planted a [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) in honor of Robert "Bob" Ian Roseman.

Marta. ,Bertha,Carla and Daysi - June 16, 2025 at 12:30 PM

RO

“ 37 files added to the album Dad



Robyn - June 15, 2025 at 10:36 PM