



Bobby Ray Clements

October 6, 1930 - October 3, 2016

Bobby Ray Clements Sr., age 85, passed away at home attended by his loving wife, Barbie. Bobby was born on October 6, 1930, to William Edward Clements and Minnie Mentora Searcy in Camp Ray, Roswell, New Mexico. He was the third child of six children with two brothers and three sisters.

Bobby grew up in Roswell, New Mexico. He attended school at L.F.D., Roswell Junior High School, and Roswell Senior High School. He dropped out of High School in the 11th grade and got a job with his uncle building fences out in the boonies. While in school his summer vacations were spent chopping cotton. Winter time he spent weekends and after school picking cotton till dark. He was a hard worker. His dad always told him that "sitting on the bosses' pocketbook is the same as stealing." He followed that rule all of his life and was a dedicated worker. He was a jack of all trades. He was a Heating and Ventilation Sheet Metal Worker for 50 years. He loved his job and always said he got paid for having fun.

Bobby is preceded in death by his parents; brothers, Cecil and Don Clements and his sister Chlora Mae Rich. Bobby is survived by the love of his life, Barbie. His sister Mary Lou Cunningham resides in Farmington, New Mexico. Her twin sister died at birth. His first wife, Maggie Holmes lives with her husband, Archie, in Farmington, New Mexico. He is also survived by his children: Bobby Ray Clements Jr. of Aransas Pass, Texas, Connie Dianne

Clements of Farmington, New Mexico and Shelley Joanne Clements of Olympia, Washington. He has seven grandchildren and numerous Great Grandchildren.

He tried to enlist in the military but was turned down because of a deviated septum. He joined the National Guard in Roswell and served from 1950 to 1958 in Regiment Battery A, 697th Antiaircraft Division. He was a Sergeant over a gun squad until he was honorably discharged.

Bobby and his family moved to Alaska in 1965. He spent 30 years in Alaska and retired in 1978. The last ten years in the trade he worked in Alaska in the Bush, flying all over in a small plane with his tools. While in Alaska, Bobby restored approximately 30 homes, which was a passion of his.

Bobby and his family moved out of Alaska to Mena, Arkansas in 1978. He lived there until he went back to Alaska in 1980.

Alone and separated from his wife, he moved in 1995 to Salida, Colorado. He built a house in the beautiful mountains. The altitude caused him health problems so he had to relocate. His sister, Mae, wanting him back in the

Roswell area where Family was residing, set him up with a blind date with one of her quilting buddies (Barbie). She thought if she found him a girlfriend he might come back to Roswell - and it worked. He came to Roswell and dated Barbara (Barbie) Ann Charters, a widow with six children and ten grandchildren. Her children and grandchildren all live in Michigan. She moved from Michigan to Roswell in 1984 with her late husband. They dated for a year and went to Las Vegas, Nevada and got married. They have had a blissfully happy marriage for 12 years making lots of good memories and friends.

In Bobby's later years since moving back to Roswell, he bought old houses for back taxes and restored them and resold them. Bobby and Barbie bought a rundown stucco cottage in Lincoln, New Mexico. Bobby spent years restoring it and they spent a lot of weekends there until it got too hard to keep up two houses. In his later years he liked to play 42 at the Senior Circle, play his guitar, playing and singing his country music. Bobby and Barbie joined a square dance group in Roswell. He taught classes and was a caller. He was a people person and had many friends, his wife being his best friend. He had a great sense of humor and was greatly loved by his family and friends. He will be missed by many.

Arrangements will be by Anderson Bethany Funeral Home. He will be cremated and have his ashes spread by his mother 's headstone at South Park Cemetery and in his garden area at his house up on the ten acres West of Roswell.

Services are pending.

In lieu of flowers memorials may be made to the Roswell Humane Society.

Obituary was lovingly written by the Clements family.

Previous Events

Service

OCT **15**. 2:00 PM (MT)

Anderson-Bethany Funeral Home and Crematory
2609 South Main
Roswell, NM 88203
(575) 622-5888
abfh@andersonbethany.com

Tribute Wall



“ Bobby Ray Clements

December 29, 2022 at 05:26 PM



“ Beautiful in Blue was purchased for the family of Bobby Ray Clements.



October 07, 2016 at 10:16 PM



“ When we were young before we moved to Alaska daddy would say let's make popcorn balls and another time taffy. He would help put butter on our hands.

Each morning before he went to work Bobby and I would fight over the last of his cream of wheat. Dads tasted better than ours did. It was loaded with butter and sugar.

He was always singing to us and asked what song we wanted to hear. I loved the ice cream song and the intoxicated rat. Sometimes in the car he would sing to a song.

He was happy all the time and went out being witty and joking around.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=caEFyxV6SiU>



Dad singing 'Chocolate Icecream Cone'

C Clements - October 07, 2016 at 02:00 PM

LW

“ This past April, I had the pleasure of spending a week visiting Mom and Bobby.

Bobby and I went to the Roswell Museum, so he could see the Robert Goddard exhibit. He talked nonstop about Goddard and his life in Roswell in the 1930's. After the museum we went for ice cream, which we didn't tell Mom about, because he was eating too much junk food. That was our little secret. The next day we played pool in his man cave. He whooped me. These are fond memories I will look back at, and remember how sweet and gentle a man he was. I'm proud to have had him as a member of my family. He will be missed by everyone that had the pleasure to call him friend.

Leeann White-Seder

Leeann White-Seder - October 07, 2016 at 10:10 AM

JW

“ We have a Skipbo game worn from many times playing with Bobby Ray. On the lid are some of the Bob'isms:

"Watch it, I'll put something on your lip that Ajax won't wash off!"

"Charge it to the wind and let the dust settle it"

"I'll hit you so hard on top of your head that it will break both of your ankles"

"Hello? Is the person to whom I'm speaking?" "No, he left tomorrow and won't be back till yesterday"

Bobby Ray, you were a dear friend and we will always remember you.

Love,

Judy and Billy and Bonnie Jane Woods

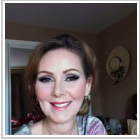
Judy Woods - October 07, 2016 at 01:14 AM

JW

“ 1 file added to the album *New Album Name*



Judy Woods - October 07, 2016 at 01:08 AM



“ *My dad was a great guy. He had a kind and forgiving heart. He will be missed by his children.*

Shelley Stinton - October 06, 2016 at 05:34 PM

KB

“ *Barbie, we are so sorry for your loss. You and Bobby have been great neighbors. Unfortunately Roy and I are so busy with our business that we haven't spent much time visiting in the last few years. Bobby will be greatly missed. If you need anything please let us know.*

Roy and Katrina Bacon

Katrina Bacon - October 06, 2016 at 08:57 AM

GB

“ One of my fondest memories of Bobby was Square Dancing to a song called "Storms never Last". When I visited bobby in the hospital we had an agreement that when He was able to call that dance again, that I would pack two bottles of oxygen and dance to it one more time. I guess that I will have to wait till I join him in heaven and then we will carry out our promise. Bobby was a good friend and both Judy and I extend our deepest sympathy to the Clements family during this time of their loss. May God Bless you all.

Gary and Judy Borst

Gary and Judy Borst - October 06, 2016 at 08:49 AM

BM

“ We had combined our money's and purchased a little gold mine in Alaska. It had a large cabin, a stream we could placer mine from and a pond. My daughter, Trena (Bob's niece by marriage) when she was about three years old, loved playing with the trout we caught at the lake. We put them in a wash tub and kept them alive, with plans of releasing them later. Trena would pick the fish up and talk to them until they died. Bob told her she needed to go bury them, so she went outside by herself and came back in empty handed. About a week later Bob found the fish in his tool box. Every time we visited Bob, the fish story would service and we would have a good laugh over it.

Beverly Morrell - October 06, 2016 at 08:13 AM