

My Dad

My Dad, Bill Roberts was a problem solver, a “woman’s man”- not a “lady’s man...I’ll explain later, and most importantly a devoted patriarch of our family.

Dad started his life with a solid Christian upbringing and then in his adult life he moved on to doing God’s work and helping to solve the problems of others. You are probably saying to yourself, we all help people with their problems and that is so true, it is part of the human condition. But Dad took it a step further, after seeking answers to the problem that personally affected him, he would then immerse himself in an associated organization to help the greater good.

When there was a problem, Dad was a man who had the courage to state the obvious, which sometimes got him in trouble, I can vividly hear my Mom saying, “Bill!” Mortified what he was saying might be offensive to someone. Whether it was a family issue or a much greater societal issue, Dad worked tirelessly helping others. So how did Bill Roberts tackle a problem....in his words....”We need to develop a plan!” And so he did countless times, but there are 3 plans he set into action that are particularly near and dear to my heart.

In 1984 my best friend disappeared. My Dad was instrumental in orchestrated the initial search, questioning law enforcement regarding their next move, and even hiring private detectives a year after her disappearance. Most unfortunately, 23 years later there is no resolution to this mystery, but 3 five inch notebooks later, Dad never gave up hope.

When my mother’s life was succumbing to Hepatitis C and her HMO doctors were ready to give up, my father researched the best transplant hospitals, and had her admitted to UCLA and placed her in the hands of one of the country’s best transplant surgeons. She was blessed with the gift of life for 2 years because of Daddy’s perseverance. After Mom’s passing he continued helping those still suffering with liver ailments by doing pro bono work for the liver foundation and FAIR foundation.

Several years back citizens of Lake Arrowhead noticed more and more shoreline exposed. Most just dealt with the drought by responding, "We'll eventually get a good winter and it all be fixed." Not my Dad...he went to a public meeting and asked the residents of our private lake...."Who owns the water in Lake Arrowhead anyway?" A question that needed to be asked and initially nobody had the answer to...Did he stop there? Oh no....Self education, endless board meetings, running for the Water Board, and becoming an active member of "ironically" PLAN-Protect Lake Arrowhead Now, my Dad was part of the grassroots movement that led to Lake Arrowhead residents considering alternate water sources... as he put it...."he was protecting our precious lake for future generations."

My Dad was a "woman's man. With his vice grip handshake, equal love of tools and sports one would think he was quite the "man's man and he was...but also a woman's man. He loved to shop. He would go to great lengths to be matching head to toe. He loved to shop for others. It was nothing for this burly man to purchase coordinated outfits for Mom, Grandma, and me. Not only did he like quality clothing but fine dining, and cost was never an issue...music to most women's ears!

Finally, Dad loved to hear the scoop. Unlike most males Dad was always willing to lend an ear to his favorite females. It was not surprising that in 2004 when we visited Ireland that he was not as enthralled with the castles and countryside but taken back by the friendly chats with the charismatic Irish people he met along the way.

Dad was a devoted father and grandfather. This comes as no surprise to all of you as he took great pride in our family's closeness and tradition and loved to share it. With Mom and Dad together again in heaven I feel a great emptiness and at the same time huge commitment to continue their legacy. With God's help through the loneliness we will succeed, as we were blessed with extraordinary examples. Dad, your red chair on Northstar and the fish chair on Sunset will be empty, but I promise our family legacy will live on.

In conclusion we would like to express our appreciation to all of you for helping Dad the past couple years. Hospital visits, meals, rides, telephone chats and more. For your compassion and companionship he was blessed and we are eternally grateful. When Dad had his problems, you all were there to solve them and we thank you for that.

Cari Gibson