



Bobby Ford Cook

September 11, 1936 - February 12, 2021

Bobby Ford Cook passed into the arms of his Jesus on the morning of February 12, 2021.

Preceded in death by his parents, Claud & Laura Leona Cook, wife of 31 years, Anna Cook, sister, Judy Bradshaw, and daughter, Karen Anderson. He is survived by daughter Cindy Barrer, son, Bobby Cook, daughter, Tami Jones, and son Charles Cook. Sisters Betty Sue Creech-Baker and Merideth Anne Harlan. Bobby is also survived by 18 grandchildren and 10 great-grand children.

Bobby, or Curly as many knew him, was born September 11, 1936 in Corinth, Mississippi to Claud and Leona Cook. He grew up in a cotton farming family and lived just up the road from his paternal grandparents and as such, he was full of stories about the good ol' days that anyone who knew him for long became familiar with. One of the most important (and memorable) stories is that of his converting the back of a cotton trailer to use as a stage and singing (to a crowd of children he forced to listen). He would say that is where his music career began. On the way to a viable career in music, the whole family headed west to Hobbs, New Mexico where he did every job under the sun to help support his parents and sisters and then, his wife and children. Doing everything from pumping gas to being a fireman and many things in between, he worked hard to be a good provider. One of the jobs he was most proud to have gotten was working in the oilfield. He was a driller and a pumper and even did mud engineering. The job was so lucrative that he often smiled at the

memory of paying cash for a car and a home. His duty of provision was one that he took seriously, but he lived by the motto that if you loved what you did, you'd never work a day in your life and as such, he was all the time honing his skills as a vocalist and guitarist. He gradually eased into playing at local venues and as his notoriety spread, so did the radius he traveled to perform his craft. He put a band together called Curly Cook and the Country Company and eventually performing became the bread and butter of he and his band. So-much-so that he would tell everyone, when reminiscing, how proud he was to have been able to pay salaries to a full band as well as himself and to be booked 50 weeks out of each year, for years running. Being a true leader and entrepreneur, he owned and operated a successful nightclub right at the border between Texas and New Mexico right outside of Hobbs for quite some time. All the while he was a steady headlining act at the premier live music and dance spot in Clovis, New Mexico. The reach of his relative fame ended up stretching all the way up to Montana, all across New Mexico and West Texas, and over to Nevada. At his career's height, Curly and his band headlined at the Golden Nugget in Las Vegas, when The Strip wasn't The Strip and Fremont was IT. Before he stepped down from music to become a family man again, he went to Nashville to talk record deals and even recorded a song written by his band mate, Bobby Havens called 200 Candles to celebrate the bicentennial anniversary of our nation that was test released into a few radio markets with marked success.

Bobby had always planned to step down from music while he felt he was on top and always a man of his word, he did just that. He immediately directed himself into another successful career path that began driving trucks locally and transitioned into that of a long haul truck driver for Frito Lay. His reputation of being a leader continued and he became one of the most respected figures of the department and an expert at the trade, boasting to have driven over 1 million miles accident free. He participated in truck driver rodeos which lead to lining the walls and shelves of his home with trophies. When he was forced into an early retirement as a result of all of the wear and

tear on his body from driving and unloading that big rig, the idleness of retirement led him to the hobby of power lifting. True to his drive to be the best at anything he did, he was wildly successful, amassing more trophies and plaques and developing a physique in his 60's and 70's that most men in their 20's would. When the time came that his body told him to stop lifting, he took to judging meets for the Natural Athlete Strength Association, or NASA, at the invitation of its founder, Rich Peters.

Not surprisingly, music never left his blood and through all of his years, he found audiences to listen to his talent. First, he rediscovered his roots in southern gospel and played in churches where his music was always desired by every congregation who heard. He moved on to singing in nursing homes and even dabbled in prison ministry, and was asked by many-a-friend to play at funerals for their families, but he made his way back to a band that his old band mate put together, this time just called, "The Country Company." They played at dances for seniors and holiday events all over Lubbock. He was just as charismatic in his late music days as he was his first go-round and the joy he found in playing made his later years a time that anyone might wish for, to be able to revive a passion from youth, with excellence, the way he did.

Aside from his career, Bobby was always the life of every party and he commanded attention every time he entered a room. Even his speaking voice was so memorable that people who had not spoken to him in years, would tell how to hear a hello over the telephone was immediate recognition despite the duration since the last contact. He was ferociously honest, at times to a fault, but it was known that a lie would not pass his lips, nor would anyone ever question where they stood in his eyes. His five children will all say that they would never get into more trouble with him than they would for telling a lie. He was a proud daddy of every one of his children and that pride would beam when speaking to people about them. They all knew that would stand up to anyone or anything on their behalf, setting the example for them to carry on that same legacy in their own parenting. He also doted on any of his

grandchildren that came around, all who called him Granddad, the name he preferred because that was what HIS grandfather was called. In a broken record, yet endearing way, he would tell people that his children and grandchildren were the apple of his eye, and he meant it. It cannot be left unsaid that he never lacked in stories to tell or deep, southern colloquialisms to share. One of the most memorable would be that when it was commented that his children looked like him, his response would be, "Well, my granddaddy always said that a good bull marks his calf." Bobby, or Curly, or Bob, however you knew him, was a man larger than life in every way and the loss of his presence on this earth has left a wake the size of Texas, the state that he always said that he wasn't born in, but got to just as fast as he could. More important than any of the above, Bobby left a legacy of faith. Each of his children have firm foundations in their faith in Jesus as their Lord and Savior, and as a result, they all have the assurance that he has been reunited with the love of his life, Ann, as well as all of the friends and family who entered into Paradise into the arms of Jesus ahead of him.

Services will be scheduled for sometime in the summer, but will be announced as plans come together. Follow Tami Cook Jones on Facebook, as the details will be published there, or reach out to any of Bob's children

Cemetery Details

Miller Crematory

202 Avenue Q
Lubbock, TX 79415

Tribute Wall

CM

“ *Bobby was my first cousin and I live in Mississippi. Prayers for his family.* ”



Carolyn Crum Moore - May 19, 2021 at 12:55 AM

MH

“ *Too many to list as he was my only brother and was 5 1/2 years older. Memories do last forever.* ”

Merideth Harlan - May 07, 2021 at 06:46 PM