



## Roy James Straight Jr.

June 9, 2024

It is with a heavy heart that we share that Roy James Straight Jr, our loving husband, dad, and “Baba” passed away peacefully at home Sunday morning, June 9th, 2024. He had not been well for a number of years and had entered hospice on May 28th. While we knew our time with him was short, we still anticipated a little more and are gutted at what feels like a sudden loss.

He was preceded in death by a granddaughter, Beatrice Heather Geary as well as his parents, Roy Straight, Sr. and Alberta Straight.

Roy is survived by his wife of 50 years, Claire Buente Straight, two loving daughters, Erin Straight Patterson (Chris) and Heather Colleen Lietz (Ben) as well as six grandchildren: Avery Claire Geary (17), Auden James Geary (15), Elliott Sinclair Lietz (14), Grayson Davis Lietz (13), Adler Grace Geary (12), and Abbott Beattie Geary (10). Roy is also survived by one sister, Vicki Lee Cox of Rochester, Washington.

It’s hard to describe 76 years in a few short sentences but we all agree that adjusting to a world without him is going to be painstakingly hard.

Roy was born in Akron, Ohio and grew up in Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. He was a graduate of Kent State University and a member of the Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity. He met his future wife, Claire, on a blind date, set up by his best friend and her best friend. It was a great match! They were married for 50 years. Ever the romantic, last year with his daughters’ help, Roy planned a surprise outdoor ceremony for his “bride” the day after their 50th wedding anniversary in which they renewed their vows.

Roy worked most of his life for B.F. Goodrich in the chemical division, first in international marketing. He travelled all over the world to places such as Cypress, South Africa, Columbia, The Netherlands, and Belgium. He jumped at the opportunity to do U.S. sales in the Southeast and moved the family to Atlanta, Georgia where for several years he won the top salesman award and was eventually promoted to national sales manager.

When his daughters began their studies at the University of Georgia he became an avid and lifelong bulldog fan. He loved all kinds of music and played the piano, guitar, and some dulcimer. He was an avid fly fisherman, first introduced to him at age 14, and he loved trying to tie his own flies. He loved to cook and was a natural at it. It gave him joy to just sit down and read a good cookbook, marking new recipes that he wanted to try. He loved nothing more than to have the whole family together and feed them!

One of his favorite Christmas traditions was to sneak outside on Christmas Eve with sleigh bells to make everyone in the family think that Santa was close by. He did this well into his daughters' adulthood and continued the tradition with his grandchildren. It gave him so much joy; he was the epitome of Christmas spirit.

His upbringing and early life were sometimes rocky, but he found safety, love, and a home in his wife. He was devoted to her. The family they created, the love they shared, was without a doubt his greatest joy and the source of all his pride. He will be sorely missed, but we will carry his spirit with us forever.

In lieu of flowers, go fishing. Sip a good bourbon. Listen to some music. Appreciate a flower, preferably his favorite, black-eyed Susans. Just take a moment, slow down, and appreciate life in remembrance of Roy.

# Tribute Wall

PS

“ A shared memory:

*Most of us have dreams. Some we accomplish and some become past fantasies. For Roy his dream was to become a down hill ski racer in the order of Jean Claude Keely. His pride and joy was his Bizzard racing skis. At the time he was still living with his parents in Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio and this must have allowed him the luxury of buying such an expensive set.*

*It must have been sometime around 1972 or 73 when we were starting our careers and monies were tight. Still Roy had his dream to chase and came up with an “all inclusive” ski vacation at a place called Mt. Echo in Quebec and invited my wife and I to go along. He and Claire’s relationship was just getting started so I guess he figured if it went South, we’d still have one another to pal around with. So, since it didn’t break the budget and everything including the rental and the boarding was included we agreed. We bought ski apparel but Claire was even on a more austere budget. All she had for the slopes was a stocking cap, scarf and a full-length winter coat that made her look like a storm trooper.*

*Since none of us had a reliable car, we borrowed my parents 70 Chevy Impala for the weekend and off we went. We only got an hour away when we ran into a white-out on Interstate 90. Back then it snowed during winter and boy did it snow! I don’t recall if Claire was with us on this first leg, if she did, she’d remember abandoning the car and hoofing it to the nearest restaurant where we spent the next 20 hours. In the morning the weather was clear as a bell, but no car. We found it in a lot close by and snuck away so we didn’t have to pay for the tow. Hey, we couldn’t afford such frivolous spending!*

*On the way we stopped at Claire’s sister’s “commune” which was somewhere in Canada. That’s where my mind is a little fuzzy as I think Claire was actually visiting her when we came. I do remember the pad where she was living was quite sparse. There was a*

*mattress on the floor for sleeping. Such was the hippie life style. I remember saying to myself "Roy, are you sure you want to marry into this?"*

*When we got to our destination at Mt. Snow, we checked into a rooming house run by a character whose name was Baltine. He was everything and did all he could to make us feel comfortable in what was a typical abode for ski bums with limited means. He was also our chef. He was quite entertaining but did respect our privacy especially for Roy and Claire. I remember the night sounds coming from the room below us.*

*After breakfast, it was off to the bunny slope for quick lessons and onto the lift for some out-of-control, life threatening skiing. Roy, being an expert, kept his distance so he wouldn't get run into and yet near enough to have him suggest a few corrections. Some of us couldn't stay out of the huge briar patch that was near the trail . It was a hilarious time and lots of laughs. Laughing to the point where it was cleanup time at the lodge. As I recall, the lodge was really first class and seemed out of place for the rest of the resort. I don't recall much more about the trip, but I know it was a time of bonding between the two of them. Perhaps it marked the start of what was to become 50 years of marriage? I do know that if there's a ski slope in heaven, Roy's there racing to his heart's content. Roy, thanks for all the good memories and hope to see you on the slopes!*

*On a side note, a Google search brought up a video entitled "History of an Abandoned Quebec Ski Resort" by Ian Wood. Mt. Echo closed in 1978. So, I guess the "all inclusive" was just to good of a deal after all. Roy, you know how to pick em!*

*Phil Souers*

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**Phil Souers** - July 28, 2024 at 12:11 PM

DB

“ Roy was a tall oak with a ton of personality and character who I had been fortunate enough to meet over the years. And with Claire, he raised a terrific daughter in Heather, who has been one of my closest friends for a long stretch now. Heather has told me great tales from the early years about Roy as well, and it only solidifies his legendary status. Rest in peace, sir. You did good.

-David Brandt

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**David Brandt** - June 14, 2024 at 10:46 AM

HL

*Thank you for that, DB. He absolutely did good.*

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**Heather Lietz** - June 14, 2024 at 05:23 PM

CS

*David, this is so beautiful. Thank you for your kind words.*

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**Claire Straight** - June 14, 2024 at 07:32 PM