



Robert James Specht

August 29, 1950 - December 8, 2024

A Celebration of Life will be held at a later date for Robert “Bob” Specht, age 74, who died Sunday, December 8, 2024, at his home surrounded by his family.

Bob was born in Preston, MN to Vernon and Helen (Bammert) Specht. He married Carrol Hughes June 8, 1985, in Pequot Lakes, MN.

Bob was a salesman, ice fisherman, and a great joke teller. His grandchildren knew him as Big Grandpa Bob.

He is survived by his wife, Carrol; children, Aaron (Andrea) Specht, Joshua Hughes; grandchildren, Vernon, Rudy, Frankie, Kendra, Tyler, Nicole; great grandchild, Easton; siblings, Joe (Marcia) Specht, Virginia Nelson, and Joanne Specht.

He is preceded in death by his parents; brother, Phillip and infant sister.

In Loving Memory of Big Grandpa Bob

Big Grandpa Bob wasn't just a father, grandfather, and my best friend—he was a larger-than life

presence who left an indelible mark on everyone lucky enough to know him.

Born with a

heart big enough to match his towering stature, he lived his life with

generosity, humor, and a

deep love for his family.

For me, my dad became my rock when I needed him most. Gaining custody of

me in the fifth grade, he stepped into the role of both father and anchor. He taught me the value of a work ethic making doughnuts in our bakery, the importance of friendship, loyalty, and the power of unconditional love. His guidance saw me through some of the hardest moments of my life, including hitting my bottom. When I began my recovery journey, Dad was right there, supporting me with a steady presence and unwavering belief that I could turn my life around. I owe so much of my growth and resilience to the foundation he gave me. Beyond his role as a father, Big Grandpa Bob embraced life with a spirit that was contagious. He was famously known as Winona State University Rugby Club's "rugby dad," a title he earned not just through his massive support for the team but for the way he made every player feel like family and was known for the Wild Turkey bottle he'd shove in everyone's mouth. He hardly miss a game and always showed up with pride, humor, and encouragement, embodying the kind of fun loving dad everyone loved. Dad loved walleyes, being affectionately called "Mr Walleye" coined also as the name of his fish house. His ice fishing time was a sacred tradition. Some of my best memories are on the ice with him, playing Euchre, telling off color jokes, swapping stories, sharing laughs, and just enjoying the time. These moments taught me patience, the joy of simple pleasures, and the

value of time spent with loved ones. He was the kind of joke teller who could recall joke after joke so vividly that you'd feel like he had to run off jokes, which he never did. His jokes, often dirty, were a signature part of his charm, and he could light up any room with booming laughter.

As a grandfather, Dad's kindness and gentle nature shone even brighter. To Rudy, Vernie, and Frankie, he wasn't just Grandpa—he was their Big Grandpa Bob. He loved them fiercely and left them with lessons they'll carry for a lifetime: the importance of family, how to laugh even when life gets hard, and how to be the kind of person who leaves the world a little brighter.

Watching him with my boys was like seeing the best parts of him magnified—his patience, his humor, and his deep love.

Dad was a man who had no enemies. Everyone loved him because he loved everyone back without judgment. He didn't just tell stories; he lived them, turning everyday moments into adventures. He taught us all how to live fully, to forgive easily, and to always find something to laugh about. He wasn't perfect—none of us are—but his imperfections were part of what made him so real, so relatable, and so deeply loved.

Now that he's gone, there's a hole in our hearts that will never fully heal, but there's also gratitude. Gratitude for the lessons, the love, and the jokes. Gratitude for the memories that will

keep him alive in our hearts forever. Gratitude for the man who, even in his final days, reminded us of the strength and beauty of a life well lived. We'll celebrate Big Grandpa Bob's life in late May or early June on Horseshoe Lake in Richmond, MN, where we can gather to honor his legacy. Until then, we'll carry his spirit with us—his jokes, his stories, and the love he showed us every day. Rest easy, Dad in that great big fish house in the sky. You've earned it. We'll miss you more than words can say. In lieu of flowers or gifts, we kindly ask that donations be made directly to help cover the costs of cremation and other arrangements for Big Grandpa Bob. Contributions can be sent to:

Falcon National Bank
C/O Specht Memorial Fund
22 Central Ave South
Richmond, MN 56368

We are deeply grateful for your kindness and generosity during this time. Please know that your support means so much to our family as we navigate this difficult period.
Aaron

Tribute Wall

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“ Bobby Joe, rest in peace my friend, you were truly one of a kind!! 🙏
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Hoogie Hanson - December 11, 2024 at 10:56 PM

MB

“ I have known Bob and Carrol for many years. I always looked forward to his sales pitches and jokes. When I was young and going into his tool van to make purchases with my Father was the best thing ever! As I got older and eventually married. Bob got to know my wife, and as time went my 3 boys too. They all enjoyed him. He became more than a salesman to us. Friend, fishing buddy, and mentor. You will be missed!! Love the Buers.

Michael Buer - December 11, 2024 at 08:51 PM

BU

“ No amount of words or tears can fill the Big Bob sized place he will always keep in my heart. Thank you Bob for letting me know you. I know there was good company waiting for you. Save me a seat at your table. I love you!
LBH

Butthead - December 10, 2024 at 08:12 PM