



Robert B. Culton

December 15, 1938 - April 20, 2020

Robert B. Culton, 81, native of Pineville, KY and present resident of Kingston, TN died unexpectedly Monday, April 20, 2020 at his home. He was a US Army Veteran and retired employee of Martin Marietta in Oak Ridge, TN.

He was preceded in death by his parents, A.B. and June Culton, his wife Gail Culton, and brother, Carl Culton. He is survived by his wife of 36 years, Kay Whitson Culton, Sons; Brad (Amy) Culton, Keith Townsend, Bradley (Susan) Townsend, and daughters; Molly (Wade) Bingham and Angela Townsend. Grandchildren; Asher and Anna Culton, Kristin McCollum, Jacob (Brittany) Townsend, Brianna and Briley Bingham and Nick Smith. Great-grandchildren; Easton and Barrett. Brother, Dusty (Barb) Culton.

Bob, affectionately known as "Flub" by family and friends enjoyed working in his garden, fishing and spending time with his family and grandchildren. He is remembered by all as a caring man and a patient teacher and coach.

Due to the current Covid 19 restrictions, there will be a private viewing at Kyker Funeral Home in Kingston, TN followed by a graveside service in Roane Memorial Gardens, Rockwood, TN.

In lieu of flowers, donations can be made to a choice of the Remote Area Medical Volunteer Corps (RAM Foundation) or the Roane County Animal Shelter.

Cemetery Details

Roane Memorial Gardens

1400 N Gateway Ave
Rockwood, TN 37854

Tribute Wall

DM

“ *I worked with Bob at Y-12 and fished with him. He was a fine person and will be missed.*

Sympathy and condolences to the family.

Dwight Morrow and Family

Dwight Morrow - April 30, 2020 at 02:49 PM

“ My Big Brother Bobby (part 2 of 2)

He taught me to swim;

At age 3, my mom would throw me into Norris Lake with a life jacket on and proceed to go inside the houseboat. Not long after as I yelled, “No! No!” Bobby would throw me into Blue Hole on Clear Creek without a life jacket and proceed to climb the big rock and to dive in. But he never took his eyes off me and actually I was smiling with the “No’s” and swam naturally like a fish.

Once Divine Retribution occurred when he went into the woods to do “what wild bears do in the woods” and wiped himself with leaves of poison ivy. He was quite miserable for a while.

He taught me to stand my ground in many ways:

I am a liberal and I will spend your money for what I believe is for community good. He was just the opposite; government frugality was his cry. I accused him of selective frugality. We fussed and fought, “Yah-Yahing” he would say, but the conflict soon passed. He did war with my mom who was the only true progressive in all of Bell Co. He was a trickster. She never noticed the outside of her car and it was many days before she realized that he had put a George Wallace bumper sticker on her car. This delighted all Bell Countians she had verbally reamed out in political arguments.

He was only really mad at me one time when I was about 6. We used to take our single shot .22 and shoot cans at the dump. We’d shoot at rats, but they scurried away too fast. Our cousin, Mike, came to visit with his automatic .22. I’d never seen one. I liked to get the casing when Bobby would shoot and flip it out of the gun. Well when Mike shot, I jumped in front of him to get the casing and he shot again, and the bullet grazed my hair. Bobby shaking, chewed me out. We were all scared but for me I realized how much he cared.

In our adult lives I watched him build his home and family. He was

involved thoroughly in his kid's lives and was very proud of them. He was a fun dad, a worried dad when they struggled, and involved with them always. Oh, there was turmoil and he had a gruff exterior at times, but through it all he was welcoming of people and family. He not only raised his kids but provided safe harbor to many of the extended family members and friends.

He was a great uncle to my girls, always at playful war with them. They say that it was always interesting and fun to see what would happen with Uncle Bobby.

He often shared time and fellowship with elders and folks who were having ills. When my mom was struggling at the end of her life, he organized her care and spent hours at her side. When she died, he said to me, "Its Over", the tired voice of a compassionate warrior.

He worked hard honing his little patch of God's earth and touching many souls. He was loving and caring in the midst of all the struggles. Not much more can we really ask. He was my Big Brother.

Dusty Culton.

Molly Bingham - April 27, 2020 at 08:55 AM

BS

Wonderful tribute, Dusty. I always felt like he was my big brother as well. So glad he was part of my life ❤️❤️

Bonnie Albright Shoemaker - April 28, 2020 at 05:29 PM

BC

Thank you uncle Dusty for a tribute like this. Dad was quite a colorful yet lovable character. I miss him dearly.

brad culton - April 29, 2020 at 09:36 PM

“ My Big Brother Bobby (part 1 of 2)

He was my big brother, born 10 years ahead of me.

He was a good teacher and gave me a lot of gifts of the soul.

He with my middle brother Carl gave me my name. I was an Uh Oh baby. When I was in the womb, he and Carl read a Roy Rogers comic book. In that book Roy and Dale had just adopted their son “Dusty” Rogers and had pictures of giving him a bath in a 10-gallon pail on the prairie. So, every time I kicked, they’d say “There’s Dusty Kicking”

Early on when I was about 3, he taught me to be a sneak. For some reason my mom fed me in the kitchen by the chute opening which went down to the incinerator in the basement. There was not door on the opening, and we’d burn the paper trash with quite a good roaring flame in it. One morning he enticed me to throw my silver fork and spoon down the chute into the ashes below and then he hid. I was so pleased with myself I told mom and she got my middle brother Carl to go down and dig them out of the ashes. Bobby and Carl, about 2 1/2 years apart were in a brotherly war. Whilst Carl was digging in the ashes, Bobby brought me a glass of water and easily convinced me to pour it down the chute inducing a rather enjoyable sound of outrage from Carl.

He taught me that pain was inevitable in life. He would get me to give him my hardest punch into his upper arm muscle. Then he would ask me whether I wanted a 3”, 6”, or 12” punch in the arm. “No punch” was not an option, it was a big brother command. Actually, there really wasn’t much pain difference in his 3” or 12” punch. Mostly I just got to have some fun and give him a vigorous punch. I thought it such a good teaching lesson, I instituted it with my three daughters as they grew up.

Pain was inevitable, however, even if one tried to prepare for it. He

and his friends were playing fast pitch softball in the back yard. I was quite scared of the monstrous orb traveling at great speeds. So, I put on Carl's fencing mask and a boat cushion over my chest and one over my back. I came and stood before my big brother to show off my protective armor. He decided to test it and pitched the monstrous orb at top speed at me. All would have been well, but I did not account for the human fear reflex and twisted to the side and the ball hit me in my exposed upper arm. After many tears, I was able to view the large but not serious expanding bruise. I guess the worse pain was my pride. However soon after, Bobby sent that orb through neighbor Mr. McKee's window barely missing him as he was an enthusiastic spectator. Bobby's pain was the price of the window replacement. Another lesson, Frugality, He could be a bit tight with his money.

*He was my Nanny;
I was the third child and June, my mom, was busy. So, when Bobby went out, she said, "Take Dusty with you".*

We did a lot of fishing on the Cumberland River. He took fish hooks out of my fingers a few times as I was terrible tying hooks on the line.

The wind was great at 80 mph, an auto speed we often attained. I would ask him to make it go faster. He learned driving from Grandpa Beddo who drove his atrocious Ford Fairlane with the Thunderbird engine at such speeds. Bobby would stand with his face plastered against the front window telling Beddo to make it go faster. Bobby and Daddy, AB, were the only good drivers in the family.

On several days I would spend a few hours in the local bootlegger's barn. He conducted mysterious business with the local boys.

At eight or nine years of age he took me to the carnival and showed me where to crawl under the tent to sneak into the Hoochie-Coochie show. He did not go in to impress his date with his upstanding moral

character.

Molly Bingham - April 27, 2020 at 08:51 AM

BS

I'm loving this, Dusty

Bonnie Albright Shoemaker - April 28, 2020 at 05:25 PM

JR

“ *Brad and Molly,
I'm sorry to hear about your dad. My memories are from spending summers at your house with Sheryl and MaryLea. Bob and Gail were always kind to me and looking back - I don't know how they put up with us most of the time. Bob also had a strong work ethic and taught us girls how to use the Gravely mowers and he expected us to use them! I loved being there and I have very fond memories. Just know that my thoughts are with you. With deepest sympathy,
Jeanne Rutherford*

Jeanne Rutherford - April 24, 2020 at 01:04 PM

TW

“ *Thor Wilson purchased the Rainbow Of Remembrance Spray for the family of Robert B. Culton.*



Thor Wilson - April 23, 2020 at 12:11 AM

DM

“ *Dusty, Barb, Heather, Erin and Megan purchased the Large Basket Garden for the family of Robert B. Culton.*



Dusty, Barb, Heather, Erin and Megan - April 22, 2020 at 10:30 PM

EW

“ *Not sure where to begin? Bobby and I were childhood friends for all 12 grades in school. My parents and his were great friends and the families vacationed together (always on a lake) and we spent countless hours skiing and boating on Norris Lake. Bobby and I spent days all over Pine Mountain overnight camping at Tree Springs, Chain Rock, Lonesome Pine, etc. We were on PHS football & basketball teams together. Bobby was a terrific high school athlete. He was an unassuming, quiet person in many ways; but, was such a nice, pleasant person to be with. Much to my regret, we lost contact in our later years. Still, me and my heart will deeply miss him. RIP my good friend, I'll catch up with you sooner or later. Eddie Wilson ❤️*

Ed Wilson - April 22, 2020 at 09:22 PM

AS

“ *I was so sad to have heard of Uncle Bob's passing. I have fond memories of him while working at his house during the summers. He taught me a lot and I have always looked up to him as a role model, as I'm sure many others have. The world has definitely lost a loving, patient and kind man who brought a smile to the face of so many.*

Aaron Shoemaker - April 22, 2020 at 06:46 PM

SW

“ *My thoughts and prayers are with you all. Fly high Coach!*

Sissy Walden - April 22, 2020 at 04:15 PM

RP

“ *This man made beige coveralls his own look. Every time I see a club cab dodge , I think of him. Bob was one of the most laid back people I've ever was lucky enough to know, he raised lots of kids beside his own. Ted Perry*

robert perry - April 22, 2020 at 03:19 PM

JL

“ *Uncle Bob was one of a kind. Always smiling and joking, he will be remembered fondly by so many. He taught me to swim and dive, and that a “baqua bath” was all you needed in the summer time. He was the reason I first learned to love the lake. He would swim across the Cove and back while I held onto his foot! He would even play Prince Eric from the Little Mermaid while I danced around as Ariel for hours. Kentucky Basketball will always make me smile now knowing he has the best seat in the house to watch it from.*

Jamie Lee - April 22, 2020 at 12:39 PM

BC

“ 6 files added to the album Memories Album



Brad Culton - April 22, 2020 at 12:37 PM



“ You were my coach, then my dad. I will miss your stories. Even the onEs I've heard a thousand times. I'll miss our political arguments and the fascinating conversations we had about tool and dies . I'll just miss you

Angela Townsend - April 22, 2020 at 11:50 AM

AW

“ My sweet Uncle Bob always had a smile and a kind word for me. He let me eat the grapes straight off the vines (even when they weren't ready). He always made a little girl feel welcome when I got tired of the “boring” talk upstairs and wanted to eat salty snacks and watch football with the guys. He taught me not to worry about the slime under the dock. These are simple memories, but some of the best I have of any of my aunts and uncles. Uncle Bob was dearly loved and will be greatly missed.

Allison Whitson - April 22, 2020 at 11:43 AM

DM

“ My condolences in the loss of Bob. I worked with Bob some in the mid 70s at Y-12. Always enjoyed talking with him about his Gravely mowers and his disdain for cars with accessories. He was a great guy to work with.

David L McMurray

David L McMurray - April 22, 2020 at 09:37 AM

PG

“ Kay, I am so sorry for your loss. Prayers for you and your family 🙏
Patsy Pierce Goss

Patricia Pierce Goss - April 22, 2020 at 09:28 AM

PS

Bob was a wonderful neighbor and friend to our entire family. Cowboys always generous and everything that he did. He and daddy were fishing buddies and share garden secrets. He was always very helpful to my mom after dad passed away. Bob was a great guy. Our condolences to all of the family.

Pat and Howard Sawyer - April 22, 2020 at 09:48 AM

JG

Bobby and his family were close friends with my parents as I grew up, as well as close family - his mother was my mother's first cousin. His parents, June and AB Culton owned two different houseboats with my parents on Norris Lake, and we all spent many happy hours together there.

Bobby and I served together as board members for a family company since about 1980, and I have seen him monthly during most of the intervening years.

My memories of Bobby would fill a book, but I will sum it up by saying that Bob Culton was one of the most genial, kind and intelligent people I've ever known. He was quiet, but he took in everything and forgot little. When he did speak, you could count on wisdom and honesty. Like both his parents, he had a wonderful mind and a great sense of humor. He was a great story teller. Thinking of Bobby my mind is flooded with hilarious stories he has told over the years. His kind spirit will be greatly missed.

We were shocked by his sudden passing, yet I am grateful that he died peacefully and apparently without suffering.

Rest in peace Bob Culton.

JR Golden

James R Golden - April 24, 2020 at 09:15 AM

LE

“ *I am so sorry for the families loss. Bob was a wonderful man and great role model in my youth. We often talked politics around the coal industry at the Dollar store. I will miss him.*

Larry Edmonds - April 22, 2020 at 06:55 AM



“ *Dreams From the Heart Bouquet was purchased for the family of Robert B. Culton.*



April 21, 2020 at 10:21 PM



“ *So sorry for your loss Molly. Prayers for your family.*

Angie Manning - April 21, 2020 at 09:09 PM



“ *Molly I am so sorry for your loss. May God comfort you. Love to you, Wade and girls.*

Lavanna Miles - April 21, 2020 at 05:46 PM