



## Bobby Harold Ott

November 22, 1931 - January 22, 2018

Bobby Ott passed away on January 22nd in Miami, Oklahoma at his home. He was born in Lamont, Kansas on November, 22nd 1931 to Amos and Lucinda Ott. He worked in Residential Real Estate for a number of years. Bobby enjoyed Fishing, Gardening and bike riding.

He is preceded in death by his parents Amos and Lucinda; wife Jo Ott and one brother Tommy Ott.

He is survived by his daughter Vicki Overstreet and her husband Mike of Broken Arrow, Oklahoma; one son Crayton and Angela Ott of Ft Walton Beach, Florida; three grandchildren Nick Oversteet and his wife Sarah of Broken Arrow, Oklahoma, Cody Ott of Los Angeles California, Courtney Ott of Atlanta Georgia; great grandchild Landyn Overstreet; and special friend Judy Pittman

Bob's services will be held at 2:00 p.m. on Saturday, April 21, 2018 at the Brown Winters Funeral Home in Miami, Oklahoma. Immediately following the service a reception for friends and family. Please dress casual, come as Bob knew you best. Services have been placed under the care of Brown-Winters Funeral Home and Cremation Service in Miami.

Friends and family may send the family notes of encouragement by viewing Mr. Ott's Tribute Page at [www.brown-winters.com](http://www.brown-winters.com).

# Tribute Wall

MN

“ He was a good friend and a great brother in law. Good memories of him will make his passing easier for me. My thoughts are with Crate and Vicky and family.

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**Marvin Neukirch** - January 25, 2018 at 09:14 AM

RJ

“ My buddy for almost 40 years. We used to fish together off the Bernice bridge, back when they'd let you do that. Bob always said that having traffic passing at 60 mph, 6 inches from your backside made it more interesting. I would often bring a bucket of minnows and Bob would bring a tray of hors d'oeuvres. Bob and Jo were the life of any party, and they made sure that I received social invites when I was fresh out of school, new in town, and didn't know anyone, for which I will always be grateful. Over the years we shared many laughs, adventures and challenges, personally and professionally. Just having Bob involved always seemed to always make the most mundane of events have an interesting twist. Last time I talked to Bob was just before Christmas. He called me at work in the middle of the day, in the middle of the week, and said, "Let's run up to Cherokee County and fish the strip pits." Of course, I told him I was too busy. Sure wish I'd jumped in the car and gone with him. God speed, Bob, and may God bless and comfort your family.

RDJ

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**Richard D. James** - January 25, 2018 at 08:00 AM