



Posted below is the obituary for former Continental pilot Bob Farrell and is being posted subsequent to the Gone West notice issued on November 2, 2024.



**Captain Bob Farrell**

## **Obituary for Robert "Bob" Charles Farrell**

Robert "Bob" Charles Farrell, born December 2, 1940, passed away on October 20th, 2024 at 83 years old, which is an utterly deceiving number because all who know him agree he died young.

Bob grew up in Lynbrook, NY, attending Lynbrook High School, where he wrestled, played football, and was remembered as being a whiz in Science and Math. After graduation, Bob attended the US Coast Guard Academy for a year and a half, where he learned to love sailing on the USCGC Eagle. With the draft looming, Bob decided to enlist and qualified for Officer Training School with the US Marine Corp, graduating from basic training having earned "The American Spirit Honor Medal." Naval Aviator school started soon thereafter, where he graduated as the "Outstanding Student" of his pre-flight class. Bob started off in the T2A and earned his Carrier Qualification on the USS Lexington, and then earned his "Navy Wings of Gold." Bob was selected to fly C-130s, eventually joining the Marine Aerial Refueler Transport Squadron 152 and 352. Bob earned four gold stars in addition to an air medal during his two tours in Vietnam.

After Bob separated from the Marine Corps with honors, he started flying for Continental Airlines and made Southern California home. He married Charlotte Bayless, and had a daughter, Tiffany. Within a few years, adventure called again and he made his way to Continental Air Micronesia, where he was based in Guam but lived in Kailua, Hawaii. Living and working in the middle of the Pacific Ocean gave him ample time to get back to all the fun of sailing, and he was an avid adventurer on his Prindle catamaran and his windsurfers. If you took a ride with or near him on either, no doubt you have a memory or two of an unexpected swim, a miraculous return to shore, and a lot of laughs and fun! After 16 years, his first marriage came to an end, but the adventures never ceased. Bob flew with Air Pacific out of Fiji, and then Air America where he was based out of Southern California again. This proved to be an excellent move, because this is where Bob met his match, fell in love, and married Henriette Pace in 1989.

Bob's career as a commercial airline pilot ensured they gathered no moss, and within a year of getting married, Bob became a Captain with Singapore Airlines. Bob, Henriette, and her daughter Stephanie, moved to Singapore in 1990, just as the country was breaking out on the world stage. They were there for almost 10 years, traveling all over Asia and Europe, making great friends and finding the best hole-in-the-wall curry spots

(and all without Google). And somehow they managed to make it back to Lynbrook to visit his Mom and family for Thanksgiving every year, with Bob becoming the Turkey Cooker (and stuffing and gravy and mashed potatoes and biscuits) and Henri taking on pies. No matter where Bob was in the world, family was always close to his heart.

When Bob was closing in on 60, retirement seemed to be on the horizon and Bob and Henri decided to settle in Charlotte, NC in a beautiful home that served as a canvas to their talents and passions. But retirement wasn't quite in the cards yet. Air Icelandic put him back in the left seat, and had him based in Dubai and in Madrid for another few years, and had him flying to even more corners of the world that it is hard to imagine he hadn't already reached. Bob didn't even know he was on his retirement flight when the iconic photo of him in the cockpit was taken. We all love this photo for so many reasons, chief of which is just the pure pleasure he took in flying.



Even though the days as a commercial pilot had come to an end, Bob continued to love navigating the land, and he delivered new school buses and trucks all over America, picking his deliveries based on the things he wanted to see a little closer after so many years of flying over them. Then he took up driving the truck for the local Habitat for Humanity ReStore and for K-9 Ranch, finding great joy in navigating the roads of the greater Charlotte area to find treasures and spend time with dogs.

Through his work and his interests, Bob became familiar with more of Earth's surfaces than most. He was insatiably curious, and if something had wings, wheels, or sails, Bob mastered it and used it to explore and discover and learn. If all he had was his feet, Bob used them to play football, run marathons, dance the night away, or explore the streets of whatever city he might be in to connect with the locals and find the holes in the wall. Bob was a thinker and a tinkerer who took immense delight in collecting all kinds of things, but

most particularly he collected knowledge, adventures, and people's stories and friendship. With that often came antiques, anything with wheels, tools upon tools upon tools, and a museum's worth of curiosities and "dibble dobbles". The collections reflect Bob's prodigious interest and skills as a navigator and as a crack mechanic, and showed a broad and deep respect for artisans, engineering, and craftsmanship.

Bob will be remembered as a maverick, a firecracker, a pilot's pilot, a take-charge adventurer untethered by plans while somehow also managing to be steady and loyal. He will be remembered as the guy you wanted on your side, as the life of the party with an infectious laugh, tearing up the dance floor and singing every word to every song (as long as it was a "good" one). Bob will be remembered for his incredible blue eyes and warm smiles, both of which harbored true confidence and playful mischief. Bob was a husband who lived with great passion and loyalty, and who flew by the seat of his pants in pursuit of adventure. He was a Dad that loved fiercely through thick and thin, who always had your back, who let you fail but always picked you up. Bob will be remembered as a Lolo (Grandfather) who inspired and encouraged with his grit and humor. Brother Bob will be remembered as intelligent, generous, compassionate, kind, and as a lovable imp (as only a brother can be). Uncle Bob will be remembered as fun, engaging, inquisitive, expanding horizons, bending rules for good reasons, fun, funny, and fearless. Dog whisperer Bob will be remembered for excellent training and even better ear scratches and pets. Our Robert Charles Farrell will be remembered for being larger than life, for courageously living it on his own terms, for sucking the juice out of every minute and for seizing each day.

Bob is survived by his wife of 35 years, Henriette Farrell, his daughter and son-in-law Tiffany Farrell and John Moorefield, his step-daughter Stephanie Tillmans, his grandson Makana Moorefield, and his step-granddaughters and step-sons-in-law Ana and Zachary Owens and Adrienne and Michael Hahn, and 5 step-great-grandchildren. He is also survived by his siblings Edmond and Joan Farrell, Grace Burns, and Gregory and Mary Farrell, 9 nieces and nephews, 20 great nieces and nephews and 1 great great nephew, and his beloved dog, Augie. He is predeceased by his parents, Edmond W. Farrell and Edna F. Farrell (nee Williams) of Lynbrook, NY, and his brother-in-law Thomas Burns.

We wish you a smooth flight west, ever grateful for having you pilot us so expertly for so many years.

In lieu of flowers, please support the charity of your choice that supports the rebuilding of Asheville, NC.

Bob will be buried at a later date in Salisbury National Cemetery with military honors.



Dave Newell  
Golden Eagles VP/Email Coordinator  
davebnewell@gmail.com

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