

Remembering the Life of Bob Wilcox

Hi Everyone, I'm Steve Wilcox. I am the son of Bob Wilcox. I would first like to thank everyone for coming out to celebrate the life of Bob Wilcox; I'm sure he would've been very happy to see so many familiar faces here in support of him. Big shout out and fist pump to the Maryland Chevelle Club members here today, I'm certain he's smiling down in full MCC gear right now... I might be half crazy, but a part of me is still thinking that he's going to get up right now and tell me to wipe the residuals off the Chevelle for a Sunday cruise...I'd like to thank my Dad's friends and family for coming, some coming from as far away as California and Florida to pay their final respects. We all have a unique connection with my Dad and I'm thankful that you're all here to share in this moment.

To tell you about my Dad

Growing up with my Dad wasn't easy. He was a perfectionist and accepted nothing less than perfection. Anyone who has worked with him can attest to this and I'm sure that anyone working with Bob Wilcox probably skipped a few meals while work needed to be done. Perhaps phrases such as "hustle, hustle" or "hubba, hubba" and even "make do" routinely flew.

Let me share with you his loyalty and dedication.

Saving his kids - when my Dad and Mom split, he fought his hardest to keep us together and with him. He spent great amounts of time, energy and money that neither of our parents had to ensure we were with him. This seemingly innocuous event changed the entire course of the lives of my brother and I. Instead of continuing to grow up in public housing and on government assistance, we moved to Beltsville, Maryland, and grew up in my Dad's old neighborhood and in my Dad's old house on North Lincoln Avenue.

Dad wanted us to have the things that he didn't.

Dad didn't get to grow up playing sports or be in Boy Scouts. His family's religious beliefs prevented these things that he always wanted to do. And he made sure we grew up with the choices to play sports and to be in Boy Scouts. And I am so thankful for that. That small measure from my Dad taught me the love of sports. Sports kept me in school because I had to make the grades to play. Because of my Dad's encouragement in sports, I finished high school, college and graduate school, while my brother who was also involved in sports and Boy Scouts, went on to a successful career in the Navy.

Dad was lucky to find Debbie.

Debbie is a loving and supportive wife. Together they were able to resurrect the Chevelle Club and strengthen it for the next generation of Chevelle enthusiasts to lead. Without Debbie, my Dad would have missed out on the love and support of her and her 2 wonderful children, Emily & Alex. I know my Dad loved you very much and I want to thank you for sharing your lives with my Dad.

We lost much when we lost the talents of Bob Wilcox.

He was a Classic Muscle Car Artist. My Dad became more than an expert in classic muscle cars, he became an artist. He started his craft as a young boy and told me when I was ten and still playing with Lincoln logs that he had already taken apart his 1st engine. By the time he was old enough to drive "legally," he was drag racing on the beaches of Daytona. Over the years of perfecting his craft, his talents became fully perfected, too. Just recently, my brother was hanging with my Dad and a customer called him on the phone. He answered with the same answer he's given for 30+ years, "Bob's Automotive Racing." Ha ha...inside joke for us boys. But when the customer was telling my Dad about the problem with his car's motor, my Dad just told the man to "put the phone next to the engine, so he could hear what was going on with it." He diagnosed the problem and amazed my brother.

In the end, I'm just a son trying to honor the man who gave me life and raised me up to be the man I am today

And with all that has happened so quickly.....in just the blink of an eye, my Dad has left me..... But how do you thank the person who taught you how to ride a bike? How do you measure the man who changed your life for the better? How can you say goodbye to the person who continues to live on inside you? And for all the good and bad that has happened..... All I keep thinking that I just want one more day to go drag racing with my Dad..... We love you Dad. You touched our lives and we miss you already. I hope you found peace in heaven and that you are taking it easy on God until we meet again. You are loved.

Steve Wilcox
Bob's Son

