



Robert "UFO Bob" C. Kuehn

May 25, 1931 - September 19, 2012

Robert Carl Kuehn, Wisconsin's and KFIZ's "UFO Bob" featured on Joe Scheibinger's "Backstage Live" Friday morning radio segment for many years, passed through the Pearly Gates at 10:40 a.m. on Wednesday, September 19, 2012, after succumbing to sepsis-associated encephalopathy, lymphedema, and cellulitis for the past seven months. Bob was born at St. Agnes Hospital, in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, on May 25, 1931, to Herbert C. and Mildred J. Isken Kuehn, and grew up in Lomira, Wisconsin. When Bob was 16 years old, he learned to fly an aerobatic biplane under the tutelage of nationally known barnstormer and crop duster, Lester V. Hahn, of Kohlsville, Wisconsin, and world renowned aerobatic pilot and International Aerobatic Competition Competitor, Max Sigunski. Being inspired by it all, Bob joined the EAA when it was a fledging group of 2493 members in the town of Hales Corners, Wisconsin. During his life, he mastered the two most difficult of disciplines: music and art. Having perfect pitch, his natural armature created an elegant vibrato through his clarinet that sounded like a violin and his saxophone, a cello. For many years, he played Big Band music all over the United States, concentrating throughout the Midwest, in popular bands of that era, like: Lawrence Duchow, Don Strickland's Icky-Stricky's Ricky-Ticky-Mickey Band, The Six Fat Dutchmen, Les Palmer, and a brief stint with Jan Garber's Orchestra in Las Vegas, standing in for lead alto saxophonist, Freddie Large, in the early 60's. Often on the road, Bob would play alto sax solos impersonating Freddie Large, and couples would stop dancing and

gather around the stage to listen to the familiar sound. When the Big Band era was waning, Bob returned to Lomira to care for his ailing aunt who raised him. Being homebound, he bought a Steinway grand piano and taught himself the music of the great masters. He interpreted the unique joie de vivre style of Arthur Rubinstein. Often warming up to Liszt's Tenth Rhapsody or the phenomenal virtuosity of the Abeniz Navarra. When Bob played, everything sounded natural and logical. It was the year, 1974, while driving through the Kettle Moraine in his red MGA convertible, on his way to Elkhart Lake for the June Sprints, that a piece of property on Long Lake caught his eye. Not long thereafter, came the move to "Top Notch", the highest private residence overlooking Long Lake at the time. Moving the Steinway was the greater challenge Bob thought he would encounter, not the Rene Durenleau, one-seater aerobatic biplane, comprising of four silver wings, a silver tail section, and red fuselage, surprisingly fit perfectly well in the new living room. Built completely by hand, using no power tools, the wings alone of this handcrafted little gem was a spectacular mosaic of geometric designs. It was at this point in time that the other most difficult of disciplines was undertaken for mastery. Ideas and images traveled around in his mind were brought to life on canvas or Bristol vellum, depending on the media being used. Bob's incredible gift of color creation and his anatomically correct human forms were his distinct trademark in the developing theme of fantasy art that prevailed and stood the test of time. Here, also, began the intense telepathic communication with visitors from other worlds and how we earth humans fit into the grand plan of the developmental process of creation. His contacts had begun when he was three years old, when Anunnaki, from our solar system's own planet, Niburu, began a series of onboard contacts that lasted for years. They are our creators. Bob always said that just about the entire population of planet Earth was checked out from time to time, but their memories were purposefully withheld. Then on August 2, 1988, Bob walked into the Campbellsport post office and was told by the postmaster that a woman was looking for him the day before and to come over to the house on Main Street, and that was how

Bob met the love of his life, Judy Green. She had a book, a numbered and autographed volume entitled, UFO Contact from the Pleiades. An exhaustive investigative accounting of the Meier contacts from Switzerland by Col. Wendell Stevens, USAF retired. It was destiny, the meeting of those minds. Three years before, in a small town in central Pennsylvania, Judy was told that she would go to Wisconsin and meet a man who lived by a lake and that his soul and hers were joined from the beginning of life on Earth. The two were inseparable and on December 12, 1989, Judy moved to "Top Notch" to live out destiny's plan with the man who lived by a lake. The following summer, Bob started the UFO conventions, UFO Daze, at Benson's Resort on Long Lake, complete with well known guests, some were featured on Coast to Coast AM national radio program and speakers mostly from around the Midwest. In 1995, Turner Network Television (TNT) filmed a documentary about the popular UFO sighting capital of Wisconsin at Long Lake. One of the highlights of Bob's life came to him on August 11, 2007, when a friend dropped off a bundle wrapped in a white paper napkin in a box that sat on a kitchen counter. Bob, being a kind, caring, sensitive lover of nature and creatures of the wild, carefully unwrapped the napkin to expose a recently featured out baby male cardinal that was found on the lawn in the hot August sun. Bob named him Red Baron, Baron for short, two flying buddies drawn together. Baron was more than a human companion. At three months old, he was singing all the songs of an adult male cardinal. One late afternoon in March, before supper, Bob poured a beer into a glass and almost immediately Baron alighted on the rim of the glass and helped himself to a taste of the cold brew. In fact, Bob found it quite tricky drinking out of the glass because Baron dominated possession of it. When Bob would go to town for a couple of hours, Baron missed his presence. Judy would hear the familiar sound of the car's motor and say to Baron, "Daddy's home". Baron would fly to the kitchen window and watch the car pull into the driveway and fly over to the entry way and wait for Bob to come through the door. Before bedtime, Baron would fly to

his “nest” within the confines of an artificial peony planter on the window sill of the dinette. Bob would stroke Baron’s feathers with his index finger and Baron’s wings would vibrate in ecstasy, until he was ready to fly to his secret hiding place within the ivy planter on top of the tall bookcase in the living room. This continued until one of the “flight school” sessions that routinely took place in the field next door, came to an end on July 3, 2008, at 7:55 p.m. when a large gray hawk carried Baron from the tall grass into a tree as Bob watched in horror as he ran to catch Baron’s feathers as they fell to the ground below. He never fully recovered after that. His spirit just never came back to the way it was. Looking back through the mirror of time, Bob’s artistry appears over the landscaped links at Auburn Bluffs, the Golf Club at Camelot, westward to Rock River Hills, and locally, the greens at Whispering Springs can thank Bob for designing a drainage system that saved the low lying areas from flooding and the owners several thousand dollars in 1996; then northward to Door County and Cherry Hills near Sturgeon Bay, Bob’s spirit lives in the lush cherry blossoms that savor the gentle breezes. Over the years, his artwork appears in private homes throughout the Kettle Moraine. His music is remembered as memories lingering in the wind from his years with the Fond du Lac Symphonic Band. Bob is survived by his beloved, Judy, who promised him she will research tirelessly calciphylaxis of the vascular system of cutaneous necrosis in sepsis cases to reverse the symptoms of this and other diseases related to the sepsis, “Black Hole”. And when it is time, she’ll be ready for Bob to come and take her home with him. Bob is further survived by his “family” of loving friends who came together as an army of angels of mercy at this critical time. Special prayers of love and thanks to Chuck and Julie Post, who gave above and beyond what any human has ever done, for over two months of critical care and continues to this day. Also, special prayers of love and gratitude to Bob and Jean Halfmann, Dennis and Sheila Seefeld, Tim Hjelle, and Joe Scheibinger, who gave Bob a spark of light to keep on going. A very special mention of appreciation to all the nurses, aides, and support staff, including Heartland Hospice, who made Bob’s final

days as comfortable and painfree as possible in this incredibly, challenging case at ManorCare. Judy gives her special thanks to those who made it possible for her to be with Bob 24/7 for the last two months of his life, when he really needed her presence to help calm his many fears, and to help all those caring for him. Please join us and become our family of friends on Wednesday, October 3, 2012, starting at 4:00 p.m. until ? at Benson's Resort, at the north end of Long Lake for a memorial celebration to this very loving, kind soul, UFO Bobby Kuehn. Bring a favorite dish to pass. Share your experiences, memories, and latest sightings. Memorials of financial support in Bob's name will be greatly appreciated and welcome: Fond du Lac Humane Society, Aspiring young artists and musicians of Fond du Lac, Heartland Hospice Memorial Fund in memory of Robert C. Kuehn, www.heartlandhospicefund.org

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Tribute Wall

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“ It is been a long time since the passing of Robert Kuehn. I just read his obituary. I heard him on the radio. I did not realize, he indeed had such an interesting life with many creative talents. The beautiful story of how he met his wife and also the cardinal bird that he loved. God Bless you, Robert Kuehn, and everlasting Peace Be With You and all those you have cherished.



Marilyn - September 28, 2021 at 04:59 AM