

In Loving Memory Of

Robert Michael Weir, M.D., M.B.A.

Born

April 12, 1943

Dickinson, North Dakota

Died

January 14, 2023

Sedona, Arizona

Memorial Service

Monday, April 3, 2023, 11:00 a.m.

Kinkadee Funeral Chapel

Sturgis, South Dakota

Eulogies

Barnaby Allen (Nephew)

Billy Eyles (Friend), read by Paige Nick (Rotary Daughter)

Bob Grossman (Colleague) Joe Kellogg (Midget)

Musician

Marlene Kotab

Musical Selections

“How Great Thou Art” “The Old Rugged Cross”

“I Come To The Garden Alone”

“O God Our Help In Ages Past” “Amazing Grace”

Pallbearers

Jerry Cloud Leo Ehrmantraut Joe Kellogg John Moll

Dwight Mundy Mark Priebe Al Wald John Weir

Honorary Pallbearers

Billy Eyles Alan Bloxson Jerold Gordon Clint Jahr

Hal Kushner Thomas Nelson Joan Odermann Gordon Schnell

Gregory Shannon Gari Sisk John Vukich Terry Wehner

Patrick Weir Carol Rebholz Adam Robinson

Dave McKenzie Bob Grossmann

Final Resting Place

Black Hills National Cemetery

Sturgis, South Dakota

A Celebration Of Life



Robert Michael Weir, M.D., M.B.A.

April 12, 1943 - January 14, 2023

Lt. Commander Robert Michael Weir, M.D., M.B.A.

Dr. Robert Michael Weir lived life to the fullest. Born in 1943 to Harriet (Rother) Weir and Dr. Paul Weir, D.D.S. in Dickinson, North Dakota, Bob was the eldest brother to four surviving siblings Kay, Joan, John, his wife Debbie, and Margie, each of whom he teased and loved always. He met his wife, Julianne (Rash) Weir, while an undergraduate at Northwestern University, and they married in 1970, and gained another sister (in-law): Brennan Rash.

Bob would have said being father to Rachel and Elizabeth and grandfather to Amelia (Mia) was his greatest fulfillment. He took joy in his nieces and nephews, “uncleing” them with humor and wisdom. Along with family, Bob designed his life around his endless curiosity and his cherished friendships. His legacy is one of laughter, adventure, loyalty and hard work.

He died peacefully at home, just as he wished, on January 14, 2023 amid family and holding his “first wife’s” hand.

In 1969, after medical school at U.N.D. in Grand Forks and Northwestern in Chicago, Bob entered the Public Health Service, spending a year at its hospital in New Orleans, then two years in Shiprock, New Mexico on the Navajo Reservation.

With his service completed, he joined the Hettinger Clinic and Hospital in southwest North Dakota. Hettinger grew as a hub for medical care in the region, eventually growing to serve a 25,000 square mile area by traveling to innovative satellite clinics. As in Shiprock, Bob treated whoever came in by appointment and whoever arrived during overnight call. He treated trauma, invasive infections, and disease. He fixed hips and performed appendectomies. He followed pregnancies, did cesarean sections and tended to “preemies”. Those eight years of practice in applied medicine, and a good dose of common sense, made Dr. Bob a physician and diagnostician of unique quality.

By 1977 Bob had decided to specialize and started his ophthalmology residency at University of Minnesota, followed by an eight-month fellowship in Dallas. A short detour to southern California and then Bob and family moved to Dickinson to establish his ophthalmology practice and be near his roots. He operated his full solo practice for twenty-four years, incorporating it as Western Eye Clinic. Eventually he shared his offices with Dr. Al King, O.D., and then with his brother, Dr. John Weir, O.D.

By 2005, while eyeing semi-retirement, Dr. Bob got a call to join Davis Duehr Dean Eye Clinic in Madison, Wisconsin. Never on his radar, he took the leap and enjoyed ten years in medical ophthalmology with a concentration in neurology. It was like solving mysteries every day and he was well equipped! At the start of 2016, Bob and Julianne retired to Sedona, Arizona. They were returning to the red rocks and Native American spirit they had come to love when they were first married.

However possible Bob loaded his life with adventure and fun, following his insatiable curiosity. On the reservation, he explored the red canyons off-road in his 4-wheel drive. He came to revere the Navajo culture and was finally able to do a patient exam in their language. He and Julianne lived on a quarter section farm outside of Hettinger where he planted shelter belts and raised beefalo.

Bob valued friendship, and throughout his life he gathered friends along the way: from growing up in Dickinson, college and medical school, motorcycle trips, the places he lived and visited. The list has grown long. He kept the welcome mat out and was

always coming up with happenings for the folks he knew liked motorcycle and hunting trips. He loved hosting at the cabin he built in the Black Hills of South Dakota, whether it was a long weekend, family get-together, annual “male bonding”, or the yearly open door for those who wanted to go to the Sturgis Rally. People from all over, who would never have met, loved getting together because of Bob. They describe him as generous, welcoming, and genuine. One good friend said that meeting Bob was one of the most fortunate introductions of my life” because of who he was. In the weeks before he passed, the outpouring of love and appreciation from friends all over meant everything to him.

Riding Harley-Davidson motorcycles was one of his great passions. He rode thousands of miles around the country and even abroad, and didn’t miss a single Sturgis Motorcycle Rally for 28 years. Starting in the 1990s, world travel became another passion and he ultimately visited every last place on his bucket list.

He hunted elk on horseback in the Rockies, upland game on the prairie. He went to eight animal tracking immersions around the country. He got some acreage in southwest North Dakota and started not just good time pheasant hunting every fall, but also trips to create the perfect habitat. He worked with acupuncture after studying the coursework. While managing a busy practice, he would leave for the University of South Florida at prescribed intervals to take courses, and earned an M.B.A. degree. He played the saxophone and traveled with the Dickinson Elks Sodbuster Band. Bob designed houses and oversaw the construction.

A voracious reader, he would binge on a topic then move on: the Indian Wars, Civil War, 20th century wars, finance, quantum theory, cosmology, spy novels, spirituality, tiny houses. He kept his finger on the pulse of real estate, coins, investment, and economic trends.

Bob survived with metastatic prostate cancer for 17 years, incessant back pain, a triple bypass, and many complications with real grit. He went hunting in 2021 and 2022, despite being unable to walk or even stand. He remained focused and tenacious.

Bob loved life, and he did it his way. He helped a LOT of people in his life. He was a great healer, a friend, a provider, a father, a grandfather, and a husband for over 52 years. He built houses and planted trees, he raised daughters and traveled the world. He read many, many books. He loved guns and steak and lobster and whiskey, acai bowls, dogs, hunting, and motorcycles. He loved Hawaii and children and his family. He was a fantastic storyteller, and could hold court all day. He was a legendary uncle, and mentor to many. His contribution is immeasurable, and he will be very missed, and heartily celebrated by friends and loved ones all over the world. We thank him for all he gave us.

In lieu of flowers, the family suggests donations to St. Jude Children’s Hospital, Pheasants Forever, or Rocky Mountain Elk Foundation.

Condolences may be sent to the family at www.kinkadefunerals.com.

*The family invites you to join them for the reception at
The Sturgis Brewing Co. (600 Anna St, Sturgis, SD)
following the burial.
We thank you for celebrating Bob with us.*