



## Roger M. Fisher

July 18, 1946 - September 7, 2015

Roger M. Fisher passed on Sept 7, 2015. Viewing 11am, Mon Sept 14, 2015 followed by Funeral Service 12 noon at Roselawn Funeral Home Chapel.

# Previous Events

## Funeral Service

SEP 14. 12:00 AM (MT)

Roselawn Funeral Home Chapel  
1706 Roselawn Rd  
Pueblo, CO 81006

## Visitation

SEP 14. 11:00 AM (MT)

Roselawn Funeral Home Chapel  
1706 Roselawn Rd  
Pueblo, CO 81006

# Tribute Wall

EH

“ Roger was one of "the good guys" when we were going to jr. hi and high school. I know his family will miss him. So glad he persevered for so long. I used to be his note taker for classes. Elena (Morgan)

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**Elena Hawley** - September 27, 2015 at 07:36 PM

DD

“ One of my vivid memories of Rog epitomizes his spirit. We were in junior high and just hit it off. I went to visit him in the hospital after (what we were told was) his first MS episode. His doctor met me in the hall and said he was glad that one of Roger's friends could tell him some devastating news, which might be easier on Rog coming from me.

Roger, the physician said, had multiple sclerosis, had had a severe episode and would never walk again ... and I should break the news to him gently. (Why me, why not you, Doc?)

So, bracing myself, I walked into the hospital room. I remember staring in bafflement at the rumpled sheets on the hospital bed.

There was nobody in the bed, however.

Looking around, I found Rog standing, looking out the window, 15 feet from the bed he couldn't get out of ever again. So, just to help him orient himself to his situation, I advised him, "I saw your doctor out in the hall and you have something called MS and you will never be able to get out of bed again, much less walk on your own."

Being Roger Fisher, he laughed. The best way to get Rog to do something was to tell him he couldn't accomplish it.

For years Roger had a '54 Chevy four-door, light-blue and white, with baby moon hubcaps. It had a six-banger engine and a Powerglide transmission. He loved that car and constantly drag-raced it, blowing out the transmissions. After a while I suspect McLaughlin's Auto Parts way on the East Side of Pueblo began keeping a rebuilt tranny on the shelf for us because they knew it was only a matter of time until we blew up the one in the car and needed a replacement.

Roger loved to trout fish. He, his dad and I sometimes went to the Taylor Reservoir area and fished the streams up there. Roger was a purest, bellycrawling up to the edge of a stream and easing the tip of the flyrod over the water and letting the flow drift the fly to a waiting brookie. He might not speak to me until the next day if I just tromped off in a big arc way downstream of him and standing on the bank caught the first fish of the day.

His dad just despaired of us, constantly shaking his head about something we'd done or said, and muttering, "You buy them books

*and you buy them books and all they do is eat the covers!" Roger's mom was welcoming and put up with all of us knuckleheads, too. No wonder Roger Fisher became a prince of a fellow! He was kind and smart, diligent and determined, and kindly funny.*

*Did I mention stubborn? When that first doctor came into the hospital room and found us loitering by the window, he said, "Mister, you will shorten your time further with stunts like this! As it is, you will never see your twenty-first birthday!" Later, Rog asked, "Did you hear what that doctor said about the length of my life?" I shrugged and said that I expected to be having birthday cake with him when he turned 21. And we made a point of it, too!*

*He's proved his point, God; lasted and lived and now he will have questions for You.*

*Relax and be at peace, my friend!*

*Don Donato*

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**Dewey D Donato** - September 12, 2015 at 12:06 AM