



## Robert D. Ford

February 24, 1959 - June 3, 2024

Robert “Bob” Ford was born in Washington, D.C. in 1959. His father worked for the State Department, which was elemental in Bob’s lifelong love of the nobler side of politics. Life in the diplomatic corps led him all over the world as a child, his father’s stations having included the Netherlands, Korea, Malaya (now Malaysia), and England. His time in England between the ages of nine and fourteen especially informed his world view, which included the presumption of good faith, good judgment and goodwill in leadership. He applied those principles throughout his life, as anyone who knew him will attest.

Before we go much further, we must remark another chief driver in Bob’s life, and that was comedy. How droll he would hear words “Bob is survived by.” We substitute instead here a brief list of the people he has beaten to the punchline. They include his partner Ginny Davis, sister Maryka Ford, brother William Ford and his wife, Joan, brother John Ford and his wife, Maggie, son Kieran Ford, daughter MacAeda Ford, and son Elias Ford. He is predeceased by...nah. The ones who beat Bob to the punchline included his father William Ford, mother Barbara Ford and his brother Richard Ford.

Bob’s mother was from Concord and as his father globetrotted, there was always a permanent New Hampshire address. In the mid-seventies, the family located to Hampton, and Bob attended Winnacunnet High School. So began a

decades-long love of the New Hampshire seacoast along with a vigorous debauching of it.

After studying philosophy at UNH, he came the conclusion that he should participate in a cultural revolution that was happening in cities and small towns across the US. Gigantic bands like Led Zeppelin, Pink Floyd and Yes were ceding their prominence to garage and punk bands like The Sonics, The Monomen and The Lyres. Bob's first piece of that pie was Ghandi's Lunchbox, a project he created with his chief music-making partner throughout his life, vocalist Tom Colletta. Tom was Bob's muse and his friend, and that association opened up tremendous possibilities for Bob's writing. Tom's vocal range was endless, so Bob could write with that in mind. The body of work is partially recorded, and it is astonishing.

What happened to Ghandi's Lunchbox is what happens to most rock bands. It died a horrible, painful death with hurt feelings, lost money and damaged eardrums. Bob wanted to injure more people in that same way, so he formed Jupiter 2, which ended up being Bob's pet project for thirty years. It was important for Bob to have a demanding arts project in the works at all times, as absent the distraction he was prone to accidents that, as he said, "included fork-splitting my balls after mistaking them for Thomas' English muffins." He was a beloved provider of private home care for mentally handicapped clients and worked for years at Ceres Street Bakery. He was naturally gifted with graphics and understanding computer networks and worked in a variety of information technology applications. It is really tempting to post here some of his image manipulations, but there might be children present.

We would be remiss in not mentioning Bob's friends. Lots and lots of friends. Bob's friends were his family. The music community of Portsmouth and surrounding towns suffered a crushing blow, yes, but believe me, we loved him more than we did his songs. We loved his heart, his soul, his humor and

his love and we will miss all of it.

All services are private.

# Tribute Wall

BC

“ Aw gee, Bob, you were a legend, a rock god. You were a good friend and a great guy. To know you was a good thing. You were a fun man. You always had words of encouragement, and knowing you definitely made me a better rocker and computer tech. The last time I saw you, your kind words meant a lot to me. I'm sure you're out there on the Jupiter 2 somewhere.

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**Bobby Cioffi** - June 30, 2024 at 09:30 PM

JH

“ 1985, Wibird st. Parties and Gandhis Lunchbox rehearsals. Fuzzy, Wiz, Bob, Tom and Scott playing on stage. Mary Beth, Jill, Robbie, Susan, Paula, Cindy, Peg, Julie, Wally, Out on the Dance floor at every show. So much fun. Thanks Bob for writing great songs to dance to.

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**Jill Hunter** - June 24, 2024 at 12:45 PM

FU

“ I will so deeply miss my beautiful friend.

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**Fuzzy** - June 14, 2024 at 12:04 PM

DE

“ How could it be over 40 years ago that I worked with Bob at the Paperback Booksmith Musicsmith in the old Newington Mall? Back when people bought albums! We got to listen to all the best new music on "store play." So many good people worked there. I have many fond memories of my time there, and Bob was one of the best -- he was extremely funny, but also very caring. We also both loved the Red Sox and went to some games together with Bob's lovely mother. I am sorry I did not keep up with him, but I am happy to hear he had a life full of making music, humor and good friends.

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**Debra** - June 14, 2024 at 08:56 AM

BP

*Thanks for the thoughts/memories.*

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**Brian Powell** - June 17, 2024 at 09:34 PM

BB

“ Bob was employed for a short time at G. Willikers! in Portsmouth. We had the best conversations, laughing about life and family. As I recall, he had a job in an office building at one point and he was fond of saying that there was a hierarchy...which he called The High Walls. The higher the wall, the more important the person..😄 classic Bob!  
I bumped into him sometime in March and we had a great conversation. He's was going to meet with his buddies from Gandhi's Lunchbox at the Friendly Toast.  
One last Toast😘 Miss You Bob

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**Bob Breneman** - June 13, 2024 at 06:30 PM

ST

“ When first heard of Bob passing, I was stunned. Within a few seconds, I realized that Bob was part of something that brought so much joy during a time that the community was struggling with. I would go with my friends and my brother to see Bob and Gandhi's Lunchbox perform and I can forget about what was really going on. The music gave hope when things seemed hopeless and Bob created that.



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**Stephanie** - June 11, 2024 at 08:46 PM



“ Originally in tribute to Bob, I was going to fly to Portland, ME and steal the blood pressure machine from the local Burger King. I instead raised a beer to Bob's spirit, friendship, support, inspiration, and sense of humor that made me a better person for it. Thank you, Bob.



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**Scooter Harris** - June 11, 2024 at 05:20 PM

JH

“ From Wibird Street basement to the Channel in Boston we had Fun. He will be dearly missed.

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**Jeffrey Hatch** - June 11, 2024 at 04:59 PM

MS

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



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**Maureen Shea** - June 10, 2024 at 10:01 PM

DG

“ Not sure who wrote this eulogy...but it's gold, Bob would approve. The man was also a gearhead, we helped each other break our muscle cars while at WHS. I'll miss talking cars...and arguing politics with him.

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**Derek Griggs** - June 10, 2024 at 08:11 AM

RS

“ Bob was a true mensch. During my time as both an undergraduate and graduate student at UNH, our paths crossed in various ways. But it was after I moved to the West coast that our friendship grew closer. I am going to miss Bob's kindness and humor, two things of which are in short supply in this old world.

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**Richard Sossel** - June 09, 2024 at 04:54 PM

TV

“ Bob was a much loved and valued volunteer at our community center. He helped and inspired others in every way possible. Bob will remain in our hearts and memories forever.

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**Terri Varney** - June 07, 2024 at 11:38 AM

MS

“ *Maureen Shea lit a candle in memory of  
Robert D. Ford*



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**Maureen Shea** - June 06, 2024 at 08:40 PM