



Douglas Brian Roser

AUG 17, 1971 - JAN 20, 2024



Scan to Visit

Robertson
FUNERAL DIRECTORS

Table of Contents

Obituary	Page 3
Tribute Wall	Page 4



Douglas Brian Roser

AUG 17, 1971 - JAN 20, 2024

Douglas Brian Roser, 52, passed away Saturday, January 20, 2024 in Lakewood, Colorado.

Celebration of Life will be held at a later date.

Cremation & Arrangements are by Robertson Funeral Directors of Clarendon, Texas

Douglas Brian Roser was born August 17, 1971 in Fairbanks, Alaska to Linda Joyce Roser. He was a United States Air Force veteran where he made it his career and was stationed in Maine, Louisiana, and Arizona prior to his retirement. After his retirement, he moved to Utah and later settled in Colorado. He enjoyed the snow and was an avid snow skier.

He was preceded in death by his grandmother, Ann Menges Bullock and his mother, Linda Roser.

He is survived by his sons, Cole Roser of Amarillo, Texas and Jason Roser and wife Emeri of Amarillo, Texas; and the mother of his sons, Lanika Leeper Jones of Amarillo, Texas.



Tribute Wall

Douglas Brian Roser

AUG 17, 1971 - JAN 20, 2024

TL

Timothy Ray "Neil" Leeper posted:

Doug was my oldest friend. We were best friends since 1984 when we met in the 8th grade. He used to be a "skater" and won 3rd place in the whole state of Alaska in a freestyle competition-back then. How many times we both climbed what seemed at the time insignificant mountains to ski down back country out of bounds quadruple black diamonds (Arapaho Basin, Eisenhower/Johnson Memorial Tunnel bypass to A-basin, Copper, Breckinridge, Cuchara, etc...) and some of the meanest moguls ever seen at near vertical fall lines...pretty sure that is absolutely not allowed now. Only friend I ever stood at the top of a cornice looking into nothing way way above A-basin at 15,000 ft with white out blizzard conditions then looked at each other and "dropped" off the what had to be 50ft cliff into chest deep powder...the too many times to count times to count trips into the wilderness that my parents never fully or truly knew the real dangers of with our ancient skis and hiked up dry talus slopes in the middle of summer in shorts to ski down what can only be called pure insanity, cutting our shins on sharp shale tailings for thousands of vertical feet down...the waterfalls and caves we discovered in the backcountry, the many nights out, the many near death experiences, the craziest road trips across insane conditions without cell phones. Caught in a blizzard more than once in my 72 Nova having to roll the windows down so we could clear the inch ice off the windshield by the square inch so we could hopefully make out the invisible white'd out road thru I-70 to ski country. The many many nights of insanity at Cuchara ski valley. The many mornings wishing for death to release us from what we had self-inflicted. Waking up at the Royal Gorge and walking across the bridge in 100 mph winds...times to many to count. The nights spent "cruising the ave" in Colorado Springs. The 186 days of my first year skiing in Alaska, skipping school after lunch if it was above -40. Lunch together everyday from 8-11 grades. Learning to drive together and taking our first baby steps out into the world. Watching that dare-devil jump into the pitch black nothingness of night off the tallest cliffs that used to be at Lake Greenbelt before they were bulldozed from such behaviors-with nothing but me telling him that I swear there's water down there! and he just took off running full blast and jumped into the void...he was in the air a loooooong time before I heard the splash-then the woohooooo of his yells! :) Coincidentally moving from Alaska to Colorado our senior years...the years he spent living with us...all the fun young bulletproof times of youth we shared growing up together where nothing seemed to hurt us, much less kill either of us, then the lifetime of actually being legal family and uncle to his boys. It was a pleasure my friend. I love you. I will miss you brother. You were one of a kind. Rest in peace Dougy.

January 30 at 8:16 AM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Douglas by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



Scan to Visit

Robertson
FUNERAL DIRECTORS