



Don Emery Albert

July 25, 1925 - May 3, 2016

Don Emery Albert, 90, of Bartlesville died Tuesday, May 3rd, 2016 at Brookdale in Tulsa. Don was born on July 25, 1925 in Savonburg KS. to Earl Albert and Maggie Price Albert.

He married Dorothy (Dot) Alice Tweedy and after Don finished serving in the United States Navy at the conclusion of the Korean War, they moved to Bartlesville in 1952. Don was employed by Phillips Petroleum as an electrical design engineer until his retirement in 1984.

Don was preceded in death by his wife, Dot, in 2008, son David and grandson David and granddaughter Nikki.

Survivors include his children, Steve and wife, Val, of Wichita, KS., Sharon and husband Mike, of Grove, OK., Brian of Bartlesville and Roger and his wife Mindy, of Tulsa, 9 grandchildren and 11 great grandchildren.

Tribute Wall



“ *Don Emery Albert*

October 23, 2023 at 04:40 AM



“ *Don Emery Albert*

October 06, 2023 at 03:15 PM

JW

“ I had the privilege and pleasure of knowing Don through East Cross. He spent hours and hours working with myself and Linda Smith and many others when we created the Rotation Sunday School rooms for the children's ministry 12 years ago. He and I had chances to talk as we worked or took a break and he'd share his wonderful family stories and experiences and how he experienced Jesus later in life. I could always tell how proud of his family he was and how important family was and that he wanted that for everyone to experience. He always had a twinkle in his eye when he talked about the love of his life, Dorothy/Dot and how he doted on her!!! His internal wisdom and ingenuity and mechanical/technical abilities were always apparent in all of his work and trying to make things work in our remodel and his calm spirit and ready smile were always a joy to me!

At one point we were talking about tools and his workshop and I was talking about my husband's workshop and borrowing his tools and that I should probably get my own tools so I didn't stress my hubby out, and Don was at the point that he was starting to plan to clean out his workshop and have a sale so they could move to Tallgrass - so he invited me over to visit with he and Dot and look through his tools and I could have what I wanted. So, for all these years I've treasured the drill driver, screwdrivers, pliers, etc that he shared with me, but especially because he was so pleased that he knew where those tools were going and to someone who he knew would "use them properly"!!! NOW, even though they are just material items, they mean even more because of the memories of our talks and his sharing and kind and gentle ways!!

At the same time at that visit, Dot also gave me some sheet music and a small sort of "dulcimer" instrument that she had. I have played piano since I was 7 and she of course was a musician so we had that in common and I led the children's ministry at East Cross for years - - so instruments and music are very important to me as they were to your mom.

Anyway, my sympathies to your family with Don's passing, but his and Dot's memories live on in me and many others. Jan Watt

Jan Watt - May 11, 2016 at 07:04 AM

“ *Memory shared from Don's son Roger:*

Dad had one sister, Joan. Joan Oberg had 4 children (Mike, Carol, Andy and Jan) who's ages ranged very closely to his own 5 children, so the 9 cousins were close and enjoyed each other's company immensely during family gatherings.

Dad began working on wind-up clocks at about age 8 after discovering a box of discarded parts behind a shop that was going out of business. He took the parts home and soon had a working clock. This began a lifelong hobby of building, restoring and fixing all types of wind-up clocks. He finally gave up working on clocks at about age 88.

Dad also had an early fascination with electricity and electronics. He and a friend spent hours playing with a magneto off a model A Ford and he and the same friend eventually ended up stringing wire between their houses (several hundred yards apart) to talk back and forth on their personal transmitter/receivers.

As a teen, dad was expanding the wiring in the house and had a short that blew power to the entire town (Savonburg was very small and this was the early days of electrical power distribution). When the lineman came to fix the town breaker, dad was looking over his shoulder and pointed out a problem with the city circuit that caused the short in the first place. The lineman fixed the problem and power was restored. This early knowledge of electricity and electrical motors led to his acceptance into an accelerated electrical engineering program with the US Navy at the University of Kansas during World War II. Dad served in the Navy at the end of WW II and during the entire Korean War as engineering officer on the USS Horace P Bass (APD). It was on one of the trips back from KU that dad met mom, and they married the day after dad completed the Navy program and was a commissioned officer.

Shortly after being discharged from the Navy and moving to Bartlesville, dad and mom moved the family to 215 NE Wilshire and dad set about adding two additional bedrooms to the house to accommodate his growing brood. He eventually added an additional garage, bathroom and workshop space, effectively doubling the square footage of the house. And he helped a local builder in the

neighborhood to help pay off the second mortgage. Mom and dad lived in that house for 40+ years!

Dad had an HO gauge train set up for a while, raised and traded African Violets for many years and spent many retirement years working with Habitat for Humanity (with good friend Howard Sharp). Dad also enjoyed woodworking and spent many hours re-purposing old flooring into wooden trains that went to area hospitals and grandchildren. He built many birdhouses and a few children's playhouses. He tried his hand at painting and photography. He built many bicycles from scratch and got creative on a few designs I have not seen repeated.

He was active on various committees and boards at East Cross United Methodist Church for many years. He took his construction skills to help with various projects on the church as well as at Camp Egan. He also participated in Lay Witness Mission and Evangelism Explosion activities at East Cross.

He was active in Toastmasters International for a number of years worked along with mom at Tuesday House in later years.

Mom and dad made a point to save for a family vacation every year. For many years, it was just tent camping at Robber's Cave State Park. But we often brought along friends and/or cousins and thoroughly enjoyed the piney woods and rocky hills of SE Oklahoma.

Vacations eventually moved to the Rockies and upon retirement mom and dad built a cabin at Tincup, Colorado that they enjoyed for many years.

Dad spent many retirement years hunting and fishing with his sons on Jack Clark's land (Jack and dad became good friends).

Mom and dad had many, many friends; from church, from work, in our neighborhood. Many have preceded dad in death. We will miss him. May his memory be eternal.