



**In Honor of Bobby J. Creel  
1943 - 2010**

On February 15, 2010, the New Mexico Water Resources Research Institute lost a dear colleague, Bobby J. Creel. Dr. Creel began working for the NM WRRI in 1986 and served as Associate Director and Interim Director. Prior to working fulltime at the institute, he had worked on many institute projects starting in 1972. Throughout his career at NM WRRI, Bobby received nearly 60 grants and oversaw many projects, including the development of one of his favorite projects, the Geographical Information Systems Lab, which employed many students over the past decade. Having authored dozens of reports and complex maps, Bobby was involved in many water-related projects in the state and region. In the days following his unexpected death, the staff received many calls and emails with condolences of the great loss of a gentle person and friend who had great knowledge and insight into water resources management and planning in New Mexico. It was repeated many times that he was someone who could be counted on professionally. He will be greatly missed. To honor Bobby, the NM WRRI dedicates the 55th Annual New Mexico Water Conference to his memory.

## I WISH I'D KNOWN BETTER

Now, this is a man; I wish I'd known better!  
Some would say a friend, a teacher, and a mentor.  
He left behind his nuggets of silver and gold.  
Sharing his insights and the many stories he told.

Dedicated to his profession; a legend at WRRRI.  
The cornerstone of the institution and that's no lie!  
Everything related to water he knew or was on GIS.  
Not much he didn't know and rarely would he guess.

Quite the quintessential and renaissance true expert;  
From his interdisciplinary, the knowledge would spurt!  
Particularly, for those who relied on him on a daily fashion;  
His knowledge of New Mexico water was his passion.

He was an eminent water resource research administrator  
And could "think outside the box", a real catalytic motivator.  
Turning challenges into opportunities; he'd find the way  
And still slip out with colleagues to eat at Dick's Café.

His love for the Southwest and its Mexican connection,  
Instinctively drew consensus, common good and perfection.  
Diplomacy, camaraderie and often a good cold beer,  
Drew him closer to the transboundary aquifer he held so dear.

His manner was gentle, but underneath, his true grit,  
Country humor and his good hearted nature truly did fit.  
Riding tall in the saddle on his mountain-side ranch,  
Anything found in his sights; had no fighting chance.

A few knew of his arsenal, guns and ammunition.  
Priming shells and loading buckshot, a favorite ambition.  
A prairie dog standing at 200 yards away,  
An easy target for him, many friends would say.

Transforming from cowboy and hunter to mechanic at best;  
Converting horse to engine power he could meet the test.  
Working on his dune buggy, jalopy, or his favorite Corvette,  
What came out from his man cave, no one could bet.

There was a man, Bobby Creel, I wish I'd known better!  
From all that I've heard, a real die hard go getter.  
Condolences and memories they all deserve their place.  
In God's given time, perhaps to see him again, face to face.

**Descansa en paz**

**Anonymous**

