



Kenneth R. Hiob

July 29, 1930 - March 29, 2016

Kenneth R. Hiob, 85, of Siloam Springs, Arkansas, died March 29, 2016, at his home. Born July 29, 1930, in St. Louis, Missouri, he was the son of Robert Frank Hiob and Elizabeth (Mueller) Hiob. Kenneth and Patsy Baker were married August 9, 1953. He was a middle school teacher.

Kenneth was preceded in death by his parents, one daughter, one brother and one granddaughter.

Survivors include his wife Patsy of the home; daughters Sheré Johnston of Bella Vista, Arkansas, Kellé Graff of Aptos, California, René Ja Allen of Wesley, Arkansas and Soleil Hiob of Tucson, Arizona; son Blaze Hiob and wife Carla of South Lake Tahoe, California; 8 grandchildren, 5 great grandchildren; sisters Lois and Joyce.

A private memorial service will be held at a later date.

Tribute Wall

BE

“ To the family of Ken Hiob,

My name is Brad Elliott and I had your father as a 6th grade teacher in 1955 at Capitola school. I want you to know that Ken had a tremendous impact on my life. You know there are teachers you have who stand out in your mind and Ken was one of those to me. He of course taught all of us boys to pole vault. Even me a short, porky guy who loved baseball!!! He would go down to Daffy Dons furniture store on the end of 41st Avenue and get the bamboo poles used for rollers for carpet. He would cut them down and tape them to make poles for vaulting. All of the kids in my neighborhood had one of Ken's bamboo poles and would run around vaulting over short fences, even me although I could barely get off the ground.

My most vivid memory of Ken was in the summers surfing with him at the hook on the end of 41st Avenue, me on a surf mat and of course Ken body surfing with all of us kids. He showed us how to ride the curl of the wave and not just the whitewater.

One of my memories of him in the classroom was him letting me and a couple of the other boys the 2nd half of 6th grade working on our own doing math. In those days the first semester of 6th grade math had new material. The 2nd semester was reviewing all of the math taught up to that point. I was a fair math student so Ken challenged the three of us to work on our own in the math book. So the three of us did every math problem in the math book starting in January. By March we had done every problem so Ken enlisted us as Math tutors for the rest of the class. Quite innovative I would say for 1955. This instilled a real love for mathematics for me and I ended up with a math degree and later computer science degree.

Ken also coached me in high school when I competed on the track team at Santa Cruz High School. I was a shot putter and he helped me become much better.

I was saddened to see his obituary in the Santa Cruz Sentinel, but I

want you to know I have such great memories of him. I pass my condolences to you. The world is a little lesser without his presence.

*With deepest sympathy,
Brad Ell*

Brad Elliott - March 25, 2017 at 12:39 PM

SH

“*Ken was a tremendous mentor to me and my colleagues at Soquel School District. He went so far and beyond the call of duty both for the students and the teachers association. He was a true inspiration. With love and affection, Stephen J Howes*

PS: Are then any of his sculptures available for purchase?

Stephen J Howes - March 23, 2017 at 07:52 PM

JC

“*As a fellow teacher I would invite Ken and family to come pick apples from my trees. He would only take the apples that had fallen to the ground because heh did not want them to go to waste.
Jim C.*

Jim Cloer - November 04, 2016 at 06:55 AM

“ TRIBUTE TO MR. KENNETH HIOB

From Teanini Rustad, 8th Grade Student

*Kamehameha Schools Preparatory Department, Honolulu, Hawaii,
1957-1958*

I have treasured moments with the teachers in my life, but Mr. Hiob is singular in his influence on me. He took all of us students seriously, listened carefully, asked questions, honored our thinking and our learning styles. In other words, he cared deeply for us all. Several times over the years, I tried but couldn't find him online to thank him for being my wonderful role model. Just a few minutes ago, I tried again and found him, only to be able to express my condolences to his family and to share my gratitude for how profoundly he touched my life.

I was blessed to be Mr. Hiob's student. I always wanted to be a teacher, but I discovered he was the inspiration for the kind of teacher I wanted to become. I taught middle school French, German, and English, then stayed home to rear four children, and eventually returned to teach elementary school. I am now retired, grateful to have been a teacher, I hope, like my Mr. Hiob.

What a dear husband and father you have! I would like to honor him by sharing with his dear family a few specifics about how much he means to me.

1. Mr. Hiob had assigned us to do a report on the topic of our choice. After seriously pondering several ideas, I told him excitedly I had my subject: China. He didn't guffaw, wince, or smile. He simply said, "That's a very large topic." Then he dialogued with me to winnow "China" down more and more and more until I settled on "China's Next Five-Year Plan." I don't remember the report, but I do recall his gentle guidance as he honored me by listening and asking questions, allowing me to process and finally come up with a doable topic.

My own students learned about Mr. Hiob and "China" when we

discussed topics for their research papers. They learned I had a teacher who cared about me and about my learning, the same way I cared about them and their learning. (Incidentally, "China" became the code word for a too-big topic!)

2. We were asked to draw the eastern and western hemispheres on two large sheets of paper, perhaps 4' by 6'. The plan was for Mr. Hiob to draw an X on the completed map, and if our proportions were correct, the point of intersection would be at a certain place. Being a bit of a perfectionist, I labored over this project. My eastern hemisphere survived the X, but not so much my western hemisphere. Mr. Hiob, never critical, helped me find where I could have drawn things differently and praised my efforts. I loved my teacher for always being positive toward me.

3. We were told to be prepared to give spontaneous speeches. For instance, if we had a few extra minutes before recess or lunch, one of us could be called on to go to the front of the room and speak for two or three minutes without notes. Oral presentation was important--no "ums" and no pidgin English! Wanting to be prepared, I read about two topics I was sure my classmates would find interesting. I was ready. Sure enough, my turns came, and I entertained my listeners with talks on witchcraft and cannibalism. I give Mr. Hiob thanks that my students and I worked hard at speaking clearly and coherently...and finding topics of interest!

4. I wrote a detailed report on Civil War battles, much more lengthy than requested. Mr. Hiob granted me such independence, as well as a delayed due date!

5. One day Mr. Hiob asked us to write our earliest memory. He described his: He was playing in a washtub in his backyard in Arkansas. His mother and grandmother were hanging laundry on the line; he spoke of the sunshine and seeing the sheets waving gently in the wind. Nearly sixty years later, I remember his eloquent description clearly.

Please accept as a tribute my memories of my inspiring teacher whom I will always adore and for whom I will always be grateful.

*Sincerely,
Theresa Teanini Roth
theresarothshome@gmail.com*

Theresa Roth - April 08, 2016 at 09:43 PM

1A

“ *Prayers and condolences are sent to Pat and all the family during this time from 1st UMC, Siloam Springs AR. Kenneth will be missed.*

1st UMC Siloam Springs AR - April 08, 2016 at 09:38 AM

JA

“ *Pat, I am so sorry for your loss as I know you will miss him dearly. You are a good friend and I do miss seeing you. You are in my prayers. Judy Arbia*

judy arbia - April 03, 2016 at 05:20 PM