



Bob Tumazi

February 11, 1957 - September 11, 2024

Bob Tumazi passed away on September 11, 2024 at his home in Turlock, California. Bob was born on February 11, 1957, in Iran. He attended San Rafael High School until his senior year when he transferred and graduated from Turlock High School. Later he pursued some college education. Bob dedicated his life to his career as a mechanic and was a proud business owner, working diligently up until his passing.

Bob was a devoted husband to his late wife, Nora Tumazi, a loving father to his children, Raul, Ana, and Joey, and grandfather to Alani and Enzo. He is also survived by his siblings, Al Tumazi and his wife, Marilyn, Violet Pluhar and her husband, Ben, and Suzy Brunson and her husband, Mike. He leaves behind numerous nieces and nephews. His parents, Shamiran and Joseph Tumazi, and his wife preceded him in death.

Known for his hardworking and loving nature, Bob was deeply involved in his community and attended his church, The House in Modesto, CA. Despite the challenges of his battle with cancer, Bob found strength in his unwavering faith and love in God, drawing comfort from prayer and scripture. His hobbies included fishing, hunting, and a passion for cars. He was an avid fan of the SF 49ers and the SF Giants.

A memorial service will be held on Friday, October 4, 2024, at 10:00 a.m. at

Turlock Funeral Home. Bob's life and legacy will be remembered by all who knew him as a dedicated family man, a passionate entrepreneur, and a loyal friend.

Previous Events

Memorial Service

OCT 4. 10:00 AM (PT)

Turlock Funeral Home
425 North Soderquist Road
Turlock, CA 95381
(209) 632-9111
<https://turlockfuneralhome.com>

Tribute Wall

AT

“ *Bob and I were best friends.
We lived 30 seconds around the corner from each other in Santa Venetia.
My mother was close to Sherri.
1964?1967?- we lived in the same neighborhood and almost every day after school we met in the middle of La Brea way barefoot- and we raced each other to north San Pedro Rd.
We popped in at each other's houses on the daily.
His dad was a mechanic, I knew his brother Al, but he was one of the big kids.
Loved him- bob or Bobby as I called him.
I moved away to mill valley and we lost touch in 1966.5
Always planned on finding him again and starting up where we left off.
He was one of the best even as a little kid- super empath.
Rest easy brother
Freddy Ullner*

anthony tremblay - May 28 at 08:03 PM

BB

“ Bob had the gift of being a great storyteller. He had the ability to unite family and friends with his stories by using his gift of descriptive sound effects, humor, and joyous recall of fond memories. Bob told his stories with vigor, laughter, and excitement.

Keeping this in mind I would like to tell you a story of the Tumazi and Borba family's over 50-year journey from friends to family to brothers.

This journey actually starts out with Al Tumazi and Frank Borba who were both extremely talented artists in the auto body painting world. They were drawn together in friendship by their talents when a tragedy struck the Borba family. Frank Borba passed away in a motorcycle accident. Al and Bob's concerning, and loving nature drew them to Frank's younger brother Lionel. Bob and Al soon began to work together using the Borba's farm shop, setting the 50-year path ahead.

In the beginning Bob would say how much he loved the steaks Lionel's Mom, Eleanor cooked for him at lunchtime and Lionel telling Bob how much he loved stealing Sherri's wonderful cookies. They both laugh at the antics of Bob's very fit father, Joe. They built racing motors, cars and sandrails in their love of mechanical power. They fished and fished and fished some more, they deer hunted and camped out. They hijacked Al's coupe for graffiti night. They moved sister Violet in and out of more apartments than they could count with only losing 1 dining room table. There were laughs all around when Suzy spent more money than she made at the clothing store, her first job. Life seemed to always include Bob, even on our dates. There were so many hours spent at Tumazi Auto Repair it wasn't hard to find Lionel when he needed to be tracked down. It was usually the first place I looked.

They honored each other's friendship in Wedding ceremonies, Thanksgivings dinners, and Christmas gift giving. They grieved with

each other for the loss of parents, friends and too recently Nora. Bob had many jobs in his life; friend, best man, husband, father, God father, and care giver, all of which he excelled. Oh, and let us not forget a talented mechanic.

As life progressed it became more controlled by our responsibilities of marriage, children, and work and yet their friendship continued and thrived through it all.

Bob's second gift was that he accepted many friends into his life. Bob had the unique ability to include past, present and new friends into his circle of life. His inclusive manner allowed him to have lifelong relationships that gave his friends the ability to grow bonds within his circle, creating friendship with others in Bob's life. This gift allowed family and friends to grow close and somewhere in the passage of time we no longer consider the Tumazi Family as just friends, they are family.

I always told Bob that he saved Lionel life with the guidance and friendship he offered Lionel after the death of his brother. The compassion Bob showed in the beginning of their path lead them to a lifelong relationship earning them the honor of brothers by another mother, as they say.

In the end there was always the bond of fishing such as the best man's speech "Let's go fishing!." Fishing with Lionel's boys Neal and Frankie, fishing with Bob boy's Raul and Joey. Fishing with Cousins Ro and Nardin, and friends like Teddy who we never would have met without Bob. The night of Neal's fishing hooking mishap and the huge coincidence of camping by the Tumazi Family as they gladly took Bob's screaming toddler God Son Frank, so we could visit the ER.

This is just a small reflection of our 50-year story as I am not the storyteller Bob was. I have no sound effects unless you can hear a broken heart.

I cannot say thank you enough to Joey for helping Lionel visit with your dad. Lionel was able to say goodbye to Bob telling him, I'll see you on the other side. Joey, you understood the importance of the loving relationship these two brothers had and the need they both had to say goodbye.

Betsy Borba - October 06, 2024 at 04:12 PM