



Kenneth F Foreman

May 19, 1961 - January 24, 2026

Kenneth Franklin Foreman Jr. was born on May 19, 1961, in Bartlesville, Oklahoma, to Kenneth Franklin Foreman Sr. and Wanda Cora Foreman. Raised in Bartlesville and educated in the Bartlesville Public School system, he proudly graduated from Sooner High School in 1979. He later earned his Bachelor of Science degree in Construction from Oklahoma State University Institute of Technology — a path that fit him perfectly: disciplined, hands-on, practical, visionary.

He wasn't simply learning a trade.
He was preparing for a life of building.

And build he did.

Kenny loved the land and the kind of work that shapes a man's character. In his early years, he worked construction for GB Williams and cowboyed for G.C. Richardson on his award-winning Angus ranch outside Bartlesville. He respected early mornings, dirt on his boots, honest sweat, and the kind of integrity that comes from earning your way.

He later opened Green Country Gun Shop — and to call it just a store would be almost criminal. It was part gun shop, part storytelling arena, part comedy club, and part community headquarters. You never knew what you were

walking into — a debate, a tall tale, a business deal, or Kenny grinning like he was about to stir something up just for fun.

Stories didn't just get told there — they grew legs. Laughter didn't just echo — it shook the walls. Kenny didn't simply run a business. He ran the room. He kept it lively, unpredictable, and full of personality. People didn't come in just to buy something — they came to see what was going to happen next.

And somehow, in the middle of all that energy, everyone left feeling welcomed, respected, and a little more alive than when they walked in.

As a master carpenter for Bartlesville Public Schools, he helped build libraries and learning spaces that still stand today — solid, steady, dependable. Just like him. In 1997, he stepped into what became a true calling when he began teaching in the Property Maintenance Program at Tri County Technology Center. He didn't just teach skills. He built confidence. He built character. He believed in leaving people better than he found them — and he did.

Around Christmas each year, he became affectionately known as the “Poinsettia Man.” As a master gardener, he filled the greenhouse with vibrant red blooms that brightened homes across the community. He quietly loved knowing that something he grew would bring joy to someone else.

In 2000, Kenny founded Foreman Construction Management & Consulting. He built custom homes and commercial projects throughout Bartlesville with excellence and integrity. His work was known for quality — but even more for trust. If Kenny gave his word, it meant something. Kenny believed a man's word was his bond. A firm handshake sealed the deal. Loyalty was currency, and integrity was non-negotiable.

In 2017, he formed the Foreman Manhattan Construction Team, a powerful

partnership with Larry Rooney built upon shared values of excellence, precision, loyalty, and opportunity. Together, they completed significant tribal projects, including the 92,000-square-foot Cherokee Nation Entertainment Casino in Tahlequah. Upon completion, the team was honored with the 2019 “Build Oklahoma” Award in the \$20–50 million commercial category.

They partnered on major developments with the Tonkawa Tribe, including a five-story hotel, casino expansions, and the Tonkawa Tribal Justice Center — projects that strengthened tribal sovereignty and created lasting economic impact.

And in 2026, the Foreman Manhattan Construction Team stands upon the completion of four projects. One of the most monumental projects in Cherokee history — the new Cherokee Nation Hospital in Tahlequah. This state-of-the-art, approximately 469,000-square-foot medical facility expands tribal healthcare with a full-service emergency department, advanced surgical suites, comprehensive inpatient wings, diagnostic imaging, specialty clinics, and culturally grounded healing spaces designed to serve Cherokee citizens for generations.

Children will be born within its walls.
Lives will be saved within its rooms.
Families will be comforted within its halls.

For Kenny, building the Cherokee Nation Hospital was sacred work. As a proud Cherokee man, helping construct a facility that will heal his people long into the future was not simply business — it was service. It was a purpose. It was a legacy.

He carried the deepest respect for Chief Chuck Hoskin, Jr., and his

leadership. Kenny was fiercely loyal — not just to a title, but to the man and the vision behind it. He believed in strong leadership, in sovereignty, and in moving the Cherokee Nation forward with strength and integrity. Their friendship was built on mutual respect, shared values, and a commitment to serving their people well.

And Kenny's Foreman Manhattan Construction Team — his team was his family, his boys!

He protected them fiercely and loved them deeply. From his superintendents to his project managers to every subcontractor on site, he cared about them as people first and business second. He stood beside them. He defended them. He mentored them. He made sure they went home safe. He believed loyalty mattered. He believed character mattered. To Kenny, leadership meant protection. It was family.

But if you asked him what mattered most, it was never the buildings. It was his family at home.

He was a devoted husband to his beloved wife, Tonya. She was not just his partner — she was his heartbeat. His safe place. His greatest adventure. Their love was not ordinary; it was fierce and alive. It was built on faith in God, undeniable passion, stubborn loyalty, shared dreams, hard seasons, inside jokes, late-night talks, and the kind of laughter that heals a room.

They stood shoulder to shoulder in everything. They prayed together. They fought for their family together. They built businesses together. They weathered storms together. And through every season — the victories and the valleys — they chose each other again and again.

He adored her.

He respected her strength.
He trusted her wisdom.
He was proud to walk beside her.

Their marriage was not just a chapter of his life — it was the center of it. The foundation. The fire.

They built a home filled with faith. They built a family rooted in love. They built a legacy that will outlive them both. They built a future anchored in Christ.

She was the love of his life.
And he loved her with everything he had.

He was fiercely — unapologetically — proud of his children:
Kenneth Kelby Foreman, Shelby Lane Foreman, Rhett Thomas Foreman, and
Kensly Elizabeth Foreman.

They were not simply part of his life.

They were his life.

He did not love them from a distance. He built into them. He prayed over them. He fought for them. He carried their dreams in his own heart as if they were his unfinished projects. Long before the world saw their strength, he saw it. Long before they believed in themselves, he already did.

He poured into them with intention — discipline, encouragement, expectation, faith. He set the bar high, not out of pressure, but out of vision. He saw greatness in them because he believed God had placed greatness in them.

He wanted them strong.

He wanted them steady.
He wanted them grounded in Christ.
He wanted them to be courageous in this world.

Every lesson he taught, every standard he held, every correction he made, every hug he gave — it was all rooted in love. Deep, protective, relentless love.

They were his legacy walking.
His prayers in motion.
His heart outside his body.

And if there was anything Kenny guarded most fiercely in this world, it was his children. They were, and always will be, his greatest masterpiece. He trusted God with their future the same way he trusted Him with his own.

Becoming “Pop-Pop” only expanded his heart. He adored Thayer, Zervus, and Amrose Cora Foreman. He saw strength in Thayer, promise in Zervus, and a beautiful continuation of family in little Amrose Cora — named after her grandmother, carrying history forward in her very name. The Foreman legacy lives on in them.

He cherished his sisters, Jeanne and her husband Clyde Shepherd, and Terrye and her husband L.G. “Took” Cramer. Their bond was not just family — it was sacred history. It was shared childhood, shared faith, shared roots. They knew him before the world did, and they loved him through every season of life. Their connection was steady, loyal, and unbreakable.

He deeply loved his nephews and their families. Mark and Jill Cramer, Randy and Krissy Cramer, and TJ and Kara Hubbard were never simply nephews to

him — they were sons in his heart. He poured into them. He protected them. He celebrated them. He stood beside them with pride and expectation, believing deeply in the men they were becoming. Their victories moved him. Their struggles stirred him. His love for them was not casual — it was covenant. Fierce. Faithful. Forever. His great-nieces and nephews were pure joy to him: Montanna, Cade, Issac, Chi, Titus, Sophie, Audrey, and Emma.

He held profound respect and gratitude for his father and mother-in-law, Tom and Margaret Johnson. Their unwavering faith shaped the very foundation of his home. Their steadfast love for their daughter and grandchildren was a testimony in itself. He often acknowledged that he could not be the man he became without Mom and Dad Johnson's prayers, encouragement, and spiritual example. Their faith strengthened his own. Their love steadied his walk.

To his brother- and sister-in-law, Todd and Sami Johnson — your unwavering faith and constant prayers were a spiritual force behind his fight. When the battle grew heavy, heaven was moving because of you. He felt those prayers. He drew strength from them. He knew he was covered. To Mandy and Josh, Ben, Daniel, and Hannah Stauffer, and Colt and Kasey, Taylor, Ashlynn, Emma, Jadyn Straub, he loved you dearly!

To the men and women Kenny called his close friends, you were his brothers and sisters in life. You shared sunrises in duck blinds, long days on job sites, hard conversations, loud laughter, victories, and battles. He didn't just enjoy your company — he leaned on you. He trusted you. He was proud to stand shoulder to shoulder with you.

He talked about you at our dinner table. He carried your burdens quietly in his prayers. He respected your work ethic, your character, and your loyalty. If he loved you, it was for life — and you knew it. Kenny was not a surface-level man, and he did not have surface-level friendships. If you were in his circle,

you mattered deeply.

You helped shape him. You sharpened him. You walked with him. And part of who he was — the strength, the laughter, the grit — was forged in those friendships. Thank you for loving him, standing by him, and being part of the story he was so proud to live. He would want you to keep showing up for each other the way you showed up for him. Because you know he would.

Kenny's love for hunting was not recreational — it was generational. Ducks breaking the stillness at sunrise. Whitetail moving through Oklahoma frost. Elk bugling in the mountains. It didn't matter the animal or the season — what mattered was that his family was beside him. Those fields, blinds, and ridgelines were classrooms. That's where he built confidence. That's where he forged grit. He taught them how to track, wait, endure, and provide. He taught respect for the land, reverence for creation, and pride in doing hard things well.

Hunting was his covenant with his children, family, and friends—a promise that they would know who they are and where they come from. It was Cherokee strength. It is the Foreman's legacy. It is heritage in motion. Every early morning from here forward, every steady aim, every story told over a tailgate or campfire — will carry his voice. We didn't just lose a hunter. We lost the patriarch who built a lineage of providers, protectors, and warriors of the land. And that legacy will never die.

Kenny never walked alone. He was surrounded by faith. Surrounded by love. Surrounded by people who believed in the power of God to move mountains.

And that mattered to him more than words can say.

Kenny believed in second chances.

He believed in them because he had lived them. And he believed in them because he knew the heart of God.

Kenny's faith in Jesus Christ was not loud for attention — it was steady, real, and personal. He knew he wasn't perfect. He didn't pretend to be. But he believed deeply that God is a God of mercy, redemption, and new beginnings.

He believed that no mistake is too big.
No past is too broken.
No life is too far gone.

He believed in a Savior who restores.

Kenny was a second-chances man because he served a second-chances God.

He believed that Jesus Christ came not to condemn, but to rescue. Not to shame, but to forgive. Not to leave us where we are, but to transform us.

If Kenny could stand here today and tell you one thing — just one thing — it would not be about buildings or business. It would not be about awards or success.

It would be this:

Give your life to Christ.

Accept Him as your personal Savior. Don't wait. Don't hesitate. Don't think you have to clean yourself up first. Come as you are. That was Kenny's heart.

That was his prayer for you. That was his number one goal — not just for his family, but for anyone who crossed his path.

He wants you saved.

He wants you forgiven.

He cared deeply about your future — not just here, but forever. Because this life is fleeting, but eternity never ends.

Kenny lived with confidence in that promise.

He believed in the Cross.

He believed in God's grace.

He believed in Heaven.

And today, we grieve — but WITH hope.

Because Kenny trusted his life, and his soul, to Jesus Christ.

If you want to honor Kenny's life, honor it by choosing Christ.

In Memoriam:

In lieu of flowers, we invite donations and gifts to the following legacy projects that reflect Kenny's devotion to his people, his faith, and future generations.

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Cherokee Nation Immersion School

Kenny was deeply honored to build the Cherokee Nation Immersion School on behalf of the Nation. This sacred institution preserves the Cherokee language and culture, ensuring that future generations are educated, empowered, and grounded in their native language and heritage.

Donations can be made online through the Cherokee Nation website. Under

“Online Giving”, select “In Memory” and note Kenny Foreman. Link: Online Giving::Cherokee Nation Website

Checks should be made payable to the Cherokee Nation and mailed to:  
Cherokee Nation Office of Financial Resources  
Attention: Treasurer Janees Taylor  
P.O. Box 809  
Tahlequah, OK 74465

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Tuxedo Assembly of God — “Kenny Foreman Building Fund”

Kenny lived with a servant’s heart and poured himself into building both people and places for the glory of God. In honor of his life and legacy, donations can be made to the Tuxedo Assembly of God Kenny Foreman Building Fund to support roof replacement, renovations, and future building projects.

Gifts can be made online at: : [tuxedo.church](https://tuxedo.church) | Instagram, Facebook | Linktree . Or card payments can be made by calling Malinda Stitt at 918-333-5757.

Checks should be made payable to Tuxedo Assembly of God, noting In Memory of Kenny, and mailed to:  
Tuxedo Assembly of God  
3503 Tuxedo Blvd  
Bartlesville, OK 74006

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With Gratitude:

Thank you for honoring Kenny’s life by continuing his work. Your generosity ensures that his legacy — of faith, service, strength, and love for his people — will live on for generations.

# Previous Events

## Celebration of Life

FEB 4. 1:00 PM (CT)

Bartlesville Community Center  
300 E. Adams Blvd.  
Bartlesville, OK 74003

# Tribute Wall

ES

“ *Ernie &Tami Snodgrass lit a candle in memory of Kenneth F Foreman*



Ernie &Tami Snodgrass - February 05 at 07:34 AM

TL

“ *Toye Leak lit a candle in memory of Kenneth F Foreman*



Toye Leak - February 04 at 11:16 PM

TL

“ *Tonya and Family,  
Never did I see Kenny without a smile and the love for his family was unmistakable. Prayers going up for you all and our community he is respected and will be greatly missed.*

Toye Leak - February 04 at 11:15 PM

GE

“ *I remember seeing Kenny at a Tulsa gun show & him telling me he was going to be a dad again. He was smiling so big.*



Gail Estep - February 04 at 05:05 PM

KL

“ *Kim Lunsford lit a candle in memory of Kenneth F Foreman*



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**Kim Lunsford** - February 04 at 07:21 AM

RL

“ *Ronda Loudermilk lit a candle in memory of Kenneth F Foreman*



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**Ronda Loudermilk** - February 03 at 09:55 PM

GH

“ *Gene & Teresa Herren planted a [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) in honor of Kenneth F Foreman.*

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**Gene & Teresa Herren** - February 03 at 05:24 PM

GH

“ *Gene & Teresa Herren purchased the Crystal Cross Bouquet for the family of Kenneth F Foreman.*



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**Gene & Teresa Herren** - February 03 at 05:24 PM



“ *Simply Elegant Spathiphyllum was purchased for the family of Kenneth F Foreman.*



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February 03 at 02:17 PM



“ *Jeanne Foreman Shepherd lit a candle in memory of Kenneth F Foreman*



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**Jeanne Foreman Shepherd** - February 03 at 10:24 AM



“ *Cody and Hannah Tate purchased the Full Of Love Bouquet for the family of Kenneth F Foreman.*



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**Cody and Hannah Tate** - February 03 at 10:21 AM

KG

“ Tonya, I am so sorry to hear of this. After reading this obituary, I can't even imagine the loss you are feeling, and your family is feeling. What a wonderful contribution to life he has made in every aspect of his life. I know there is nothing I can say to make this easier, but please know that I am lifting you up in prayer each and every day. I always hold onto this, which the pastor of my brothers church stated at his celebration of life... Kenny is not going to a better place, he is going to the absolute best place and the good news is that each day that goes by without him, is one day closer to when we will see him again. May you hold onto that thought and the wonderful memories and family that you have. Love you friend!

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**Kathleen Godwin** - February 03 at 10:19 AM

DC

“ What a wonderful tribute to a man who will be greatly missed. May his memory forever shine brightly in the hearts of those who knew him.

Tonya, No words will soften your grief but being human, we still try. My thoughts and prayers are with you and your family. Lean on the everlasting arms of the Father.

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**Dana Hindman Carter** - February 02 at 01:10 PM