

Stacy's Tribute

How do you sum up an amazing person in a few words? You can't. Dad was a wonderful father, grandfather, and friend. A calming and encouraging presence for so many and a true example of keeping priorities in order. I am still learning so much from him. I hope I can be more like him.

He knew how to make you feel important. That's because he felt everyone was important.

You might notice in the photo montage that there were no photos of Dad as a child. That's because we don't have any. He had such a rough start in life but is the most amazing example of what it means to forgive and to rise above. A great reminder that our circumstances don't have to define us.

When I visited last year, I found so much delight in going to the shops with Dad and hearing shouts from the many children who would spot him and yell, 'Hi, Mr. Frank!' He knew them all by name. Dad absolutely loved working with the kids at Rosemeadow and Blairmount and would often tell me stories about his time there as we chatted on the phone each Friday. I am so grateful to Rosemeadow for providing an opportunity for Dad to use his gifts in this way.

Dad was so funny! I don't know how he came up with the things he said, but he always had a quick and surprising comeback, or at least a good dad joke to throw into the mix. Sometimes I think he even surprised himself, like the time we were eating dinner, and as we cleared the table, he spontaneously started singing, "*Thumbelina, Thumbelina!*" We were all like, "What on earth?" and he just chuckled and said, "I don't know."

Dad loved his church family. I cannot begin to express how important you all were to him. Thank you, southwest church, for loving him so well. Being far away, it always brought me comfort knowing he was busy with all of you.

To his Irish family watching from afar. Thank you for reaching out to him, for embracing him, and for helping him feel part of an extended family. I was amazed at how he even looked physically different after his first visit with you. It changed his life.

Emma, Ehan, and Eve, thank you for all of the daily things you did with Dad. For all of the Christmases and birthdays, you showered him with love. For all the ways you warmed his heart. I know you know he loved you, and I am so grateful for that.

To Esther, Jossiah, Ruth, and Eve - his precious grandchildren: cherish the sweet memories you have with your Papa. The games played, the time spent, and the love shared. It only takes a peek at the photos in his house to know that you were incredibly important to him.

A couple of funny things you may not know about Dad:

For most of his life, he would cough every time he heard the word “salt.” In fact, he would cough just *reading* the word salt. It drove him crazy. My kids thought this was so funny. When he would visit, we would pick him up from the airport, and upon first seeing him, they would excitedly hug him and say, “Hi, Papa. SALT!!!” He actually worked on overcoming this quirk, so the kids had to give up that tradition :)

He was so bad at telling Emma and me off as kids when we needed it. At one point, Emma and I shared a room and were being rowdy at bedtime. I distinctly remember him standing at the door, trying to tell us we needed to be quiet. He made every effort to look stern and sound firm, but he couldn’t keep it up for very long before he started to laugh. This was a common problem! He did discipline us and guided us when it really mattered. But these types of things he really struggled to do.

My heart hurts for all of you as much as much as it hurts for me. I know he was so important to so many of you, and my heart grieves with you.

I know he would want me to tell you that God is the most important thing. To love your family, to make time for people, to read your Bibles, to serve your community, to laugh, to stand firm, and to keep pressing on.

Thank you all for being here with us today.