



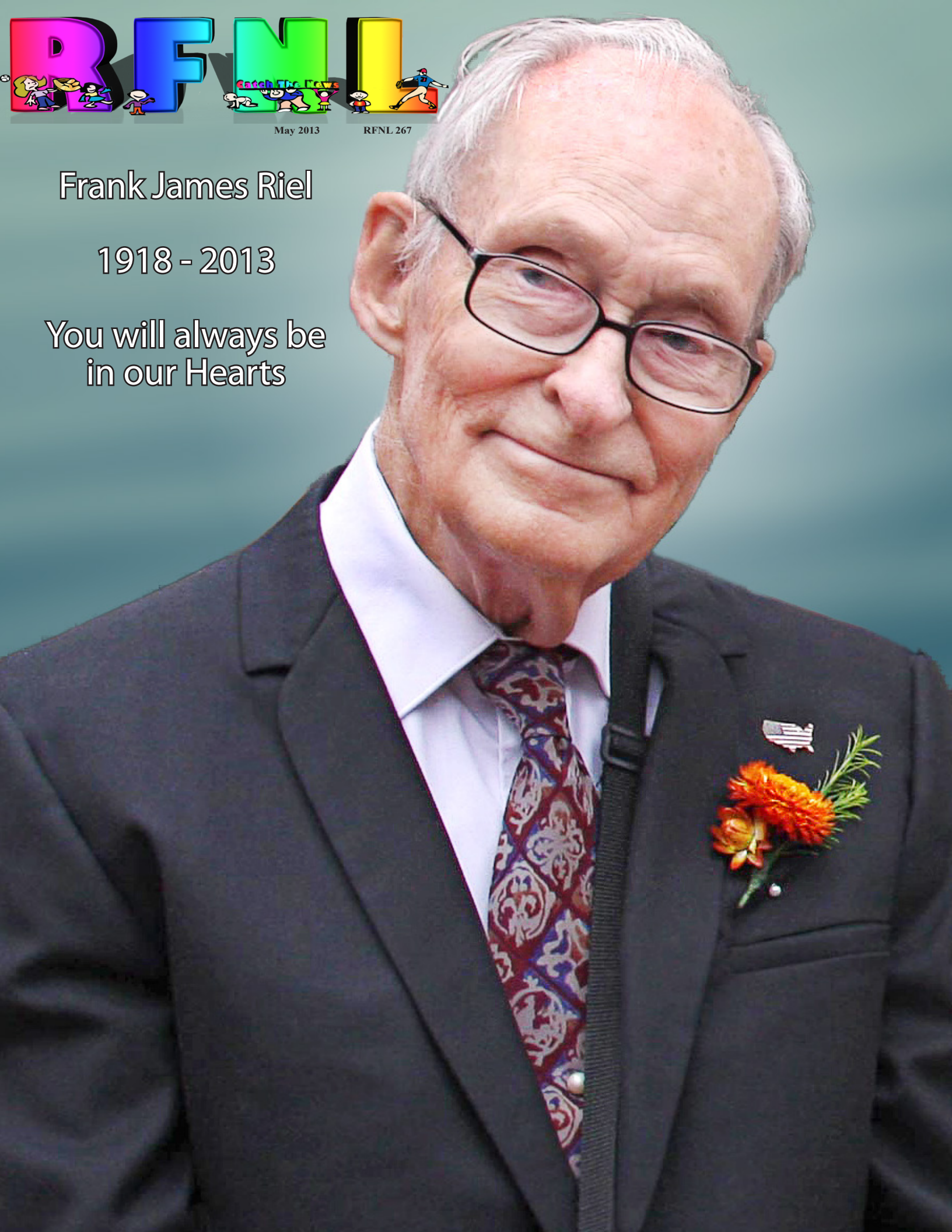
May 2013

RFNL 267

Frank James Riel

1918 - 2013

You will always be  
in our Hearts



# Frank James Riel, My Father



It is with a heavy heart that I must report the passing of our loving husband, father, grandfather, great-grandfather and friend Frank James Riel. My father finally succumbed to the ravages of the stroke he suffered almost a year and a half ago. As usual he put all his efforts into a recovery but the damage was just too much for his will to overcome.

I will miss him dearly, but I also know he is in a much better place. A place where he can go back to the way I will always remember him as, smart, funny, loving and strong. He was truly a remarkable man, one that I loved with everything I had inside of me. The way he lived his life made me proud to be his son. I always wanted to be like him, he always brought out the best in people no matter who they were, family friends or even just someone he met on the street.

Dad was a teacher; he always found a way to help you to accomplish your goals. I can remember when I was very young and I wanted to learn how to catch a ball. He had me stand in one of those squares they put in the sidewalk and he would stand in another one right next to it. He would hand me the ball and told me "there you caught it! Now it's just a matter of moving apart" and he would have me step back one square and throw the ball back to him. There we were, moving back

one square at a time and moving back together to start over if I dropped the ball. Soon we were 10, then 20 squares apart and before I even realized it, I had learned to not only catch a ball but throw one as well. Little did I understand that he was also teaching me a lesson for life as well. "Take your problems a little at a time, work at them, practice them, and before you know it they will be behind you" he would tell me. Great advice that has served me well, Thank you DAD!

My father was a genius. The United States Government recognized him by awarding him some 25+ patents for his work in chemical engineering. He had a PHD from Purdue University. He was awarded the inventor of the year from SAMPE, a highly respected engineering society. But his family didn't need any outside authority to tell them what they already knew. There was no problem he couldn't figure out, no project too complicated for him to take on and he never let his age stop him from learning new things.

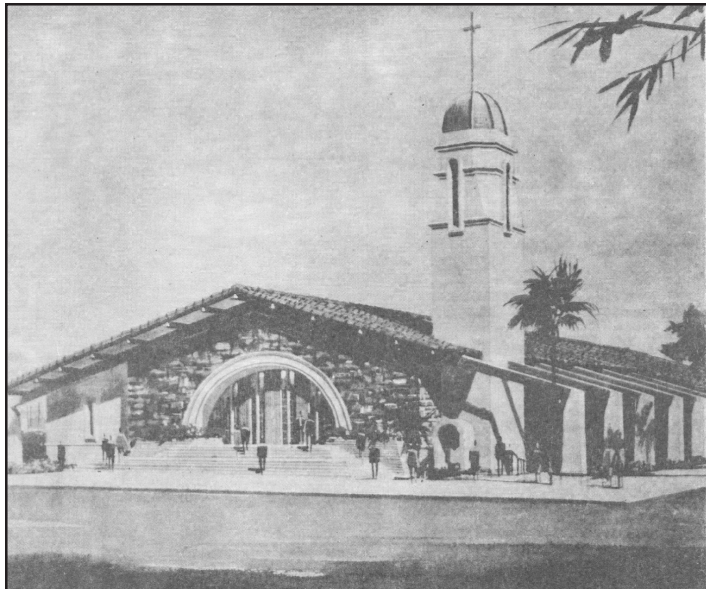
One of the best things he ever passed on to us was his ability to make others laugh. He always knew that laughter was truly the best medicine. He taught empathy for others and how to make them feel better through a smile. He taught us compassion and forgiveness for those times where we fell short of his expectations. But most of all he instilled a value system in all of us that has guided us our whole lives.

I will miss you Dad, but I know you will live on in my heart forever. Just as always, you will still be there when I need you. You did so many remarkable things in your life, way too many to try and document here, but most of all you made our world a better place, you made a difference in so many people's lives, you touched us all and showed us how to really live!

My eternal hope is that someday when we meet again, I will be able to look you in the eye and know I made you just as proud to call me your son, as I am to call you my DAD!

Your loving son Robert





DEDICATION  
AUGUST 15, 1968

## St. Vincent de Paul Church

Corner of Hawk and Lewis Streets  
Mission Hills  
San Diego, California



St. Vincent de Paul Church was a large part of Frank's life. After moving his family to San Diego in 1955 he and Edith became regular parishioners sending all eight of their children to school there. Attending church every Sunday, going to all the school events and supporting the church in any way he could, was very important to him. The picture at the bottom was taken at the twin's baptism and you can see the old church in the background. He kept the dedication program whose cover is shown to the left in among his other important papers. He and his family found strength and guidance from this parish. Now, once again, we call upon the support of the church to help Frank be with God in Heaven.

### *Service for Frank James Riel May 17, 2013 at 10:00 AM*

Celebration of the Rosary  
Father Eugene

Pall Bearers  
Richard Riel, Ed Riel, Robert Riel, Michael Riel-Mehan, Brett Sorem,  
Jason Benesch, David Gillingham, and Curtis Hartman

Placing of the Pall  
Father Eugene

Placing of the Bible and the Cross  
Robert Riel and Richard Riel

Greeting and Liturgy of the Word  
Father Eugene

First Reading (Old Testament) from the Book  
of Wisdom 3:1-6,9  
Kevin Riel

Responsorial Psalm - Psalm 23: 3,4,5,6

Second Reading (New Testament) Reading from the  
Letter of Paul to the Romans (6:3-4, 8-9)  
Jessica Rios

Gospel, Homily and General Intercessions  
Father Eugene

Presentation of Gifts  
Bryce Sorem and Frank J. Riel

Liturgy of the Eucharist and Final Commendations  
Father Eugene

Words of Love  
Richard Riel, Edward Riel, Margaret Riel, Francie Sorem, Carol Benesch,  
Robert Riel, Elizabeth Gillingham, and Roberta Hartman

Closing Procession  
Father Eugene

Please join us immediately following the ceremony for refreshments in the church hall.



Frank Riel  
at about 6 months



Frank Riel  
about 5 years old  
with uncle jim



Frank Riel  
about 13 years old



Frank Riel  
about 16 years old

## The Early Years

Grandpa Frank was born on a Friday, December 6, 1918. There was a major storm moving across the great lakes and it was expected that it would start to snow soon. The Sandusky Register reported of terrorists in control at Berlin, a tax increase to pay for the war, an industrialist was accused of being pro-German and the president was now staying in touch by the new radio telephone (the full version of this newspaper is available on Riel.org).

According to advertisements in the Register you could go to the latest movie (Charlie Chaplin in Shoulder Arms) for .20 cents. Herb Myers Company announced that Joyland and Toyland were now open and Santa would be there as well. The Peoples Loan & Savings Co. was offering interest of .5% on pass books and 5 1/4% on Certificates of Deposit. Esmond Milk proclaimed "Baby's health is not only of the greatest concern to you, but of importance to the future of the nation," and offered to have a quart delivered to your home for just 14 cents, skim milk only 7 cents. Finally, at the grocery store you could get 2 pounds of pickled pig's feet for just 25 cents!

The following is an account written by Grandpa Frank describing his younger years in Fremont Ohio (circa 1921 - 1941)



In the mid-nineteen twenties life in a small Midwestern farming community was simple, by whatever set of standards you may care to apply. Modern day problems of violent crime, racial disturbances, street gangs, excessive sexuality, alcoholism, drug abuses, and the like simply didn't exist, or if they were present their scale and visibility was such that they had no discernible influence on the local scene. To be sure, big city problems existed, and were reported in the local press. The kidnapping of the Lindberg baby, and the subsequent event were described in detail. The doings of the crime bosses, Al Capone, John Dillinger, and the like were covered whenever some especially heinous event came to light. However, it must be understood that the world was bigger then, than it now is. The big cities were a long way from Fremont, and a trip to Cleveland, a distance of some 90 miles, was a major event, involving careful preplanning, an early morning departure by auto, and a slow and careful journey along paved but two lane highways, with traffic in both directions. The age of the automobile had arrived, but its major influence on travel was in the formative stage. The rapid movement of large numbers of people from one city to another was limited by equipment and highway limitations. Since the big cities were so remote, problems experienced by them were theirs, and had little to do with life in our town. During my entire lifetime in Fremont, I cannot recall a single instance of a report on any kind of violent crime occurring in our community.

As far as racial problems are concerned, there was a small black population. In those days they were referred to as "colored people", or "colored folks". They lived in one section of town, on a street along



the river and not far from the downtown section. I suppose they were discriminated against, with respect to employment opportunities and life style. No black person could be seen working in any service position, such as a clerk in a store. There were no black professionals of any kind, and so far as I can recall their job opportunities were limited to those involving menial labor. However, I do recall two who were in my high school class, and they seemed to be treated no differently than anyone else. I knew them only causally, but would say "hi" if we passed on a downtown street. Although they lived in houses of lesser style than the town average, they probably enjoyed a far better life style than the modern black living in a big city ghetto, where modern antidiscrimination laws have not yet solved the basic needs of a better education and a fair chance to compete in the job market. Of course, sheer numbers are a factor, and the size of the black population in Fremont was such that they easily fit into the local economy.

There was one other racial minority, the "poloks", as those polish ancestry were called. The all lived in one area on the west side of town, in houses which generally were of a class in between those of the blacks and the average home owner. So far as I could tell, at least, once they left the confines of their own residential area they were indistinguishable from anyone else. I suppose there were some older persons who retained their native language and customs, but for the most part they seemed to be integrated into the community in all ways except housing.

As far as unwed motherhood and teen age pregnancy are concerned, these events represented a sin which shamed not only the individual involved but also the entire family. Consequently they never occurred, or if they did, they were carefully concealed from public knowledge. I can recall once or twice when a high school girl simply disappeared from the scene, and inquiry revealed that she was visiting an aunt and uncle somewhere in Iowa. It never really occurred to me that there was anything wrong, or that her absence was due to anything other than a longing to visit distant relatives. Teen age childbirth simply was not acceptable behavior in our town, and if it occurred it was a well kept secret.

As far as alcohol abuse is concerned, it must be recalled that the 18th amendment to the U.S. Constitution was enacted in 1919, and was in essence a consolidation of many years of local regulations regarding the manufacture and use of alcoholic beverages. The repeal of prohibition, via the 21st amendment, occurred in 1933, hence during most of the time frame under discussion, alcohol was not readily available. However, the terms "bootleggers," (dealers in illegal liquor), and "speakeasies", (places where illegal drinks were purchased and consumed) were common, and those who were interested in indulging apparently experienced no difficulty in locating suitable sources for their needs. However, in the predominately protestant Midwestern community the use of alcoholic beverages was considered to be a serious moral transgression only a notch or two below adultery on the sin totem pole. Consequently, indulgence in alcohol was somewhat like unwed pregnancy in that if it existed, it was carefully hidden from public scrutiny. Occasionally someone would refer to the "town drunk", but I do not recall any one person who laid claim to that dubious distinction. Once in a while I recall seeing a somewhat seedy individual slowly meandering into the "comfort station", the term used to define the down town public bath room, which was maintained for the convenience of the many shoppers who descended on the business district, especially on Saturday night. On the whole, public drinking was not evident, and if someone had asked me where a drink might be obtained, I would not have had the slightest idea where to send him. Even after the repeal of prohibition things did not change very much, except for the appearance of a very few establishments where drinks were sold and/or consumed. Because of the strong moral attitude against drinking, the community by and large remained "dry" even after the legality issue was put to rest.

The use of drugs was recognized, of course, but not in Fremont. The mention of drug abuse conjured up an image of a pigtailed oriental reclined on a wooden bench in a darkened, smoke filled room and pulling on a long stemmed pipe. The caption on the picture read an oriental dope fiend in opium den. China was someplace about a million miles past Toledo, and was about as remote as one of the outermost planets. To the best of my knowledge there were no Orientals in town, although the term "Chinese hand laundry" was a part of the vocabulary. If there was a hand laundry somewhere nearby it must have been operated by a Chinese person, and if there was a Chinese person, he must have operated a hand laundry. During our geography lessons we did learn that there was a city in California which had a "Chinatown" containing only residents of oriental extraction. San Francisco was only about a half million miles beyond Toledo, and in order of remoteness was about as far away as the moon.

# FRANK AND EDITH



Frank's marriage to Edith was truly made in heaven; God knew these two people from opposite sides of the world had to come together. When Frank met Edith it was love at first sight, and within a few months he asked her to be his bride. Finally, after almost two years of a long distance relationship they were wed in 1946.

For the next 66 plus years they were inseparable. They played golf together on just about every Saturday and Sunday, went to church and bingo together every week, played bridge together with their friends. Then after retirement they spent every day together, going to the movies, having lunch with us kids, road trips to Las Vegas, bingo at the casinos, Padre games, it really didn't matter what they did, as long as it was together.

Not only were they really, really, in love, they were inseparable best friends. Their marriage is an example and inspiration to us all. Frank was the perfect husband married to his perfect wife, Edith. Their love for one another will never fade because it continues to live on, within all of us, each and every day.

# Father, Grandfather & Great Grandfather



"...Perhaps we will see a famous scientist, lawyer, actor, actress, singer, educator, engineer, musician, politician, builder, architect, doctor, nurse, writer, businessman, executive, or who knows what, emerge from this group of young children who share a common heritage and have yet to be defined goals for their future. One of the greatest rewards a parent can have, and one of the greatest gifts a child can give to his or her parents, is to grown up to be a dedicated, responsible person who is a credit to the community in which he lives and a source of parental pride. Needless to say, grandparents and parents look forward to following the development of each child, in the way that best suits his or her personality. To each of you we wish the very best for the future life."

Frank and Edith Riel, January 1992

Warriors...  
Everyone sees them as gladiators...  
But, sometimes they are just extraordinary people.

They lead by example rather than by words  
They move towards valor and greatness with humility and patience  
Whether you notice them or not, they are all around you  
They march to a drummer we all wish we could follow  
But maybe we just cannot hear  
A warrior carries the burden of many  
But earns the respect of all  
There is but one road and mostly,  
It is uphill.

I always thought the worst thing ever would be for me to see you die  
I never knew how much worse it would be for me to watch you suffer

Rest in Peace my dear Warrior, my Father, my Friend  
We will pick up for you and carry on...

Francie Sorem





I lost my touchstone, anchor, and guiding light today. My daddy has passed through to where I can no longer feel him, hold him and listen to his words of wisdom. But I carry him in my heart and hope he will find the way to keep talking to me and helping me as I follow in the path he has set. I love you Daddy! PS. I took your shirt to wear so I could feel close to you. And I am waiting for you to find a way to talk to me.

Margaret



To the Citadel community

This morning about 2 hours ago, Frank James Riel, Citadel Class of 1941, passed from this life to his eternal reward. This board, more than any other single thing, has prepared me for this moment. I know of death from my classmates who have died and the sharing of the passing of other parents. While I am saddened by his passing, my faith gives me comfort that he is in a better place. Thank you for sharing your lives with me. One of the greatest moments in my life was when I graduated from The Citadel and my dad handed me my diploma. I have shared many moments with my father but that moment of shared experience at The Citadel will be with me forever. Thank you in advance for all your prayers and wish's. I am blessed beyond words with a father who graduated from a school that made me who and what I am today. I am a member of this College because my father went to our Alma Mater. You all share, and I share with you, a brotherhood that transcends our physical world. At my father's request in lieu of flowers, we wish to continue helping Fernando Gonzalez, Citadel Class of 2016. Please send donations in lieu of flowers to:

(Checks made out to: Cadet Relief Fund)  
632 El Portal Drive  
Chula Vista, CA. 91914

to be frank I am richinspirit



Dear Dad,

It is with such a heavy heart that we let you go to be with God but you left us with our hearts full of rich memories. My Saturdays will never be the same dad, without you in them. I sorely miss you calling me each week and saying, "Hey Birdy! Are you coming?" You always let me know that being together meant a great deal to YOU and I know it meant a great deal to me. Upon your passing, my dearest friends Holly and Rex, dropped off a beautiful plant and poem in your honor. It sums up all that I feel in my heart.

God looked around his garden  
And found an empty place,  
He then looked down upon the earth  
And saw your tired face.  
He put his arms around you  
And lifted you to rest.  
God's garden must be beautiful  
He always takes the best.  
He knew that you were suffering  
He knew you were in pain.  
He knew that you would never  
Get well on earth again.  
He saw the road was getting rough  
And the hills were hard to climb.  
So he closed your weary eyelids  
And whispered, 'Peace be Thine'.  
It broke our hearts to lose you  
But you didn't go alone,  
For part of us went with you  
The day God called you home.

God Bless you, Dad. I am so happy that you are truly at peace now and in God's wondrous hands.

I will always love you.

Your Bird-o



"Because I knew, I have been changed for good!"



Dear Dad,  
Life without you feels flat right now. I know that will change in time, but it will never be the same. I miss you with all of my heart and will be forever grateful to all that you've taught me, my siblings, my husband, my children, and my grandchild. You were an amazing Dad and I will think of you often as I navigate through my life's journey that will eventually lead me back with you....Thanks for paving the way so bravely and for teaching me everything I needed to know to be happy. You're the best!

Much love,

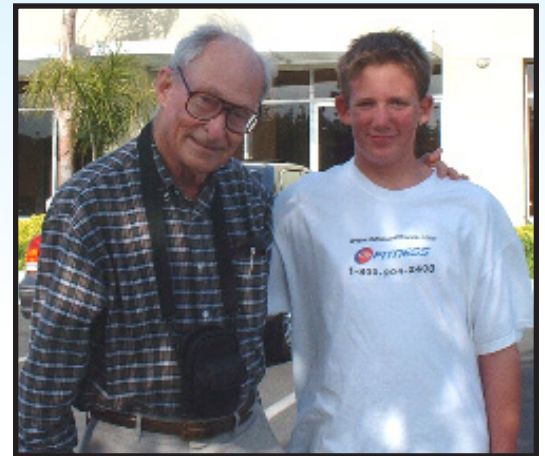
Listy



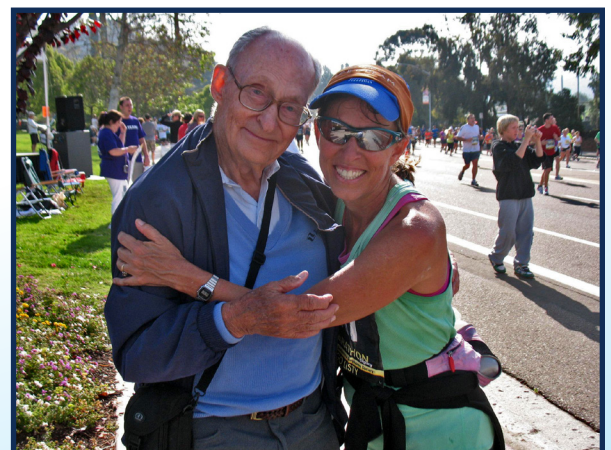
Dear Grandpa,

I can't thank you enough for the gift of a family you have made me a part of. It is so hard to lose you but so reassuring to know how much of you is in all of us. Thank you for shaping us into the incredibly close family that we are. While I often laugh at the fact that my family has a newsletter, I secretly want to show it off every chance I get; I have an amazing family! You and Grandma created this and all of these great people. Thank you both for everything. While I can't stand the thought of not having you at the next Riel Bowl or Saturday lunch, I know you will always be there in spirit, in us, in all of the crazy Riel things we do. I love you so much and want you to know how much I miss you already. I will never forget you and the great legacy you left. I will try my best to make you proud.

I'll love you forever.  
Love, Annie



Grandpa, you lived a long, good life. Thank you for all your wisdom you passed down to us all throughout the years. I loved sharing big milestones in life with you & grandma. I will miss you dearly. Love, Michelle





## Ice Cream to the End!!

Dear Dad,  
 The last few months were very hard for all of us, but mostly you. I can't tell you how much I enjoyed being able to spend most evenings with you. I loved the talks, when you were able, my daily smile and wink I always left with, but most of all our dish of ice cream. Your taste buds went through many changes over the last year and a half, but ice cream after dinner remained a favorite. I found comfort with each dish you enjoyed. When all food lost its flavor, ice cream was still there for you. When things get tough, dad, I know I will be able to sit down and share another bowl with you and, like always, you will be there for me.



Dear Grandpa,

I wish you could be here in person to hear my words, but I know that you are listening. While I know that Riel Bowls will never be the same without you, I will forever carry with me the lessons that you taught me, whether they be directly or by your own wonderful example. You taught me how hard work will give you great opportunities and great success. You taught me how to never give up on family, no matter how tough things got. You taught me how to live every day with a smile on my face and to be grateful for everything that life has blessed me with. You showed me how to be a great professional, a dedicated family member, and most of all, a wonderful person. I'm so proud to carry on the Riel name and I can't wait to tell my children how amazing their great grandfather was.

I love you, Dad - Carol Annie



I will love you forever,

David

Dear Grandpa,

What a lucky family we are to have had you as an anchor for all these years! Though you may not have realized it, your influence has affected every single member of this family, all the way down to your tiniest of great grandchildren. Your kindness, intelligence, passion, patience, and persistence are qualities that I hope to see in my children one day. Thank you for all you've taught us over the years. You will always be loved and cherished in our hearts.

Love you!  
 Kristy

