



Clarence Patrick Szorc

March 17, 1930 - December 8, 2014

Clarence Patrick Szorc, 84, of Manteno, and formerly of Burnham, passed away Monday (Dec. 8, 2014) at Miller Health Care in Kankakee.

He was born March 17, 1930, in Chicago, the son of Bruno and Mary Lipinsky Szorc. Clarence married Dorothy Young in 1954, in Chicago.

Mr. Szorc served in the U.S. Army from 1951 to 1953 during the Korean War. He retired from U.S. Steel Supply after 39 years; and was an avid reader of books.

Surviving are his wife, of Manteno; sons and daughters-in-law, Frank (Marilyn) Szorc, of Colorado Springs, Colo., Christopher (Cindy) Szorc, of Waldorf, Md., Tracey (Tracey) Szorc, of Lowell, Ind., and Tim (Denise) Szorc, of Munster, Ind.; daughter and son-in-law, Laura (Martin) Zell, of Arlington Heights; grandchildren, Greg, Jeff, Susan, Thomas, Jordan, Anthony, Alex, and Allison; and brother, Leo Szorc, of Chicago.

Preceding him in death were his parents; two brothers, Peter and John Szorc; three sisters, Bernice Kardos, Eleanor Hoffman, and Regina Federe.

Visitation will be from 3 p.m. Friday until the 7 p.m. funeral services at Clancy-Gernon Funeral Home in Manteno, with the Rev. Al Heidecke officiating.

Private inurnment will take place in Abraham Lincoln National Cemetery in Elwood. Memorials may be made to the family wishes.

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Previous Events

Visitation

DEC 12. 3:00 PM - 8:00 PM (CT)

Manteno - Clancy-Gernon Funeral Homes, Inc.
291 N. Main St.
Manteno, IL 60950
(815) 932-1214
cgfuneral@gmail.com

Funeral Service

DEC 12. 7:00 PM (CT)

Manteno - Clancy-Gernon Funeral Homes, Inc.
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Tribute Wall



“ *Donna Zomick lit a candle in memory of Clarence Patrick Szorc*



Donna Zomick - December 11, 2014 at 06:20 PM



“ *Share a memory of Clarence Patrick Szorc or send condolences to the family.*



Donna Malok - December 11, 2014 at 06:19 PM



Dear Laura, I am sorry for you loss. My heart and prayers are with you and your family.

Donna Malok - December 11, 2014 at 06:21 PM

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“ 5 files added to the album *New Album Name*



Frank Szorc - December 10, 2014 at 02:40 PM



“ It was late summer 1972 and my dad had passed on a few months earlier. Dad was not the best financial manager and left very little to care for mom and me after his passing. My brothers and my sister all had their own families and children to worry about. Mom unfortunately lost our home in Calumet City and was moving to south Chicago. I was about to face spending my senior year of high school in a school I wasn't familiar with surrounded by strangers

Then a slight gentle man and his family extended their hearts full of love, their hospitality that knew now bounds and their comfort to support and heal me in the coming difficult days by inviting me to live in their home for my senior year as a member of their family. I was humbled and surprised and accepted their gracious offer. That year I lived with them I became part of their family and grew to consider this man one of three men whom I honor by referring to as Dad. Dad #3 knows who he is and how i feel about him as well.

Some years later, I was living in an apartment not three blocks away and received a phone call. My dad#2 had slipped off of his icy front porch and over a railing to the frozen ground below; the same porch I had left the house from that cold Christmas night. I immediately rushed over there but dad #2 had already been rushed to the hospital with severe neck and spine trauma. Months of hospitalization and rehab ensued to return this man to a close semblance of his former self. Undaunted, he survived and accepted his infirmities with a grace and a courage seldom shown. He was there for all of his children's triumphs and trials; even those of his "adopted" child, me. He was there to celebrate my weddings, the births of my children and encouraged me to become a Marine. I am not ashamed to say I loved this strong quiet man as much as his own sons.

I learned yesterday from my friend of almost 50 years of the passing of his father, my dad #2. After the call, my tears flowed as they did for my own father some 42 years ago. Clarence was a kind, honorable loving man and I will sorely miss our conversations on

books, politics, business and life and I will miss him as the lives he touched go on without him. He leaves his wife, their children and their spouses, as well as several grandchildren to reflect upon their relationships with Clarence and hopefully and in good spirits, forgive Clarence for his shortcomings that we all have. For me, when I pass through the door beyond the grave, I hope to see my dad #2, sitting outside near his garage, dressed in his shorts and t shirt, listening to a Cubs game and having a Hamms beer. I hope he smiles and hands me a cold one; I know I'll be smiling back.

Vernon Anderson - December 10, 2014 at 02:32 PM