



Frank L Outly

May 23, 1924 - July 16, 2014

Frank L. Outly, "the friendly mailman," age 90, of Kankakee, passed away Wednesday (July 16, 2014) at River North Nursing Home in Bradley.

He was born May 23, 1924, in Chicago, the son of Frank and Josephine Pavlis Outly. He married Shirley June Fredrich Nov, 26, 1948. Frank worked for Continental Can from 1946-1947; United States Postal Service from 1947-1979 as a letter carrier; American Airlines 1951-1954; Gilbert and Wolf 1952-1964; Midlothian Honda 1965-1969; National Enquirer 1982-1994; Wisconsin Rapids (White Sox Farm Team) in 1942; and Chicago Cubs Spring Training in 1946.

Mr. Outly is a veteran of the U.S. Army; 78th Infantry Division, 309th Regiment, Company F, 1943-1946, and earned the Bronze Star, Purple Heart, Good Conduct Medal, European Theatre and Combat Infantry Badge.

Surviving are his wife, Shirley June Outly, of Kankakee; one son and daughter-in-law, Steven L. Outly and Elsa Hernandez-Outly, of Glenview; four daughters and three sons-in-law, Cheryl L. and Jim Powell, of Corbin, Ky., Linda L Hagenbruch, of Decatur, Debbie L. and Dan Frawley, of Orland Hills, and Kim L. and David Turner, of Old Hickory, Tenn.; one sister, Eleanor McAllister, of Tempe, Ariz.; one sister-in-law, Margie Outly, of Palos Hills; 10 grandchildren; and nine great-grandchildren.

He is preceded in death by his parents; brother, William J. Outly; and brother-in-law, Gerald McAllister.

Visitation will be from 4 p.m. to 8 p.m. Thursday at Clancy-Gernon Funeral Home in Bourbonnais. An additional time for visitation will be from 9:30 a.m. Friday until the 10:30 a.m. funeral services at St. Mark United Methodist Church in Kankakee, with the Rev. Dalene Kuebler officiating. Burial will follow at 2 p.m. Friday in Abraham Lincoln National Cemetery, Elwood. Memorials may be made to Illinois Veterans Home at Manteno or Hospice of Kankakee Valley.

Memorials may be made to Hospice of Kankakee Valley - www.hkvcares.org or to Illinois Veterans Home at Manteno - <https://www.vfwil.org/Manten>

Cemetery Details

Abraham Lincoln National Cemetery

20953 Hoff Road
Elwood, IL 60421

Previous Events

Visitation

JUL 17. 4:00 PM - 8:00 PM (CT)

Bourbonnais - Clancy-Gernon Funeral Homes, Inc.
295 Main St., NW
Bourbonnais, IL 60914
(815) 932-1214
cgfuneral@gmail.com

Visitation

JUL 18. 9:30 AM - 10:30 AM (CT)

St. Mark United Methodist Church
1200 W. Calista
Kankakee, IL 60901
(815) 933-8621

Funeral Service

JUL 18. 10:30 AM (CT)

St. Mark United Methodist Church
1200 W. Calista
Kankakee, IL 60901
(815) 933-8621

Tribute Wall

JB

“ My husband, John, fondly remembers the days when Frank worked at the Honda dealer. Being in high school, trying to get his motorcycle to run and then working after school was a chore since the bike was not dependable. John sat at the table the other night after seeing the paper, smiling and started telling me stories of all of the times he had to stop in to get something fixed and Frank always helped him out. They'd always work on it together and Frank would teach him how to fix things, always had a smile on his face and was just the friendliest guy you'd ever want to meet. If it was not for Frank, my now husband would not have finished high school, carried a job and went on into the military and eventually he met me.

John Brower - July 25, 2014 at 11:27 AM



“ Eulogy, part 4:

I'd like to quote my mother, from just last evening. My apologies, Mom, if I wrote your words down wrong. At the end of her visit to the funeral home yesterday, she was helped up to the casket and said to my father, "I don't want to say goodbye but I have to say goodbye. I have always loved you and will always love you." I don't think I will ever forget those words.

Steven Outly - July 21, 2014 at 05:47 PM



“ Eulogy, part three:

Why did the kids move away? Well, we all started families of our own. Cheryl married Bob Klein and later Jimmie Powell. Linda married Tim Hagenbruch but later divorced. Debbie married Dan Frawley, and Kim married Dave Turner. Finally, Steve married Elsa Hernandez but he had already moved out to continue his training. Dad wasn't always the most welcoming host when suitors came around to court his daughters; he could be very unfriendly, intimidating and even downright mean to them. But here's what he said in 1991 about his sons in law, in a letter about his 50th HS reunion: "The girls are all married to fine men". He might not have told them to their faces, but that's just the way Dad was.

A crisis developed at their home south of Kankakee. Not suddenly, but slowly, over a period of the last decade or so. Used to be when we would call home Mom answered and she would make Dad say a few words. Then for awhile, Mom would still answer but I'd hear Dad loudly whisper, "That's Steve, #5." Eventually Dad did all the talking and he'd make Mom say a few words. Yes, Alzheimer's disease struck his beautiful beloved wife. He tried his best to hide her affliction from us, but we knew something was going on. Dad resisted all attempts to get him assistance in taking care of Mom, but soldiered bravely on doing it all by himself. Because that's just the way Dad was.

One day two years ago Mom came down with pneumonia. It hit her very hard, and Dad finally admitted he could no longer take care of her single-handedly. We helped him explore option and got her into Bradley Royale Nursing Home, now River North of Bradley. That man visited her once or twice daily every single day, the only exceptions being when he was sick or snowed in. Because that's just the way Dad was.

On May 18, Dad was at the gas station filling his tank while on his

way to visit Mom. He had plans to bring her to Sunday service at River North, because Dad and Mom always took such comfort in Pastor Terry's words and they loved to sing along with the hymns and listen to the girls sing. On his way inside to pay he broke his hip and fell. 911 was called and Dad made his penultimate trip to the hospital. His broken bones were promptly fixed surgically but he had a slow recovery. Testing done in the hospital revealed a mass in the pancreas, probably cancerous. I honestly had hope at that time that Dad would recover from his injuries and walk home, back to independent living. Because that's just the way Dad was.

Dad went to River North of Bradley to recover from his injuries. But it turns out, it's not so easy for a 90 year old to recover from the double whammy of a broken hip and pancreatic cancer. His post-operative nausea and vomiting became chronic nausea and vomiting. last week we tried one last time to investigate his inability to hold anything down, necessitating his very last trip to the hospital. Medicine had nothing to offer him at that point and he was enrolled in Hospice of Kankakee Valley. We knew his time left was short but we had no idea how very short it was. Dad breathed his last shortly after 4AM two days ago, with only his nurses at his side, because he wouldn't have wanted to upset his children. That's just the way Dad was.

So, here we are, paying our final respects to Frank Outly, an ordinary man who accomplished extraordinary things. Beloved husband, father, grandfather and great-grandfather. A leader and a follower. A sportsman who worked hard and played even harder. A friend . A neighbor. A citizen. A soldier. A man who cared and who was cared for. A joker and yes, at one time a smoker. A teacher and a student. It will be hard to say goodbye to such a man.

To be continued.

Steven Outly - July 21, 2014 at 05:46 PM



“ Eulogy, part two:

Five kids - how do you feed all those mouths? With hard work. After the war, Dad tried a second time to launch a baseball career, with the Chicago Cubs. He went to Spring training 1946 but didn't make the cut. Like other veterans at the time, he worked a variety of jobs. He worked briefly at Continental Can and every time we drove anywhere near the building, he'd proudly point out that he used to work there. In 1947, Dad got a job at the Post Office, now known as the USPS. He worked there all the way until his "retirement" in 1980, at the age of 55. But government work wasn't enough to support five hungry kids and a beautiful wife. I remember him ALWAYS having two jobs, and my sisters say sometimes three. He sold real estate for many years, worked for American Airlines for three (his late brother worked for Delta; rivalry? maybe), sold Hondas at a time when that meant a motorcycle not a car, as well as others. Dad was a union steward for 20 years with the National Association of Letter Carriers. I got to go with him to many state conventions and with Mom AND Dad AND my sisters to several NALC national conventions. They left us behind when the NALC met in Hawaii, though. That's just the way Dad was.

Nearing Dad's "retirement" in 1980 he was elected to the vice presidency of the Chicago Branch of the NALC, a post he held for two years. He was one of the few white men to be pictured on the cover of the Chicago Defender, when he was participating in an informational picket of the USPS in Chicago. That's just the way Dad was.

After Dad's "retirement" he seldom stayed idle. Always blessed with a strong physique - mailmen at the time used to walk a LOT! - he kept active with tennis and especially golf. He loved to play with his late brother, Bill as well as HIS son Alan, and some of his sons in law and many others. He tried to teach his own son how to golf, too, a project that ultimately failed. He never hid his disappointment in

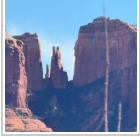
that, too, but that's just the way Dad was.

When he wasn't playing or watching sports, Dad almost always had a part-time job after retirement. He tried various jobs, but two are of note. Of course his long tenure at Kankakee Community College at a variety of posts, including manning the information desk; Dad was always helpful at telling people what they needed to know and where they needed to go. His other post-retirement job was a dozen years working for the National Enquirer. Yes, THAT National Enquirer. Eschewing the fabrication of slanderous gossip about celebrities, he instead was employed to drive around Northern Illinois and inspect the stores that sold Enquirer publications and make sure they were displayed with the prominence and respect due this fine periodical. I think they paid him a pittance per mile but he enjoyed the driving and seemed to thrive at it. And that's just the way Dad was.

The children moved away one by one and Mom and Dad found themselves with an empty nest. They packed up and moved away from their tiny three bedroom home in Oak Forest to a slightly tinier three bedroom home in Kankakee. This area became their home, they developed friendships here, grew to love St. Mark's and Dad even sang for some years in the choir while Mom helped make prayer shawls with other ladies in the church. I'm grateful they became a part of this community and were so welcomed and love here. We never could figure out quite why they decided to move farther away from the rest of us, but that's just the way Dad was.

To be continued.

Steven Outly - July 21, 2014 at 05:45 PM



“ This is the eulogy presented on 7/18/2014:

I'm not going to stand here today and tell you about how perfect my father was - all men are flawed, and he was no exception. Instead, let's look at what he achieved in his 90 years, 1 month and 23 days. I'm sure his early life was challenging yet rewarding, but he never really talked about growing up in the Depression so I can't speak definitively to that. We WERE taught to be frugal - let's be honest, cheap - but I'm not sure if that was because everyone who grew up in the '20's and '30's was "frugal", if it was a characteristic of Dad's people, the Bohemian people, or if it was just the way Dad was.

Dad was very active in high school. His words: "Had Civic Letter, 10 bars and a star. President of the Student Council, Tilden Tech Sports Letter with 3 bars for football and baseball, Craftsmen sales, C.I.C. delegate, Lettermen's Club, Hall Guard." I never knew he was even in student government, much less president of the Student Council! That's just the way Dad was.

Frank Outly must be in a minor league record book somewhere as one of the few individuals to have ever worked for both the Chicago White Sox and the Chicago Cubs. Before the War, he pitched for the Wisconsin Rapids, a White Sox farm team. He loved showing off a newspaper clipping of a story on one of his games, when "Iron Man" Outly pitched for some 21 innings straight. We recent found another clipping, which showed Dad sidelined by a shoulder injury. He never complained about his shoulder in my hearing. That's just the way Dad was.

And then, the draft, in March 1943. As a mostly able-bodied young man with no particular training outside of sports, the Army took him and made him into an infantryman. Not Captain America, but one of the grunts. [Ed. note - he made sergeant!] He was a good soldier, earning a Bronze Star, a Good Conduct Medal, a European Theatre badge and a Combat Infantry badge. He was most proud of his Purple Heart, a medal only issued to wounded soldiers. If you

haven't seen one before, check it out. A beautifully sculpted silhouette of George W.; Washington, that is, on a purple background. Purple has always been my favorite color. I wonder if that's because I used to love looking at Dad's medals when I was a boy. Dad was extremely proud of his time in the military. It shouldn't have been a surprise that he wanted to be buried with his military brethren, and that's why Dad's final journey today will be to Abraham Lincoln National Cemetery. He took many other trips to reunions of his old unit, or just to visit old friends from the Army. Sometimes he would tell us he was going, sometimes we found out weeks or months or years later. That's just the way Dad was.

For the past 65 years, Dad's had a partner on his journey. One evening in Fall 1948 he was at a dance and spied the prettiest girl he had ever seen. Shirley June Fredrich was 4 years his junior, but he knew they were perfect for each other and were married three months later. That's just the way Dad was.

Ten months after they were married Cheryl Lynn (#1) was born. They bought her a Lionel train set because they were sure she was going to be a boy. They tried again. Linda Lee (#2) came along. Debra Lou (#3) was next. And finally, Kim Lisa (#4) was born. Five years elapsed. "Hey, Frank, wanna try for a boy one last time?" "Sure." And along came your humble narrator, Steven Lawrence (#5) on Veteran's Day 1961. Kim said, on the way to the hospital to visit her baby brother, "Look, Dad, all those flags are flying because Stevie was borned." Dad has told me that story every November of my life, because that's just the way Dad was.

To be continued.

Steven Outly - July 21, 2014 at 05:43 PM

SL

“ I enjoyed Frank many times as I passed by the desk at KCC. Knowing he had a "cup of coffee" in the big leagues, and was a White Sox fan was always a high point in our brief talks. He will be missed as a servant to all who knew him.
Rev Dr Scott A. Lemenager 20 July 2014

Scott A Lemenager - July 20, 2014 at 10:47 PM

GJ

“ Frank and Shirley banked with me for years. It was always a pleasure to see them both stop in. There were all the friendly smiles and wonderful stories. So Sorry for your loss Shirley. You were always so pretty and dressed so well. I was blessed to have known both of you in my life. *Geneva Jensen*

Geneva Jensen - July 18, 2014 at 03:58 PM

LM

“ Frank was a great guy who always brightened my day. I knew him from his tennis playing days at Cobb Park and the Kankakee Racquet Club and from KCC. My dad, just like Frank, was a World War II vet and career mailman, so we shared many common interests in addition to tennis. Frank lived a full and fascinating life and I loved hearing all his interesting stories. He will be sadly missed.

Lou Mansfield

Lou Mansfield - July 18, 2014 at 12:37 PM



“ Frank was a good old soul, he looked after us ladies at KCC while he worked here. He was one of a kind! His great stories and positivity will be missed. Sorry for your loss.
-Alison Nakaerts



Alison Nakaerts - July 17, 2014 at 07:56 AM



“ This kind and gentle man will be missed by those fortunate enough to know him. There was no such thing as a stranger to Frank, and I count myself lucky to have known him and share conversations with him. He would brighten the days for me with his wit and his charm. May you rest in peace Frank.

Rose Devine Mitchell - July 17, 2014 at 07:06 AM



“ Sending hugs and prayers your way since we are unable to attend the funeral. Grandpa will be greatly missed! Love, Heather & Chad Douglas

Heather Douglas - July 16, 2014 at 10:58 PM



Sorry for the loss of your dad. He was always a kind and gentle person when my children and I saw him at Dan & Deb's. Hugs & prayers to all of you during this difficult time. The Lewis family

Joanie Lewis - July 17, 2014 at 02:14 PM