

Joseph "Frank" Dockus

June 18, 1926 - August 2, 2013

Joseph F. "Frank" Dockus, 87, of Bourbonnais, passed away Friday (Aug. 2, 2013) at his home. There will be no visitation or services. Inurnment will be in Abraham Lincoln National Cemetery in Elwood. Clancy-Gernon Funeral Home, Bourbonnais, is in charge of arrangements.

Mr. Dockus was a decorated Chicago police officer, retiring after 31 years of service. He was born June 18, 1926, in Ziegler, the son of Joseph and Anna Vileinski Dockus. His wife, the former Mona Beck, preceded him in death in 1994. He was a veteran of the U.S. Army, serving during World War II as a marksman in the European Theater of Operations.

Surviving are one son and daughter-in-law, Eric and Robin Dockus, of Bourbonnais; two grandchildren, Jeremiah and Dominick; one niece, Susan O'Bannon, of West Frankfort; one great-niece, Andrea Linsley; caregiver, Debbie Riordan; and special friend, Kay Cherry.

He was preceded in death by his parents and one sister, Charlotte.

Tribute Wall

MM

“ I appreciated Mr. Dockus a great deal. I grew up on the same block in Chicago and hung out with his son, Eric. Mr. Dockus was someone who commanded respect with out asking. He understood the nature of us kids and balanced fun and discipline. As I got older as a young man, I appreciate our conversations. He was streetwise and sharp and, certainly, a man's man. I'd guess if we were the same age, we'd be buddies. He was similar to my father, who was also retired CPD. To this day, in 2023, I still think of him as I pass by his old house at 3658 W 79th Place. This is Michael McVady, btw. God bless you, Mr. Dockus. Eric, if you see this message give me a buzz or text me at 708.220.0599

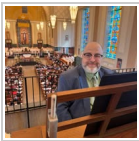
Michael McVady - December 03, 2023 at 07:24 PM

LG

“ Linda & Greg Glidewell lit a candle in memory of Joseph "Frank" Dockus



Linda & Greg Glidewell - August 07, 2013 at 01:47 PM



“ Christopher Wilcox lit a candle in memory of Joseph "Frank" Dockus



Christopher Wilcox - August 06, 2013 at 09:14 PM

KM

“ I remember when my parents were building their new house. There were no steps into the house as yet so Cousin Frank heaved each of us "kids" (I was a high school freshman!) into the house using only one hand. I'll always think of Frank as the big guy with the big heart....

Kathy Meilner - August 06, 2013 at 02:50 PM