

University of Illinois Student Life and Culture Archives

Allen Recordings of Agricultural History (Part 7)

UI Centennial Project

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Ralph Allen: That friendship began over 50 years ago in high school. Occasionally we get together in his home here in [Sullivan?] and discuss many subjects, including recently his kin folks in California. He showed me a letter which I will read. It begins: 10216 Linda Avenue, Arlington, California, November 17th, 1958. “Dear Uncle Frank, in school, we are studying Central America. Mother said you had been there and worked there on the Panama Canal. Could you write some of your interesting experiences for me to share with my class? I took the coins to school that Grandpa Hatten got at Panama. The class enjoyed seeing them very much. I will be waiting to hear, affectionately, Betty Lou.”

Frank Hatten: Hello, Betty Lou. This is your Uncle Frank speaking. You know that I had to work my way through college. And at the end of my junior year, my professor asked me if I would like to sandwich the two-year apprenticeship course of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company in with the balance of my university training as an electrical engineer. This idea, I had finished the amp of my junior year and one year of my apprenticeship when I went back to the university to complete my studies. But in as much as I completed them, after commencement I would have to wait till the following year in order to get my diploma. My two years at the Westinghouse Company was nearly completed when one morning looking down the Great Isle, where I was working on one of the electric locomotives for the Pennsylvania Railroad, I saw the chief engineer, Mr. Charles F. Scott, approaching. In his hand, he held a cablegram. And coming up to me, he said, ‘Frank, would you like to go to work as an engineer on the Panama Canal?’ Well, I did.

The boat trip to Panama from New York took five of the most entrancing days I ever spent anywhere. I have made many ocean trips since then, but never another seemed half so wonderful. Waving goodbye to Liberty, the distant lights of Atlantic City later on our starboard,

our first rough weather as we passed Cape Hatteras the next morning, Watling's Island, thought to be San Salvador, where Columbus first landed in America, the seagulls that followed in our wake, the porpoise that swam along our bows, leaping, turning, and cavorting as if they enjoyed it. Now we were in the gust stream and passengers began to shed their woolen garments, and one after another appeared on deck in their spotless white. Soon we were passing Cape Macy, the easternmost point of Cuba, and now we were cruising the Spanish Main, following the route of pirates and buccaneers. Flying fish would fall short of their flight and occasionally fall helpless at our feet on deck and seemed glad when we tossed them back into the salty Caribbean. A long line of smoke rising from the horizon attracted our attention. Then a funnel began to stick up out of the water and soon the top of a large ship came into view, rising higher out of the water as it came nearer. As the two ships passed, perhaps five miles apart, a white puff of steam could be seen but not heard rising from the distant ship. But we had no trouble hearing the answering blast that came from our ship. We could feel its vibrations in every part of our body. Soon the other ship began to drop back into the ocean and disappear over the edge of the horizon. I have never since then had any doubt that our world is round.

Arriving in Cristobal, we saw the strange wooly green hills, the palm trees, and other tropical bits of vegetation. And soon we were tied up at the Panama Railroad dock. We checked our baggage, got our ticket, and I was on the train for the 40-mile trip to Corozal, where my headquarters were to be. How welcome was to be my boss and recently Betty, he made a 1200 mile trip from Colorado where he now lives to locate me here in Illinois and we have a wonderful visit going over old things together. My first job was as a wireman and operator on the barge pumps. These were concrete barges with giant electric pumps on them which pumped out the water from the excavation of the lower Miraflores lock chamber. Then my next job was wiring and testing the berm and chamber cranes, giant cranes which ran on railroad tracks along the sides and at the bottom of the lock chambers. They had equipment for mixing concrete and hoisting it in giant buckets up to the walls where it would be dumped from the bucket. In the lock chambers and in the excavation of the Panama Canal at that time, most of the tools were run by compressed air. We had very few electric tools, especially electric hand tools, so that our problem of getting electricity into the canal was usually to run the compressors which supplied the compressed air for the many drills, tools of all kinds which were in use there.

I lived in a government hotel at Corozal. This was a large, well-ventilated structure. The walls of our rooms came up to a little above head height so that the air could circulate freely from one room to another. We had wonderful meals supplied by the government at the cost of 30 cents apiece and each one of us was supplied a book of meal tickets, the price of which was deducted from our wages. The Spanish and French laborers had another quarters and another eating hotel which were called silver quarters. The Americans quarters were called gold quarters because we were paid in gold. Wherever I went were notices in Spanish and French, and I soon noticed that I could read a great many of them. Also, the French newspapers, especially the headlines which some of the laborers carried on the labor train. This was because I had had Spanish at high school, and then at the university I had a class in German. So I thought I would begin to study Spanish and French. I had to, I took the train in the evening to Panama about three miles from Corozal where I lived, but no train came back so that after the lesson I had to walk back three miles every evening along the line of the Panama Railroad. Frequently we would hear, or I would hear, because I was always alone, strange noises in the bushes alongside and I would imagine a jaguar or a panther or a puma was following me. I remember the shock I received one evening when I stumbled across the dead body of an alligator, rather a sizable one, which had been run over by a train and it was perfectly dead but it scared me a little bit.

I was made foreman of the electricians and I had charge of running the transmission lines, the transmission lines, the telephone lines, installing telephones, installing pumps for pumping water out of the canal, and running the drinking water line which brought water in from Calibra, and running, putting in the range lights or lighthouses which were the light the way of the boats which were to go through the future Panama Canal. Most of our laborers were Barbajan Negroes, Bajans we call them, and I had a crew on my hand car of three Bajans and one from Santa Lucia who spoke nothing but Patois French. The Bajans used to sing in their peculiar broad *a* sound and they would call me 'Mista Attan [imitating accent].' What we now hear men like Harry Belafonte with which they call Calypso is nothing of the kind. It is simply the Bajan dialect of the Barbadian Negroes. Our Negro crew on the hand car used to sing a song that goes something like this: [singing] 'Sally Brown the white man's doctor oh Sally I lose my heart when I can't go for the oh Sally Brown.'

Entertainment on the Panama Canal was largely through the YMCAs, which were subsidized by the government but operated by the YMCA, by employees, furnished by the YMCA organization. Among other things, they had a series of lectures by prominent men. I heard William Jennings Bryan give several of his celebrated lectures and one morning going into Panama, one Sunday morning going into Panama, I saw William Jennings Bryan sitting in the car ahead of me. He walked out to a carriage, and I walked along behind him. The carriages in those days were uh operated by licensed drivers who owned the carriage and were limited to 10 cents or diez centavos per passenger. They liked to get a car full of passengers so that they could get more 10 cent pieces but were not allowed to turn anyone down, so they always said when a single person at the head of the line stepped into a carriage knowing that no one else would get in they always said ocupado, which means 'I am occupied.' I followed Bryan and he was a very portly man dressed in white and rather slouchy fitting clothes and he started to climb into one of these carriages. 'Ocupado, senior. Ocupado senior,' said the carriage driver. 'What is that, my good man,' said Mr. Bryan. I stepped up and said to Mr. Bryan, 'He says he's occupied.' And then I said to the driver 'Aquí está el vicepresidente de los Estados Unidosa.' I couldn't think how to say in Spanish he was almost the President of the United States, so I said he was the past Vice President. [Speaking Spanish]. The driver straightened up with his, cracked his grip, and he started up the street, and Mr. Bryan began to bow and tip his hat through the [inaudible] as he passed.

At another time, I had the pleasure of listening to Roald Amundsen, who had just come back in his boat, the Fram, from the discovery of the South Pole. I took the handcar crew and brought two of his dog sleds to Panama and he rode with us. I had quite a chance to talk with him and it was very interesting as well as later on hearing his wonderful lecture, his account of the discovery of the South Pole. By a strange coincidence just before I had left Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania I attended and shook hands with Dr. Frederick Cook and later was Commander Robert E. Perry. Dr. Cook was later disqualified. They said that some of his information was fake. Nevertheless, it was very interesting to hear his talk and to shake hands with him and congratulate him. But I am sure that Robert E. Perry and his colored servant or colored helper, Matt Hanson, who were both on the program gave one of the most interesting accounts of his

trip to the North Pole that I had ever heard. Later on, I was to make the acquaintance of Richard Byrd who flew who was the first man to fly to the South Pole. So by a strange coincidence I have had the pleasure of meeting, talking with, and shaking hands with the discoverer of the North Pole, the discoverer of the South Pole, or rather the first man to arrive at the South Pole, and the first man to fly over the South Pole, and who also flew over the North Pole.

I made friends with the local secretary of the YMCA. and one day he asked me if I could operate a motion picture projection. I could not, but I soon learned. And as a result, I had a job running the films at the various towns on the Panama Canal at night. This took about four or five nights of every week. I had one night per week at which I went to Panama and took my Spanish and later my French lessons. In these trips I made many acquaintances. I also belonged later on to the dancing club at the Tivoli where we met all of the local society. I remember dancing with the cousin of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson. When running the motion pictures, some of the old names come back to me. They might be interesting to you. We have films of Charlie Chaplin, Ford Sterling, Mabel Norman, the Keystone cops of Mack Sennett, or Mack Sennett's bathing girls, I believe they were, Gloria Swanson, and Cecil de Mills pictures.

My friend the secretary of the YMCA also made me chairman of a committee to build a swimming platform, swimming and diving platform in the Panama Canal opposite of Corozal. This was of course a temporary thing but it required getting the permission of, at that time, Colonel George W. Gofels. He was later, he later became General Gofels. He is known today more as General Gofels, but I will refer to him as the Colonel. That's the way we knew him. He had an open court at his office in Calibra every Sunday, and anyone, any employee of the Canal could go and talk to him through appointment. So one Sunday morning I went over to discuss and to get his permission for building this swimming platform. He became a very good friend of mine and later on when I came back to the United States just before World War I, he was instrumental in getting me commissioned and having me placed as a one of the staff members. I was on the general staff of the Army, a chief of the inspection unit largely through the influence of General Gofels. But I'm getting ahead of the subject so back to the Panama Canal.

One of the jobs which I had which I remember distinctly was escorting President Taft through our end of the canal. We rode on a special sightseeing labor train and I had to explain some of the projects which came under my direction. By this time, I had been made general foreman of the electrical department in the Pacific end. The canal was nearing completion, and we were beginning to talk about fortification. And I was surprised one day to learn that I had been made testing engineer in charge of the fortification, that is the electrical part of it. And I had some wonderful work which at that time was classified. I had to take an oath that I would not discuss it and I, as far as I know, have never been released. So I can only say that I had some very interesting work putting in the fire controls and the range finders on the fortifications of both the Pacific and the Atlantic end.

The Pacific fortifications were placed on three islands: Niles, Perico, and Flamenco, which means Navy, the name of a bird, the flamingo is a bird. Well, these three islands were connected together. We built a causeway out from the mainland, out nearly three miles into the Pacific, and connected these islands. We dug a tunnel underneath one of them and had an elevator for hoisting ammunition up to the top of it. And we had giant 16-inch disappearing rifles which could fire over the curve in the ocean. It seemed to us wonderful to think that we could aim on a ship 14 miles out at sea which was out of sight and yet hit it by trajectories.

I had charge of putting the telephones and range finders in communications. We laid cables from the mainland out to the islands, built the radio, we called them the wireless stations, and I had the pleasure at the Darien Naval Station, which was just installed the new tubes or valves, as we call them, listening in on a historical conversation between the naval stations at Arlington, Virginia and the one at Hawaii. And they said, 'Hello.' Later, a popular Tin Pan Alley song came out commemorating the event. which ran something like this: 'Hello, how are ya? How are you?' At that time a flyer came down and flew his plane a distance of 50 miles from the Atlantic to the Pacific and I had the pleasure of going and escorting him back to on my hand car. Later on at the fortifications, I was talking to General Cronkite and asked him why we didn't pump sand up over the top of the concrete range station saying, 'Couldn't someone drop a bomb on this?' He gave me a very wise look and said, 'My boy,' he said, 'there is no place

within 50 miles of here from which an airplane could take off. And you don't need to think of that. It's impossible.'

I was in New York City waiting to return from a vacation to the Panama Canal when the newspapers announced the beginning of World War I. Imagine we saw German submarines on all sides and we had all traveled with lights out and no one was allowed to smoke a cigarette on the deck of the vessel. When we got into the Panama harbor, three German vessels were interned there and the captain of one of them came on board with a launch eager to see our New York papers. He was the most scared man I ever saw, and his ship was interned within sight of our fortifications for several years after that. I had a very interesting experience on one of our own submarines, the C series. As a civilian, no civilian was allowed on board, but I had a special permission to go out on a trip and take a dive. This was my first and only experience on a submarine.

The flora and fauna of the tropics is most interesting to one who has never seen it before. I remember my first experience with a tarantula which is a gigantic hairy spider almost as large as the palm of your hand. I was making an installation when a tarantula lazily crawled up, and I first noticed him on my raft. I put my hand down and he crawled into it without any attempt at biting me and seemed to be quite friendly. Later I heard that they make pets of them. One of my first trips through the jungle on a Sunday morning I saw suddenly in front of me we were, we were making our way through rather dense underbrush, short striped snake. His color, vivid colors suggested that he might be poisonous, and I had no alternative but to reach out quickly and grab him around the neck. He clawed around my hand, and I carefully carried him back to Corozal, which was a four or five mile trip. When I got into the medical doctor's office to get some alcohol, he ran out of the room. He said, 'Do you know what you've got there?' 'No.' He said, 'That's [a cause?], like, one of the most deadly snakes.' So I said, 'Give me a bottle of alcohol to put [him in?].' And he said, 'I ran out.' I said, 'I'll turn him loose if you don't.' And he said, 'You hold him, but I'll get it.' So he put it in alcohol.

Unknown: Shut it off.

The government had a sanitarium on the island of Taboga about ten miles out in the Pacific. And we used to go out in a boat and fish for sharks, small sharks about five or six feet long. And then in another part where the bottom was only about ten feet below, we used to dive off the boat and bring up coral fans and different varieties of coral. On one occasion we chartered a government launch and armed with rifles and revolvers several and two or three days of rations, we started out on a trip to the Bayano River for an alligator hunt. One of the party had a little too much liquid snakebite remedy with him and he became so intoxicated that he put his bare foot on the railing of the boat and fired at it with his revolver. This took off one of his toes, and he had [the toes on the alligator up?], and then we took him back to the hospital.

Our sea trips were not all calm. I remember a series of tropical hurricanes which had sunk the vessel on the trip previous to the one which I was on and when we came into rough weather sometimes the seas were higher than our vessel and one great wave after another would come down upon us. And I'll admit being a little bit terrified. One wave struck the forward cabin wall and broke out the front of our dining cabin. We had to put tarpaulins up and dine in a cabin built of canvas from there on until we arrived in Panama. Another time I was standing on the fortifications out in the Atlantic Ocean, and I saw a waterspout at sea coming towards me. I had no fear for all I would have to have done would be to go down into a concrete room.

The man who was really the father of the Panama Canal and who deserves the greatest credit was of course Theodore Roosevelt or Teddy. I first saw Teddy right here in Delavan when he went through on a train on the Illinois Central Railroad and stopped and made his speech from the rear end of the platform. Then later on, I was awarded the Roosevelt Medal and one bar for service on the Panama Canal. I happened to be at Yaphank on Long Island several years later when the train boy announced the death of Teddy at Oyster Bay, just four or five miles north of where I was at the time. Later, I took my mother out to Oyster Bay and drove through his grounds, and we went to visit his grave, a very simple grave. Dan Beard, who was then head of the Boy Scouts, happened to be out there with two or three other scout leaders placing flags. And Mother almost cried because Teddy Roosevelt was one of her heroes. I knew both of his sons, his son Theodore Jr., and had many conversations with him when he was running for

governor of New York State. Later on, I met Woodrow Wilson, Taft, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and several other celebrated men. But in my estimation, none of them can compare for sheer bravado and accomplishment with. Many celebrated people came through the canal and stopped off during its construction days. Some gave us entertainment, such as William Jennings Bryan, already mentioned. Caruso, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle gave some-

Unknown [funeral service]: [Music]. Our help is in the name of the Lord who made heaven and earth. The eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms. "I am the resurrection and the life," says the Lord. "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." We are met here today to pay tribute to Frank Wyatt Hatten. One of the finest tributes that could be paid to him is the article that appeared in the Peoria paper just recently. And I thought it appropriate that if you had not seen it or even if you have seen it that I take time to read it because it tells much of what we would like to say about some of his accomplishments. Let this be his obituary.

And the article begins, the man who put the word quasquicentennial in the dictionary is dead at 84. Frank Wyatt Hatton, who started promoting the use of the word in 1962, died at Hopedale Medical Complex. His campaign to insert the word in the dictionary began when Delavan was planning its 125th celebration. in 1962. Wondering what 125 anniversaries might be called, Hatten queried lexicographers Funk and Wagnall, whose managing editor for dictionaries, Dr. Robert Chapman, suggested quasquicentennial. I might add, that's not quite accurate. He had a lot of help from Frank Hatten who helped suggest that word of quasquicentennial, who taught not only to everybody that would lend him an ear, he queried the English department down at school, the city library, he wrote various places, so the idea wasn't completely Dr. Chapman's. Chapman advised Hatten, however, that before the word would be put in the dictionaries, he would have to attain wide currency or spontaneous use in many parts of the country. And with this, Hatten began a campaign to spread the use of the word. And before long, cities, colleges, churches, and at least one publishing company adopted the word. I personally saw articles from as far away as England regarding Frank's word of quasquicentennial. The United States Post Office also approved the use of quasquicentennial in stamp cancellations out of Delavan, where Hatton had resided off and on since 1893. Finally, late in 1962, and mainly due to Hatten's

determined effort, the word became a part of a two-volume international edition of Funk and Wagnall's Standard Encyclopedia.

A lifelong bachelor and retired electrical engineer, Hatton led a varied life after his graduation in 1905 from Delavan High School and later from the University of Illinois. For six years, he worked on construction of the Panama Canal and later served as an officer in World War I. About those experiences on the Panama Canal, there is now a tape in circulation that Ralph Allen was instrumental in getting on tape of Frank's own voice recording some of his experiences on the Panama Canal. If you have not heard it, by all means, see either Ralph or myself or Mr. Hibbs down at school or some of the rest of us, and we'll see to it that you get an opportunity to hear about his varied and amusing and very interesting type of experiences.

After the war, he studied painting in New York, where one of his models was Jean Harlow, the late movie star. He was also a photographer whose work won prizes in international competition. Broadway musical star Ethel Merman once worked as a secretary for Hatten in New York before attaining stage fame. Other famous persons with whom Hatten worked or whom he knew included Bernard Baruch, Herbert Hoover, Al Jolson, Sophie Tucker, Eddie Cantor, and I could add a whole host of famous people to that list from having listened to him on the telephone for the past eight years. A direct descendant of Captain Benjamin Brown of Revolutionary War fame, Hatten was born in Plankton, South Dakota, June 20th, 1886, a son of George and Bertie Parker Hatten. His only immediate survivors are brother, Silas Hatten of Oceanside, California, a nephew, Parker, and a niece, Priscilla, who is Mrs. Phillip Chantlin. He was a member of this church, a deacon, and an elder as well. A member of the men's fellowship he took a very intense interest in. A 32nd degree Mason was also a member of the Delavan Lodge 156 AF and AM. And so today we have come here to pay tribute to this man who has passed from our midst.

Let us now pray. Father, continue to speak to us of our needs at this hour. We pray in the Master's name. Amen.

Frank and I had talked many times about this moment. Increasingly was this so during the past few years when he knew that his physical equipment was wearing out and that soon he would pass the way of all flesh. And so often as I have thought about Frank, I have thought about the eighth psalm which he had memorized. A man of intense curiosity about virtually everything else in this world. A man who knew the genius of humanity and could appreciate the eighth psalm, ought to read it. "O Lord, our Lord, how majestic is Thy name in all the earth. Thou whose glory above the heavens as chanted by the mouth of babes and infants. Thou hast founded a bulwark because of thy foes to steal the enemy and the avenger. When I look at thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon, and the stars which thou established, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou dost care for him? Yet thou hast made him little less than God and dost crown him with glory and honor. Thou hast given him dominion over the works of thy hands. Thou hast put all things under his feet, all sheep and oxen, and also the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea, whatever passes along the paths of the sea. O Lord, our Lord, how majestic is thy name in all the earth."

I spent a lot of time reading scriptures. Because Frank took a deep interest in scripture and pursued the study with the same relentlessness that he studied everything else. And I remember this passage particularly when I read it one Sunday morning and he heard it really kind of for the first time in the Revised Standard Version. And when I read to him and when he heard the words, "That thou hast made man little less than God." He said in only the kind of vernacular that he could say that it was a whole lot less than God. And he recognized the sinfulness of man and that we were a long shot from being perfect. While at the beginning of our time together, it seemed to me that Frank's interest in the Scriptures was interest like he had it in everything else. It was an interesting book to study. But I want to testify at the beginning that during the last few years, he became more interested in the Bible as it revealed to him a personal relationship to God. And therefore his interest began to stem not just from reading what the Bible says, but what the Bible really meant for Frank Hatten. And therefore, he came to appreciate that personal relationship with Jesus Christ and so confess this.

I want to say this at the beginning of our remarks together, lest anyone should think that Frank thought, or I think, that now all his achievements that he might have accomplished are not

going to get him to Heaven. But he has the same hope as you and I have in Jesus Christ and His concern for our lives. I want you to know that Frank knew the promise of our Lord in John the 17th chapter and verse three where he said, "And this is eternal life that they know thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." That he knew the reality in the third chapter of John where the Lord said, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whoever believes in him may have eternal life. For God so loved the world that he gave his only Son, that whoever believes in him should not perish but have eternal life. For God sent the Son into the world, not to condemn the world, but that the world might be saved through Him." I want this said.

And then I want to say some things about His life. You've already heard the things that he's done in the world, and if you listen to the tape, you can hear some more. You know some of the things that he's done in our community. Having been his pastor for the past eight years, I want to say some personal things about what he did here in this church. Every morning he sat over there on Sunday morning. And when he was not there, we knew that he was sick, and someone went to investigate. He was that kind of a man who loved the church and was always here to participate. He would sit there and he would sometimes hum along to himself and sometimes nod to himself as he would listen to the person he called Professor Wetherington sing the bass part with choir. Once in a while he would listen over the earphones. That is all a part of the audio system which Frank had to get installed in this church, which one of his dreams that came true. Along with this came a tape recorder that is recording what I'm saying now. But ever since its institution, having been promoted by Frank, it's been circulated to shut-ins so that they might go to church at home. He did this, and we're grateful for this.

Probably the greatest contribution he made to this church was taking on a project that no other engineer apparently in a country would touch. And that is to replace those large brick columns around which no one could see in our basement, and to replace them with rather slender metal poles that helped to make our basement a lovely place in which to meet at this hour. Apparently there were a lot of people fearful even in this church as well as engineers who were fearful about what would happen when he took those big support beams out of the basement. But he so supported that that nothing cracked, that everything stayed right where it was and is still there

today and we owe our gratitude to him for that. He was a man who worked for the gas company, and he relentlessly pursued this church to understand until he finally put in gas, which has been saving this church money ever since. It was his dream also that this church ought to have restroom facilities. And he worked at that, and today we have them in our basement.

Also, as you know, at Christmas time, Frank always insisted and often so insistent that he riled several people, but he wanted that nativity scene up, which was a certain kind of promotion which was his, and it was his until he died. Along with this, he saw to it that shrubbery was installed out in the front of this church. And just this past year, he gave the money that black shrubbery could be installed over on this side. All of this as a memory to Frank. There's a tree out in front of my house, which everybody knows is Frank Hatten's tree. In fact, he watered it and watered it so much he almost killed it from too much attention. But it's his tree and it stands there today as a memorial to Frank Hatten. I've only given you a few things that he's done around here. When he was chairman of evangelism, he pursued this with the same kind of interest. I can still remember, he being concerned about so many people, would say to the evangelism committee, "What we've got to do is get out there and turn those doorknobs." And he kept after people until turned them very dear. There are many other contributions Frank has made to this church, but I just wanted to lift you up some of these ideas. Frank pursued everything he did with intense interest and relentless energy, sometimes offending and sometimes befriending, but always a man who stuck with it until the job was done. He was a man not always easy to get along with, but he was a man that was one of those rare individuals who has made this world richer and our lives richer to whom we are indebted because he has passed our way.

Let us bow in prayer. Lord our God, we pray your blessing upon us as we are gathered here and give thanks for Frank that he has passed our way and for all that was in his life that gave him that tremendous energy and drive to get things done and for the relationship that we've had through him. We thank you that this day that we rejoice, however, not in his accomplishments, as much as in the revelation of yourself and your love in Jesus Christ and for the hope set

before us in the gospel, we praise your name that our hope has been so wondrously confirmed in the life and the words and the resurrection of Jesus Christ our Lord.