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Lifetime member since 1969

## Frank Stanley

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I first met Frank soon after joining the Rocky Mountain Ramblers in March 1982. He was the guy who served coffee at the Wednesday night meetings and by then he'd already been doing it for more than 10 years. My initial impression was of a cheerful guy who was a bit handicapped. I didn't have much to do with him at first but I'd talk with him a bit, particularly when we counted the coffee money together when I was the club treasurer. When I returned to Calgary in May 1988 after two years, I rejoined the Ramblers and started getting to know Frank and his dad better, especially after his mother died. I'd do the odd task for him at his home -

the first one was resetting the time on his clocks and VCR for the change to Daylight Savings Time. This then became my job twice a year. I started taking Frank for coffee at Tim Horton's after most Wednesday night Ramblers' meetings until about 2005. We'd talk through the things on his mind at the time and most Wednesdays we'd see the police there as well.

Early in 1990, the Social Chairperson on the executive resigned. At a couple of meetings, I asked for someone else to volunteer to fill the position. There were 200+ members of the club and no one volunteered other than Frank. He was certainly well

qualified for the job as he knew what events happened on the club social calendar and could always be relied on to let us know the latest club gossip.

Working with Frank in this role made Gail and I aware that there was much more to Frank than meets the eye. He had great ideas, he was thoughtful, he remembered details we'd forget and he'd always find people to do the work. I think Frank joined the Ramblers partly because he liked seeing the slide presentations of trips to the mountains. He didn't hike as he couldn't keep up the pace.

We started taking Frank (and his Dad when he was alive) to the mountains in the spring or fall. We'd usually avoid Banff town as they'd go there by themselves, and we'd take them for a level hike at Lake Louise, Kananaskis Lakes, Lake Minnewanka, Barrier Lake, Wedge Pond, Allen Bill Pond, Two Jack Lake.... We'd have a picnic lunch and then have supper at a restaurant afterwards. One day Frank walked three miles on Upper Kananaskis shoreline trail. Often he'd sing "In the pines, in the pines where the sun never shines". He'd always look forward to these trips - we did too.

Frank would ask us for help on more tasks. I remember fixing all the wooden slats in his bed frame after it collapsed and trying to get his dad's car going in -20 weather. We were always welcome when we visited, and if I was feeling stressed, I'd always leave more relaxed. "Why worry?" was Frank Sr.'s motto.

After his father moved to a home, we became more involved in Frank's life. The house moves were major events. He always remembered that movers are rewarded by pizza afterwards! We also realized he could do more than he thought he could so we encouraged him to try new things. Introducing him to CTrain travel on the way to the Stampede one year eventually led to him being able to take the bus to the pancake breakfast on Saturday mornings at Heritage Park. Sometimes, he'd take the bus to our house and then we'd go to the Ramblers' meetings.

Frank would worry about the smallest details and then call us as though it was an emergency. But we managed to give him some idea of whether a task constituted an emergency or could be left until next Wednesday. We fixed a broken door lock and handle by head torch one evening at 10 pm. I became an expert on vacuum cleaners as Frank kept a clean place and the vacuums got heavy use. We'd always end up discussing his issues over coffee.

I think he would have made a good CEO of a company. Unlike most CEOs, he was very good at delegating and ensuring that the job got done. If one person couldn't do what he wanted or he wouldn't do it soon enough (like when I said I'd do it on Wednesday), someone else on the list (like Tony Moran) was called and the job got done sooner.

Frank's birthday was Feb 3. Sometimes, he'd try to start organizing his Ramblers birthday party before Christmas. He seemed to have 5 or 6 birthday parties so he had to start organizing them early. These were usually held at the Cheesecake Café and up to a dozen people would attend. Gail and I and few other Ramblers also celebrated his dad's birthday.

His Dad was a fighter. After a stroke, he worked hard and regained his ability to eat after two years with a feeding tube. Frank was a fighter too. Linda said he was not expected to live past 7 years old. He fought back from serious health issues on many occasions.

On August 9th we took Frank on a walk outside the hospital for a picnic at a table overlooking Parkdale below. Passers by would hardly have known that he was sick. We were at the hospital on most days after that. We will miss him. ###