



FRANKLIN B. DEAN

July 6, 1937 - February 2, 2018

DEAN, Franklin B., age 82, of Dayton, Ohio, passed away Monday, February 5, 2018 at Miami Valley Hospital in Dayton where he had been a patient for nine days. He was born January 15, 1936 in Campbell County, Kentucky and moved to Ohio in 1984. Franklin served in the U.S. Army during the Korean Conflict. He was one of ten children. Franklin was preceded in death by his parents, Jesse B. and Susan (Fyffe) Dean; and two sons, Jonathan B. Dean and Ronald E. Dean. He is survived by seven children, Nancy Gagnon, Rhett (Debbie) Dennerline, Richard (Ann) Dennerline, Jesse (Jennifer) Dean, Sarah (Don) Ward, Jenny Dean and Franklin B. (Koura) Dean II; twelve grandchildren; and extended family and friends. Private services to be held at a later date as determined by the family. "If thou of fortune be bereft, and in thy store there be but left two loaves, sell one, and with the dole, buy hyacinths to feed thy soul." John Greenleaf Whittier. Memorial contributions may be made in his name to Voluntary Services for Dayton V.A. Medical Center, Account #8115, 4100 West Third St., Dayton, Ohio 45428. Be sure to use the Account # 8115 as this will be applied to activities and special events in the residence area where Frank lived. Arrangements by Herr-Riggs Funeral Home, 210 S. Main St., Middletown. Condolences may be sent to the family at www.herr-riggs.com

Tribute Wall



“ *FRANKLIN B. DEAN*

September 13, 2022 at 09:07 PM

JJ

“ I wanted to share a poem that Grandpa had shared with me a few years ago. We all know he had thousands of stories to tell, but this one has stuck with me:

*I bargained with Life for a penny,
And Life would pay no more,
However I begged at evening
When I counted my scanty store;*

*For Life is a just employer,
He gives you what you ask,
But once you have set the wages,
Why, you must bear the task.*

*I worked for a menial's hire,
Only to learn, dismayed,
That any wage I had asked of Life,
Life would have surely paid.*

Jessie B Rittenhouse

Grandpa always taught us to work hard, to be tough.. That you get out of life what you put into it. This poem encompasses a lot of what I was able to learn from him from the time we were able to spend together.

I'm going to miss him, but I know that he was so proud of the life that he lived and the people he had in it.

Jesse Dean Jr - February 22, 2018 at 01:55 PM

“My Dad was a man who taught us to follow the four R's: reading, writing, 'rithmetic and, above all, research. He raised us to think for ourselves and question authority - even if it meant his own. He lived manifold lifetimes in his 82 years, long before the time I came around and he was pushing 50, and had hundreds of stories to prove it. I was never as good a storyteller as my Dad, but that made me the perfect receiver for wherever the conversation drifted. (He always said he had been vaccinated with a phonograph needle.) He wasn't the type of Dad who told us "I love you" or "I'm sorry" or "I'm proud of you"...but as we grew, the intervening years gave proof he did his best to say those phrases in ways that words alone could never fully express. He would read to me from any printed media available, be it a book of Uncle Remus tales or a baseball encyclopedia or an excerpt from a copy of Reader's Digest. My love of music grew in large part thanks to my Dad. He would sing me to sleep with hushed renditions of Old Man River, Swing Low Sweet Chariot, and my favorite, The Ballad of Harry Lewis, a parody by Allan Sherman of The Battle Hymn of the Republic. He invited us to not take life too seriously, except where it mattered most: with the people we meet along life's pathway. It is true that he never knew a stranger, and sometimes it was embarrassing to a shy kid like myself to see my Dad interact as he did with folks we had never met. I often wondered if he cared more about the rest of the world than his own kin. But I recall that feeling with great shame. I see my Dad in me now when I can go up to a stranger and somehow make their day a little brighter with no expectation of reciprocation, or when I show someone I love them, rather than just say the words. My Dad was an avid reader, and would memorize these things called Koans, Buddhist Zen proverbs that were intended to provoke deep thinking and self-inspection. One that I vividly recall that resonated with him (and now, with me) is the story of a teacher whose increasing number of students required larger quarters to be constructed. A wealthy merchant came and gave the teacher five hundred gold coins, called ryo, and the teacher accepted it. But the merchant was dissatisfied with the attitude of the teacher. One might live a whole year on three coins, and the merchant had not

even been thanked for five hundred. "In that sack are five hundred ryo," hinted the merchant. "You told me that before," replied the teacher. "Five hundred ryo is a lot of money," said the merchant. "Do you want me to thank you for it?" asked the teacher. "You ought to," replied the merchant. "Why should I?" inquired the teacher. "The giver should be thankful." With that I will end (I did say that I'm not as good a storyteller as my Dad) by saying, to my Dad, the giver: Thank you. You lived it, you loved it, and you left it.



franklin dean II - February 10, 2018 at 12:42 AM

BF

“ *I have known Frank for almost 22 years , my daughter is married to Jesse. He was a kind & very giving man & I saw first-hand how much he loved & cared for his grandchildren. Many people in Middletown also witnessed his generous side. He will be remembered & missed very much by all who knew him*

Barb Friend - February 07, 2018 at 06:42 PM

DW

“ *To my cousin I am so sorry for the loss of uncle Frank I will miss him and I will love him. My dad and uncle Frank were good at playing the switching game because when they worked at St Elizabeth hospital they switched on a patient. Uncle Frank knew no strangers only friends he hasn't meet yet*

Deanna Dean Woodridge - February 07, 2018 at 10:12 AM

JD

“ My Dad was bigger than life, the strongest man I knew and never backed down from anything even in his last days. Far from perfect and proud of it, but devoted to family and his convictions. I'll hear him every time I speak and see him in the eyes of my children, that is great solace to me. He never knew a stranger and always showed kindness and a giving heart. Although at times he had little to give, he would always break it in half to share. Life's never really over we just move on when the load gets too heavy. Rest In Peace, I'll take care.

jesse dean - February 07, 2018 at 09:20 AM

JF

Jesse,
So sorry to hear of the passing of your dad. We never had the privilege to meet but he sure sounds like a dear and kind soul. Know that you and your whole family will be in our thoughts and prayers. May he rest in peace.

Jeff and Sharon Farnsworth - February 07, 2018 at 12:17 PM

NC

Jesse Uncle Frank will be missed and loved dearly but he will never be forgotten rip Uncle Frank

Natina Colwell - February 07, 2018 at 03:01 PM

MW

Jesse,
I'm so very sorry for your loss. Tom and I will keep you and your family in our prayers during this difficult time.
Mauny

Mauny White - February 07, 2018 at 05:08 PM



Sabrina
Smith

This Man was a loveable and caring man. Cause when my mom kicked me out he took me in and helped me get my own apartment and he helped me furnished my apartment and he had a great since of humor and he will be missed and I love him so much that I used to call him Santa Claus.

Sabrina Smith - February 07, 2018 at 06:41 PM