

## **Eulogy for Paul Robert Fraga Sr**

**October 15,2019**

Good morning. I am Paul and Eleanor's daughter, Camille.

We are gathered here today to honor the life of Paul Robert Fraga. He was a father, son, husband, grandfather, great grandfather, uncle, brother and proud member of the IBEW.

There is a long list of achievements Dad accumulated during his life; they describe what he did but not necessarily who he was.

In 1 Corinthians Dad's patron St Paul writes: So now, faith, hope and love abide, these three; but the greatest of these is Love.

Our Dad and his life story is the truest representation of the faith and the hope of the American Dream. The son of two immigrants from Mexico, he was proud of his Mexican heritage, never forgetting the journey of those who came before him. He would be pleased that some of his family from Mexico have joined us here today.

Dad lived a life of service: service to his country, his church, his community and his family.

He pursued his career with faith and hope, confidence and a strong work ethic. He was proud of the work he did in Detroit and the surrounding area.

He would describe his achievements as , " Not bad for a farm boy."

Dad instilled in his children this strong work ethic and an understanding of our responsibility to give back- to serve. He told us to set high goals and not worry about failing to reach them: " You will always be better off striving to be your best."

Family was important to Dad. His devotion to family was gifted to him from his mother and father.

Recently, Dad told me about a time as a child when he and Uncle Jesse were walking home from school and the weather turned cold and snowy. They were cold and crying as they walked and Grandpa saw them, ran to them , wrapped them up in his big warm coat and carried them home. Dad described the sensory feeling of this in great detail.

Dad provided his family with this kind of love and comfort. A love that would envelope you and keep you warm and safe. His love was extended to many, many people: family and friends.

Dad would tell people, " In this family we hug." and he hugged with strength and tenderness.

He held his grandchildren and great grandchildren. He loved watching his grand babies and would comment, "Isn't he something." When he held Gioia the youngest in our family he said, " Isn't she something."

Dad was generous with his family and friends. He loved having everyone around. He welcomed people to his farm up north and to his home in Lake Havasu City. At Christmas, we would come in from, San Diego, Memphis and Chicago and be welcomed by Mom and Dad. They never complained about the noise and chaos.

Dad was proud of his children and grandchildren. Proud of each one's accomplishments. Moreover, proud of each one's goodness.

Dad loved to dance. I remember watching as he and Mom would come together to dance. After they embraced there would be a pause, a beat, as they settled in and then moved beautifully together. Dad was married to Eleanor for sixty-three years. He loved to talk about all the traveling and adventures they shared. He loved to tell jokes. Towards the end of Mom's life after they moved in with Monique and Dave, he would tell her old jokes and she would laugh and laugh.

The day Dad passed, he stopped here ( St Hugo's) to visit Mom and said, " I'll see you soon."

Dad was a man of faith and hope. He attended mass, believed in forgiveness and life everlasting and prayed the rosary. He had a special devotion to Mary.

So now, faith, hope and love abide, these three; but the greatest of these is Love.

Dad was a man of faith, hope and love.

We have gratitude for the life, the faith, the hope and the love of Paul Robert Fraga SR.

Paul, Dad, brother, uncle, Papa, Great Papa, friend,

You will be missed, You will be remembered.

Camille Fraga Von Dreele