



Joseph Presley Frederick
January 21, 1932 - August 30, 2022

Celebrating the Life of
Joseph Presley Frederick
Saturday, September 3, 2022 11:00 a.m.
Broussard's Chapel
Nederland, Texas
Dr. Jason Burden

"Amazing Grace"
by Alan Jackson

Opening Remarks

Reflections

"How Great Thou Art"
by Elvis Presley

Message

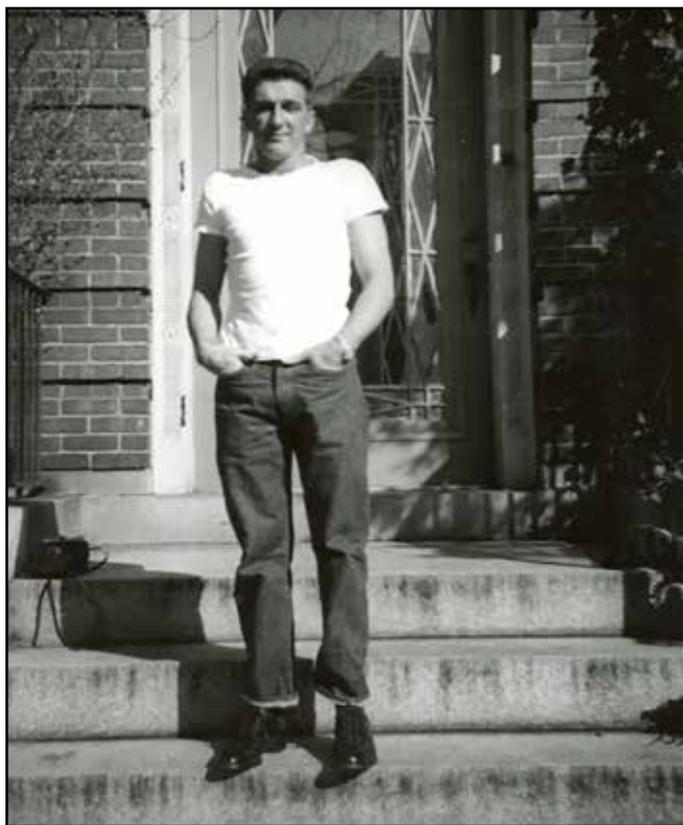
Closing Prayer

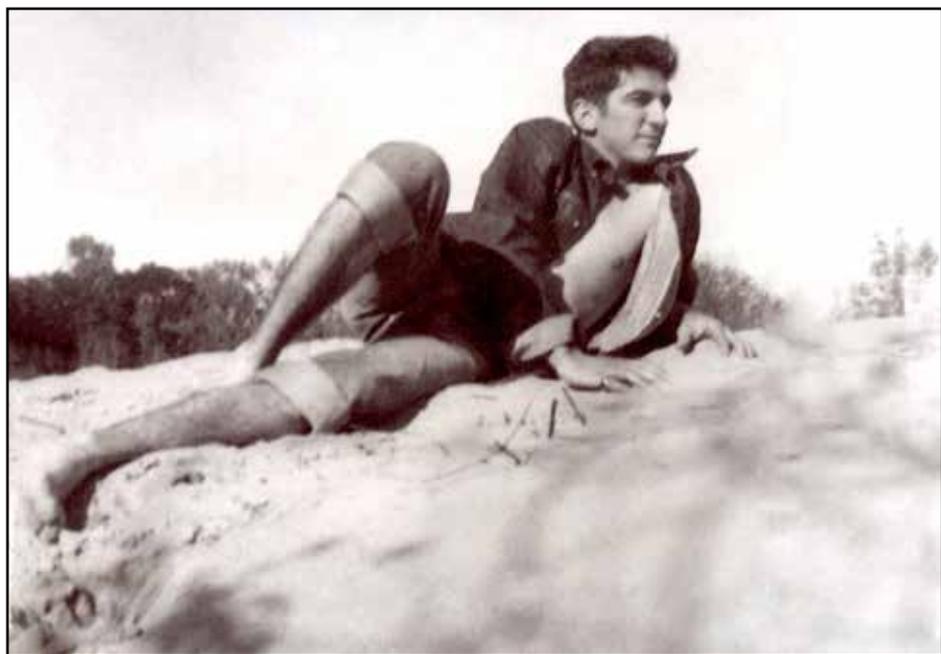


Joseph Presley Frederick, 90, of Beaumont, died Tuesday, August 30, 2022, surrounded by his loving family. He was born January 21, 1932, in Abbeville, Louisiana, to Noelie and Maurice Frederick. Joseph was a United States Navy veteran having served during the Korean War and a former member of Jaycees. He was affectionately referred to as “Jay” or “Joe” by his family and friends.

Survivors include his wife of sixty-eight years, Virgie Frederick of Beaumont; children, John Frederick and wife, Karen, of Nederland and Karol Hutson of Houston; grandchildren, Tara Madden and husband, Peter; April Dallis and husband, Costa; Julie Frederick White; and Joseph Hutson; and great-grandchildren, Athanasios; Sophia Lisenbe and husband, Bryant; Theodoros; Ireland; Lola; Andreas; Ruby; Panagiotis; and Charlotte.

He is preceded in death by his parents; son, Joseph P. “Joey” Frederick, Jr.; and siblings, Maurice “Fred” Frederick, Jr., Wilda Wilson, and Dorothy Monteaux



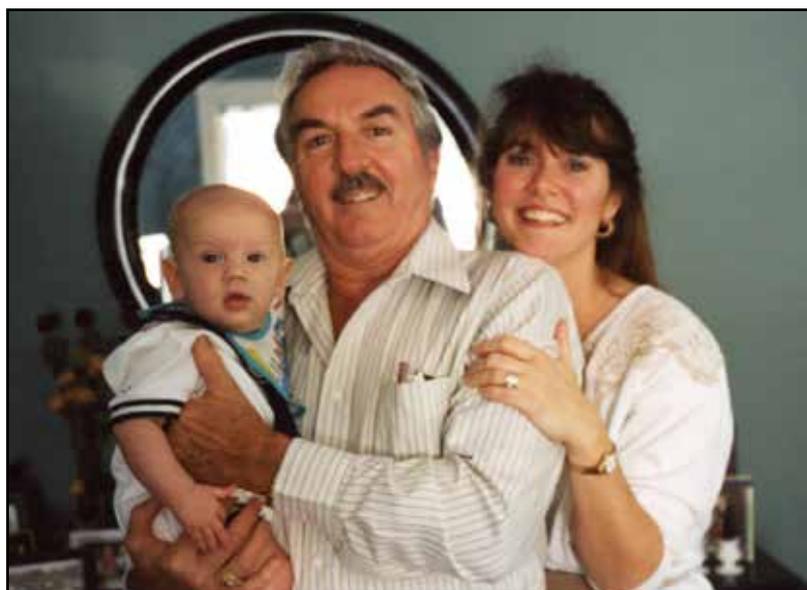
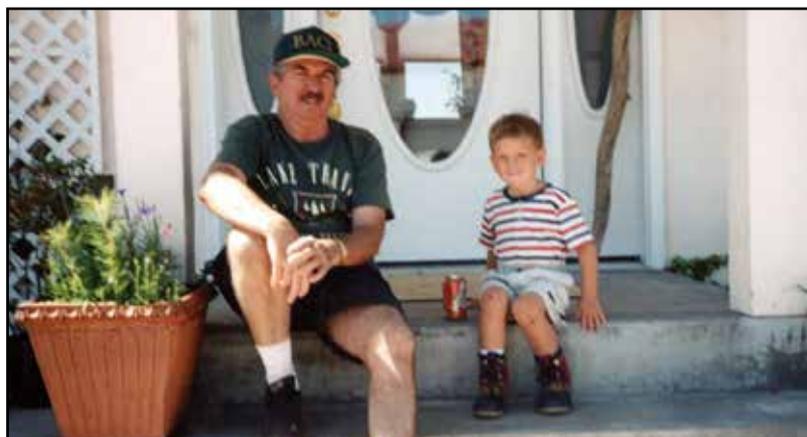




“My fondest memory with my great grandpa had to have been sitting in front of the tv watching college football with him while he would reminisce about his days in the navy. I could listen to him retell his life to me over and over. He was most definitely a very influential father figure in my life. He led a life that I can only hope to be able to compare my own to. I’m very sad to have reached the end of this remarkable chapter in his life but the new chapter will be everlasting.”

Theodoros Dallios, Great-Grandson



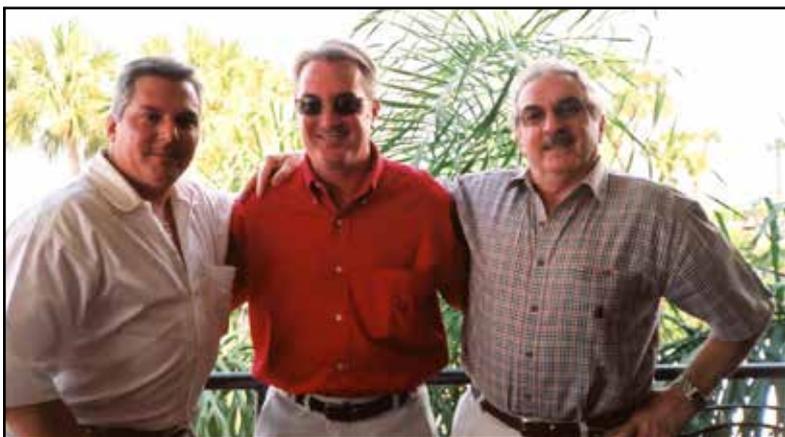
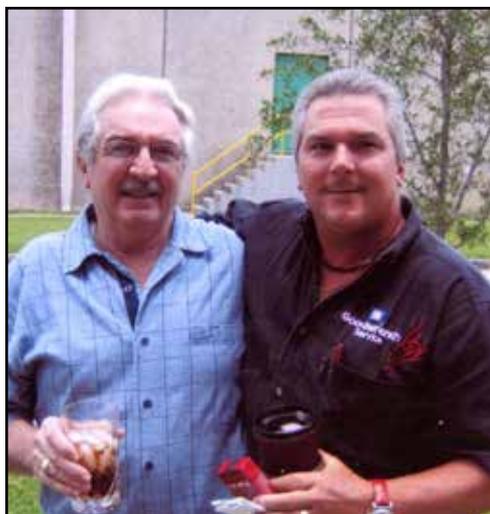


"I met Jay 27 years ago as an outsider and an invitee to his family as I was dating his granddaughter, April, my wife of 26 years. The moment we met he was welcoming, friendly, and kind. He immediately was able to penetrate any apprehensions, fears, or guard I had put by his ability to strike up conversation, which was one of his superpowers. You know someone's character when they genuinely inquire about others and rarely speak of themselves. That was Jay, he'd ask questions about your life, work, family and more and get you talking to him about all of it. I had no idea at the time what the family thought of me, about me, or to what extent how concerned they were that young April was running off with this Greek guy with a long name that they mispronounced and couldn't remember. Jay was a big reason I felt very comfortable. If he was skeptical or cautious, I wouldn't have known it. Over the years, after marriage, children and the annual and semi-annual family rituals that followed, Jay was a steady force of calm. He was always the same welcoming, friendly, and kind man I met from day one. He was great with my children and easy to be around. There's much more to Jay though, which is where it gets interesting and fun. Louisiana accent, full and distinguished mustache, and a gait that had a swagger as if he was always walking on bubble wrap that never popped to make noise, Jay was a real character. If someone from the North met him, they would say "that's a true Southern man". He had a penchant for storytelling and an intonation in his voice that paired perfectly with all his Southern quips and quotes. If you let him, he would go on for a good while and just keep going. If your attitude was not to sit down, sip on your beverage and stay a while, your restlessness might cause you to miss out on some real gold nuggets he had to say. Although I have a lot of fond memories, one in particular was a rare time that he and I were alone by ourselves with no one in ear or eye shot. I had a new weight bench system out in my garage and was working out. He came outside and walked up, presumably to say hi etc. Now, I wasn't just going through the motions, I was working out hard; the kind when you're shaking and pushing to failure on the last set. True to form, Jay asked me about the

weight set, striking up a conversation, which again was one of his superpowers. I was on a clock, 1 minute rest between sets. I was panting, sweating, and straining. Suffice to say I was not a model conversationalist at that moment. Nonetheless, we engaged. After notifying Jay of the workout parameters within which I was working, I invited him to feel free to stay but that I wouldn't be talking much. Jay was fine with that and said he'd stay and watch. A couple more rounds of exercises transpired, with a little intermittent chit chat along the way. On the last set of chest flys I began to strain A LOT, the kind of strain that makes blood vessels pop and the body shake. Jay was speaking during this time of stress that some would say is a deeply personal moment that someone's nature is exposed. Here's the crescendo, or punch line, however you want to label it. Have you ever heard Jay interrupt himself? What I mean is he's in a full-on story/conversation and its pacing at a rate that seems impossible to disrupt, and then he interrupts himself as if it was another person interrupting, not just breaking his own conversation. I heard it only a handful of times over the years. To my knowledge, this is a craft that was unique to Jay. Jay was carrying on with a story, saw the extreme strain I experienced, and interrupted his own story to posit, "well ok now be careful, you gonna hurt yourself?" to which I replied whilst straining "I'll be fine, this is part of it". I finished, he went back inside, and I chuckled to myself. He left in a manner that made me think he was going to report the incident out of concern. Or maybe at least he was going inside to share the trauma he just experienced by watching. Either way, I've thought of it from time to time over the years because to me that event really captured who Jay was. He was kind, made conversation, inquired about what was going on with others, and showed concern for their wellness.

Bon voyage Navy man, Jay Frederick. I'll miss our conversations and your example of calm, kindness, and genuine interest in others' wellbeing."

Costa Dallis, Grandson-In-Law

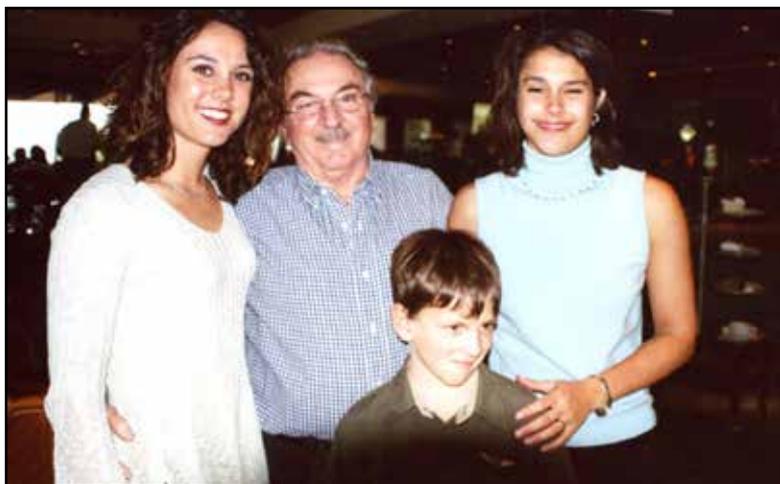


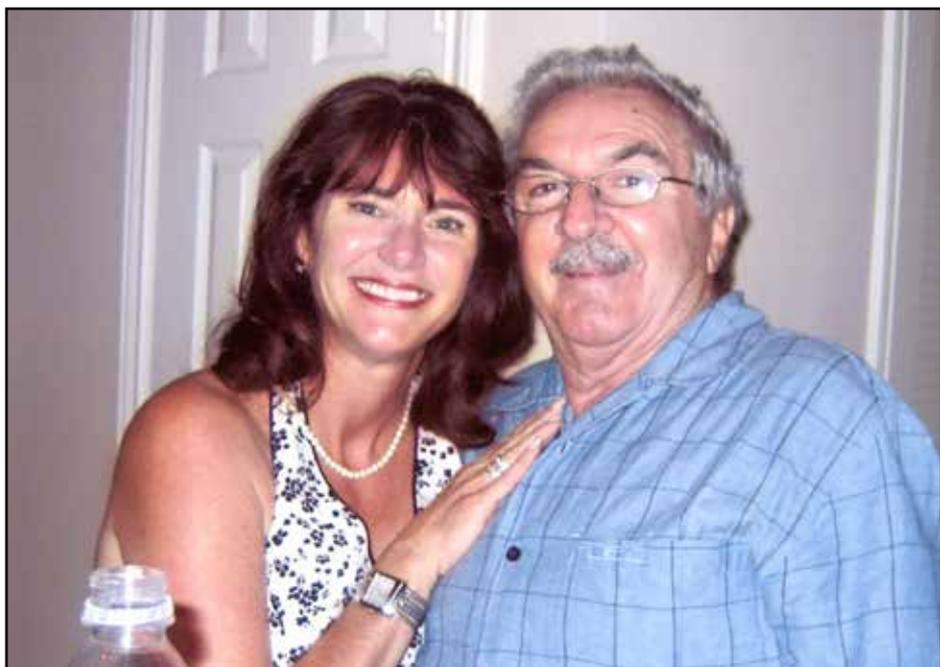
“My grandpa plays a very significant role in my life, and I have many fond memories of spending time with him. He spent hours upon hours teaching me to play tennis, help me get over my fear of doing a back-dive in his pool, and working with me when I ran track. He would be at my softball games to encourage and give me confidence when I was nervously walking up to bat. I specifically remember this one time when my coach grabbed me by the shoulders and yelled at me on my way to the plate and almost brought me to tears. But, right after, my grandpa was there to set my mind at ease. He did all of this with love, patience, and kindness, always.

When I became a teenager, I moved away but I would look forward to spending time with him and listen to him tell stories about growing up in Louisiana. He made it sound like he was a happy boy who felt blessed to have what he had. He would share his memories of his father being kind and helpful to neighbors who had less than them.

Now as an adult I think back on all these memories and think about what they mean to me. He instilled the idea of being joyful and content in life. This has had a big effect on how I make my decisions and how I view the life I have been given. I love my grandpa dearly and will pass these ideals on to my children and keep his memory alive.”

April Dallis, Granddaughter





“The best memory I can think of Grandpa is whenever I was over there, he would sneak me snacks and help me hide them. Like cookies and stuff even after you or grandma said no more.”

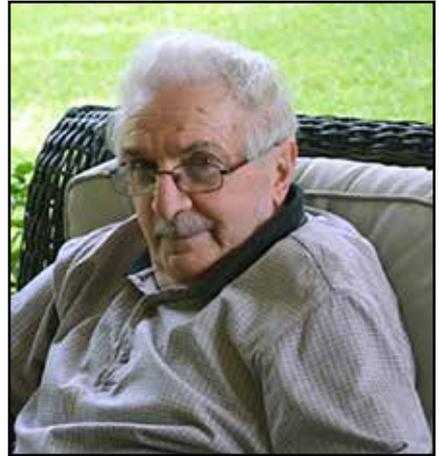
Sophia, Great-Granddaughter



“I remember going to my aunt’s house on holidays and grandpa was always watching hockey.”

Andreas, Great-Grandson





“I don’t have many vivid memories of Grandpa. What I do remember is vague parcels of happy moments. I remember half of a very exciting boxing story that ended with him reenacting getting knocked out and thinking he won. I remember taking little walks with him when I was very very little. But the memory that survives much more vividly is the feeling of warmth and love I always felt when he was around. I remember feeling very safe and happy talking to him. I remember feeling like I was talking to my hero; with all the stories he had of his long life and the way everyone seemed to be happier when he was around. The stories have long faded from my memory, but I will never forget the warmth.”

Thanasi, Great-Grandson





“Two instances come to mind from when I was a kid: He had come to visit us up in Washington and I think he was babysitting me while my parents were gone or something of the sort. We played a game of hide and go seek/cowboys and Indians if you will, seeing who could find and “shoot” the other first. We both had a blast.

The other time I remember vividly had to be catching crabs with crab nets off of the marina pier in Clear Lake where we had our condo. We caught a bunch and brought them back up to the condo to boil and eat. I remember him showing me how to properly handle them so I wouldn't get pinched.”

Joe Hutson, Grandson

“Because of my love of hunting, I remember him telling me a hunting story. He had shot a buck that he was very proud of and had the antlers on display in his home. When his three year old granddaughter, Tara, saw those antlers, she burst into tears claiming that, ‘Grandpa shot Bambi! Why did you kill Bambi?’ He said he put those antlers away and never hunted again. He would always talk about how excited he was to watch a football game, which I loved because I was so excited to watch the game, too. Then the man would talk through the WHOLE game. He never stopped talking. I think he was just so excited about the quintessential guy time - hanging out watching a game on a fall day with the ladies in the other room.”

Peter Madden, Son-In-Law

“Daddy taught me the Lord's Prayer. He tucked me in every night and said my prayers with me. I love that memory.”

Karol Hutson, Daughter

“I remember the days he and I hung around like friends. We had a lot of fun together...don't ask what we were doing. And I remember the times we sailed to Galveston together. I miss my dad.”

Johnny Frederick, Son

“I remember grandpa sitting in this one particular chair in the living room and then a particular chair after they added on the den reading the newspaper while I chatted away with him. I chatted and chatted and chatted. I remember getting a little

suspicious that he wasn't listening when open-ended questions received an 'Uh-huh' or "Ohhh". I also remember how he often went outside to watch me when I rode my hot wheels up and down the sidewalk. He'd let me go all the way to the end of the street, which was very exciting. And, of course, I LOVED his story-telling filled with the phrases "like that" and "shoot, booooy". When you heard "Shoot, Booooy", you knew he was excited about the topic!"

Tara Madden, Granddaughter



"I always think of that French song Grandpa would sing. And I remember how hard we laughed when we had a contest to see who could open their mouth the widest. Grandpa lost. It was so funny!"

Lola Madden, Great-granddaughter

"I remember the little "O" his mouth made when he opened it as wide as he could. It was so funny! He had the smallest mouth! We all laughed and laughed."

Ruby Madden, Great-granddaughter



The Dash

by Linda Ellis

*I read of a man who stood to speak
at the funeral of his friend.
He referred to the dates on her tombstone
from the beginning... to the end.*

*He noted that first came the date of her birth
and spoke of the following date with tears,
but he said what mattered most of all
was the dash between those years.*

*For that dash represents all the time
that she spent alive on earth...
and now only those who loved her
know what that little line is worth.*

*For it matters not, how much we own,
the cars... the house... the cash.
What matters is how we live and love
and how we spend our dash.*

*So think about this long and hard...
are there things you'd like to change?
For you never know how much time is left,
that can still be rearranged.*

*If we could just slow down enough
to consider what's true and real,
and always try to understand
the way other people feel.*

*And be less quick to anger,
and show appreciation more
and love the people in our lives
like we've never loved before.*

*If we treat each other with respect,
and more often wear a smile...
remembering that this special dash
might only last a little while.*

*So, when your eulogy's being read
with your life's actions to rehash...
would you be proud of the things they say
about how you spent your dash?*

Pallbearers

Peter Madden
David Frederick
Joe Hutson
Athanasios Dallis
Theodoros Dallis
Bryant Lisenbe

Interment

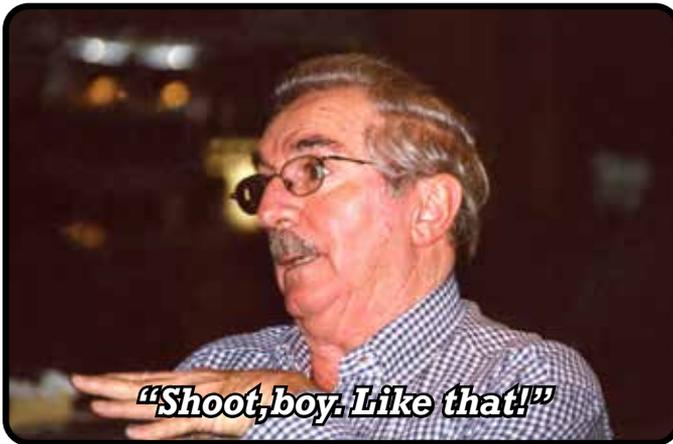
Oak Bluff Memorial Park
Port Neches, Texas

Military Honors

Southeast Texas Veterans Service Group

Memorial Contributions

Humane Society of Southeast Texas
2050 Spindletop Avenue
Beaumont, Texas 77705



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Please sign Mr. Fredrick's guest book and share your memories at
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