

**Frank W.
Richardson III**

May 18, 1943 - April 20, 2024

Celebrating the Life of
Frank W. Richardson III
Saturday, April 27, 2024 2:00 p.m.
Broussard's Chapel
Beaumont, Texas
Pastor Walter Snyder

"Take My Hand, Precious Lord"
by Elvis Presley

Welcome and Opening Prayer

Family Remembrances
David Wood, Christy Shoffner, Teresa Gay
Frank W. Richardson IV, Robert Guy

"Amazing Grace"
by The Oakridge Boys

Scripture Readings
Jonathan Shoffner, Robert Gay, Cathleen McGinty

"Go Rest High on That Mountain"
by Vince Gill

Memories
Grandchildren

Message

Closing Prayer

"My Way"
by Elvis Presley

"Taps"
by Hayden McGuire



Frank W. Richardson III, 80, of Beaumont, passed away on Saturday, April 20, 2024. Over the last few years, old age and health issues got the best of him and his heart just gave out. Frank is now in the arms of Jesus, surrounded with love and no longer in pain or suffering.

Frank was born on May 18, 1943, in South Portland, Maine. He graduated from South Portland High School in 1961 where he was a star football player, editor, and played trombone in the marching band. He received his Bachelor of Science in Marine Engineering from Maine Maritime

Academy in Castine, Maine, “the finest engineering school in America.” He enjoyed his first of the month zoom calls with all the MMA guys.

In June of 1966, he married the love of his life who he met on board the ship at a Valentine’s Day dance in San Diego when the San Diego State University sororities held a dance on board. He hitchhiked twice from Maine to California before they married in 1966. He still has the box of love letters they exchanged over the years.

Frank’s first job at the age of five was sweeping the floors at the family grocery store on Stanford Street in Ferry Village. He moved to Beaumont in 1967 where he worked for Texaco on the U. S. Wyoming. Frank was a brilliant engineer and loved working at sea! His favorite ship was the Texas Oklahoma because it was an S. S. Steamer, and he loved every minute of it.

After many years of sailing, he started out at Bethlehem Steel as the night superintendent and worked his way up to the plant manager, where he was responsible for thousands of employees. His greatest accomplishment was bringing the only dry dock in the world from Hawaii to Port Arthur, Texas. The project took over a year. After twenty-two years at Bethlehem, he opened his own marine consulting firm until he retired.

Frank was a commander in the United States Navy and a Merchant Marine for twenty-two years. He was a member of the Hiram Masonic Lodge in South Portland, Maine, the Pontiac Club and Texas Lonestar Buick Club. He was a member of Wesley United Methodist Church in Beaumont and Grace Church in Houston.

Frank was a remarkable person with a dynamic and commanding spirit. He was classy and had a hilarious sense of humor, but still was mentally sharp as a whip until the end. His stories were captivating, and he could talk to you for hours. He gave great advice and definitely prepared his children for “the real world.” He always had a plan A, B, C, and D.

He absolutely adored his hometown of South Portland, Maine. Frank was better than any marketing or social media company, telling everyone they must go to Portland to experience the greatest place on earth. He would tell them to go have whole belly fried clams, real Italian sandwiches, drink Moxie, and stand in line for Red’s ice cream. Frank could always be found at his favorite spot, “Bugs Light,” just a few blocks away from his house, drinking coffee with a donut from the Cookie jar, reading the newspaper, and of course, watching the boats sail by.

He was a talented musician and played several instruments including the piano, trombone, and was a self-taught drummer. Some of his fondest memories included playing the drums in the band, “Peter and the Jaguars.”

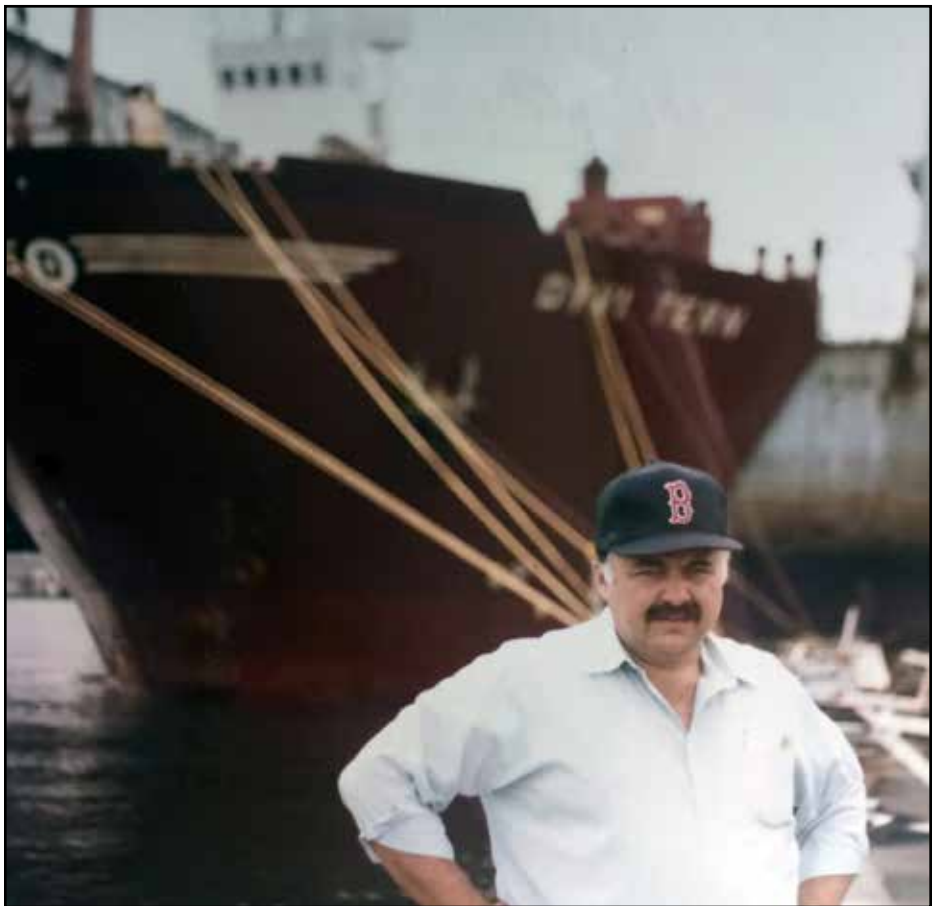
Frank loved classic cars and oldies music. He built his own bass boat and was known for making the best pizza from scratch. Frank would often crank out twenty to thirty pizzas at a party.

He was known to all of his grandchildren as “Papa” – the man, the myth, the legend. You could not find another person more proud of his grandchildren. He loved them all so much and would do anything for them.

Dad...you were really, truly one of a kind. The most fantastic father and grandfather anyone could have known. You will be missed everyday but will remain in our hearts forever!

He is preceded in death by his father, Frank W. Richardson, Jr.; mother, Lila E. Thompson of South Portland, Maine; wife of fifty-eight years, Diane L. Richardson; and sister, Irene Cormier of Florida.

Frank is survived by his three children, Frank W. Richardson IV and his wife, Emily, and daughters, Annabelle, Annette, Naomi, and Emma, all of Lorena; daughter, Teresa Gay and her husband, Robert, and children, Grace, Taylor, and Hunter, all of Seabrook; daughter, Christy Shoffner and her husband, Jonathan, and daughter, Natalie, all of Humble; brother-in-law, Norman Cormier and nephew, Glenn of Saint Petersburg, Florida; cousins, Gene Brown of Rhode Island, Carol Campbell, and Lorana Campbell, both of South Portland, Maine.



John 14:1-3

Do not let your hearts be troubled. You believe in God; believe also in me. My Father's house has many rooms; if that were not so, would I have told you that I am going there to prepare a place for you? And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come back and take you to be with me that you also may be where I am.

Psalm 46

God is our refuge and strength,
an ever-present help in trouble.
Therefore, we will not fear, though the earth give way
and the mountains fall into the heart of the sea,
though its waters roar and foam
and the mountains quake with their surging.
There is a river whose streams make glad the city of God,
the holy place where the Most High dwells.
God is within her, she will not fall;
God will help her at break of day.
Nations are in uproar, kingdoms fall;
he lifts his voice, the earth melts.
The LORD Almighty is with us;
the God of Jacob is our fortress.
Come and see what the LORD has done,
the desolations he has brought on the earth.
He makes wars cease
to the ends of the earth.
He breaks the bow and shatters the spear;
he burns the shields with fire.
He says, "Be still, and know that I am God;
I will be exalted among the nations,
I will be exalted in the earth."
The LORD Almighty is with us;
the God of Jacob is our fortress.

Matthew 11:28-30

Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn from me, for I am gentle and humble in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light.

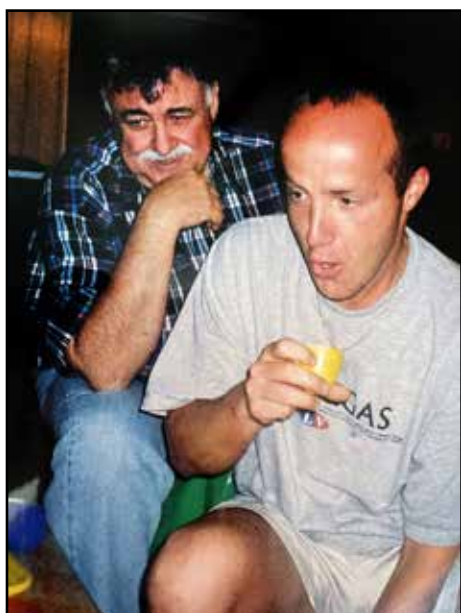


How long have you been a Sailor?

*All me bloomin' life, sir!
Me mother was a mermaid,
me father was King Neptune.
I was born on the crest of a wave
and rocked in the cradle of the deep.
Seaweed and barnacles are me clothes.
Every tooth in me head s a marlinspike;
the hair on me head is hemp.
Every bone in me body is a spar,
and when I spits, I spits tar!
I'se hard, I is, I am, I are!*



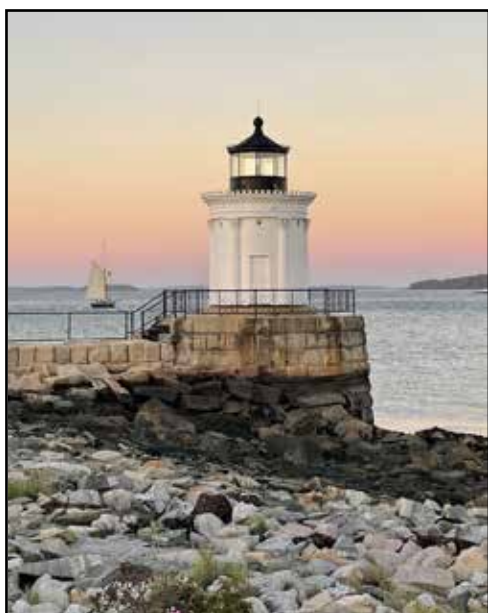
*For generations, upper-class midshipmen
have been asking this question of plebes.
And every new class of plebes claims
this auspicious seafaring lineage.
It's a rate they must memorize.*





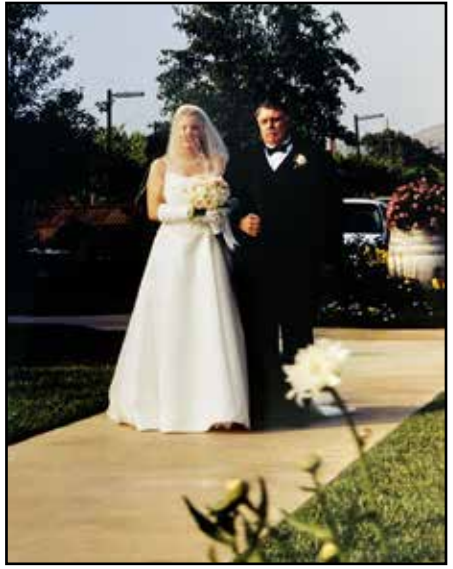
Class of '65









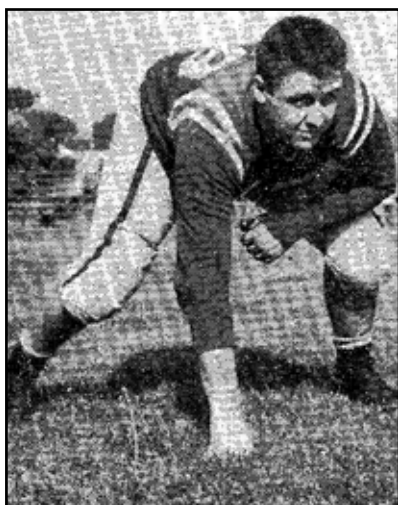
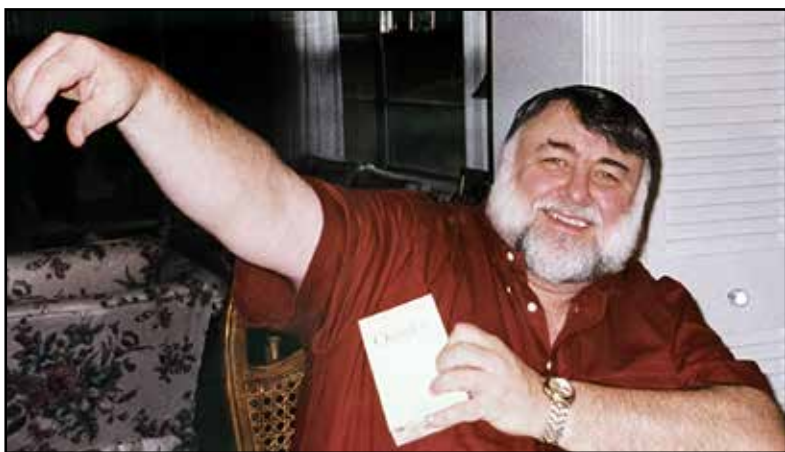














Pallbearers

Frank Richardson IV
Ron Wood
Jonathan Shoffner
Hunter Gay
Robert Gay
Brock Nolin

Interment

Forest Lawn Memorial Park
Beaumont, Texas

Masonic Rites

Beaumont Masonic Lodge #286

Memorial Contributions

Maine Maritime Academy
1 Pleasant Street
Castine, Maine 04420

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Maine Military Museum and Learning Center
50 Peary Terrace
South Portland, Maine 04106

Broussard's
Established 1889

Please sign Mr. Richardson's guest book and share your memories at
broussards1889.com