

Thank you everyone for coming today. My name is Bill Arlinghaus, Frank's younger brother.

Frank was born on March 17, 1942. He was an only child when he was born and must have enjoyed great care, love, and attention from our wonderful parents. Then, on July 17, 1944, I came along and messed all that up for him.

My birth was a difficult one for our mother. Immediately after that, Frank was sent to live with his maternal Grandmother, 'Ma' so that our parents could adjust. Frank spent several weeks of his young life with Ma—a substantial enough percentage of his life to that point that he was able to become closely bonded to her as well as to our parents. It was an unusual pattern, unique to him (I had no particularly significant association with Ma) and one that I think remained important throughout Frank's life.

Generally, Frank and I and our parents were probably a model family of sorts. We were well enough off, were all well-cared for, were active in community and church affairs, and succeeded well at all we attempted. No real complaints—sure sibling rivalry and petty things, but a very fortunate arrangement for us all, as a close-knit family.

I have so many positive memories. Let me just share a few, now.

- **Baseball was a persistent binding influence. Of course we played outside in casual pickup games. And we had various more formal opportunities in the school setting. But the great study of baseball was with our father when we played the board game All Star Baseball. This intergenerational game taught us the importance of record keeping, it rewarded rapid calculation of percentages, and more than anything it let our famous Professor historian father exercise his sons in the study of history as he regaled us with stories of baseball players from the early to mid twentieth century. We kept records of the leagues we formed and learned to integrate the imagined worlds of game play with real world records of the time. History came alive for us through baseball—an educational tradition with lifelong endurance.**
- **Later, I remember vividly the day I started as a freshman at the University of Detroit Jesuit High School. Frank and I each had been the sole winners of the**

four year scholarship for our respective classes. After they took our photograph together with the two winners from the other two classes, the Assistant Principal approached us and said to my brother, “well Frank, I see you brought along the vest pocket edition today”. No doubt that comment was intended as a joke about our relative heights: Frank was 6’3” at that time and I was a mere 4’11.5”. We were quite a stunning pair. And some of us, but not all, found the joke amusing!

- After many intervening events, dinners, celebrations, holiday parties, and more, we came full circle at Lawrence Technological University. As Math Department Chair, I had the pleasure of hiring my older brother, Frank, as he added part-time teaching to his full-time workload at the General Motors Research Labs at the Tech Center.
- And most recently, my wife Sandy, and our son Bill, enjoyed hosting Frank when he came to visit us at our new home in Meridian Mississippi. He came in 2016 for our fiftieth wedding anniversary celebration (he had been the ‘best man’ in Chicago at our wedding in St Thomas the Apostle church), again in 2018, and finally in 2020. Sadly, his extended illness prevented any subsequent visits.

As we all mourn our mutual substantial loss today, let us reflect on events from the past and let Frank’s positive past actions, and their memories, guide his ever-growing extended family as they move constructively toward their dreamed-of futures.

To that end, I now present my nephew Charlie to talk about the next phase of Frank’s life, and then Charlie will present his younger brother Joe to talk about the final phase of their father’s life.

Charlie...