



Frank John Stasiak

November 15, 1924 - February 10, 2014

Frank John Stasiak, age 89, of Sterling Heights, passed away Monday, February 10, 2014. Loving husband of the late Helen (nee Polanecki). Dear brother of Helen (the late Stanley) Kuplicki and the late Mary (John) Wisniewski. Also survived by his loving nieces, nephews, great nieces, and great nephews. Frank was a 3rd Degree Member of the Fr. Kramer Knights of Columbus.

Visitation Thursday 2-9 p.m. with a 7 p.m. Rosary at the Wasik Funeral Home, Inc. 11470 Thirteen Mile Road (west of Hoover) Warren. Instate Friday 9 a.m. until 9:30 a.m. Funeral Mass at St. Blase 12151 Fifteen Mile Road, Sterling Heights. Interment Resurrection Cemetery. Expressions of sympathy maybe shared with the family at www.wasikfuneralhome.com

Cemetery Details

Resurrection Cemetery

18201 Clinton River Rd
Clinton Township, MI 48038
(586) 286-9020

Previous Events

Visitation

FEB 13. 2:00 PM - 9:00 PM (ET)

Wasik Funeral Home - Warren
11470 Thirteen Mile Road
Warren, MI 48093
(586) 751-3131
warren@wasikfuneralhome.com

Rosary

FEB 13. 7:00 PM (ET)

Wasik Funeral Home - Warren
11470 Thirteen Mile Road
Warren, MI 48093
(586) 751-3131
warren@wasikfuneralhome.com

Instate at Church

FEB 14. 9:00 AM - 9:30 AM (ET)

St. Blase Catholic Church
12151 15 Mile Road
Sterling Heights, MI 48312
(586) 268-2244

Funeral Mass

FEB 14. 9:30 AM (ET)

St. Blase Catholic Church
12151 15 Mile Road
Sterling Heights, MI 48312
(586) 268-2244

Tribute Wall

ST

“ *SŁAWOMIR TANASIEWICZ .COUSIN FROM POLAND. my grandma was sister of John Stasiak. MAIL; tanasmotor@o2.pl. mobile: 48 608 153 063.*

SŁAWOMIR TANASIEWICZ - January 26, 2021 at 06:36 AM

ST

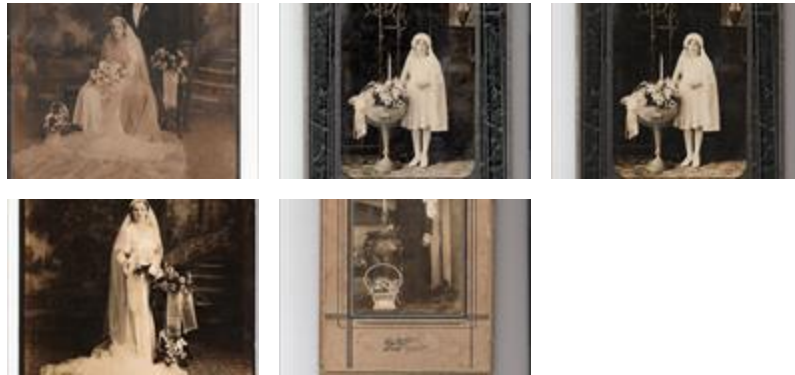
“ *my name SŁAWOMIR TANASIEWICZ. I AM KOUSIN FROM POLAND.I LOOKING FOR FAMILY OF JOHN STASIAK. A HAVE A LOT FOTOS FAMILY STASIAK.MY MAIL: tanasmotor@o2.pl . MOBILE: 48 608 153 063 .*



SŁAWOMIR TANASIEWICZ - January 26, 2021 at 05:46 AM

ST

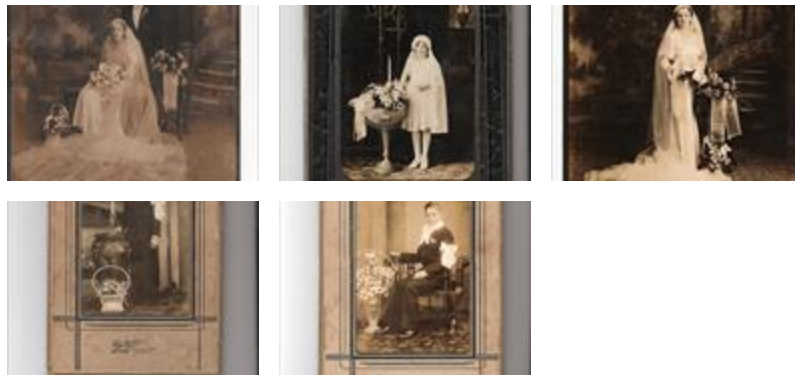
“ 18 files added to the album john stasiak family



SLAWOMIR TANASIEWICZ - January 11, 2021 at 04:27 PM

ST

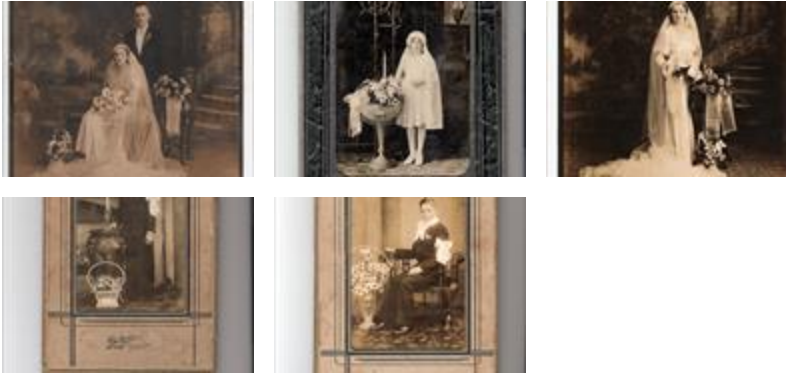
“ *śląwomir z polski.*



ślawomir tanasiewicz - January 11, 2021 at 04:12 PM

ST

“ 11 files added to the album Memories Album



slawomir tanasiewicz - January 11, 2021 at 04:06 PM

SP

“ SŁAWOMIR TANASIEWICZ-kuzyn Z Polski lit
a candle in memory of Frank John Stasiak



SŁAWOMIR TANASIEWICZ-kuzyn z polski - January 11, 2021 at 06:00 AM

BS

“ *Wish to express my deepest sympathy to the family of Frank. He was a long time neighbor, classmate and friend, as were his sisters Helen and Mary. Sorry your great loss and sorry I couldn't be there in person to express my sympathy, but my thoughts and prayers are the most sincere to all of you!*
Bernice Silarski and family



Bernice Silarski - February 13, 2014 at 07:30 PM

FK

“ Francis P. Kuplicki (nephew)
Recollection -- Part 2

Wuja Frank could be ill-tempered, argumentative, opinionated, strong-willed, and difficult right up to the end.

But, he loved to laugh.

And, he loved all of us – his older sister Helen, his younger sister Mary, my Dad Stanley and my Wuja John (Mary’s husband).

Dad and Wuja John became brothers to him.

I loved that look of mischief in their eyes when they agreed that Grasshoppers would hit the spot at the end of a holiday meal. Or the weird hiccup cure they would administer to each other – the patient drinking bicarbonate of soda while the caregiver covered the drinker’s ears with his hands. I also loved when they sang Polish songs, the words to which I never understood, but which fill me to this day with a feeling of being home.

He loved his great nephews and nieces.

Wuja Frank loved us, his family.

That was him.

Or, at least, my perception of him, which is all that really matters.

Last of the Great Ones.

Frank John Stasiak.

Rest in peace, Wuja.

Francis P. Kuplicki - February 13, 2014 at 08:46 AM

FK

“ Francis P. Kuplicki (nephew)
Recollection -- Part 1

Wuja Frank.

Last of the Great Ones.

I loved his stories about being a kid in the Great Depression.

Popeye pants.

Ketchup sandwiches.

Salvaging coal near the railroad tracks.

Running home while his sister Helen, my mom, continued to school so he could get the nickel donation for the nuns at school. Of course, she always added that she would walk slowly so he, running, could catch up.

Riding streetcars.

Busia Stasiak, whom I never knew, and his father, my Dziadzia, John Stasiak who lived with us until he died in 1977.

Best story was how Busia Stasiak, all 5 foot zero, grabbed him as a teenager, pushed his face into the sweaty overalls of his father, a factory worker at a Federal Mogul iron forge, and telling him to work hard at school so that he would not have to work a job like that when he grew up.

Part of the Greatest Generation.

High school basketball with college prospects until he was drafted.

Service to our country in WWII.

Dancing the Jitterbug back in Detroit.

Marrying Helen Polanecki in 1947.

Working for Chrysler until his retirement.

His admiration for Lee Iacocca.

I knew him as his namesake.

He was extraordinarily generous to me, my siblings, and our children.

Always bought raffle tickets, candy, other fundraising efforts.

Always quick with an envelope for birthdays, first communion,

graduations.

Always enjoying the holidays with us.

Always in attendance at our milestones.

I remember him coming over to our house to cut his father's hair.

I remember him visiting us at lunch when he worked close by and I was in kindergarten.

He would steal my ice cream when I wasn't looking and pretend he knew nothing about it. Of course, I always got it back after a good laugh – from him.

He started the tradition of the first barbecue of every new year. Hamburgers and hot dogs on New Year's Day. Freezing cold, snow, rain. It didn't matter. If it was New Year's, we were at his house until Steve took the tradition over a few years ago.

He cared for Ciocia Helen who suffered from rheumatoid arthritis for as long as I knew her.

When she died in 1982, I remember him grieving her loss with a pain that only comes from true love.

But, of course, he showed his love to her in every way while she was alive.

He was her hands and legs when her own hands and legs were too pain-filled to use.

When he signed cards to me, he always ended them with "Last of the Great Ones".

That made me laugh.

I would reply in my notes back – real mail in those days – with "Next of the Great Ones".

But, I cannot help feeling his loss and an inadequacy at trying to replicate his laughter, his feistiness, his stories, his legacy.

He loved peanuts, which became a standard Christmas gift for many years. Yet one Christmas, when the peanuts weren't working, he told us of a bout with ... should I write it ... diarrhea. He was returning from a grocery store after buying a particular cheese ball

Ciocia Helen wanted to take to a party. In his rush to get into the house, the cheese ball was lost. The words "Like a bucket" will always make me and my childish siblings laugh in memory of his misfortune.

Of course, we had the good fortune to celebrate his life in 1999 when he turned 75 years old.

We celebrated him a bit in a publication my sister Sue put together.

I remember telling him at the party that I loved him, something I never told him before. He teared up, as did I, at the uncle-nephew connection because it was spontaneous and real. He was real.

He had many great years after turning 75 with Josephine Maruszcheck.

She was the widow of his best friend Joe and provided him many years of companionship until her death in 2011.

They would go to parties, go dancing, and attend family functions well into their 80s.

She took good care of him, serving as his navigator as his memory started to deteriorate.

She was good to him.

Francis P. Kuplicki - February 13, 2014 at 08:43 AM