



Frank J. Stabley

August 3, 1926 - March 4, 2008

Frank J. Stabley, born August 3, 1926 in Detroit, Michigan, passed away on March 4, 2008 in Warren, Michigan at the age of 81.

Frank was a Marine Veteran of World War II and the Korean conflict. He was a Twin Pines Milkman and the former owner of Tobacco Emporium. He was also an avid sports fan. He is survived by his beloved wife; Veronica, loving children; Jacqueline (Kevin) Zebracki, Michael (Nancy) and Mark (Carol) Stabley, proud grandfather of Michael Jr. (Wendy), Kari (Mark), Derek, Jessica, Daniel, Megan, Melissa, Matthew, Emily and David and son-in-law of Lottie Asaro.

Previous Events

Service

MAR 8. 9:30 AM (ET)

St. Martin de Porres
31555 Hoover
Warren, Mi

Tribute Wall



“ Hello.
:)

*Martha Louise, who is the only daughter of King Harald and Queen Sonja, gave up the title of 'royal highness' upon her 2002 marriage to writer Ari, and has a reputation for not standing on ceremony.
Bye.##imported-begin##typePseut##imported-end##*

October 16, 2008 at 02:46 AM



“ Yesterday I cried. I got a phone call from Mark Stabley's secretary informing me of Frank's passing. It brought back many memories of the many afternoons I spent at Frank's cigar shop, puffing away at a stogie while discussing the days events with Frank and another regular customer named John. I know you're supposed to say how sorry you are and sign off; but I want to share a little more than that. You see Frank and I were not always nice to each other. We were both opinionated and frequently polar opposites in whatever subject we were discussing. Sometimes I would leave his cigar store swearing I would never come back. But something about that little old guy with the mangled hand (he had shot off some of his fingers in a hunting accident; I used to joke that the real storey was that an angry deer had wrestled the gun away and hunted him!), and the ear that stuck out like a satellite dish. He could be cantankerous and cranky on the outside. But deep inside he really cared and would lend a kind word. I know he was proud of his children and was not shy about sharing that fact. Especially his son Mark, the dentist. (You see I was not very successful and Frank knew that!). So I did the only thing I could think of, I hired Mark as my dentist and would needle Frank and tell him "now your boy works for me, I'm his boss!" Through out the years Frank and I grudgingly bonded; the kind of bond that comes from not worrying if we hurt the others feelings. At Franks store you could say anything you wanted, but be prepared to back it up because no one would cut you any slack. Frank could give as good as he got. Sometimes, I admit, I took great pleasure in pushing his buttons watching him get all riled up. Later I would feel guilty about picking on him. The kind of guilt one feels when you're in a rush and the car in front of you is moving ridiculously slow and in your anger you tailgate the offensive driver and blow your horn. AT the first opportunity you pass the slowpoke and hesitate just long enough to get a look at the offender and express your displeasure only to see that it's an old man or woman and you hope no one would treat your parents in that manner. But then Frank would zing me pretty good and all bets were off! Sometimes Frank would be really down (you see business was slow and there aren't as many cigar smokers as cigarette smokers and Frank didn't sell

cigarettes), and we would try to bolster his spirits. The Frank I like to remember was the one with a twinkle in his eye, humming a song from the 1940's, "dancing" around the store as if he was walking on air, swinging his arms in his patented herky-jerky way, the mind is still young but the joints not cooperating. I remember the Frank that like to go out to dinner with his wife. The next day he would gloat about how little he spent utilizing a restaurant coupon. He especially liked a little rib joint that filled them both up at a great price. Sometimes at closing time Frank would ask me to stay while he counted his till and turned the shades. I know he felt safe, it made me feel good- I was glad to do it. HE liked to watch those trashy talk shows on TV then rant about the idiots on the show. One thing we did agree on- we both couldn't stand Rosie O'Donnell (I drove that woman once and she was as nasty as she was ugly). I remember the time I was bragging about driving some of the key members of the Bob Seeger band. Frank said if I was on such good terms with them as I was letting on that I should get their autographs for his daughter (it was her favorite band). I accepted his challenge. I completed the mission, sort of, but never told Frank the whole story. After getting all the signatures except for the main one I spied Bob Seeger walking toward me. Before I could finish asking for his autograph (he saw the pen and paper in my hand) he began screaming and yelling at me- for an embarrassingly long time. Yes he went nanners on me. I was quickly hustled back to my limo by security and bannished from the common area for the entire three day event. While the other drivers and personell dined together in the cafeteria and hung o

March 07, 2008 at 01:57 PM



“ *Dear Mike and Nancy-
Were so sorry to read of your loss. You and your family are in our prayers.
Love,
Mary & Betty##imported-begin##Mary & Betty##imported-end##*

March 07, 2008 at 10:32 AM



“ *Mike and Nancy,

I learned of your dad's passing this morning in the newspaper and I wanted to pass along my deepest condolences to both you and Nancy...

Sincerely,
Bill Thomas##imported-begin##Bill Thomas##imported-end##*

March 06, 2008 at 03:12 PM



“ *I have fond memories of my many visits to Franks cigar store. I was always greeted warmly and each visit brought many lively conversations that reached many topics. I have moved out of the are some time ago and I missed his repartee.
I will remember him fondly.

My condolences on your loss.

Fred##imported-begin##Fred Kulka##imported-end##*

March 06, 2008 at 02:48 PM



“ Aunt Ronnie, Jackie, Michael and Mark

We were all so sorry to hear about Uncle Frank and wish we could have been there to celebrate his life with you. Our hearts and prayers are with you. Love all of you!

Jimmy, Megan, Olivia, Bethany, Mackenzie and Ashlynn##imported-begin##Jim Waskin##imported-end##

March 06, 2008 at 11:04 AM