

Fred Dorey – A Life Well Lived (1942 – 2017)

July 30, 2017 was Fred's 75th birthday.

August 12, 2017 his grandson was born (the first grandchild of an only son).

On August 14, 2017 Fred left this world, and saw the face of God

From his older sister Carol Hurzeler

I remember little of my childhood as Fred's big sis. He and his friends allowed me (a tomboy) to play ball with them in the street during grammar school. We squabbled over the best way to do chores (i.e. wash dishes, or dry). I had little contact with Fred over the years. I was impressed he made so many weddings, family reunions, etc. He generally laughed a lot, and helped people to be happy.

On my last visit (the three sisters with Fred), I found myself in the kitchen conversing with Fred while he had his evening "break" (ie. pills, snack, prayer). We talked frankly about the serious stuff - death, religion, his views on his life, etc. I don't remember specific content, but I was able to leave that visit, knowing it was my last with Fred, feeling at peace, and knowing Fred was secure and happy in his views of his life, and his acceptance of his earthly end.

Goodbye Fred!

From Richard Hurzeler (his older sister's husband)

Cheerful Giver *

Oh Fred, Oh Fred, that must be you
Those words in *Bible* ring so true
They surely fit you to a T
That's what you really came to be
You gave so freely to all you met
To family friends and neighbors yet
You shared your wealth and time with smile
You knew to walk that extra mile
God's Word is clearly to the point
It does not waver out of joint
Nor does it say just merely "likes"
The word is "Loves" which bursts the dikes

The words—"God loves a cheerful giver"*
Roared through your life—a mighty river!

"Dick"[Richard Hurzeler] August 2017

- 2Corinthians 9:7

From his middle sister Linda Simpson

What can be said about Fred as a brother?
Sandwiched between 3 sisters, yet devoted as no other
Slow to anger, gentle to correct, fast to smile,
Thoughtful, brilliant, patient, always going the extra mile

Out to Friday dinners with his sisters he would go
Asking if Indian pudding was “the Cherokee or Navaho?”
Leading tag football on our streets that were dead ends
With all the younger neighbors and Al Sorenson his friend

Taking up the bass and tuba, impossible to lift,
Because no one else would, selfless acts were his gift
Singing the parts way too low for most
Singing them joyously, never ever one to boast

Even in career, one day seeing a great need
Helping doctors serve others, he bravely took the lead
Pushing boldly ahead, though support was hard to find
He created perfect positions for both his heart and his mind

Patient as a father and a lover to his wife
Steady through life’s chaos and daily endless strife
Not only his son, but many other boys can tell
Of impact by his mentorship in scouts and life as well

Given a diagnosis of his much too imminent death
His faith gave him the strength to say “no, not just yet
I’ll wait for my grandson to come and take my place
Then watch over him from heaven, look down on his sweet face”

When you think about Fred, don’t forget his great wit
Told his sister “this tastes great if you don’t look at it”
Remember music, Godzilla, westerns, barbecue
And remember the love that he showed all of you.

From Childhood friend Al Sorenson (lived two houses over)

My memories of Fred go back to our childhood thru college. I remember Fred as very studious and smart. Whenever I came over for a visit he was usually in the ‘pool house’ doing homework. I always felt that he was very directed. Like a Cadillac cruising down the highway, whereas I was bouncing off Jersey barriers on some back road. I remember his musical talent (bass and tuba) and playing in the band. I will remember his hardy laugh and good nature. He was a good guy. He will be missed by many.

AL

From his baby sister Gail

Fred was my brother, and I was close with him my entire life. Although we lived on opposite sides of the country (Boston and LA) I visited with him at least once a year. I usually took my winter vacations in Los Angeles. Fred was my big brother (eight years older than me). So he was around my entire life.

How do I summarize a life well lived? He was an ordinary man; but he was a very good man. Fred was truly a great man.

I always thought of Fred as “my brother Fred”. Nothing fancy, just my brother. It was during the wedding reception of Fred and Gail, that my eyes were opened. Person after person came up to me to tell me how great Fred was, how exceptional he was. That’s when I started looking at him with more enlightened eyes.

I never knew how good a writer Fred was. When my mother died, I wrote a tribute for her. Fred took it, reorganized it, rewrote part of it, and made it wonderful. I never knew he was a good writer.

Fred was a statistician and a PhD in mathematics. He spent many years doing statistics for doctors and researchers at the UCLA, USC and at children’s hospital in Los Angeles. Fred used to give talks periodically. I remember him telling me once, that there were people who followed his work. “What do you mean they follow your work? You crunch numbers…….don’t you?”

In 2017 he proudly told me that his name appeared on over 300 peer reviewed published papers. I can’t know how big a deal that is, but he was proud of the body of work that he had produced in his lifetime.

Fred loved helping people. He would help anyone with anything (if he could) if they asked him. He once told me that he was made a full professor in an unorthodox way at UCLA. He felt that his willingness to go the distance, and to help out everyone, played a part in his success.

Fred was generous with his time, his money and with himself. He would give money to help with schooling, pay for a plane ticket, host relatives. He would play games and video games with the nieces and nephews. He did the scout thing, when his age made it more difficult.

Fred was big (6 feet tall) and loud (my family was the prototype for The Loud Family on Saturday Night Live) and full of life. His laughter and his smile were contagious. He was a big presence. He would stand outside his church after each mass and ring a cowbell, to get people to come and buy coffee and donuts, to help raise money for the missions the church supported. He was shameless, he was happy, and he helped to create a wonderful sense of community, in his church, and in our family.

Fred was not a rock star, but he was a rock, a serious and well-grounded man. He was a “sleeper”. You would not know it to look at him, but he was quite intelligent, and a thinker. I told him he looked like Einstein, with his wild hair. Thank you mama Gail, for helping him to keep it sensible.

Fred has some statistics videos on YouTube on the FredDoreyStatistics “channel”. I have no idea what he is talking about in the videos, but one of his videos has had 70 thousand hits, so somebody is learning from the things he left behind. Fred really liked that; he loved to help people to learn, to understand, and to “get it”.

Fred and Gail did it up right. They threw great parties at their house. They would rent tables and chairs and get food and a band. They had a great time, as did everyone else. They had quite the mob at their place. They would hire their son Jeffrey and his friends to be the waiters, or Gail’s nephew to run the grill, or I manned the kitchen when I was in town. I loved watching everyone be happy (fed and tended) and have a great time.

Fred loved to make people happy. He would engage anyone anywhere: church, the grocery store, any store. He (and my family) often acted like we were in our own reality TV series. Fred would also visit people who were sick or elderly. I went on a couple of visits with him. He was good to the elderly.

I remember when Fred took over the responsibility for making the coffee for “Missions Circle” at church. He told me that the men would come up and say “Finally, a good cup of coffee.” The little old ladies would come up and say “Too strong”, so he would add hot water for them.

Fred worked doing dishes to help out the monthly luncheon for the homeless at their church. I did that a few times with him. He could make doing dishes a really fun time. There was lots of noise and laughter in the place. Fred could make anything fun.

If Fred had one vice (kind of, maybe) it was talk radio. Over the years he did introduce me to some delightfully intelligent radio hosts (mostly political). My brother was also up very early every day, so he also introduced me to the radio show “Coast to Coast” (an overnight radio program of paranormal news, originally hosted by a PhD). Fred loved how the host would seriously interact with people to discuss ridiculous topics. It was radio playtime for him.

Fred was loud. He was in the back of his church once, whispering to the priest. I told him that his voice carried right up to the front. Fred also sang in his church choir for years at the Saturday evening mass. Being loud was useful then. On my last trip, one of the choir members told me that Fred is the kind of man that he aspires to be. (That made me cry on so many levels, as Fred was so near death’s door.)

Fred was dutiful to his church. Not only did he spend two hours at the church, for the Saturday evening service, he went right back Sunday morning with Donuts and coffee for after every mass. He was there for hours on Sundays. When my mother was living, he had her baking muffins to sell on Sunday mornings. He kept mum engaged.

Fred was big and tall. He played the upright bass in high school, and also the tuba (or some variation of that instrument). He was in the marching band in Boston College.

Fred played the upright bass in a band in high school. The drummer was Bob Johnson. I ran into Bob about 12 years ago, playing drums, in the worship band with a friend of mine. I hadn’t seen Bob since I was 10 years old.

Bob loved Fred, and told me that Fred was in his wedding. After reconnecting, Fred and Bob had some great reunions, when Fred came to the east coast. When Fred got sick, Bob wanted to fly to LA, but he could not leave his wife (recovering from a stroke). Bob said that he has cried many times about Fred, as have two of his other childhood friends. Bob can no longer show love to Fred, so he keeps telling me that he will be my champion, if I ever need him. He has passed his lifelong love for Fred to me.

Fred only had one child, Jeffrey. He made certain that I was involved in Jeffrey's life, and I love that he did. Years ago, Fred sent me some documents that he wrote about himself. I was to hold onto them, in case Fred died young. He deeply wanted Jeffrey to "know" the man that he was. Fred was 43 when Jeff was born, and our parents did not live to an old age (52, 72), so Fred probably had that in the back of his mind. He had me mail him copies of the documents, when he found out that he had a terminal illness.

Growing up, the big kids would play with the little kids. We lived on a dead end street (perfect), and there were a million kids on the street. Football, stickball, tennis on the bang board - there were always games to be played. The big kids would ride us little kids on the handlebars of their bikes. (That is probably a federal crime now....) We played with BB guns, water balloons, unleashed dogs and we ruled the streets. There were not that many cars then. Everyone had kids, and all the kids played together. Now kids are all segregated by age groups. We have lost so much.

In 1966, Fred gave me his very old Mercury Comet car. It was a "three on the tree" standard. Fred would consent to take me out for driving lessons (I was 16 and he was 24 and in graduate school.) He said he would allow me to stall the car three times, and then the lesson was over. That is EXACTLY what he did. We had very short driving lessons. Fred instituted the original three strikes law with me.

Fred was my older brother that I looked up to, when we were younger. We grew up to be buddies. I loved when I could finally beat him in tennis, but that was not long before he could no longer play tennis. He took up golf later in life, and insisted that I play with him when I visited. (I had played golf for three years, 35 years prior, and I was dangerous.) We had some great fun playing golf. On my last visit Fred said "I guess that God did not want me to be a good golfer".

We did love movies in our lifetime. Westerns, science fiction and action movies topped the list. I went to see Terminator with Fred at the big screen theater in LA. There was an earthquake that afternoon. We never felt a thing. We also went to see a reissuing of The Ten Commandments, complete with a live introduction by Charlton Heston. What a difference the big screen and sound made. Amazing.

For uplifting material, Fred and Gail Glick had started to watch the Joan of Arcadia series again. Fred also loved many of the series on PBS.

I will miss you big brother. You have always been there. Life won't be the same without you. However, you did give us all a great lesson in living well and in loving. May God grant that we all "Pay It Forward" and multiply it.

Lord, please give Fred a hug from me.

Gail Dorey, Sister

In the cemetery scene of Saving Private Ryan, Mr. Ryan asks his wife if he lead a worthy life. Probably most people ask that of themselves. I assume Fred did.

Most men see their life in terms of family, career and community. Fred married the love of his life and best friend and together they raised a son anyone would be proud of, who in turn now has a son. During his career, Fred was a part of the medical research field that made more progress during the course of his tenure, than in the previous hundred years. Fred's activities with his church, Boy Scouts and the rest of the community will leave benefits for generations.

For Fred, by every measure, the answer is "Yes"

Kenneth Simpson, Brother in Law

Fred Dorey Facebook Posts

Glad you were in our life Frederick Dorey. You made all our lives that much better.

Michael Casey, Nephew

Not only best brother ever, really one of the best people ever.
Always about Family.

Linda Dorey Simpson, Sister

Goodbye my wonderful and amazing big brother. You made the world a brighter and better place. You made us all want to be better people.

Gail Dorey, Sister

The Best Uncle Ever!

Debbie Hurzeler Frith, Niece

He was Santa to us all, just by his presence.

Mary McInerny Hickey

Lucas, Ben, and I went to LA to see Uncle Fred and Aunt Gail. My son Lucas described it as one of the best times of his life. I have a photo taken at Our Mother of Good Counsel Catholic Church. I believe Uncle Fred was an usher there for over 30 years. He seemed to know all the parishioners by name and greeted everyone with a smile. That's how I remember him - a selfless servant who cared for others. I'm a better person for having known him.

Andrew Hurzeler, Fred's Nephew

If it weren't for Fred, I would never have passed 7th grade algebra.

Linda Picceri, sister's childhood friend

He truly was the heart of our parish. He will be deeply missed.

Michele Ryan

One of the finest and nicest men I've had the pleasure of knowing.

Eva Goodreau

Rest in peace, Mr. Dorey

Oscar Aguayo

Truly the finest of souls, Fred touched our family and everyone in our church family with his booming voice, and joyful spirit. He made a mark on this world and taught us how to live with grace, humor, humility and kindness. I know he is smiling down on all of us.

Christine Cadena

This (picture on Facebook) was the first time our girls ever met Santa Claus. They were actually meeting someone way better. We'll miss you Fred.

Kristy Healy

Yes, Fred did make the world a better place! It was a privilege to have him in scouting. I plan to remember Fred, every time I have a donut also!

Kathy Warner

Fred was indeed one of a kind—irreplaceable! He brought such joy to everyone in his world! Just remembering his smile is enough to warm my heart. Go in peace, Fred!

Lee Marks, Friend of Carol Dorey Hurzeler

RIP Fred.....you were a great; will be deeply missed and always be in our Scouts hearts dear friend.

Thomas De Clerck

So glad to have known you. A wonderful man. A wonderful Santa Claus. We have a special angel looking over us.

Allison Essman

I simply love Fred Dorey (Santa). He is irreplaceable, but I will do my best to bring joy to those around me because he was such an amazing role model. I think he will introduce the angels to the power of the cow bell! All our prayers go to you Gail and Jeff, and all his beloved family.

**Becoming a Fred
How Can We Get More Freds?
Be a Fred**

Michele Ryan

Dear Dorey family, my heart is broken. Fred was such a great man. All my love to Gail and Jeff! Love, The Furlong Family

Mary Furlong

Rest in God's loving arms dear friend!!!

Wm Tom Davis Osa

I'm very sad as well, yet I feel at peace because, having just seen him last year, I know he was in a good place. He was a great man - a father to his son, a husband to his wife, a brother to his siblings, a teacher to his students, a man of faith, and a solid community member in his church. He will definitely be missed - we're all better people to have had the good fortune to know him. May God rest his soul and be with his family in this difficult time.

Andrew Hurzeler, nephew

He was an awesome person and will be very missed. So sad for Aunt Gail.

Nicole Bond, niece

So sad to hear this news, but glad his earthly struggles are over and he can go home to his heavenly father. I will always remember Uncle Fred as funny and happy person that lightened the mood and made me smile. I have many good memories with Uncle Fred.

Matthew Hurzeler, nephew

A memorial for favorite Troop 20 leader Frederick Dorey. Many former scouts, leaders and parents honoring him today! Inda Santana, Dominique De Clerk, Mary McInerney Hickey, Mimi Forman, Eric Forman, Eva Goodreau Leyda Cuzzo, Joe Jimenez and many more!

Kathy Warner

Fred, you we will be missed. Wonderful to see our old scout family.

Mimi Forman

I missed the services for a great man today and it's been on my mind. So, Facebook, you get to hear about it.

Frederick Dorey and his ministry of donuts was a quintessential part of my childhood. Every Sunday my family would go to mass at Our Mother of Good Counsel and could always count on Mr. Dorey to be there with donuts to build fellowship after mass. He was a constant joyful presence in our parish and school. Within this past year, I attended the OMGC choirs' concert and Mr. Dorey sang a song that moved me. And though his voice was lovely, that wasn't what I was moved by. It was his faithful, joyful, loving spirit. There was something quite wonderful about growing up in OMGC and my recent return has led me to reflect some on what it is that made it so special. Mr. Dorey is certainly a part of what I love about my spiritual home. The man was more than donuts, but the donuts were good too.

To his family, thank you for sharing him with ours.

Maddy Goodreay

Gail: My condolences for the loss of your husband. So many years.

Carolyn Triano

From Singing Aunt Gail (Boston), YouTube videos Fred made to help explain statistics for those doing statistical studies. One had 70,000 hits.

https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=freddoreystatistics

Linda Dorey Simpson

I remember Cousin Freddie (as we called him) always seemed to have a smile on his face. It has been many years since we have seen him but I always remember going to Watertown to visit and swimming in your pool. Uncle Fred would tool us around in a big inter tube.

Brings a smile to my face.

Annette Pichette Hicks (1st cousin of Fred)

I also missed the signing . A great man whose spirit and character defy words and will always be a source of joy and a model of a life well lived.

Linda Santana

Fred Dorey – Epilogue

The funeral was well attended. The sixteen pieces of music, along with the amazing singers and musicians, created a wonderful sendoff Mass. Everyone was overwhelmed by the music. The priest almost lost it. He was a very good friend of Fred's. There was no eulogy. Anyone who knew Fred did not need a eulogy. For others – no words could possibly convey the man he was.

At my mother's funeral, only her children were able to attend – no spouses or children. We four were kids together one last time, to say goodbye to mom. At Fred's funeral, his

son Jeff had to come without his wife and newborn son of eight days. For one last time, Jeff was just a son, a nephew, a cousin, a friend, and not a loving husband and doting father. That was a gift for Jeff, for Fred's wife Gail, and for all of us.

Each person in my family experienced something interesting. People who *knew of* Fred, but did not know Fred, found members of the family and talked at length about the impact that Fred had on their life/community, although they had never met him.

When people would come up to me during the week/funeral, I would get teary and cry a little. However, when Fred's golf playing friend Billy came up to me and gave me a big hug.....I lost it. Fred loved and appreciated Billy, along with just about everyone. Billy had become an important playmate for Fred, who was seriously trying to become a better golfer. Billy said he didn't realize how big an impact playing golf with Fred had on him. It was a fun time that now he would seriously miss.

The Dorey clan writes, so we wrote and gathered a 10-page document of poems, tributes, and stories about Fred. I guess that we type out our grief. I posted pieces of it on Facebook.

The best comment by a member of Fred's parish was what one person said, when they found out that the funeral was on Thursday. "Oh no, Fred deserves a Saturday!" Cute. Unfortunately the Saturday dates at the church were out of reach for a number of weeks.

Fred would not have minded the Thursday funeral. We set up tables and chairs for the reception in the church hall. We left the tables and chairs set up for the Saturday St. Vincent de Paul homeless lunch, where Fred used to wash dishes. He really would have appreciated the efficiency of it all.

Thank you for all of your prayers. They paved the way for smooth sailing in the tumult of loss. All was well, and ended well.

Now we are left with photographs, a slide show, some of his "things" and memories. This will have to do, until heaven. Our family is now "*off balance*". One of us is no more, so it is time to forge new relationships and new dynamics. This is our next great adventure. I hope that we can all do it well.