



Felix Sancilio

March 8, 2018

Felix Sancilio passed away peacefully at home with his cherished family at his side on Thursday evening, March 8th, 2018. Felix, known as Phil, was born on July 18th, 1931 in Port Said, Egypt to Gaetano and Anna Sancilio. Phil was preceded in death by his beloved wife of 58 years, Terri. Phil is survived by his sons, Michael (wife, Suzanne), and Robert (wife, Tina); daughter, LeeAnn (husband, Mike); brother, Lenny (wife, Marie); sister-in-law (Margie Abbate); grandchildren, Philip (wife, Victoria), Amelia, David, Rina, Taylor and Tanner; great grandson, Jack; and nieces and nephews.

Phil immigrated to the United States with his mother and brother in 1946 and settled in Corona, New York. Phil graduated from Queens Vocational High School and began his career as a machinist. Phil proudly served his country as a member of the Signal Corps in the 1st Infantry Division of the United States Army, "The Big Red One", from 1953 -1955 and reached the rank of corporal. Upon completion of his tour of duty in Germany, Phil returned to New York, where he met and married Terri, the love of his life. A few years later, he partnered with his brother and two friends to open Sanzio Tool and Die, a specialty machine shop that they developed into a very successful business, with Phil serving as President until his retirement in 1991. Phil stayed busy while retired, serving for several years as President of the Marcus Aurelius lodge of the Order Sons of Italy in America (New York), and more recently was a member of the Board of Directors of Applewood Pointe in Roseville,

Minnesota. Phil enjoyed playing tennis and pool, and was an excellent bowler, an avid fisherman and a die-hard Yankees fan. Above all, Phil was a man of great character, integrity and good humor. The impact he had on his family, friends and others with whom he came into contact is immeasurable. Phil was a deeply devoted husband, a beloved father and grandfather, and a greatly admired, respected and loved brother, uncle and friend to many. Phil was a special man whose strength, kindness, generosity and ready smile will be remembered forever.

Visitation Sunday, March 11, 4-7 PM at Washburn-McReavy Northeast Chapel, 2901 Johnson Street NE, Mpls. Mass of Christian Burial Monday, March 12, 11 AM with visitation one hour prior at St. Odilia Catholic Church, 3495 Victoria Street No., Shoreview. Interment Tuesday, March 13, 10:30 AM at Fort Snelling National Cemetery, Assembly area #4, 7601 34th Avenue NE, Mpls.

www.Washburn-McReavy.com

Hillside Chapel 612-781-1999

Tribute Wall

AN

“ *My sincere condolences go to the Sancillo family for the loss of their dear loved one Frank. I would like to share a Comforting thought from the bible found at Philippians 4:7 : And the peace of God that surpasses all understanding will guard your hearts and your mental powers by means of Christ Jesus.*

Anastasia - March 14, 2018 at 11:48 AM

AN

My apologies I meant Felix not Frank.

Anastasia - March 14, 2018 at 11:49 AM

JS

“ Phil was one my most treasured friends. I didn't know him long, only about 3 years, but in the time we formed a bond of friendship that I will long remember.

We bowled together for about 2 ½ years, and played pool twice a week for about the same time.

Phil was very kind and considerate of my wife Virginia, who is suffering from Alzheimer's. Because we don't leave her alone, she was with me when Phil and I bowled or played pool.

Phil knew she liked cookies, and he would bring and share some, that his daughter in law had made, with Virginia.

Because of his loss of his beloved Terri, he understood the role of caregiver and what I face in that role.

We enjoyed periodically going out to dinner, just the three of us. He taught me to enjoy his favorite linguine with clam sauce.

When Michael and Suzanne were traveling or some other conflict with their traditional Friday pizza night, we would go with Phil and enjoy dining out.

One small incident of his empathy, was when we played pool, Virginia would see a small door stop wedge and ask multiple questions of what it was. A very alert Phil, would each pool session, quietly pick up the door stop and place it with his glasses on the counter so it wouldn't bother Virginia with a bunch of questions.

I am glad that I had Phil in my life, even for this short period.

John Sweeney

John Sweeney - March 12, 2018 at 10:57 AM

“ PART TWO:

But if I had to whittle down all my memories of Uncle Phil into a precious few, if I had to look past all the wonderful talks about baseball, and life, and even sickness and death, I would narrow my memories to two: the two times he hit me.

The first was at a family baseball game. We had just finished a Sunday barbeque and Uncle Phil and Uncle Leo suggested that everyone go to the park and play. Almost everyone went – all the boys and girls.

Uncle Leo popped open the trunk of his car and got his bat, ball and glove. I always thought it was the coolest thing ever that he carried them wherever he went. Everyone else gathered their equipment, and we spent the next several hours in heaven. Uncle Phil pitched to us, and Uncle Leo shagged flies in center field and fired them back to the mound. He would have made DiMaggio proud the way he could run at age 40. I was in awe of him.

It's clear to see where my heroes have come from.

When my turn came to bat, I faced Uncle Phil from the right side. He was doing a good job of lobbing the ball over the plate so that everyone got a good swing at it. But this time, he missed his target. His fastball plunked me hard on my left thigh.

Uncle Phil raced off the mound, grabbed hold of me, and asked me if I was okay. I laughed it off and told him that I was fine. Truth be told, that hit by pitch left quite a bruise. If you squinted just right, you could even see the stiches of the ball proudly emblazoned on my leg like a badge of honor.

It made me feel like a real ballplayer, and I loved it.

The last time Uncle Phil hit me was at a dinner in Maine at the time

of my father's death. We had all taken the drive to one of the few Italian restaurants in Maine and shared family stories well into the night. After a wonderful meal – and my first taste of tiramisu – Uncle Phil reached for the check.

On our way out, I tried to hand him some money. He punched me on the arm and told me to put it away. Funny, but that simple gesture meant a lot to me. Not that it had anything to do with the money; it was his acceptance, the feeling that we could be buddies, that I was okay in his eyes.

Over the years since that day, we had many talks about life and death and sickness – both his and mine. And all through that time, I came to know Uncle Phil as one of the strongest men I have ever known, a man who lived his life without regret, a good provider who drew every ounce of pleasure from his family and the life he had been blessed to have.

I have just one regret, and that is that we never got the chance to live out our plans to see a game together in his new home of Minnesota. But I am certain that when I am sitting in that stadium next to Michael, Uncle Phil will be right there on my other side.

Your loving nephew, Joe

Joe Abbate - March 10, 2018 at 08:44 PM

“ PART ONE:

They told me I was scared of Uncle Phil and that, whenever he would stop by Grandma's to pick up Aunt Terri for a date, I'd run and hide. They figured there was something about him I didn't like. But they were wrong. It was me – not him. I was scared of everybody.

I must have been around three years old when Aunt Terri and Uncle Phil got married. I don't remember if I was at the wedding, but I feel as if I had been there. That's because some of my earliest memories are of their reception in the back of Grandma and Grandpa's house, in the little courtyard between the house and garage, surrounded on one side by a tall metal gate, the kind you see in castle entrances, and on the other by a chain link fence that was so high it almost seemed to scrape the bottoms of the clouds. I recall looking at the photos of that day over and over again, and I bet they can still be found somewhere.

Their celebration took place there, Italian-style -- outdoors and full of love. I'm sure they didn't have much money starting out; and I'm also sure that the food must have been great. That's my first memory of the two of them together. I was with them 50 years later at their Golden Wedding Anniversary.

If you asked me what my early memories of Uncle Phil were, I would say tell you that I remember a man who worked hard and never said very much. Maybe that's why I feel like I didn't get to know him well until we were both older. I couldn't see that his quietness was his ability to listen and his work ethic was his love for his family. But he managed to show me these things and more.

I remember those manic summer days at Michael, Robert and LeeAnn's house, sleeping in their enormous basement, hearing Uncle Phil leave for work in the early morning, and how we would gather at their table in the kitchen for dinner, him in his t-shirt and the kids jockeying for position to see who would sit on either side of

me. I always sat silent, waiting for him to tell the stories of his day because that's the way things were done at my house.

After a while, he would look up from his food and say, "Isn't anybody gonna talk? It's dinnertime. Around here we talk."

Everybody got a chance to talk. I liked that.

more...

Joe Abbate - March 10, 2018 at 08:42 PM