



## Frank Wirth Uvodich

November 16, 1938 - August 23, 2024

### Frank Wirth Uvodich

Frank was born on Nov. 16, 1938, in Tucson, Ariz. to Edna Wirth and Jack Uvodich. He was raised in Tucson with his brother Ken and sister Janet. Frank graduated from the University of Arizona with degrees in Business and economics.

He met his wife Paula, standing under the large metal cross that used to hang in the old Oak Grove sanctuary and married her in that very same place on July 31, 1976. Their daughters, Sarah and Leah, were born in Minneapolis in 1977 and 1979. Frank enjoyed being part of the girls' lives, supporting them as they moved into their careers. He lived vicariously through Sarah as she has worked for the United States Forest Service as a wildland fire fighter and now a fire prevention officer in a forest in Oregon. Frank was always so pleased with the birthday cards that Leah, a graphic designer, made for him. Leah married Jon Moch in 2012, and they have two children, Tova Darling (9) and Fox Frank (6).

Frank loved being around people and talking. He was a salesman at heart, first for Toll Company selling and teaching about the use of gases (nitrogen, oxygen). His next job was as a manufacturer's representative for Furber Sales selling machinery parts. He was always a "Mister Fix It" so that job was a really good fit. He spent his last 24 working years as Superintendent of

Building and Grounds at Christ Presbyterian Church in Edina. He loved that job, the people, and the service he could give to make the facility the best it could be.

He spent most of his summer weekends with his family at the family cottage on lake Darling in Alexandria, Minn. A compound of nine homes called Camp Ballentine, passed down from his great grandfather Ballentine, draws relatives from several states for long summer stays. A wonderful family reunion every summer. Of course he was the camp Mr. Fix It.

He had a servant's heart. What pleased him most was helping others in any way he could. His service included many hours at Oak Grove fixing, painting, washing windows, whatever he could do. He was a very "frugal" man and had a huge network of people and companies. He knew the BEST way to get a BETTER price.

Frank was a man of integrity and kindness with great love for his family, friends, and his God.

In remembrance of Frank's life our family humbly asks that any charitable donations be made to one of the following organizations that touched Frank's life. Memorials to:

Oak Grove Presbyterian Church, Building and Grounds Fund; Alzheimer's Association at

<https://act.alz.org/site/Donation> or VEAP at <https://veap.org/ways-to-give/donate-funds>

Memorial service Saturday, 9/14, 11 AM with visitation one hour prior to service at Oak Grove Presbyterian Church, 2200 W Old Shakopee Rd (952-888-4621).



# Tribute Wall

“ CONTINUED , Part 2:: Dear Frank,  
Anita Nelson - She helped me realize that two could play the same game - so I invited her to our home one day. Noting that you immediately took a liking to this beauty of mine - I became protective to say the least! Unfortunately (for you!) you ended up in second place becoming the best man at our wedding in Rice Lake, WI in the summer of 1968. I still have photo proof showing you wistfully gazing at my bride while we signed legal papers after the ceremony.

Frank, you then became a favorite of Anita's parents, Harold & Geneva, and we had many good times with them together. I graduated in 1969, Anita and I moved to Hawaii for my first job out of college - and of course, since you couldn't stand to be away from us - visiting us in Hawaii more times than I can count until I thought we should adopt you as a family member!

Not too many years thereafter - you met a lovely woman who entered your life and married her in 1976. We grew apart geographically, both of us raising families, but always finding time to reconnect in Alexandria with Paula at your side. In recent years, we've had great fun enjoying our mutual friendship - meeting you and Paula annually for drinks, dinner and summer fun in Alexandria with our now adult kids - often recollecting the days when we were young, ambitious and full energy.

We're both now in the twilight of our years and what I wouldn't give for another round of a lifetime of adventure with one of my very best friends - the last time we visited - seems like only a few months ago - was at the Caribou North coffee shop in 2023 where you were reading the "Strib" - a real Minnesotan to the end, while opining on many things of interest to you.

On that day, you greeted me with our secret "FU" handshake (Foxtrot Uniform for US veterans here today!) that you had created over 50 years ago, accompanied by your trademark always

*humorous, cheerful, welcoming, beaming, friendly smile for which I will always fondly remember till death once again - joins us together.*

*Your good friend and lifelong buddy - Jimmy Conn*

---

**Jim Conn** - September 17, 2024 at 10:55 AM

JC

“ Dear Frank, September 14, 2024

*Sad isn't it that I'm almost always a day late and a dollar short with my written communications - especially, this last one to you.*

*In the early summer of 1947 I first met you on our family visit to Camp Ballentine. My parents, Monica & Clair Conn, were good friends with all of the Ballentines which included:*

*the Wirths, Weimans, McEwains, Browns and all of their little rug rats. Because of your mature age of 9 years old at that time, you became the designated Pied Piper of Camp Ballentine for all of us little kids, cousins and other nefarious little creatures that ran through the tall grass along with thousands of hopping frogs - some with diapers, some with swim suits and most with nothing at all. What a mythical place by the Lake for a little 5 year old kid to seek fun, meet new playmates and to be shepherded by you as the oldest kid in the group.*

*In those early years, you told me about another magical place far far away in Arizona called the Rincon Meat Market where you worked as a kid after school. Your stories about your faraway home in Arizona captured my imagination and created urgings to go there - when I grew up.*

*We strengthened our relationship each summer by becoming involved in lots of crazy, wild and fun summer stuff like:*

- Spending hours that blended into idyllic days at the beach and on the water;*
- Concocting plans to escape your Uncle Jim Wirth's prison camp work force which he staffed with little kids;*
- Learning to surfboard, water and barefoot ski behind my mom & dad's 1931 Chris-Craft;*

• Remember the time when my Dad put together a reverse work force of little kids to reposition rocks under the Carlos-Darling bridge? After that, both you and I recall being pulled full speed on water skis behind the Chris Craft under the bridge thru the Carlos - Darling channel - and then all 6 of us skiing together behind the Chris Craft. That was really a fun day, legendary or not, which we always remembered years later.

You and i had great and memorable times together each summer in Alexandria until I enlisted in the USAF in 1962 and we started to go our separate ways, - you finishing college in Arizona while working at the Rincon Market and me becoming a SAC (Strategic Air Command) trained killer of communists during the cold war. Fortuitously for our friendship, when I was discharged from the USAF in 1966, you had graduated and moved to Minneapolis to begin your career in sales at the HR Toll Company - a purveyor of industrial and medical gaseous products and welding supplies. At that time, me at the rip old age of 24 and your at 28 years or so, we had seemingly, but barely managed to put our adolescent years behind us.

Enrolling at the University of Minnesota in 1966, I noticed a lot of Communists on campus (but about half of them were really pretty!). While I tried to avoid distractions so as concentrate on finishing my degree in Mechanical Engineering - you, with more leisure time on your hands and mind, were able to spend more time with members of the opposite sex. Because of this, I knew it was a big mistake to become your roommate when you purchased the home at 4904 Abbott South in Minneapolis in 1967 - but I was really getting tired of dorm life and so grasped the lifeline you offered (plus you really needed my rent money to be able to afford the home!)

Well. one of our first jobs after moving in was to repaint the kitchen in a bright yellow color. When I asked why, your answer was that it will be more pleasing to visitors! Make no mistake about it - you of course meant female visitors! As I struggled to balance the almost daily female distractions created by you while balancing nightly

*homework and a heavy credit load at the U - I met a pretty girl by the name of Anita Nelson - (continued)*

**Jim Conn** - September 17, 2024 at 10:51 AM



“ *Emerald Garden Basket was purchased for the family of Frank Wirth Uvodich.*



September 12, 2024 at 04:18 PM



“ *With love, Kirk, Caroline and Quin Brown planted a [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) in honor of Frank Wirth Uvodich.*

**With love, Kirk, Caroline and Quin Brown** - September 12, 2024 at 04:18 PM