



Frances K. Freitag

AUG 12, 1950 - AUG 10, 2012



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Frances K. Freitag

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Frances K. Freitag, 61, of Tavares, Florida, born August 12, 1950 in Columbus, Georgia and died Friday, August 10, 2012. She was a retired peer counselor at Lifestream Behavioral Center, Leesburg. She was an avid doll collector and took part in a variety of activities sponsored by Waterman Cove in Tavares where she was a resident. She greatly enjoyed time with family and friends. She was a member of Astatula Baptist Church and also the Red Hat Society. She is survived by her two children, Lynette Hipp of Fruitland Park, FL and James Tillis of Mount Dora, FL; son-in-law, Richard Heidenreich; her mother, Eunice Putnall of Tavares, FL and seven grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren. A Memorial Service was held at Astatula Baptist Church on Saturday, August 18, 2012 at 11 AM. For those who wish, memorial contributions may be made to Astatula Baptist Church, New Sanctuary Fund, 13239 Florida Avenue, Astatula, FL 34705. Arrangements were entrusted to Steverson, Hamlin & Hilbish Funerals and Cremations, Tavares, FL. Condolences and memories may be shared by signing the guestbook below.



Events


Frances K. Freitag

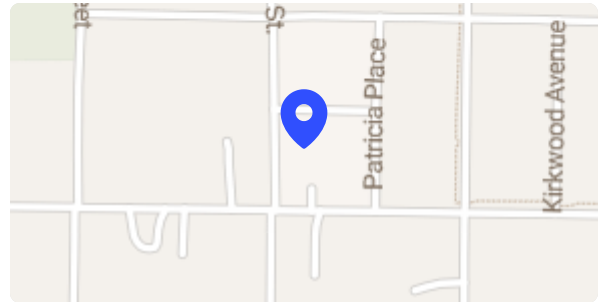
AUG 12, 1950 - AUG 10, 2012

Memorial Service

 **Saturday**, August 18, 2012

 11:00 AM ET

 **Astatula Baptist Church**
13239 Florida Avenue, Astatula FL 34705





Tribute Wall

Frances K. Freitag

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Anonymous posted:

Frances you will be missed ,I will miss you walking around at night ,talkin and listening to you. A sweet, kind heart that will be missed.##imported-begin##Joanne##imported-end##

August 17 at 1:44 AM



Anonymous posted:

10 August 2012 Hi Kathy, This, unfortunately, will be the last letter I will write to you. Joseph told me you decided to leave this morning. I've tried throughout the years to honor the promise I made to you back in 1992. Remember when we both took a day off, met at the Citrus Tower, and went on a Central Florida Day Trip? We somehow managed to get lost, and ended up eating in a diner that was probably serving their only meal that day, to us. We sat there, laughing at our ability to get lost in an area we'd been in all our lives. That was when you said you felt as if you'd missed out on Life somehow, and wished you could do some things over. You said, "Christy, the whole family thinks we're crazy! What can we do to change their minds?" I said, "Why bother with change? Let's prove we're right!" You threw your head back and laughed from the heart! When we finally got back to the Tower, I took your picture in front of it, and I promised that I would carry it with me everywhere, so you could live vicariously, through me. Over the years, you've been with me, doing some pretty crazy things. Remember when we went swimming in the Bering Strait, then ran across the rocks and jumped in the Pacific Ocean, when the water was -8 degrees, in the Aleutian Chain? Never mind that YOU were inside a baggie, so you wouldn't get wet. It was illegal then, and still is, but we did it! Remember when I put your picture in the window of my dorm room, so you could see the snow came in sideways? Remember the sunrises, and sunsets in New Mexico? Remember the moonlight walks in the White Sands? Remember the helicopter ride over the Grand Canyon? Remember the fun we had at the Cubs baseball game in Chicago? Remember the dinner we had together in Las Vegas? I put your picture up against the salt & pepper shaker, and the waiter brought you a complimentary glass of wine. Remember when I held your picture up over the bow of the ferry going up the Inside Passage through Alaska? I always wrote to you, describing the fun we had. This Sunday, I'm going to dance all day and into the night with anyone who will dance with me, in your honor, for your birthday. You always loved to dance, but in the end, you couldn't. In Sept., we're going to jump off a mountain at the Alyeska Ski Resort in a tandem Para-glide! It's going to be OUR birthday celebration. Remember when I mailed a picture to you of myself with a list of Rules and Regulations for the Picture? I wrote that you could not put me in the following places: The window: I'd get sunburned. Next to the TV: I had a secret crush on Dan Rather. In a frame: I wouldn't be able to breathe. In a drawer: unless there's a party going on after you close it. Then I listed the places you COULD put the picture: On top of Mt. Fiji; the back of a motorcycle with a helmet of course; riding a bull in a rodeo; on the wing of the Stealth Fighter; or the inside of your purse! You always carried a 10 pound purse, and it would be interesting to see all the what-nots you deem necessary to haul around! You wrote back that you laughed all day over the letter. Well the cat's out of the bag now, everyone knows what we were up to. We never could get away with much for very long! Sandy or Joseph would always tattle, and Aunt Eunice would look at us and say, "You two did WHAAAATTT?" Sometimes, I think we may have been partially responsible for her white hair! On second thought Nah! it was probably the neighbors' kids! But now, you're on a journey all your own, and I'm still here. I can only imagine the glorious sights you're seeing! When you see mama, tell her we're just fine, and we miss her. You and I will see each other again, and when we do, we'll laugh and play in the Lord's front yard, while the Angels sing and watch us! love you Kathy, and I miss you already! Christy. ##import



Tribute Wall

Frances K. Freitag
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August 14 at 9:08 AM



Anonymous posted:

Kathy will be missed We all loved her so dearly.##imported-begin##Terry Morgan##imported-end##

August 14 at 9:08 AM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Frances by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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