



Frank Putnam

JAN 16, 1951 - JUL 3, 2023



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Table of Contents

Obituary	Page 3
Events	Page 5
Tribute Wall	Page 6



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Frank Arthur Putnam III passed away on July 3, 2023 after a brief illness. He is remembered by his wife of 47 years, Lola Marie (Brill) Putnam, and their children, Jana (Erik) Sayler, Alita (Knud) Hermansen, and Isaac (Corie) Putnam. Grumps, as he styled himself, and his wonderful stories will be desperately missed by his nine grandchildren: Eleanor, Kirk, Archer, and Virginia Sayler; Knud Peter, Trygve, and Ansgar Hermansen; and Kaelan and Mason Putnam. Although his sister Mary Lee predeceased him, he is survived by his sister, Jeanne Watts and his brother Paul Putnam, and mourned by seven decades of friends, neighbors, nephews, nieces, and all those who found themselves caught up in one of his stories.

And stories he had! Born in Abilene, Texas in 1951, and a forester by trade, Frank and his college-sweetheart bride moved to rural Southeast Alaska in 1977. They spent a summer living in a one-room log cabin with a newborn and toddler while he designed and built their house in Haines. An Alaskan jack of all trades, he crafted fine furniture, managed a sporting goods store, and drove a school bus before settling into commercial gillnetting. Summers were for salmon, autumns for hunting bear and moose to fill the freezer, cold quiet winters were for reading Lord of the Rings aloud to his children.

By the early 1990s, his back permanently damaged after a construction accident at the Alaska Bald Eagle Foundation, he left Alaska and returned to university in Wyoming, where he struck up friendships with his graduate professors in finance and economics. The deep green of the Northwest called, however, and they moved again to Washington State in 1997, where he built a home with sweeping views of Mt. Rainier and rhododendrons and worked as a CPA and financial advisor. They moved to Crawfordville, Florida in 2021. Frank served in leadership at each church they joined: the college 4:30 prayer group where he first met Lola, the Alaskan Presbyterians, the Washington Lutherans, the Florida Anglicans. He loved God and left room for the mysteries of faith.



Obituary

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A consummate reader and autodidact, Frank knew the best way to do anything, from fixing a washing machine to coaxing beehives through a Florida summer. And each thing he did, he did to his own exacting standards of both function and beauty. Frank had a professor's heart and an artisan's eye: he collected medieval coins and carved hunting rifles for his grandsons. He explored his roots in Scotland with Clan Donald, hunted big game in South Africa, sipped rough apple moonshine in Romania, grew teak wood in Panama, and scuba dived in the Caribbean. He embraced his grumpy, Santa Claus persona, but his grins were luminescent and his generosity boundless.

Together with Lola, they were perfect hosts, opening their homes for a holiday, a long weekend, and occasionally months-long stints. Wherever they lived, and despite the loud chaos of children, grandchildren, dogs, and occasionally chickens, theirs was always a home of welcome and refuge. To escape the noise, Frank would slip away to the back porch with his cigar and peaty sippin' Scotch, and yet, inevitably, he'd end up holding court there, as folks would in turn seek out his wisdom and well-considered opinions, and soon, a kid would crawl up in his lap, tug his bristly beard, and demand a story. And the gruff voice would begin, "Well, did I ever tell you..." and the kid would shiver with glee, and the adults would settle in for a fantastic yarn.

A memorial service will be held on Friday, July 7th , 2023 at 1:00 pm at Christ Church Anglican, 3383 Coastal Hwy, Crawfordville, FL 32327.



Events

Frank Putnam

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Memorial Service

 **Friday, July 7, 2023**

 1:00 PM ET

 **Christ Church Anglican**
3383 Coastal Highway, Crawfordville FL 32327





Tribute Wall

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Anonymous sent a sympathy card to the Putnam family.

July 9 at 7:10 AM



Susn Reilly posted:

To Lola and extended family I am truly sorry to hear of Frank's passing. It has been some time since we were all in the backyard roasting a pig for the clan it is one of my fondest memories and great times. I will say a prayer for all of you and hope that you find some peace as you grieve.

July 9 at 6:41 AM



Kenneth Paton posted:

I can't believe he's gone. Too young. A good friend. I'm heartbroken.

July 9 at 6:04 AM



Michele Bagby posted:

I met Frank and Lola through Clan Donald. For 24 years they have shown me unconditional love, laughter and support. We have shared a wee dram, marched the Royal mile and enjoyed all of the laughter and trials children can bring. They are my family. I love them. And Frank will be dearly missed. He was truly extraordinary.

July 6 at 4:03 PM



Tribute Wall

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Nancy Gollehon Woodward posted:

"Our friendship with Frank may not be as long as others, however, times we shared were an impactful part of our lives. We loved spending time together, as fellow Christians studying the Word, pressing apples or sharing a meal. The time was always Good! A Frank memory... has to do with his trees at his home outside of Eatonville with Mount Rainier majestically standing to the East. Frank planted many species of trees, which he would scientifically name as we walked through the yard. I would say, oh yeah, that's a cedar or a fir or a noble. He always explained each species in detail. One day he asked Kirk if he would be willing to cut one of them down as it had gotten too tall and was shading his fruit trees. Kirk fell the tree. Since Kirk had a saw mill, Frank asked him if he would like it for the mill. Kirk said yes. Now, Kirk has a Ford, F250 with a canopy. The trick was going to load this tree, that had been cut to length, into the back of the truck with the canopy still on. Pretty soon, here comes Frank, slowly driving down the hill, with his little tractor, the log chained to the bucket. He had Kirk back up to the lowest point of the wall in the back yard, and slowly maneuvered that log into the back of the truck. It was tricky, but the log made it safely into the back of that truck. When it was in, Frank looked up, smiled and calmly said I had no doubt. I will never forget that satisfied look and smile. Rest in Peace, dear Frank." Kirk, Nancy, Josh Woodward

July 6 at 7:26 AM



Nancy Osborne posted:

Dearest Lola. Beautiful. Precious. Family. I just can't find words. I so love that Frank (and Lola) are such genuine folk. No pretence. Honest. Real. I hope soon to find special photos and sweet stories to share with Lola. I wish so much that I could be there at this time. I am so very grateful for the precious times we have shared. Our dear friend and brother. We love and already miss you sorely.
Nancy B

July 5 at 9:08 PM



Memories only last if you share them

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



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