



Francis J. Roos

May 17, 1926 - December 30, 2018

No obituary found for this tribute.

Previous Events

Rosary

JAN 4. 10:30 AM (PT)

St. Francis Catholic Church
15651 SW Oregon St.
Sherwood, OR 97140
church@stfrancissherwood.org

Funeral Mass

JAN 4. 11:00 AM (PT)

St. Francis Catholic Church
15651 SW Oregon St.
Sherwood, OR 97140
church@stfrancissherwood.org

Tribute Wall

JR

“ *Eulogy for Grandpa (Francis J. Roos)*

Hello everyone, my name is John Roos. Thank you for being here today, celebrating my Grandpa. This is a very difficult time for my family, having just lost my Dad (Mike) 2 weeks ago on Christmas Eve. Time has moved too fast to fully comprehend these events. Just three short weeks ago during Sunday Mass my 3 year old son Truman stood between Grandpa on his scooter and Dad on his wheelchair, behind the pews there, holding both of their hands for the Lord's Prayer.

I'd like to remember my Grandpa with a few memorable stories that illustrate a life full of faith, family, civic participation, integrity and purpose.

Francis was born May 17, 1926 in Beaverton, the son of John Roos, my namesake, and Marie Ann Roos (maiden name Amstad). John and Marie were both immigrants from Switzerland. Francis was the oldest of four, with sisters Rosemary, Teresa and Josephine. He was very close to Rosemary, of Susanville CA, who passed just a couple of years ago. His sister Teresa (married name Haide) passed away in 1984, as did his mother Marie, who passed away Christmas Eve that year. Josephine lived only 7 weeks, dying in 1933 of starvation due to a cleft palate. Francis remembered his dad making her small coffin, and watching from the front porch as the funeral procession left the house. [As an aside, many years later, in 1984 Francis was proud to have located Josephine's grave at Cooper Mountain Catholic Cemetery, while siting the gravesite for his mother. His mother Marie's grave is the last grave dug in that cemetery, and was allowed because of Francis' persistence.]

Francis attended St. Mary's home for boys through the 8th grade. After school during the week he lived with and worked for neighbors milking cows, coming home on weekends with money for his family. Upon leaving after 8th grade he worked in the brickyard in Sylvan before joining the Navy at age 17, in 1943.

Francis claimed to be the worst swimmer in the Navy, having learned just enough to pass the tests. He never learned to swim his whole life. Two of his reasons for joining the Navy were that he would get three cooked meals a day and he would sleep in a warm bunk. He was an electrician's mate, assigned to the destroyer USS Converse. He was in the Asia Pacific Theater, and at one point was on a Picket Line around Okinawa, detecting and shooting at Japanese Kamikaze aircraft. After WW2 he helped decommission ships in Charleston South Carolina. He recalled tethering the ships together, managing a small team responsible for power generation and distribution systems, and lathering heavy grease on the ships' machinery to prevent rust.

Francis was honorably discharged in June 1946 and returned home to Wilsonville. He got a job as a carpenter for the railroad and re-acquainted with Carol Hasselbrink, at St. Cyril. Carol was impressed by his neat dress, strong faith, and of course his blond hair and blue eyes. They married September 1, 1948 at St. Cyril. They purchased their first house in Wilsonville, on 3 acres, with a mortgage of \$37 per month.

John Roos - January 04, 2019 at 09:27 PM

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Francis' plan was to help his mother and father start a dairy farm on their Bell Road property in Wilsonville. However his father, John, died suddenly in 1949, suffering a stroke while walking between the house and the barn. Francis recalled carrying his lifeless father to the ambulance. They sold the property and purchased a house in Sherwood for his mother, Marie, on Pine Street and Willamette. [As another aside, the massive redwood tree that stands there today was planted by Marie, hand-carried home from a trip to California.]

In 1950 my dad, Mike, was born, soon followed by Barbara in 1951. In the early 1950s, I5 construction forced the sale of their first home on Wilsonville Road. Grandpa told me how the appraisers measured out his berry crop, ensuring he had left proper clearance to the fence line for his tractor, and that he had not just maximized the number of bushes to boost the appraised value. They moved to a house on the corner of Tooze and Malloy Road, which Francis extensively remodeled.

In 1959 Francis left his position as head carpenter for the railroad and went out on his own to start Colonial Builders. He built his first house for his sister Teresa and husband Earl Haide, on Hall Street - the same house Francis and Carol purchased in 2012 and still own today. He started by doing everything from concrete to cabinetry. At one point he employed 6 men. He worked 6 days a week, always keeping a side-job to work on Saturdays. Overall he constructed 15-20 homes and completed many more remodels and additions. Despite the long hours he found time to serve on City Council, participate in Kiwanis Club, the Model A Club, and Knights of Columbus, and gave his time and talent building the St. Francis bell tower and chapel altar. Francis and Colonial Builders had a great reputation in Sherwood from his active citizenship, and because he accepted only the best quality. In fact, before Francis and Carol remodeled the Hall Street house kitchen in 2012 it still had his original cabinets!

In 1964 Johna was adopted. During these years the family enjoyed camping at Timothy and Suttle lakes, and they made a long road-trip to Wisconsin with Mike and Barb suffering in the back of the pickup on lawn chairs. In 1968 they moved to the house on Park Street, and Francis and Carol were sought by American Field Services to host an exchange student, Joe, from Uganda Africa. For 9 months Joe went to high school with Mike and Barb, and learned from the Roos family what life was like in America.

John Roos - January 04, 2019 at 09:26 PM

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In 1976, with Mike and Barb out of the house, they built a new home on Tooze Road with a large shop and eventually a swimming pool. The pool was my mom's favorite motivation for us kids – there would be no swimming until the chores were done! My other cherished memories of this time were overnights followed by Mass with Grandma and Grandpa at St. Cyril, many Easter Sunday egg hunts, Grandpa's brief stint as a Swiss bread-maker, and pressing apple cider in the Fall. In the late 1970s Francis and Carol began to travel more, with trips to Mexico City, Puerto Vallarta and Victoria BC. In 1986 they traveled to Switzerland to reconnect with the Roos relatives there.

Francis retired and closed Colonial Builders in 1989 after 30 years in business. They down-sized and moved back to the Park Street house in the early 1990s. Carol worked a few more years at OHSU and then they became full-time RVers. They traveled the US with their 5th wheel, not quite completing their State Sticker Travel Map, choosing to make a straight line for Yuma to relax after weeks on the road. They made it to Alaska with their 5th wheel, where we almost lost Francis to the river, bank fishing for salmon. Back home, after all those years in construction without a major accident, Francis temporarily lost his thumb while working in his shop with grandson Josh – and Josh learned a few new words that day! Later trips included snow birding in Yuma, and traveling to visit Sister Mary Peter in Rome, Italy and then Holman, New Mexico for her vows.

More recently, all those years in building houses showed a heavy toll on Francis's frame. We learned what it means to be tough from Francis, as he endured multiple knee replacements and eventually a stiff leg. Despite this he carried on for many years gardening, wood-turning and keeping happy hour with friends, family and Ancient Age. He was a joy to be with for all except the squirrels that raided his bird feeders. He cherished time with us and his 13 great grandkids, and we cherished our time with him. And don't worry

Grandma, we're going to keep our Sunday donuts and coffee tradition – I'll eat Grandpa's apple fritter for him.

In closing, my Grandpa's life is one to be admired. Starting from nothing but a strong faith, work ethic and intellect, he served his country and community, conducted his life with integrity and purpose, and rightfully succeeded. Grandpa and Grandma committed to their 70-year marriage, raised a strong family and became pillars in the community. We are forever grateful for the foundation they built and the example they gave us of a life well-lived. We love you Grandpa. Goodbye, for now.

John Roos - January 04, 2019 at 09:25 PM

JR

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



John Roos - January 03, 2019 at 12:15 AM

DK

He was my godfather. I'm Danny, son of Agnes and Al Keel. Never heard a harsh word. Never got to take him flying. RIP Franci.

Danny Keel - December 25, 2021 at 08:20 PM