



Frederick W. Osborn Sr.

July 16, 1924 - December 28, 2020

Frederick W Osborn Sr, 96, of Portsmouth VA, passed away December 28, 2020 at Bon Secours Maryview Medical Center in Portsmouth. He was the Husband of the late Rose Osborn, they were married for 73 years. He was the son of late Erwin Osborn and Muriel Osborn. He lived in Wareham Ma before moving to Virginia.

Mr. Osborn was a vet of War 2. He loved telling his stories about the war and how he grew up. He loved to go camping with his wife.

Survivors include his 2 daughters, Nancy J. Andresse and her wife, Lynne of Jackson MS and Elaine Erickson of Clarks Summit, PA, 2 sons, Frederick W. Osborn, Jr. and his wife Debbie of Cottonwood, AZ and John M. Osborn and his wife Peggy of Binghamton, NY; ; 11 grandchildren, Michael Sanford, Shawn Hesse and his wife Rachel, Linde Erickson, Casey Erickson, Sarabeth Andrade, Nichole Osborn, Stephanie Osborn, John Osborn, Jr, Ryan Osborn, April Anthony and Corey Wilkins; 14 great grandchildren and 1 great great grandson

His Memorial service will be at a later date to be determined.

Tribute Wall

FO

“ 1 file added to the album *Tribute Wall*



FRED W OSBORN - January 10, 2021 at 06:55 PM

FO

“ 1 file added to the album *Memories Album*



FRED W OSBORN - January 10, 2021 at 06:50 PM

RS

“ *I miss "Pa" Osborn. Now he and "Ma" will be together.*

Ronald SHARP - January 10, 2021 at 05:08 PM

DO

“ Dad,

I can't think of you and not remember all of the extremely fun times we all had. When you were in the Syracuse area in the summer and we came to visit you and Mom at all of the different campsites. I would sit and listen as you, Butch, and Mom would tell about all the stories of times past in the earlier years when you went camping when your family was young and two of the times that stick in my mind are when Butch decided to use the wood chopping cleaver and try to pull his brains out and you had to take him to a doctor. The doctor who stitched Butch up was about 100 years old with coke bottles for glasses. He pours some peroxide over the gaping hole and proceeded to stitch him up. Meanwhile, you were having to stand there the whole time and watch. I'm sure you were as grossed out and scared both at the same time as Butch, but, never let on until after the doctor had finished. The other story that was told around the campfire was when the family was camping at Green Lakes and back then there were only outhouses. John didn't know that he was eating too much of the chocolate laxative. He wound up eating the whole package and wound up pretty much seated the whole trip in the outhouse. Sorry, John I really had to tell that story. It's one of those unbelievable stories that must live on. I bet that was the first and the last time John did that. Mom and Dad really had their hands full with you kids. Butch and I always loved going camping when Mom and Dad would be at Fish Creek too. The nighttime campfires were the best. The ice cream truck would make its rounds and we would run up to it to grab our chocolate ice cream. I think about it now and feel bad though because Dad didn't always get his ice cream. It had to be hard for him. He absolutely loved ice cream just like his Dad before him did. The only thing was he had a terrible time sleeping afterward if he ate it at night. We're sorry Dad. It must have been torture for you to watch everyone else eating ice cream when you couldn't have one yourself. I guess now you can without any ill effects. Another time when we were all staying at Fish Creek we decided to go into Lake Placid to eat at the Steak and Stinger. Mom and Dad and Butch and I had to have a stinger out in the bar before we ate dinner. Their drinks were

extremely potent. We all were pretty tipsy by the time we got to our seats for dinner. During dinner, Fred and I had at least two more. Mom had 1 1/2 more one of her own and half of Dad's. Dad was the designated driver that night, so, he had to be semi sober. We all laughed so much that night. Mom had a ball and we were all laughing because she was a real riot. I think Dad always regretted not having another Stinger, but, he was doing the most responsible thing and keeping us all safe. We did have one more opportunity to go to that restaurant a year or so later. That time there was Ron Sharp, Mom, Dad, Butch, and myself. When the server came to take our orders Mom straight out said she'd like the lobster tail, but, the price was too high. Then, a miracle happened. The waiter said well how much would you pay. Mom said \$8.00. He responded o.k. you can have it for that price. When I heard that I thought that's what I'm definitely going to have tonight myself. At the time lobster in a nice restaurant like we were in cost double that. As the waiter went around the table we all ordered lobster tail. When it got to Dad I think he was embarrassed, so, he ordered something different. He got a meal that had pork chops, lamb chops, and steak. We all loved our meals, company, laughter, and of course stingers. That restaurant closed the next year. We all were in tears because of the wonderful memories and fun we had enjoyed there.

Dad, we certainly miss and love you, but, we'll always have these beautiful memories to remember you by forever. Take care of Mom. She's been patiently waiting for you. Love, Butch & Deb.

Deborah Osborn - January 10, 2021 at 03:21 PM



“ Shawn Hesse sent a virtual gift in memory of Frederick W. Osborn Sr.



Shawn Hesse - January 06, 2021 at 06:58 AM



“ *Shawn Hesse lit a candle in memory of Frederick W. Osborn Sr.*



Shawn Hesse - January 06, 2021 at 06:58 AM



“ *Miss you Grandpa. Have fun dancing with Grandma again... Enjoy your morning coffe and donut. I love and miss you both. Keep watch over your family. Love Mike*

Michael Sanford - December 30, 2020 at 07:04 PM



“ *Rachel lit a candle in memory of Frederick W. Osborn Sr.*



Rachel - December 30, 2020 at 06:51 PM