



# Franklin Walter Ryan

SEP 17, 1944 - JUL 7, 2017



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# Franklin Walter Ryan

SEP 17, 1944 - JUL 7, 2017

**F**ranklin Walter Ryan

Born September 17, 1944 in Tucson, Arizona to Betty Jo and Melvin Walter Ryan. He passed away peacefully July 7, 2017 and is survived by his three children Scott, Chad, and Brandy. Also by his sister Sue Gladden and brother Ken Ryan and 14 grandchildren and 13 great grandchildren. Walt was an avid hunter, fisherman, and sports enthusiast. Known for his sense of humor and strong sense of ethics, his firm and loyal handshake was his bond. Walt enjoyed listening to country music while playing poker and dominos.

Walt's family and friends meant everything to him.

He will forever be remembered with love by his friends and family. Viewing services will be held Saturday, July 15th, 2017 at Evergreen Mortuary at 9:00 am followed by a chapel service at 10:00 am and graveside service at 10:45 am.




# Events

**Franklin Walter Ryan**

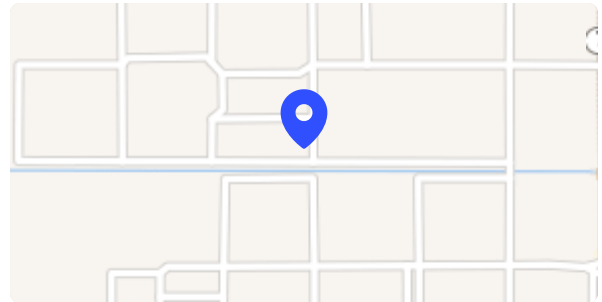
SEP 17, 1944 - JUL 7, 2017

## Visitation


 **Saturday**, July 15, 2017


 9:00 AM MT

 **Evergreen Mortuary and Crematory**  
3015 North Oracle Road, Tucson AZ 85705

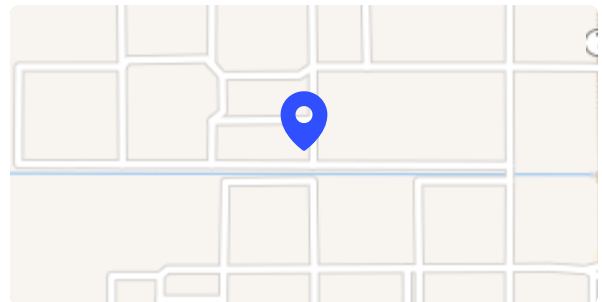


## Chapel Service


 **Saturday**, July 15, 2017


 10:00 AM MT


 **Evergreen Mortuary and Crematory**  
3015 North Oracle Road, Tucson AZ 85705

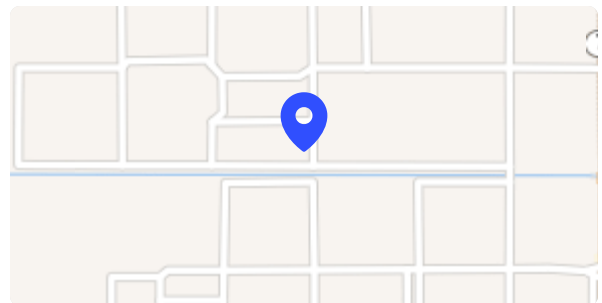


## Graveside service


 **Saturday**, July 15, 2017


 10:45 AM MT

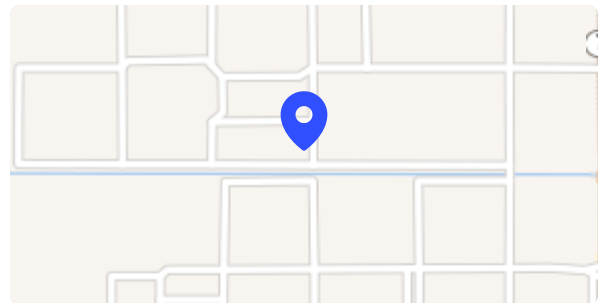
 **Evergreen Cemetery**  
3015 North Oracle Road, Tucson AZ 85705



## Cemetery Details

 **Evergreen Cemetery**  
3015 North Oracle Road, Tucson AZ 85705

 **520-257-4831**





## Tribute Wall

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**Dori Sherrill** posted:

I was in Walts life for a short amount of time, unfortunately I didn't get to meet him when I first ever met his grandson Stephen years ago. However, when I first met him a few months ago I could instantly tell what kind of man he was. He was humorous, sweet, stubborn and stuck in his ways. I had the pleasure of playing Aggravation with him, Marissa, Stephen, and Jordan for hours in his final weeks. Instantly I adored Walt and his sense of humor, he made me feel at home as soon as I walked into his house, and we were quickly cracking jokes and teaming up against his grandkids in Aggravation. I saw how much he loved them in the way he laughed with them, and the way he looked at them. Everyone said that family meant everything to him, and I really do believe that to be true because he was so excited to meet my daughter, which unfortunately he was unable to. The day Stephen and I told him we were expecting he congratulated us and gave us the biggest smile ever, and every single time he saw me after that he'd touch my belly and tell me to take care of the baby. I fondly remember the last conversation I had with him, he kissed my cheek and told me he loved me, Stephen, and our little one, and that I BETTER tell him as soon as this baby comes because he wanted to be there. Although I'm sad that he won't be here to hold our little Bailey, I'm so grateful that she now has him as her guardian angel. After getting to know Walt, I now know where Stephen gets his thick skull and stubbornness, where he gets his hazel eyes from, and why when he laughs he laughs his heart out. These are all attributes he got from his grandpa. And I love that they shine through in Stephen. I'm thankful for the time I got to spend with Walt, and that I got to meet the man that Stephen looked up to for his entire life. It truly was a blessing to experience Walts energy first hand. Rest In Peace handsome, until we meet again. You're with our lord now.

July 15 at 4:29 PM



## Tribute Wall

**Franklin Walter Ryan**

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**Jordan** posted:

Dear Grandpa, You were always a nice, caring, selfless, and amazing person that everyone loved. Your laugh was contagious. You have seen and have been through some hard things in your life. You always had great and funny stories of the old days in the bar or of stories of us kids when we were little and what we used to do. You were the one that would help others but when someone wanted to help you with even the little things you were so stubborn. You have always been like that. I remember having Christmas at the house almost every year as a kid. I remember that old pull out bed with the weird yellow zip thing, i don't even know what it is called because it is so ancient, just like your mattress. I remember the late night talks and into dawn games of aggravation and sequence. I remember you teaching me, well trying to teach me, how to shuffle cards like the ones at the casino. I remember you always being there to help us. We lived with you for a short time. I remember having to wake up supper early every morning for school. That was the first time and the Only time i ever had to ride a bus with seat belts and was required to wear them. I remember when i was little we would have everyone over and when we played aggravation you were the one who told me to whisper to the dice to get the number i wanted, and me being me i did it and it worked some of the time. I remember having a really bad leg cramp/growing pain and you told me to walk around the living room to get blood to it but when that didn't work you told me to take a warm bath and it helped. I remember staying up so late that when i went to sleep i slept the entire day and into the night. I remember helping granny make Christmas dinner and me and marissa make a gingerbread house. I remember the typical hard candy fruit things that you would have and we ate them even though they were probably old but hey, its candy. I remember your house and how it smells like and how comforting it is and your CD's and castes tapes. We used to blast them all night long. I remember your john wayne collection across the living room and in between the kitchen and front door hallway. All of the pictures and revolvers that hung on the wall and on shelves in the living room. I remember all the deer heads mounted on the walls and the black bear in the hallway in front of the door and the talking fish above the front door. I remember the gun room with that old chair and table with piles of paper and Christmas cards on it. I will Always remember that we had to wipe down the shower and sinks off of water every time we used them. I remember the same old blinds on all of the windows with the acceptance of maybe Two. I remember it all and i always will. I will always remember you and love you even now that you are gone. You always will have a special place ion my heart along with that house full of memories forever until i die. I know that it is hard now and you would be telling me to stop crying over you because you will always be alive in my heart and you will always be with me and be watching over me. I hope you are proud of me and of what i have accomplished and what is to come. I Love You Grandpa, And i will always remember you Franklin Walter Ryan I Love You, Your Granddaughter Jordan Ryan 7/7/17

July 12 at 9:13 PM



## Tribute Wall

**Franklin Walter Ryan**

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AR

**Amber Ryan** posted:

I was fortunate to be a part of Walt's life for over 15+ years. While married to his son, Chad, we lived with him in Flagstaff, where he and my son, Stephen, became the BEST of buddies. Stephen was only a year and a half old and Stephen used to call him, Tran Tra. I witnessed many nights where Walt, Chad and myself, played a card game called Hand and Foot. Walt and Chad would have a few drinks and would slapped their hands on the table, throw their heads back in laughter and Stephen would mirror their actions which caused all 3 of us to have rolling laughter till out stomachs hurt. Then there was one night I started to go into labor with Marissa!! Chad already let us know that after work he was going to be at the bar with friends. Well my labor was getting faster and faster and poor Walt was VERY nervous. He called the bar over and over until finally Chad was at the bar and they told Chad what was going on. Well, Chad made it to the house and got me to the hospital just in time for Marissa's arrival. Walt was shaking like a leaf, thinking that if Chad didn't make it on time, that HE would have to help bring Marissa into the world himself. I also remember one day when the snow had melted away, Walt asked if Stephen could play on the redwood deck while he did yard work. I told him yes, as long as Stephen stayed on the deck....well it got too quiet so I went to investigate and Stephen was no longer on the deck!! I looked over the side of the deck to find Stephen, only wearing a shirt, diaper and white socks, in the mud which he was smearing all over himself and his socks were black from walking in the grease pans in the garage!!! I was MORTIFIED!! And I can still hear Walt, belly laughing at me and he told me that he had found Stephen in the garage walking through that grease and figured that since he did that why not let him play in the mud! After all, he was already dirty. I also remember his 50th birthday celebration. We had to get him out of the house so we could decorate in over the hill stuff and gag gifts. Oh how he laughed at that.Round steak and gravy!!! I can remember several visits that I was to make EXTRA gravy for him so that he had some for after we left. He would LITTERLY add water to it so he could make it last as long as he could.I also remember his and my "relationship"!!!! We would call each other names and cut each other down but we knew that all those words were just for laughs. One of my favorite things to do to him, was just before we would leave to go back home, I would go into his closet and rearrange his clothes and boots and then I would rearrange his canned goods in the cabinets, you know to give him something to do after we left. Then while on our way back home the cell phone would ring and it was him calling to call me "a sorry sack of shit" and then he would burst into a belly laugh. He sure did have an infectious laugh.My children were so lucky to have him as their grandpa Walt.Rest in peace Walt, until we meet again!!☺

July 12 at 9:13 PM



# Memories only last if you share them

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



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