



Frank Q. Sessions

February 10, 1926 - April 10, 2013

Dr. Frank Sessions, PhD, 87, a 6 year East Wenatchee resident and former longtime professor at Central Washington University in Ellensburg, passed away peacefully with his ex wife & longtime friend, Lupy Valverde-Ruelas at his side, Wednesday morning, April 10, 2013 at Argonne Adult Family home in East Wenatchee.

He was born on February 10, 1926 at Syracuse, Utah, son of the late Charles Elmer & May Maude (Quick) Sessions. He was raised and received his early education at Ogden Utah. He graduated from Davis High School in 1944. He continued his education at the University of Utah for one year. He served in the U.S. Air Force with the occupation forces in Japan with the 11th Airborne, receiving his honorable discharge in 1949. He finished his Bachelors degree at Idaho State University in 1951 and then attended the University of Idaho where he completed his Masters MS in Psychology in 1953. He worked as a Psychology Professor for a couple of years prior to returning to the University of Utah and obtained his PhD in 1963. He worked on research projects as well as teaching at the University of Utah. In 1967, he became Associate Professor of Psychology at the University of Alaska. In 1968, he became Professor of Sociology at Central Washington University in Ellensburg. He remained at Central until retiring in 1993 and becoming Professor Emeritus as well as teaching on a part time basis.

He enjoyed golfing, Skiing, playing backgammon and for many years he ran 7-10 miles four times a week.

He is preceded in death by his parents, two young sisters and one brother, Charles "Merrill" Sessions.

He is survived by long term friend, Lupy Valverde-Ruelas, East Wenatchee; sons, Edward Sessions, Wyoming, David (Elizabeth) Sessions, Ellensburg, WA, Jay (Denise) Sessions, Santa Fe, NM; step -children, Stevan Ruelas and Lisa Ruelas-Hals both of Wenatchee; siblings, Jean Parker, Ogden, UT, Fred Sessions, CleElum, WA, Betty Paul, Henderson, NV, Benjamin Sessions, Fall City, WA, Mary Jensen, Rexburg, ID; grand children, Conner Sessions, Chantal & Michelle Thornblad and Alexyss Ruelas.

A Special "Thank You" to the care extended by Claudia Arceo, Kristen Orendain and Marita Messick at Argonne Adult Family Home.

A Commemoration service will be held on Saturday, April 13th at 2:00 p.m. at the Wenatchee First Assembly of God Church, 1520 Mckittrick, Wenatchee, with Pastor Jerry Beebe officiating. A Inurnment service will be held at a later date at the Syracuse City Cemetery, Syracuse, Utah. You are invited to visit his tribute online at www.HeritageMemorialChapel.com . Arrangements are in the care of Heritage Memorial Chapel, East Wenatchee.

Tribute Wall

“ Frank Sessions lived with my mom and dad---Betty and Stew Allen--
-at 1300 N. Alder in Ellensburg off and on throughout the 1970s,
and he was a very a good family friend. When I came home from
the Marine Corps in 1970, Frank was living in my bedroom! Mom
had taken a class from Frank, and she, Frank, and dad all became
friends and so he moved in. Dad and Frank shared a common Utah
Mormon background, though neither was practicing the LDS
religion. After I came home, Frank moved into the laundry room (in
order to open the dryer door, we had to move his bed table). He
also used the laundry room to brew champagne in a 10 gallon
crock. Finally, he moved into our little rental apartment on the edge
of the pasture, thirty yards away from the main house.
For the next thirty years, Frank was a fixture at our house. Even
during his two subsequent marriages, he stopped by almost every
day to play cribbage or backgammon with mom and, of course, to
eat dinner. Frank always made the salad. Frank's only other job was
to turn on the television set. I never knew how old Frank was until I
read his 1926 birthdate in this obituary (he would never tell us his
age). I also never knew why his middle initial was "Q" (now I see his
mother's maiden name was Quick).

Frank grew up in a large Mormon farming family in Utah's Great
Basin. Given his love of liquor, gambling, and women, this
biographical fact may strike some as odd. But maybe Frank's early
life caused a sharp reaction? His expertise in Sociology was leisure
studies---an area he researched and in which he published. We
used to joke about Frank being a literal and figurative "expert" on
"leisure"! A youth spent on a Mormon farmstead might well propel
one to become a college professor and a student of leisure...

Frank was an unforgettable character. As noted at his Memorial, he
was the consummate absent-minded professor in and out of class.
He was also a hypochondriac. And he was superstitious. Frank
believed in Phrenology (the "science" of determining human traits
by feeling the bumps on peoples' heads) and he honestly believed
that there were gigantic vegetables farmed in Mexico, but that the
Rockefellers would not let their whereabouts be known (because
they wanted to corner the world's grocery markets). He was an

*ardent liberal and pacifist, yet he had served honorably in the Army Air Corps in occupied Japan. He partied hearty on a regular basis, and yet he somehow remained as strong as a bull. Frank had a barrel chest and, despite a twenty-four year age difference, he could *always* beat me in pushups, even after I had just returned home from the Marine Corps. Frank could do 75-100 pushups on a late Friday evening after dinner and (many) drinks at the Thunderbird Restaurant. All that Utah farm labor and Army service built muscles in Frank Sessions that lasted for a long, long, long time.*

Like all of us, Frank had failings and made mistakes. Yet, as his brother Ben said at Saturday's Memorial, "everyone liked Frank." He was an innately friendly, congenial fellow. He could not have purposely been mean to anyone if he tried. It is a cliché to say "there wasn't a mean bone in his body," but in Frank Session's case it is the only way to say the truth. He was a great guy.

Frank used to call me "little Bro" and I called him "Big Bro"--- in the Sixties fashion. This was yet another joking avoidance of our acknowledging his real age, but it was also a sign of affection. I loved him.

At the Memorial service the preacher said that during his last two years of his life, Frank had found God (the preacher actually said he "found Jesus"). If you were to tell someone in the 1970s (or 80s, or 90s, or even 5 years ago for that matter) that Frank Sessions would find God---they would have stared at you in utter disbelief...

Yet if we recall Frank's upbringing as a Latter Day Saint, this outcome appears more plausible. He surely got enough religion as a boy to last him the rest of his life. He probably recalled those teachings even as his body and mind began to fail. David Sessions and his wife told me Frank wrote much of his own obituary and that he had grown to enjoy Elvis Presley gospel tunes, which were played at his Memorial. He also liked Frank Sinatra's "I Did It My Qay," which was also played.

God Bless You Frank. Rest in Peace. Play some golf in heaven, and eat some of those giant vegetables. And say hi to Frank Sinatra and Elvis. And maybe God (or Jesus) will let you set up your old champagne-vat.

Mike Allen - April 16, 2013 at 01:40 AM

MC

“ *Goodbye Sweetheart It was so wonderful knowing you and exchanging our "crazy" ideas. Together we transcended the ordinary and entered the spiritual realm. We shall meet again.*

Mary Creig - April 14, 2013 at 04:45 PM

MO

“ *Condolence to Frank's family. May God's peace abide with you during this time, and may many fond memories stay with you always. Mrs. Rahn Parker*

Martha Outwater-Parker - April 13, 2013 at 11:05 PM

MO

“ *Rest in Peace Frank Q. Sessions. Your nephew, my husband will surely miss you. I will miss you too. I John 5:4&5. Your neice-in-law Martha Outwater-Parker*



Martha Outwater-Parker - April 13, 2013 at 10:44 PM

BB

“ Goodbye old buddy. We. shared many precious moments and confidences over the years and there was never a more trustworthy friend. You were with me when the most unexpected tragedy of my young life , the sudden death of my father at age 59, was communicated to us before boarding the Ferry in Victoria and your sweet nature and caring helped me cope and catch a plane to Spokane to comfort my grieving mother. I never will forget the trip as the old Volvo performed wonders in winding it's way to Sea Tac at excessive speed, hoping in the moments of desperation that the State Patrol might provide an emergency escort, which in retrospect seems naive, but which drove us on to make the plane.



Frankie, the Sess, the Bhagwan, as he was lovingly referred to by his many friends and students was full of life and passion and ideas that were often odd and even crazy sounding to many who did not know his peculiar search for a spiritual center to his existence. The funny thing was that many of these beliefs he entertained and practices he experimented with did touch him and help his quest for insight into the meaning of life and its appreciation.

Frankie at heart always appreciated the gifts nature wrought and for many years he cultivated roses that epitomized the gift of God that revealed beauty to those who worked as gardeners to reveal that perfect bloom and bud. Frank was never happier when early in the morning he would bring these cared for specimens to the office and delight those who shared his love of roses and their resplendent glory.

This cultivation of the rose also was a key in my mind to the agrarian past of his childhood and the importance of land and food to his Morman ancestors. He was an enthusiastic food producer as well and his experimentation with raised beds and just the right soils demonstrated that with proper planning and attention to detail great abundance could be garnered in small spaces.

Frank was a valued colleague who worked in supportive ways to further the ideas that were most close to his sociological heart . He in particular was convinced that we needed to think of the future with an eye to anticipating changes that would require new social arrangements and ways of thinking to resolve. One of his most fundamental concerns was the ability of industrial societies to produce increasingly more through robotics and automation with attendant loss of jobs and work for everyone who needed jobs for income. The social problems unleashed by this transformation worried him greatly as he knew self worth and social standing was fundamentally tied to the world of work and labor. Yet life in modern society was undermining that possibility for increasingly large numbers of people. Frank thought the solution for this huge transformation was to focus on using the great productivity of our world to free as many as possible to creatively realize true freedom from toil and develop a leisure oriented society where as much as possible play and time use would be dedicated to personal and creative pursuits.

To this end at CWU his courses explored the changing world of work and the opportunities for organizing efforts to truly create spaces and social institutions dedicated to pleasure and play in the fullest sense. This lead to teaching assignments in interdisciplinary programs like Leisure services that pursued these objectives.

Frank was , like all of us, many things to many people. But one thing I know is he was a loyal and rock solid friend. He was stubborn, funny and sometimes ridiculous to those who shared his company but we never thought of him as anything but a true friend. But, as we fondly think about it, it is true he truly did live this life his way. My thoughts of him will forever be with me and yes that will bring a million smiles. The Bhagwan , as many of us jokingly called him, will never escape our thoughts. There could only be one .

Bill Benson - April 12, 2013 at 02:21 AM