



Mr. Frank Patyi

October 17, 1931 - September 7, 2021

Born on the 17th of October in a small town in Hungary near the Austrian border, Frank was the 6th of 7 children of John and Barbara, a “kulak” family (non-nobility landowners). Having survived the devastation of WWII (on the losing side), he and his family were subject to the occupation of the Soviet army, which took away their lands and possessions and subjected them to persistent public castigation. Assuming that he would never be converted to communist philosophies, Frank was enlisted in a forced labor battalion (“munkaszolgálat”) where from the young age he worked on rebuilding the war devastated Hungarian infrastructure by constructing roads, bridges and airports; all under the watchful eyes of brutal communist guards.

In 1956, during the Hungarian Revolution, which succeeding in overthrowing Soviet rule for 19th days until being crushed by Soviet tanks, Frank and his cousin, having grabbed the rifles of their captors, made it to Austria, and eventually Germany. In Germany, he settled in Cologne and became active in a small group of other Hungarian refugees. It was through this group, at a dance, that he met his wife, Elisabeth, to whom he remained married from October 3, 1959 until his death. While in Germany, Frank undertook training and work in oil drilling, which required him to travel for extended periods; an unwelcome proposition for his new wife. In 1961, then president John F. Kennedy permitted asylum for all Hungarian Revolution refugees. He saw this as an opportunity for him and Elisabeth to move to a country which, unlike

Germany, had domestic oil fields that would allow him to work nearby his home. Upon arriving to New York City, Elisabeth sought out the advice of local Hungarians who had arrived earlier. Elisabeth (who was born and raised in cosmopolitan Budapest) was told that Texas was a land of uncultured cowboys, cattle and all assortments of debauchery and she refused to relocate (just like Eva Gabor in the Green Acres tv show that came a few years later). Ultimately, they settled in what is now Sleepy Hollow, NY. Frank was able to secure a position at a local General Motors car factory, where he worked on the robots and machines that made the cars. He maintained his job with General Motors for 32 years, only retiring when they permanently closed the factory; a day he tellingly described as one of the saddest in his life. Frank is survived by his wife, Elisabeth, his son, Frank, his grandson, Matthias, and his daughter-in-law, Josephine.

A Mass of Christian Burial will be celebrated on Thursday September 23, 2021 at 11 a.m. in St. Mary's Catholic Church, Cortland, N.Y. Prayers of committal will follow in Virgil Rural Cemetery. Arrangements are under the direction of Riccardi Funeral Home, Cortland, N.Y. Condolences may be sent to the family by visiting www.riccardifuneralhome.com

Previous Events

A Mass of Christian Burial

SEP **23**. 11:00 AM - 12:00 PM (ET)

St. Mary's Church
Cortland, NY 13045

Tribute Wall

RL

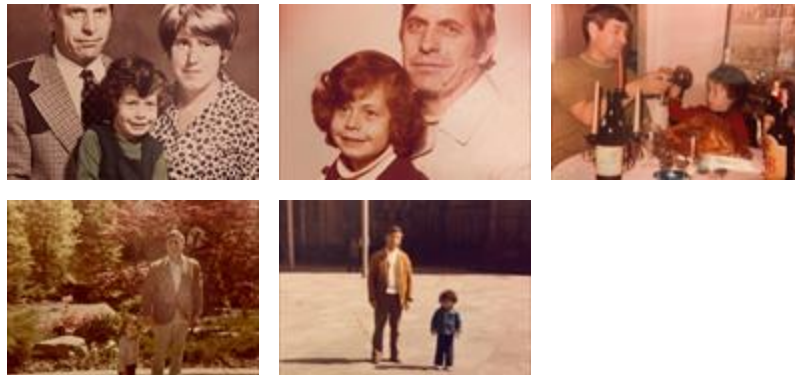
“ Elisabeth I'm not sure you remember me. I work in the building department in Sleepy Hollow. I think of you and your fabulous French toast with great fondness. I am sorry for your loss and wish you peace.

Rae Lee

Rae Lee - November 09, 2021 at 06:19 AM

JO

“ 5 files added to the tribute wall



Josephine - September 21, 2021 at 09:18 PM

JO

“ 14 files added to the tribute wall



Josephine - September 21, 2021 at 04:48 PM

JO

“ 2 files added to the tribute wall



Josephine - September 21, 2021 at 04:44 PM

JO

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Josephine - September 21, 2021 at 04:43 PM

JO

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Josephine - September 21, 2021 at 04:43 PM

JY

You found it. Love this picture!!!! Daddio loved Oktoberfest!

Jennifer Yang - September 21, 2021 at 09:21 PM

JO

“ 2 files added to the tribute wall



Josephine - September 21, 2021 at 04:42 PM

JO

“ 6 files added to the tribute wall



Josephine - September 21, 2021 at 04:39 PM

JY

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Jennifer Yang - September 21, 2021 at 03:51 PM

JY

“ 1 file added to the album Memories Album



Jennifer Yang - September 21, 2021 at 03:50 PM

JY

“ *Daddio became Daddio after my sister married Frank! I liked Daddio from introduction since Sleepy Hollow days. He and Mrs. Patyi generously opened their home and hearts to the Yang sisters before we located a rental to begin our "professional lives" together.*

Daddio was one of a kind, 100% true to himself and all around him! I always noticed the "mischievous" smirk after he would make certain remark or observation. His son and grandson inherited his way, too. He was simply comfortable and happy in his own skin. He loved his family, especially adored my sister!

I remember calling Daddio to the rescue one afternoon when I came home to discover my turtle #1 accidentally had mistaken turtle #2 for a snack. Within 20 minutes, Daddio showed up at my doorstep. He helped me clean up the aftermath. We buried #2 with a prayer and set #1 free to the Hudson River.

Daddio was just that kind of honorable man! He was always present and showed up for anyone!

God bless Daddio. May his soul reunite with his family and turtle #2...

Jennifer Yang - September 21, 2021 at 03:29 PM

JY

“ *1 file added to the tribute wall*



Jennifer Yang - September 21, 2021 at 02:53 PM

JY

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Jennifer Yang - September 21, 2021 at 02:47 PM

JY

“ James & Weiwei Yang purchased the Strength & Solace Spray for the family of Mr. Frank Patyi.



James & Weiwei Yang - September 21, 2021 at 01:42 PM

JY

“ After we bought our house from a trust in Sedgwick, there were constantly construction projects taking place at our house for the first few years. Daddio stayed with us to supervise the workers in and out of our house while Frank and I were at work. At that time, I was commuting to Rochester almost every day. Daddio would wake up and send me off to work between 5:30 – 6:00 in the morning and wait for me to get home late at night. In the winter, Daddio would wake up before me and clean my car before I pulled it out of the driveway around 5:30am.

Daddio and I acted like naughty kids around Frank. We were able to make fun of and laugh at pretty much everything in sight and we would exchange looks and burst out laughing. Frank and my mother-in-law would walk by us giggling like children and not understanding why we were giggling.

Once, when Daddio and I went on one of our excursions, we were driving around in the then Chase Pitkin’s parking lot in my first tiny Kia. A man gestured for me to roll down my window. Not understanding what had happened, I rolled down my window. That man angrily shouted, “Why don’t you just go back to your country?” Daddio was so angry and wanted to get out of the car to confront the man. I told him I was fine and it was ok to let it go. I know that Daddio was more troubled and angered by that confrontation than I was, even after years had passed.

Daddio’s words were, often enough, biased and insensitive. In today’s world, his words would have caused him to be canceled for the thousandth time and hundreds of snowflakes to overdose on their meds this year. However, if you know my Daddio, you would know him to be that one person who truly and sincerely treated everybody, despite his/her gender, age, ethnicity, nationality, sexual orientation, and religion, equally – with his actions.

To Daddio, his family was his world. He adored Moose. If they had more time together, they would have become best pals being

naughty and giggling like we did. Heaven now has more laughs because of Daddio, and we are more blessed because we have gained an Angel.

See ya, Daddio!

(2 of 2)

Josephine Yang-Patyi - September 21, 2021 at 11:54 AM

“ I met Mr. Frank Patyi about two weeks after Frank and I started dating (after knowing each other as classmates at law school since Day 1). We liked each other instantly. Having been told that I was of Chinese heritage, he expected me to be shorter and smaller. Mr. Patyi asked me where I was from. I told him “Taiwan.” He said, “Thailand?” I repeated, “Taiwan.” He tossed his arms and said, “Taiva! Thailand! Vat the difference?!” My college indoctrination reminded me to be offended but I was actually quite amused by that comment. Later, I learned that Mr. Patyi knew his geography and maps so well. He knew the difference between Taiwan and Thailand geographically and historically.

Mr. Patyi had a full head of silver hair, beautiful blue eyes and smiles, and body-building broad shoulders. Two weeks after I first met him, I told him in a conversation, “You are so handsome.” He gave me an incredibly confident smile and nodded, “Thank you.”

Mr. Patyi and I had many interesting conversations in the walkout basement at his Sleep Hollow home. He told me he loved me months before Frank, my then boyfriend, did. We talked about gender roles. He told me that a good woman, like his mother, was supposed to be a homemaker; she should be cooking and cleaning and waiting for her husband to come home from work. I told him I was not that good a woman and I asked him if I was supposed to stay home and not work even though I was receiving professional training to become a lawyer. He just smiled and shrugged. A few months later, I saw how Mr. Patyi was proud of me when I graduated from law school (with his son) and was admitted to the Second Department in Brooklyn.

Mr. Patyi spent more time quietly observing than talking. But his commanding presence could not be overlooked. Mr. Patyi, in his sixties, was a strong man. He could carry a horse on his shoulders without blinking. Like St. Francis, Mr. Patyi loved animals; he named all male pets and animals “Frankie” and female ones “Samantha.”

Mr. Patyi did not enjoy Chinese food very much because how meat and poultry, especially, were cut into small pieces. He questioned where the different pieces had been before making their way to the plates. He enjoyed big pieces of meat (“hus,” one of the first Hungarian words I learned) as they were less suspicious.

After Frank and I got married, Mr. Patyi became my “Daddio.” He could call me on the phone, “Josephine Josephine, me Daddio.” In the first few years, he would chuckle when he said “me Daddio.”

(1 of 2)



Josephine Yang-Patyi - September 21, 2021 at 11:51 AM

FP

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Frank Patyi - September 21, 2021 at 09:10 AM

MW

“ Mark W. purchased the Country Basket Blooms for the family of Mr. Frank Patyi.



Mark W. - September 20, 2021 at 10:28 PM



“ *Strength & Solace Spray was purchased for the family of Mr. Frank Patyi.*



September 20, 2021 at 09:29 PM



“ *Beautiful Heart Bouquet was purchased for the family of Mr. Frank Patyi.*



September 20, 2021 at 08:13 PM



“ *Beautiful in Blue was purchased for the family of Mr. Frank Patyi.*



September 20, 2021 at 03:55 PM