



Frank Forrest Rouse Jr.

February 26, 1945 - October 30, 2019

Frank Forrest Rouse, Jr., age 74, of Dayton, passed away Wednesday evening, October 30, 2019 at his home in Dayton. He was born on February 26, 1945 in Addison, NY, the son of the late Frank Forrest Rouse, Sr. and Eleanor Louise (Sly) Rouse.

Frank lived in Dayton for the past 35 years. He was a carpenter, retired from Bryan College and was a paper route carrier.

He is survived by his wife of 52 years, Linda Diane (Wagner) Rouse of Dayton; two sons, Frank (Nancy) Rouse III of Roxboro, NC and John (Tasha) Rouse of Dayton; two daughters, Robin (Jim) Newby and Jodi (Tim) Wehse all of Dayton; 14 grandchildren; two brothers, John (Cindy) Rouse of West Palm Beach, FL and Barry (Barbie) Rouse of Schenectady, NY; and three sisters, Phyllis McDonald of West Palm Beach, FL, Gail (Pat) Clancy of Hornell, NY and June (Noah) Denning of Indianapolis, IN.

A Celebration of Life service for Frank will be held Saturday afternoon, November 9, 2019 at 4:00 p.m. in Grace Bible Church in Dayton. The family will receive friends after 2:00 p.m. at the church.

Please share your memories of Frank on his online guest register at www.vanderwallfh.com.

The family is being cared for by the Vanderwall Funeral Home in Dayton.

The family asks that memorial contributions be made in Frank Rouse, Jr.'s name to the Bible Broadcasting Network, P.O. Box 7300, Charlotte, NC 28241.

Previous Events

Visitation

NOV **9**. 2:00 PM (ET)

Grace Bible Church
2809 Old Washington Hwy.
Dayton, TN

Tribute Wall

BR

“ Growing up, Uncle Frank was always someone who I looked up to and now that I am grown, I still do! My dad continues to tell me to this day that “everybody liked Frank.” Playing rook during Christmas is still a fond memory of him. His cheerfulness and laughter (which was rather loud as a little boy!), always seemed to fill the room.

When Uncle Frank and Aunt Linda all came down to Georgia to help can tomatoes (the Rouse way), his care to do the job well and the perseverance to see the job through to completion, at break-neck speeds, had put this youth to shame. Again, my dad boasts about his big brother and how Uncle Frank was the one that taught him how to work! There are a lot of good workers out there but there is only one Uncle Frank in mind. I am very thankful to have such an Uncle with upstanding character...what a Testimony!

I will miss Uncle Frank and can only wish that I knew him better as a nephew. Thanks be to the Most High God that we have this Hope, since we will sing praises unto His name; forever and ever!

Benjamin



Benjamin Rouse - November 04, 2019 at 05:32 PM

“It is with immense pleasure and gratitude that I would like to proclaim that Frank was my big brother! From a very young age I admired and respected him. There were times, when we were younger, that it was just he and I spending time together in the bunkhouse on the farm. We would read, lift weights, exercise and talk. Being a number of years younger than he, never did I feel demeaned or belittled, as big brothers are apt to do.

What fun times were had when Frank was around! Times of games, jokes, work, holidays, making fudge and roll-around-on-floor bouts of laughter. Those times are entrenched in my memory along with many more too numerous to relate.

He was always giving of himself to help others and there was no guile in him, whatsoever. Material wealth was never to be but, oh, the eternal riches that will be his!

The old quote of... “I never met a man I didn’t like” could have been his creed. He made friends wherever he went and I always heard from others how much they liked and admired him. I was extremely proud that he was my big brother! When others have found out that I was Frank’s little brother, they have regaled me with countless fond stories, along with statements, from grown men, how much they “loved that man”. One of my college friends became a colleague of Frank’s at Bryan College. When he found we were related he proclaimed to me how much he admired Frank and that he never heard anybody say one bad thing about him. What an awesome testament and testimony!

He was always singing (or whistling) while milking cows, doing chores, working or just riding in the car. As I write this, I can hear his soft, clear tenor voice as he sang, while working, with our other brother in a trio/quartet at church services and with Linda. To this day I compare every tenor voice with Frank’s. Yes, there may be others with better voices, but it is Frank’s voice that is my defining line that I expect all the others to measure up to.

It was through Frank's persistence to get me to attend a Church he was part of, that turned my attention toward the pursuit of God. That simple appeal on his part changed my life and directs me to this day.

His profound abilities, which were many, cannot be understated but it is the way he used them that caused him to stand out from others. Those of us who knew him, understand what is meant by that statement.

These past few years have been extremely difficult on him and the family. Whenever we talked, I could hear the pain in his voice, yet still professed a future hope. He continually stated that he was not going to give up but was content to accept whatever God wanted! Even during this time, he was concerned about others and wanted to be the protector and provider for his family that he always has been. One cannot even imagine what he has had to endure but I am extremely relieved that he is no longer in pain!

Oh, I so long for the day when we can all gather together around the Throne of the Most High God and worship and praise the King of Kings. To once again hear the sweetness of that voice as he lifts up his head and looks up, in the way that he always did, and sings.

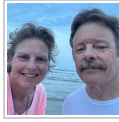
I'm going to miss Frank, but with the Hope all true believers in Jesus Christ have, the expectation of a heavenly reunion takes grief and turns it into expectation!

Lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh! Even so, come quickly, Lord Jesus...blessed be the Name of the Lord!!

Your little brother, Barry.



Barry D Rouse - November 03, 2019 at 09:13 AM



We love you, Uncle Barry. Thank you for these blessed words of tribute to my dad... this was very well-written. He was definitely a man of integrity, and will be missed by so many who are left behind with the wonderful memories of his legacy.

Robin Newby - November 03, 2019 at 12:31 PM

TW

“*Linda, My deepest condolences to you and your family. Although I am at a loss for words, I just wanted to say that I am thinking of you during this difficult time. I pray for peace and comfort as you remember Frank. Let the memories you have give you comfort in the days ahead.*



Tammy Weiss - November 02, 2019 at 10:56 PM



Thank you, Tammy. We appreciate the sentiment during this difficult time for our family.

Robin Newby - November 04, 2019 at 02:39 PM

TW

“*Dad, thanks for all of your sacrifice over all of the years. Thanks for welcoming me into the family (even though Mom thought I was "an idiot" and was scared of me because I wasn't a Baptist). Thanks, also for coming to Vegas several years. Those were good times. You are missed already. Love, Tim*

Tim Wehse - November 02, 2019 at 12:05 PM



Thanks, dear brother... the words of tribute to my dad were very kind and fitting.

Robin Newby - November 04, 2019 at 02:40 PM

KR

“ *I have so many great memories of my Uncle Frank, he was always so kind and compassionate. When my parents and I would come visit I'd always go upstairs to aunt Linda's and uncle Franks I loved being there.*

He was always there to put a smile on my face.

He taught me how to use the computer I had no idea what the internet was and he showed me how to look things up. We spent days looking on the computer for my wedding dress. He was so happy to help me.

I remember the family playing Rook and laughing bc he would bid so high just to see what was I. The kitty as we call it, I'm a lot like him I do too lol ,

I loved him so much and will greatly miss him

I'm happy that he is not in pain and with Jesus walking and running the streets of gold.

krissy - November 02, 2019 at 01:52 AM

JR

“ I was always known as the baby of the family because I was those last child even though I'm the biggest in size. I remember that dad had nicknames for all of us and he always mixed up our names that probably sticks out to me the most Because I was the 4th child for example if he was trying to get on to me for something it was said like this in a loud tone, now frank, now robin now Jodi I mean now John.... the other day I walked into mom and dads and dad said my name and it was the last thing I heard him say I think it was the last thing that he said at all I'll never forget it either. It was very difficult to see him last week but I was also very blessed to be able to be by his side for the last 72 hours. There are a couple other things that stick out in my mind one my sister posted Regarding yard sales which is probably why I love going to yard sales so much my wife doesn't like it so much but it's one of my favorite pastimes. If my dad found something he needed then not only would he buy 2 of the item to start he would buy a dozen more to store for just in case the one he bought wore out or needed replacing. He also knew how to do everything which is definitely a gift I didn't receive unfortunately. It's so hard to try to put into words how good of a man my dad was in a paragraph or two. He will be missed greatly but I'm so glad he is out of the pain and suffering he was in and Definitely in a better place. I love you dad



John rouse - November 01, 2019 at 01:41 PM



Thank you, little brother... we love you and your tribute was very well thought out and appreciated.

Robin Newby - November 04, 2019 at 02:39 PM



Mark Butts

“ I met Frank and his wonderful wife (and the rest of the family) in 1986 at Fort Bluff Camp in Dayton, Tn. I was instantly drawn to him by his gregarious personality. We had a lot in common. Frank quickly became my best friend. I don't remember when but there was a time I needed some financial help and he and Linda came to my aid. Frank was always a giving man. When he couldn't give of his finances, he would always give of himself. We lost a true angel on this earth who has been called to his Heavenly home resting in the presence of Jesus. I looked forward to meeting you, Frank, on that Heavenly shore and shaking your hand once more. I love you and miss you, my friend!



Mark Butts - November 01, 2019 at 12:19 PM



Thanks, Mark. Your sentimental words and condolences mean a lot to our family.

Robin Newby - November 04, 2019 at 02:40 PM



“ *There are so many wonderful memories of my father, throughout my childhood and even into my adult life, that it's difficult to narrow it down to just one or two to share on this page.*

My dad was a very wonderful man, who was generous with his time, energy and resources, his entire life. Even though he never had much extra to spare, anything he had, he would willingly share with others, who were in need.

I remember in childhood, one of our regular family excursions, which seemed like an every Saturday event, (but it probably wasn't quite as often as I remember it in my mind), was Dad getting all of the family out of the house on Saturday mornings to go to yard sales (we called it going yard saling) and then sometimes we would get ice cream cones, and end up back at home, and after sorting all of our finds from the yard sales, we would get outside and wash the exterior of all our vehicles... it was a fun family memory that we children looked forward to, in the spring and summer seasons.

There's no doubt about it that we miss my dad greatly, but we are so happy and rejoicing for him that he lived his life well and was a child of the King, who has reached his final destination to his heavenly home on high with Jesus and his parents and others, who went on before him.

My mom made mention of the fact last night, amidst the grief and sadness from his death and the void it has left us with, told me that he got to meet his other five grandchildren first (my five angel babies that preceded us in death, due to miscarriage).

I was always a Daddy's girl, growing up, and my dad and I remained close all through my adulthood, even till his home going to heaven.

I miss him greatly, but rest assured in the promise that I will see him again someday and he's out of the extreme pain and suffering that he endured for the last several years of his life on this old earth.

Now, he's running and jumping in a glorified, heavenly body, worshipping Jesus with the others, singing 'Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord God Almighty'

I love you Dad!



Robin Newby - November 01, 2019 at 10:46 AM



“ 1 file added to the album Memories Album



Vanderwall Funeral Home, Inc. - October 31, 2019 at 04:06 PM

 Mae
Stephen

I remember when Frank was born, he was such a special baby His mother was my aunt and i baby sat all his brothers and sisters, yes they all seem like mine, Love all the children and Frank was a wonderful Son, brother, father husband , I can not express enough, what a wonderful person he was God has gained one of the best , God bless his family and friends , he will be missed a lot RIP my lovely Causin mae Stephens

Mae Stephens - November 01, 2019 at 05:09 PM



Thank you so much, Mae for your special words of love for our father. We love you!

Robin Newby - November 04, 2019 at 02:41 PM