

In Thanksgiving for the Life of



Francine Marie Hayden

BORN TO EARTHLY LIFE MAY 12, 1944

BORN TO ETERNAL LIFE SEPTEMBER 5, 2024

Funeral Mass

Saturday, September 14th, 2024 at 11:00 am

Saint James Catholic Church

17514 Detroit Avenue, Lakewood, Ohio

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Francine Marie Hayden

Loving wife, mother, grandmother and sister, Francine Marie Hayden, nee Leisz, 80, of Lakewood, OH, passed away peacefully at home surrounded by loved ones on September 5, 2024.

Francine was born on May 12, 1944, to Joseph and Jean Leisz (nee Buchholz) in Cleveland, OH, the sixth child out of nine. She was predeceased by her parents, her brother Richard Leisz, sister Nancy Shircliff (Bill, deceased) and brother James Paul Leisz. Francine is survived by her siblings, Robert Leisz (Josie) (Celine, deceased), Marianne Kasarda (Robert), Joseph "Bud" Leisz (Fran), Karen Crandall (Steve), and Jayne Smith (Doug). She grew up in the parish of St. Patrick's Church West Park, attended St. Patrick School and graduated from Magnificat High School in 1962. While at Magnificat she met her adoring husband, Tom Hayden, in the spring of 1962. Fran and Tom wed on August 27, 1966, set up their home in Lakewood and raised their family on love and faith in the St. James Parish.

Fran leaves behind her husband, Tom, of 58 years, her children, Christopher (Maria), Charles (Meighan), Nicholas Peura (Nicole), David (Kate), Cheryl Ozark (Jeff), Daniel (Elizabeth) and her ten grandchildren Taylor, Morgan, Timothy, Thomas, Finn, Edward, Lucas, Harper, Hayden, and Lucia as well as a loving and extensive family of brothers, sisters, nieces, nephews, and grand-nieces and nephews.

Fran was a child of God and put her faith into action every day. Fran's volunteer credentials spanned decades as a CYO leader, basketball and volleyball coach, school librarian, team member of various groups at St. James including Hospitality, Sacred Heart, Stephen Ministry, St. Vincent DePaul Society, Bingo, Eucharistic Minister to shut-ins, Save St. James Committee, Friends of

St. James group, and a leader of the St. James Fish Fry. In these activities and all facets of her life, Fran made every single person feel welcomed, loved, and important. Fran was the definition of Love. Her patience was endless, and her persistence endured. Fran's humility continues to inspire as we strive to live the gospel every day.

Fran created a warm and welcoming home. Many friends and family joined in the love and mayhem, and some stayed longer than others, most notably, her brother Jim, with Down Syndrome. Everyone who entered Fran's home felt loved, cared for, and forever a part of the family. After raising her own family, she opened her home and her heart to provide childcare for numerous children of her extended family. This role brought her great joy and fulfillment and provided a treasure trove of memories for the children and their families. Fran had the softest touch to comfort a child or put them down for a nap and was tough enough to show them right from wrong as well as how to learn from one's mistakes.

Fran showed her love for others through her creativity and generosity. Family and friends will forever remember Fran's chocolate chip cookies, chocolate-covered treats, and angel wing cookies. Her tailoring skills created great clothes for her children and amazing Halloween costumes. She had the insight to send the perfect card and note for every occasion. Fran put her love for family and amazing organizational skills to use in planning two epic trips to Disney for 75 friends and family members to celebrate milestone birthdays for her brother Jim. She hosted weekly family picnics at Clifton Beach. Fran possessed an amazing knack for finding the best sea glass and seashells and teaching others how to find those treasures. Fran's love of nature and care for all of God's creatures is seen in her beautiful gardens and special connections with dogs.

Fran was a seasoned traveler, able to navigate many cross-country road trips with only a thermos of coffee and a AAA Triptik. She enjoyed many miles of travel on camping trips, ski trips, family reunions, and OBX beach trips with her family, extended family, and friends. Her greatest joy on these road trips

was being Tom's co-pilot for over 300,000 miles together. For decades, Fran and Tom always seemed to be living their best lives when they were in motion – taking their kids on a cross-country adventure, skiing in Colorado, riding a carousel or train, or ruling the dance floor at every wedding since their first dance to "More" by Andy Williams. Since Fran's health challenges from her Alzheimers Dementia slowed them down the past few years, the real courage and the real love story is how Fran and Tom navigated these changes and taught all those around them what love looks like when you are sitting still and snuggling on the couch.

The family would like to thank the many caregivers from Daughters with Degrees and Hospice of the Western Reserve who added years and value to her life and brought comfort to Fran and her family in knowing she was cared for by compassionate, loving people.

In lieu of flowers, please consider a monetary donation to Magnificat High School or St. James Church. Interment is at Holy Cross Cemetery.



Fran's children offer our deepest thanks to all those who loved our Mom, cared for her, offered her friendship, and supported her in her amazing 80 years on this earth.

We also thank many, many family and friends who have comforted us at this time. The words and sentiments expressed bring us great solace and joy and remind us of all the things that made Mom great!

Most importantly, we wanted to offer our love, support, and gratitude to our Dad for his enduring love for Fran and us. The devotion he showed for Mom throughout her life and in these past years is an inspiration. The example of faith, hope and love that he gave us will carry us through these days and months ahead. The commitment and companionship that Mom and Dad shared is a shining example of the sacrament of marriage. We are eternally grateful for this gift and blessed to share in that love.

Fran's sons would like to especially thank Cheryl and Jeff for their selfless devotion and love in caring for Mom and Dad. Shopping for Mom, preparing countless meal, mowing the lawn, and attending to Mom on a daily basis were only a small piece of what you did for them and we are forever grateful. We recognize your commitment to Fran and we are forever grateful.

Mass of Christian Burial

Celebrant: Fr. Patrick Schultz

Entrance Rite/Blessing of Casket

Family and friends are welcomed by the priest as Fran is honored with Christian burial.

PALLBEARERS: Grandnephews Matt Henthorn, Alex Hertelendy, Evan Hayden, Elliot Hayden, Dylan Crandall, Michael Kasarda, and Grandsons Timothy Hayden and Thomas Hayden

CANTORS: Grandniece Elaine Shircliff and Grandnephew Andy Henthorn

Entrance Hymn: HAIL MARY, GENTLE WOMAN (#707)

LITURGY OF THE WORD

We listen to God's word of wisdom, comfort, and hope to strengthen our faith in Christ at the time of death.

■ FIRST READING: Karen Crandall (sister)

Book of Ruth - 1: 16-17 - Where you go I will follow

But Ruth replied, "Don't urge me to leave you or to turn back from you. Where you go I will go, and where you stay I will stay. Your people will be my people and your God my God. Where you die I will die, and there I will be buried. May the Lord deal with me, be it ever so severely, if even death separates you and me."

Reader ends with: "This is the word of the Lord."

RESPONSE BY THE PEOPLE: Thanks be to God.

■ RESPONSORIAL: Patti Satariano (sister-in-law)

Psalms 27 - The Lord is my Light and my Salvation

1. The Lord is my light and my salvation; If God is my help, whom should I fear? The Lord is my refuge, my stronghold, and my strength; why should I be afraid?
2. There is but one thing that I want: to live in the dwelling place of God; to look all my days on the beauty of the Lord, and contemplate God's holy temple.
3. I shall see for myself the grace of God, the dawn of that day among the living. Wait for the Lord, find strength in your hearts; have courage and wait for God.

■ SECOND READING: Jayne Smith (sister)

A reading from the letter of Paul to the Philippians - 1: 4-6, 8-11

In every prayer I utter, I rejoice as I plead on your behalf, at the way you have all continually helped promote the gospel from the very first day. I am sure of this much: that he who has begun the good work in you will carry it through to completion, right up to the day of Christ Jesus. God himself can testify how much I long for each of you with the affection of Christ Jesus! My prayer is that your love may more and more abound, both in understanding and wealth of experience, so that with a clear conscience and blameless conduct, you may learn to value the things that really matter, up to the very day of Christ. It is my wish that you may be found rich in the harvest of justice which Jesus Christ has ripened in you, to the glory and praise of God.

Reader ends with: "This is the word of the Lord."

RESPONSE BY THE PEOPLE: Thanks be to God.

■ GOSPEL:

Luke 24 13-35 - The Road to Emmaus

13 Now that same day two of them were going to a village called Emmaus, about seven miles[a] from Jerusalem. **14** They were talking with each other about everything that had happened. **15** As they talked and discussed these things with each other, Jesus himself came up and walked along with them; **16** but they were kept from recognizing Him.

17 He asked them, "What are you discussing together as you walk along?"

They stood still, their faces downcast. **18** One of them, named Cleopas, asked him, "Are you the only one visiting Jerusalem who does not know the things that have happened there in these days?"

19 "What things?" He asked.

"About Jesus of Nazareth," they replied. "He was a prophet, powerful in word and deed before God and all the people. **20** The chief priests and our rulers handed him over to be sentenced to death, and they crucified him; **21** but we had hoped that he was the one who was going to redeem Israel. And what is more, it is the third day since all this took place. **22** In addition, some of our women amazed us. They went to the tomb early this morning **23** but didn't find His body. They came and told us that they had seen a vision of angels, who said He was alive. **24** Then some of our companions went to the tomb and found it just as the women had said, but they did not see Jesus."

25 He said to them, "How foolish you are, and how slow to believe all that the prophets have spoken! **26** Did not the Messiah have to suffer these things and then enter his glory?" **27** And beginning with Moses and all the Prophets, He explained to them what was said in all the Scriptures concerning Himself.

28 As they approached the village to which they were going, Jesus continued on as if

He were going farther. 29 But they urged him strongly, “Stay with us, for it is nearly evening; the day is almost over.” So He went in to stay with them.

30 When He was at the table with them, He took bread, gave thanks, broke it and began to give it to them. 31 Then their eyes were opened and they recognized Him, and He disappeared from their sight. 32 They asked each other, “Were not our hearts burning within us while He talked with us on the road and opened the Scriptures to us?”

33 They got up and returned at once to Jerusalem. There they found the Eleven and those with them, assembled together 34 and saying, “It is true! The Lord has risen and has appeared to Simon.” 35 Then the two told what had happened on the way, and how Jesus was recognized by them when He broke the bread.

Priest ends with: “The Gospel of the Lord.”

RESPONSE BY THE PEOPLE: Praise to you, Lord Jesus Christ.

■ HOMILY

■ PRAYERS OF THE FAITHFUL

RESPONSE TO EACH PETITION: Lord, hear our prayer.

Shannon Crandall (niece), Morgan Peura (granddaughter), Taylor Peura (granddaughter), Anna Hertelendy (grandniece), Katherine Hertelendy (grandniece), Emily Henthorn (grandniece)

LITURGY OF THE EUCHARIST

Offertory/Preparation Hymn: PRAYER OF ST. FRANCIS (#535)

GIFT BEARERS: Grandchildren Finn Hayden, Teddy Hayden, Lucas Hayden, Harper Hayden, Hayden Ozark, Lucia Hayden

Communion Hymns: TAKE LORD, RECEIVE

I AM THE BREAD OF LIFE (#342)

Final Commendation and Song of Farewell

Song of Farewell: AMAZING GRACE (#450)

Recessional Hymn: ON EAGLE’S WINGS (#441)



Memories of Fran from her children

“In the past nine years with her, with her suffering, I think I’ll miss her grace the most.”

“I remember a conversation with her about Pope John Paul II, he was in the late stages of his papacy. He was frail and not doing well. I remember commenting, ‘I think it’s time he step aside and let somebody else lead the church.’ And her comment was, ‘Oh no, he’s still leading the church, he’s showing us grace in all stages of life.’ That’s always stuck with me ‘cause I think she did that in her final years, she showed us grace.”

“Growing up, she was just the best.”

“She always sent me a note, a letter with some kind words and inspiration and motivation. I miss talking with her about our faith. We often would chat about where we were in our faith journey, what we need

to do to support each another. So I’ll miss those things.”

“She’d pack kids into the car and take them on countless field trips when I was in grade school. Beach days at Clifton – who packs a dozen kids into a van and takes them across the country camping in the wilderness? For a week to ten days!”

“My Mom was very grounded as a person. She wasn’t self-righteous or preachy, and she certainly led by example. What an extremely positive example of a life she led. She showed so many of us how to do it right.”

“She enjoyed the Easter Triduum, that was her Super Bowl, World Series and NBA championship all wrapped up into one... it was such a part of the fabric of her being.”



Clifton Beach holds many memories for the Haydens (clockwise from left) Chris, Dave, Chuck, Cheryl, Nick, Dan, Fran’s brother Jim Leisz, Tom and Fran. 12 August 2015

“She lived a life of service – service to our God, to the church and members of the church – and she did it without any complaints...That last nine years gave us a chance to prove to her that we were listening, we were paying attention, when we talk about service, what it means to care for your family and your friends. Her final nine years gave everybody a chance to show her, ‘yup we were paying attention. And we’re going to care for you.’”

“She was a Mom in the truest sense, whether you called her Mom or Aunt Fran or Grandma, she had that motherly love and care for everyone, starting with us, then watching my cousins’ kids. She loved being with kids, watching after them. She touched a lot of people’s lives doing that. She just loved kids, they always brought a smile to her face.”

“About three years ago I asked Dad to put one of his old records on his turntable as I hadn’t heard a vinyl record in years. A song came on that sparked my Mom and I got an opportunity to dance with her. That was very special to me and it brought tears of joy, but also kind of knowing then that we’d likely not be able to do this again. And this was the last time I danced with my Mom.”

“She taught us to be ourselves, to find ourselves, to make mistakes, and the grace to find God and what faith means to us.”

“Mom was always there with a smile for me. She was patient and loving and giving of herself until the end.”

“She made Christmas magical.”

“She just made a really beautiful home for her family.”

“Even in her state of dementia, she really continued to love and care for us and teach us. There was a lot to be learned by having her in our lives for all these years, especially toward the end.”

(Through her illness she taught us)

“Patience. Mom was always very pro-life from conception until the grave. And we honored that until the end of her life.”

“What an important job it is to raise a child and to be there for a child...It IS sacred. And I didn’t realize the sacredness of her vocation as a mother and a caregiver to us and to other people’s children. It was very deep in her heart, that vocation of and desire to provide for others.”

“My Mom said if you smile more, you feel better too.”

“I’m so glad that she shared herself so freely with so many people, because now, in our time of need and grief, we’re surrounded by people who love her and had a relationship with her. And so she’s continuing to give to us, even in death by having formed all those relationships with so many people. What a gift.”

“She was the glue, there’s no doubt. There was never a sense of anger, ever. If she got mad, she got over it., usually just like that. Rarely did you hear her get mad, she was so even-keeled. That’s something I’ve done in my own life. I’ve never scolded my kids, In 22 years, I’ve maybe raised my voice a dozen times. It’s been ‘even keel’ for me, so I’ve taken that page.”

“I’m grateful. My last words to her was I told her I wouldn’t be the man I am without her. ‘I’m a man today because of you.’”

Memories of Fran from some of the many children she cared for

"It's hard to pick just one memory of Aunt Fran from the beach days, carousel rides, and library trips. Most of the ones that stand out are the little Moments like getting to lick the beater after she made her famous chocolate chip cookies. These are times I will cherish forever."

- Katherine Hertelendy, grandniece

"I was the first kid that Aunt Fran watched, which blossomed into her own at home day care consisting of more than fifteen children over the years, including my own son Dylan who was the last. What an incredibly special aunt to give us an enchanting childhood. From big wheel races down the driveway, climbing the apple tree in the backyard, building blanket forts during thunderstorms, walking to Webb park, snowball fights with the fancy snowball maker, the list goes on and on, to the adventures she allowed us to have and we are all eternally grateful to have the memories and friendship we do because of her influence."

- Shannon Crandall, niece

"As a freshman in high school, my band took a trip to march in a Universal Studios parade right after Christmas. As my first big trip away from home, this was a big deal, especially over the holidays. During the Leisz family gift exchange on Christmas Day, Aunt Fran gifted me a batch of her famous chocolate chip cookies to take with me. Her thoughtfulness brought me to tears and the cookies reminded me of home during the whole trip!"

- Andy Henthorn, grandnephew

"Packing all together in the Dodge Caravan and heading down to Clifton Beach. Everyone double buckled, Andy on the cooler, Uncle Jim in the passenger seat, and Fran leading the pack down Clifton Avenue. A weekly occurrence that was chaotically beautiful!"

- Taylor Peura, granddaughter

"After several years she cared for my cousins and I, there are many amazing memories I can recall. From helping her bake her famous chocolate chip cookies, to the peanut butter and jelly sandwiches I swear only she could make best, to her holding my legs while standing on the edge of the couch to pick out a movie from the movie wall. Everything she did, she did out of love. She will be missed by many but I will always and forever love you Grandma."

- Morgan Peura, granddaughter

"I have so many great memories of Aunt Fran from all the years she babysat us as kids. Every year she would take us to Lake Farm Park during the Christmas season and we would make toys, eat warm candied pecans, and ride around in the horse drawn carriages to see the Christmas lights. It was one of my favorite things to do growing up! She made our childhood so magical."

- Meghan Kasarda, grandniece

"Aunt Fran was, is, and will always be so many things to the family and myself. Countless memories and adventures. The lessons I learned stem from two of her hobbies: lighthouses and carousels. (cont'd)

Fran's Famous Chocolate Chip Cookies

Preheat oven 350

2 sticks unsalted butter

½ cup granulated sugar

½ cup brown sugar

2 eggs

2.5 tsp vanilla

1 tsp almond extract

2.5 C all-purpose flour

¼ tsp salt

1 tsp baking powder

1 tsp baking soda

18 oz bag unsweetened chocolate chips

In a large bowl:

Cream butter, sugars, eggs and vanilla. Sift together flour, salt, baking powder and baking soda.

Combine the wet and dry ingredients. Stir in chocolate chips. Using a tablespoon, spoon half of dough onto ungreased cookie sheet.

Bake 9 min., cool completely before removing.



December 2005 – Fran and her Elf Helpers bake cookies in her kitchen at the Hayden family home on Clifton Blvd. in Cleveland, (from left) her niece's daughter Anna Hertelendy and her grandchildren Taylor (in stripe sweater) and Morgan Peura.

MORE...Memories of Fran from some of the many children she cared for

She always shined her light and taught us life goes up and down, so hang on!"

- Alex Hertelendy, grandnephew

"One of my favorite memories I have of Aunt Fran was during the holidays when she would take us all to Lake Farm Park. All the cousins would meet at Aunt Fran and Uncle Tom's house, bundle up, and head out. At Lake Farm Park, we would make toys in Santa's workshop, and go on sleigh rides and sing our favorite Christmas carols. The holidays at Aunt Fran's were always special from helping her decorate for Christmas, playing in the snow in the backyard, and trying to get her to let us have one of her homemade goodies cooling on the kitchen table. I will never forget these amazing memories."

- Emily Henthorn, grandniece

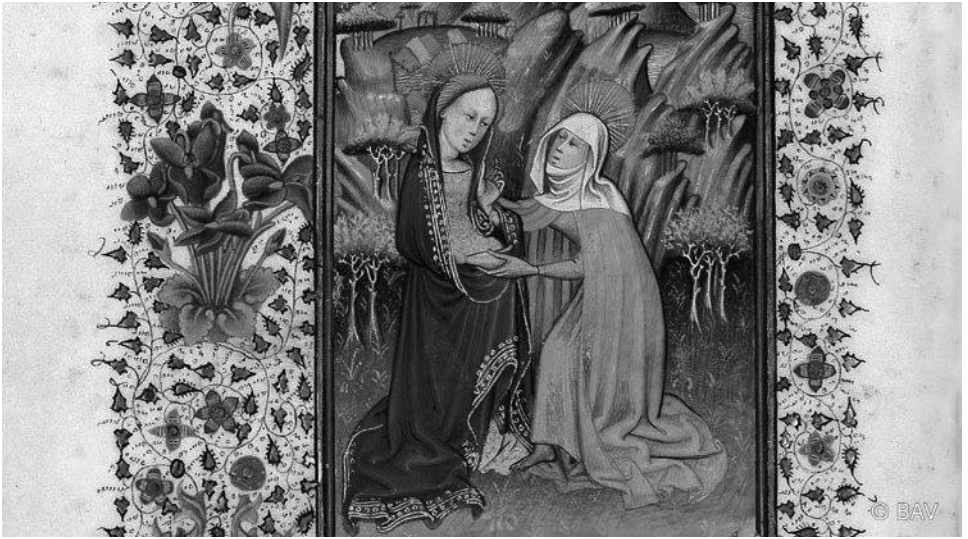
"It's hard to pinpoint a single memory with Aunt Fran, because there are so many. Her presence was synonymous with my childhood. In fact, most of my days as a kid were spent at Aunt Fran's. I cherish those memories with my cousins: visiting Clifton Beach, building igloos for snowball fights, swimming endlessly in her pool, walking to her home from Safety Town, and so many more. When we came in from playing outside, Aunt Fran always had a cold cut sandwich and a comfortable place to nap ready to go. As we got older, life changed, but Aunt Fran's stayed the same: it has forever been a place of love, because that's who Aunt Fran was. Although I saw my Aunt Fran less and less since moving from Ohio, she always greeted me with a hug, a hug that felt just like getting that sandwich and a nap as a kid."

- Mike Kasarda, grandnephew



The Magnificat

This prayer was a favorite of Fran's. She prayed to the Virgin Mary daily.



My soul proclaims the greatness of the Lord,
my spirit rejoices in God my Savior,
for he has looked with favor on his lowly servant.
From this day all generations will call me blessed:
the Almighty has done great things for me,
and holy is his Name.

He has mercy on those who fear him
in every generation.

He has shown the strength of his arm,
he has scattered the proud in their conceit.
He has cast down the mighty from their thrones,
and has lifted up the lowly.

He has filled the hungry with good things,
and the rich he has sent away empty.

He has come to the help of his servant Israel
for he has remembered his promise of mercy,
the promise he made to our fathers,
to Abraham and his children forever.

Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit,
as it was in the beginning, is now, and will be forever. Amen.

The Campfire

This poem was written in 2020 by Tom Hayden, Fran's spouse of 58 years.

A campfire is a beautiful sight to behold
She brings joy and comfort to the young and the old
She cooks the food until all have their fill
Her S'mores and firesticks bring children great thrills.
As the day turns to evening the campfire gives light,
With warmth and sustenance, comfort, and delight.

The lives of those 'round her are truly enhanced,
Watching the flames as they sparkle and dance.
But too soon the evening turns into night,
Yet the campfire still radiates warmth and light,
As she casts her bright charm on those nearby
Bringing great joy to them as they sigh.

When the night gets late, the campfire dwindles,
Still warming the lives of those watching it kindle.
The wise man then tends the campfire with care,
Again and again nursing the embers
Until they respond to his care so tender
He's rewarded each time there bursts forth a flame
Almost as if it's calling his name.

He knows in his heart it won't last 'til dawn
But he continues 'til the last glowing ember is
Gone!
In the cold dark night, he stares into the abyss
And laments all the joy and beauty he'll miss.
The burnt wood is warm, just memories of the flame
But the fire is not there to say his name.