



Frederick Redman

August 25, 1921 - December 22, 2010

Frederick Redman, 89, of New Britain, widower of Helen Miller Redman, passed away Wednesday December 22, 2010 in Uncasville. Born in Poland, he lived in New Britain for over 50 years. Fred was employed at the former North & Judd Manufacturing Company and Hartford Bearing for over 20 years, retiring in 1986. He also worked at Pinkerton Security for many years. A devoted husband and father, he was a member of St. John's Lutheran Church in New Britain and a former member of the Newington and New Britain Senior Centers.

Surviving is his daughter, Joyce Redman of New Britain; and several nieces and nephews. Besides his wife Helen, he was predeceased by a brother and sisters.

Funeral services are Wednesday 10:30 AM at St. Johns Lutheran Church, 295 Arch Street, New Britain, CT 06051. Burial will be in Fairview Cemetery. Calling hours are Wednesday morning 9 to 10 AM at Carlson Funeral Home, 45 Franklin Square, New Britain. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to St Johns Lutheran Church. Please share a memory or note of sympathy by clicking on "Add Condolences" at the bottom of this page.

Tribute Wall

JB

“ Joyce:

My heart is with you. I'm sending lots of love and care your way. You are a strong, kind woman and I know your father will stay by your side through this tough time and forever more.

Love,

Juli

Juli Bongiorno - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM

TC

“ *We will all miss Fred at the center. Our thoughts are with you..*

The Ross Adult Day Center - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM

PB

“ *You were a caring and wonderful daughter. It is better to love and lost than to never love at all. God bless you.*

Phil&Anne Bongiorno - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM

PW

“ *Keep your chin up, Joyce - better times are coming for sure!!!! Love, Pat*

pwwatson - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM

“ December 24, 2010

My name is Julius Minklei, and my daughter Rosemary is writing this for me. I am really sad that I can't be at Fred's funeral to honor him. If there were any way in the world I could have gotten there, I would have. He was a good friend and a good human being. I always called him Freddie.

Maybe I can shed a little light on Freddie's history and the hardships he overcame when he came to the United States. We both grew up in Poland, and Freddie's family was like mine. His sister Nathalie became my sister-in-law when she married my oldest brother Hugo. We were ethnic Germans working on large estate farms in Poland, living in houses built for workers' families who paid off their rent by working on the farm, and everyone in the family over five years of age was expected to work. Freddie probably started out the way all young boys did, first tending geese at age six, then tending the pigs, then the cows, then graduating to the horses, which were the tractors of the Polish farm at that time. By the time he was an older teenager he would have been expected to guide the plows the horses pulled -- a job requiring the use of a lot of physical strength for an extended period of time. He would also have been expected to do a lot of other strenuous labor, mowing down wheat and rye with a scythe, digging potatoes in all kinds of weather and whatever else his family would have needed to do to survive.

Sometimes these estate farms were owned by Polish landlords, sometimes by Germans. It was all the same. We had it very rough. The depression in the 1930's hit Poland almost as hard as it hit the U.S. ; the main difference being that in the Polish countryside the living conditions were far worse to start off with. I never went to the house where he grew up so I can't be certain of the exact conditions, but the tenant dwellings where Freddie would have grown up were almost always primitive -- more

like huts or shacks or barracks -- dirt floors, straw roofs, smoky because of poor ventilation and very little light. On some farms, it was considered an improvement when the outdoor well had a crank mechanism instead of an old seesaw apparatus, an improvement when outhouses replaced open air pit stops. Where we lived, even the "rich" farmers were without electricity or indoor plumbing. Then the war came in 1939, and every man had to serve. My older brother Reimund and Freddie ended up working together in a munitions factory.

When Freddie moved to the United States, he brought the best part of his past along with him. He kept a garden, and he grew good vegetables. He found a baker and a butcher who made good, authentic Polish food, and he liked to share what he had. Even though we lived 250 miles apart, we visited and he brought us vegetables from his garden. He won the heartfelt appreciation of my wife Lucy by bringing her kielbasa and kischka sausage and beautiful loaves of dense rye bread made just the way it was made back home. When he visited me in Bridgeton, New Jersey, he never expected anything. But Lucy loved cooking for him because he was the kind of man who shows his appreciation. He wasn't interested in the usual sightseeing outings that other visitors from out of town naturally liked to take, like trips to nearby Atlantic City. He was just happy to sit in the backyard on a sunny afternoon and visit.

After I retired, Freddie went to Florida to visit us there, but the most memorable get together was when the two of us went back to the old country in the early 1990's. My wife couldn't believe I would go to Europe with a male friend and without her, not because she wanted to go along necessarily, but because she didn't think I could get along without her help. Who would get the wrinkles out of my shirts? I wouldn't say any of this if my daughter weren't writing, but I'm kind of nervous and kind of fussy. But I had Freddie with me, so it was OK. I'll never forget that trip because in over 60 years; it really was the only time I went for an extended trip without my wife. We had such a

good time and, again, it wasn't about sightseeing; it was all about visiting friends and family. It was not nearly as stressful as it might have been because Freddie was so helpful and good natured. I particularly remember when we flew back into Boston and both of us were preparing to board separate trains, he back to New Britain and me to Philadelphia. I had two of the old fashioned kind of luggage pieces without the wheels -- big ones. Freddie wanted to help me out by carrying one of the suitcases onto the train for me. He had to walk to the end of the car to find a place in the overhead big enough to fit my suitcase. By the time he stowed the suitcase away, the train started to move. The conductor wouldn't let him get off. I was amazed that this didn't faze him. He just laughed about it, and we rode together to the next station where he got off and took another train back up to get to where he had left his car. I worried about him all the way home but when I finally had a chance to call him, he was settled in at home and everything was fine. He was happy to be home to see his wife and daughter, but happy that he took the trip. The train mix up seemed to be the farthest thing from his mind.

My wife Lucy and I will both miss Freddie very much. Like I said, he was a good friend and a good human being.

*With fond memories,
Julius Minklei*

Julius Minklei through his daughter, Rosemary Probasco - September 20, 2016
at 12:00 AM

DL

“*FRED WILL BE MISSED BY FRIENDS AND FAMILY ALIKE. WE HAVE FOND MEMORIES OF TIMES SPENT TOGETHER. WITH OUR SINCERE SYMPATHY.
BARBARA & DAVID*

DAVID & BARBARA LERMAN - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM

TF

“ Joyce,
Barbara and I would like to offer our prayers and condolences on the loss of your father. Uncle Freddie was one man we truly admired. There are so many memories of the picnics, church dinners, and gatherings we all had together as a family. We know in our hearts that the Lord Jesus Christ has welcomed Fred into the glory of heaven as he sings glory to God with your mother and our father and all members of the family. May you rejoice in this fact even though your heart is saddened. God Bless you always.
Love Ted Jr. and Barbara

Ted Miller, Jr. and Barbara Forit - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM

KQ

“ Although it's difficult today to see beyond the sorrow, May looking back in memory help comfort you tomorrow.”

Kelly Quijano - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM

JB

“ Joyce,
I'm so sorry to hear of your dad's passing. You are in my thoughts and prayers. I pray that knowing he is in a better place will help to ease this difficult time. Much Love.
Jen

Jennifer Brodie - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM

DD

“ Joyce,
Having lost our parents, Pat and I offer our condolences and share in your every thought.
Dave

Dave Delorme - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM

AL

“ Joyce:

We have known Fred for several years and he always made his way to our house and hearts. He always had a story and a smile to add to our lives. He was a knowledgeable individual of the old days and helped our family members with old stories. He will always be remembered for this. He was a caring and always willing to help individual. We will always remember the good times and he will be in our memories for years to come. Our thoughts and prayers are with you always. Joyce remember the goods times and memories of your dad and it will heal the sorrow and pain. He is at peace now and will always be looking down on you.

RIP Fred

Love Ann Dave and families

Anne & Dave LaGram - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM