



M. Frank Mason

May 4, 1946 - October 3, 2024

M. Frank Mason, age 78 of McMechen, WV died Thursday, October 3, 2024 at home.

He was born May 4, 1946 in Glen Dale, WV the son of the late Marvin G. and Malissa Howell Mason.

He was a former US National Guardsman; a retired employee from Plumbers & Steamfitters Local #83, Wheeling; and was a Christian by faith.

Survivors include a son, Matt (Terra) Mason of Peoria, AZ; a daughter, Nikki (Josh) Weaver of Peachtree City, GA; two sisters, Marlene Persinger of Moundsville and Jeanette Capaldi of Reseda, CA; and three grandsons, Peyton, Dominic and Mason.

Private services and interment will be held at the convenience of the family.

Arrangements entrusted to Grisell Funeral Home & Crematory, Moundsville.

Memorial contributions may be made to St. Jude Children's Hospital at www.stjude.org.

Tribute Wall

VA

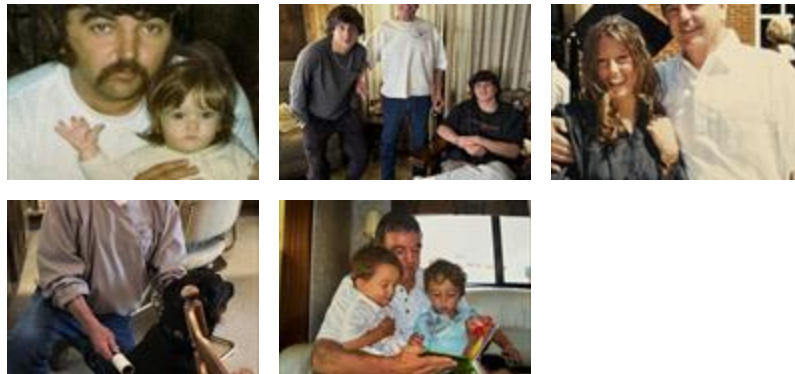
“ Vickie Arp lit a candle in memory of M. Frank Mason



Vickie Arp - November 09, 2024 at 05:31 PM

NW

“ 7 files added to the album Dad



Nikki Weaver - October 19, 2024 at 03:25 PM

NW

“ (part 3) I hope that this provides a little more insight into who my dad was. If you knew him, I hope that you have funny or quirky memories of him. If you didn't know him, hopefully you feel a little closer to him now.

I love you dad, I am proud of who you were, I am glad that you are healed, and I will see you again some day....and I am sorry that you felt that this had to be done.

Nikki Weaver - October 17, 2024 at 08:04 AM

“ (part 2) Those of you who knew my dad know that he was quite frugal. I used to joke with him that he was “cheap.” I would encourage him to “live a little” and to spend money on himself, but he never did. He lived in a trailer. He used a vacuum with a bungee cord around it to hold the dirt tray in place, he only bought used cars and purchased them rarely, and he would recut the tread in his shoes rather than buying new shoes. From the outside looking in, you would never realize the planning that he was doing behind the scenes to ensure the well-being of me and my brother once he was gone. Heck, we didn’t know! My dad had taken extreme effort and time to make sure that he had saved and invested for my brother and me when he was gone. He took time to leave us organized details about all of his accounts and contacts for when the day came that he was no longer here. He was way more thoughtful in this process than anyone would have ever imagined and moreso than probably the vast majority of people of his generation and age.

I am thankful and proud of my dad for the planning that he did, all without us knowing the depth of what he was doing. I am amazed at the foresight that he had to try to make things easier for us when he was gone...again without the help of the internet! Knowing my dad, he probably didn’t even get help or ideas from anyone else other than what my brother had mentioned to him here and there about investments.

My brother managed to get a flight for 10/3 and I got one for 10/4. We had planned to visit with him and to see what help we could get while he continued to recover from the stroke. Instead, we spent the next 5+ days learning more about my dad while cleaning out his things and trying to make sense of it all. Some of this was through his notes and planning and through the items that he kept through the years...pictures and cards. My dad was a photographer, a painter, and a musician. My brother and I laughed at some memories and then cried that my dad felt that there was no way for him to continue. Everywhere we went and everyone that we called to tell them the news, whether it was the city building, the bank, the

post office, or the neighbor....everyone knew who he was and had stories to tell us.

Again, I am sharing because I want more people to know and understand who my dad was....and not just see his obituary and chalk his death up to old age and forget about him by the next day. Now, don't get me wrong, my dad was no saint and could be downright rotten at times, but he REALLY cared....he donated to charities....he loved....he believed... and he was strong, maybe too strong.

I also want to write that I know that my dad is in Heaven and I will see him again some day. His Bible was very close to him and was taped together as it had been used a lot. I also think that after a particularly rough night, I received a sign from him or from God. My dad loved the Andy Griffith show and watched every episode with anticipation and laughter as if it was the first time that he had seen that episode...but we all knew that he could recite it word for word. This particular night I got home at 8:49 PM and switched the input on my TV from YouTube to cable to watch a movie with my youngest son, despite him telling me to turn on Netflix. When I switched to cable, the TV was on a channel that has NEVER been watched before in my home....and the Andy Griffith show was on. We have never watched the Andy Griffith show either. With some more research I discovered that the Andy Griffith show was on that channel once a day from 8 PM to 9 PM. I can't find any Earthly answer as to why my cable was on that channel at the exact time that Andy Griffith was on. So, I am taking that as a sign that he is ok...and his physical limitations are healed.

Nikki Weaver - October 17, 2024 at 08:03 AM

“ 2 weeks ago today at 6:10 AM, I got the call that I never imagined that I would receive....

Some of you know this story....many do not. I am writing this because I don't want my dad to just be a distant memory of a 78 year old man that lived his life and died because he was getting older. Dad would probably even be mad at me for writing this. He didn't want or like a whole lot of attention. He didn't even want a memorial service or funeral.

Many probably think that we shouldn't talk about this kind of thing, that we should just sweep it under the rug...but I have made the decision to share. I am sharing because I want more people to realize the type of person that my dad was. I want to share what I have learned about my dad in the last 3 weeks.

Many of us prepare ourselves and somewhat expect our parents to pass away as they get older and older. I lost my dad on October 3, nearly 3 weeks after he had a stroke that left him paralyzed on his left side. I lost my dad because he decided that he could not live any longer in the physical state that he was in...or was it because he didn't want to be a bother to anyone around him or me or my brother, or was it that he didn't want a nursing home to take away the investments that he tediously made and saved for me and my brother...or was it a combination of all of these things. We will never know. It is one form of grief when you lose your 78 year old dad. But it is the how and why of my situation that is making this so much harder for me. The third level of grief is discovering all of the time, effort, and sacrifices that he made for me and my brother, of which we only found the breadth after he was gone.

Prior to the stroke, my dad was active, working out every day on his home soloflex and with his weights. He ate healthy, took supplements and was always giving me health tips and advice from books as he did not own a computer or a tablet, nor did he have internet. Despite his lack of electronics, he would always surprise

me about his vast knowledge of all things. This was true even after his stroke as it did not seem to impact his mind at all.

As I talked to him daily after the stroke, sometimes multiple times a day as one of us would always forget something that we wanted to say, I could hear him losing hope. I would tell him “hang in there” just as he had told me a million times through difficulties I faced in life. I had asked my group at church to pray for his strength and hope as he continued to recover. I had prayed and asked for prayers that he would keep working and not give up as we knew the type of stroke he had was “the best kind of stroke to have” with the likelihood of significant recovery.

He was released from rehab late in the afternoon on Wednesday 10/2, which was in my opinion way before he should have been released. My dad lived alone and was not able to care for himself or even safely walk by himself at this point. My brother, who lives in Arizona, had flown to my house in Georgia after flying internationally and we spent the evening of 10/2 trying to figure out exactly when and how to get to WV to help my dad. I don't think that I slept at all that night. Then I knew when I got the call at 6:10 AM the next morning...this call was from my aunt who shared the dreaded news that my dad was gone. He had made a choice that he didn't want to live with the new physical limitations that he now had. (continued...)

Nikki Weaver - October 17, 2024 at 08:03 AM

DA

Nikki

Your Dad was a greet person, I had the opportunity of working with him for years, he was an excellent worker,a devoted man, and a great friend, I did periodically visit your dad

He will be sadly missed

Danny McFarland

Danny - December 10, 2024 at 09:04 AM

JC

“ Dear brother Frank. I am so glad that you are my brother and got to know you better. I loved our phone calls, your advise and lots of laughs. Siri will miss me asking her questions for you 😊. You are at peace now but you will never be forgotten. Who will answer my stupid questions. Rest in peace. I love you and will miss you 🙏❤️

Jeanette Mason Capaldi - October 07, 2024 at 09:55 PM



“ Frank was my neighbor for years. Very nice guy. We will miss Frank. Prayers for the family.

Barb Calmbacher - October 06, 2024 at 08:15 PM

KF

“ KAREN FORDYCE lit a candle in memory of M. Frank Mason



KAREN FORDYCE - October 06, 2024 at 01:55 PM

KF

GARY AND I NEW FRANK FROM WAY BACK. HIS GRANDMA LIVED ACROSS THE STREET FROM GARY. PRAYERS FOR FAMILY.

KAREN FORDYCE - October 06, 2024 at 02:00 PM

TW

“ My fondest old memory of Frankie is him portraying Rumpelstiltskin in the Sanford School play.

Thomas Whitworth - October 06, 2024 at 05:21 AM

JC

Oh my goodness! He did a great job. So cute. Thank you.

Jeanette Capaldi - October 06, 2024 at 09:49 AM

MP

“ *I'm really going to miss my brother, we kind of looked out for each other. A while back when I was sick- here he came with a bowl of beef stew from his favorite place - Mehlman's , plus a piece of chocolate pie ! The following week, after he placed his order- the girl said ---aren't you going to buy your sister anything!, ❤️Marlene*

Marlene Persinger - October 05, 2024 at 04:37 PM

NH

So sorry to hear this! Sympathy and prayers for his family and friends!!



Noreen Hedrick - October 05, 2024 at 06:16 PM

BD

So sorry to hear of Frank's passing! My thoughts and prayers are with all of you!

Betty Duffy - October 05, 2024 at 06:17 PM

DN

“ *This is awful news , Frank and I were such close friends back in the day . As teenagers and young adults Frank and I had some real adventures , we both worked at Gordon Auto Parts together , now there is some good stories. When we were dating our girlfriends we used to do thing together , like take my boat to Tappan Lake for the day . We loved cars , Frank had a really Sweet 1965 Silver G T O . beautiful car , I remember his first car , an ole V W Beatle . What a nice guy . Always smiling , always happy . Always funny . Rest in Peace my friend , catch you on the flip side .*

David Nesbit - October 05, 2024 at 03:40 PM

KS

“ So sorry for your loss Jeanette and Marlene. Hugs to all

Kathy & Tom Stalnaker - October 05, 2024 at 10:32 AM

JC

Thanks so much Kathy.

Jeanette Capaldi - October 05, 2024 at 12:13 PM

JC

Kathy and Tom thank you so much. 🌸

Jeanette Capaldi - October 05, 2024 at 12:21 PM



“ May the love of God surround you and your family during this difficult time,
May you come to know that the love of God is with you always,

May your memories of M. Frank Mason, give you peace, comfort and strength...

Rest now in the arms of our Lord your mission on earth is complete. I thank you for your service to our Country and my Freedom. You will not be forgotten.
My thoughts
and prayers to the family of

US National Guard Veteran, M. Frank Mason, is “A True American Hero” God Bless†

† Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. John 15:13 †

Cheryl Skinner, Tri-state Military Museum - October 05, 2024 at 08:07 AM

TS

“ *Marlene sorry about Frank's passing prayers for your family*

Teresa summers - October 04, 2024 at 09:52 PM