



FRANK TRENHOLM LYMAN III

A MEMORY BOOK

Friends and family have created this book to share stories about Frank as well as photographs. Enclosed is a spectrum of tales throughout Frank's life, a collection of opportunities to continue to learn about him and celebrate his years on this earth. Offered with eternal love.

FAMILY

MARY MEADE SAMPSON



Frank was my cousin. His grandfather Frank Trenholm Lyman and my grandmother Lilla Capers Lyman Meade were brother and sister. I have so many happy memories of times spent with Frank during my childhood. Our families would gather together and celebrate Thanksgivings and Christmases together. Our times together were always filled with lots of storytelling, music, and plenty of Grandmother Rachel's strawberry jam. My brother David and I always knew that it would be an extra great time if Frankie and Sarah were going to be there. We grew up knowing we had a close family that loved us.

CHRISTINE E. COYLE



Joy Yagid: From JoJo's bat mitzvah.

Love Always, Tree Whacker!

I'm Christine, or Chris, as Frankie called me, his first cousin. I stopped calling him "Baby Frankie" by the time he was seven or eight, but he'll always be "Frankie" to me.

My mom and Auntie Sandy, Frankie's mom, are sisters and have remained close through the years. Having parents employed in education meant our two families were fortunate to enjoy long breaks together during school holidays and in summer. For many years we spent Easter holidays in the beautiful Maryland springtime. And in the summer, Uncle Frank, Auntie, Sarah, and Frankie joined my family at our place on Cape Cod.

These Lyman/Turgeon family get-togethers were some of the happiest and most memorable times of my childhood. And Frankie's indefatigable and spirited personality was an integral part of the fun.

When my dad, Frankie's Uncle Gene, who introduced Frankie to the world of Wall Street Week and a colorful lexicon that included snot-nosed beggar-chieftains, passed away, I was touched when Frankie sent me a heartfelt note. In it, he explained how he counted Uncle

Gene in the revered company of his grand-daddy Lyman and his own beloved dad among the men who shaped him as an adult.

As for me, I like to believe I helped shape Frankie’s love of “the craic,” to borrow a phrase from the Irish. There’s no direct Gaelic to English translation. “Having a good time together” doesn’t really do it justice, but it’s close. The influence was reciprocal.

I knew Frankie best before he became a so-called grown up and before he established a reputation for being fashion-forward. My mom reminded me recently how, when he was small, Auntie had to send him to change for wearing mismatched plaids. I knew him best before he uttered *bon mots* such as, “I don’t like random people,” and “Je m’appelle, Frank. Fromage.”

During the early times we spent together, Frankie was mostly an annoyance as any little brother might be. He would toddle around in a droopy diaper and rubber pants, his pacifier, named “Uh-oh,” dangling from the corner of his mouth like a stogie. We older cousins were entreated to include Baby Frankie in our big kid activities. Eww.

We were chastened to be quiet while Baby Frankie supposedly took a nap. When I called him “indefatigable,” I meant it literally—that kid never slept! He repeatedly tossed his “Uh-oh” out of the crib (hence the name) in a calculated effort to draw attention to his predicament. Baby Frankie might have been an inspiration for the precocious E-Trade baby.

When the cousins got together, Sarah was, of course, my BFF. But when Frankie finally gave up the “Uh-oh,” he became my go-to guy when I needed to take a walk on the wild side or when a rumpus needed to be started. It was Frankie who became my ready and willing partner

in crime. Always game to add a little spice to the mix, Frankie could be counted on to make mischief of one kind or another.

Early on, Frankie would delight in the occasions when I would deviate from my normally well-behaved and agreeable nature. Frankie so enjoyed the animated prize fights I staged between Sarah’s Raggedy Ann and Andy dolls. He would egg me on to include cartoon sound effects like BIFF! and BAM! while the dolls beat the stuffing out of each other. Sarah, a little concerned for the safety of her charges, tolerated these distractions, but did not enjoy them much, which likely added to Frankie’s amusement.

Frankie became my favorite partner in our epic family card games of canasta. His playing style was fearless and shrewd and all the while he would engage in witty repartee with everyone. He’d pick the pack late in the game—damn the black threes! He formed elaborate expressions to telegraph the contents of his hand, and he turned up wild cards and sevens with miraculous consistency.

Frankie’s fun-loving spirit and creativity were channeled into games that would endure and become more elaborate with each visit. I’m not sure how the Citrus Wars began, but I suspect Frankie was an instigator. The game involved the surprise placement of a citrus fruit—generally an awkward grapefruit—someplace unexpected in an attempt to ambush the innocent victim. My favorite tactic was the balancing of a grapefruit on top of a door so that the unwary dupe is lunked on the head with the offending fruit.

Frankie was all in, whether it was a card game, making drip castles in the sand, or staging Monty Python re-enactments. As recently as 2013, he eagerly joined my boys in their March

Madness bracket and won the whole thing predicting Louisville in the Final Four over our Kansas Jayhawks. We forgive him for that.

I should mention here Frankie's proclivity for what we call "tree whacking," a family pastime. Does it need any further description? While several other, mostly male, family members have dabbled in this activity, Frankie approached his tree whacking with unmatched passion. So much so that while at the Cape house he would draw an audience on the deck to watch him whack with wild abandon. And the markings still exist on the scrub pines and oaks today.

Like the markings left on the trees, I am here to bear witness to the markings Frankie has left on our family's collective memory of those times.

Frankie, my wily canasta partner, our mischievous and fun-loving grapefruit warrior, and our tree whacker extraordinaire—I'll love you and remember your joyful spirit always.



FRANK T. LYMAN, JR.

Dad, I don't want to hear another word about my school work anymore" were words spoken by Frank to me upon entering Dickinson College in 1986. And he never heard a word more, nor did he have need of one. His academic and personal acumen was nourished in the professorial and collegial atmosphere of a fine college. The academic and leadership achievement surprised us a bit, but not the level of his personal relationships.

Frankie, or by then Frank, always "got along," to which the tributes expressed in this book bear witness.

Aislin, Thomas, and Carys, your dad was a learner. He observed closely the best in his sister, parents, grandparents, cousins, aunts and uncles, his wife and her family, his friends, and even characters from literature and public life. From these people he adopted the qualities that he admired and that seemed to "work." This propensity to observe the effects of values, personality, and decisions, the textbooks of life, helped make him a good student of what to do and who to be. This quality, combined with a natural empathy for and interest in others, even those less fortunate than he, was key, we believe, to his becoming your great father and your mother's beloved husband. The concern he felt for other people can only be considered natural in that he showed it at the age of twenty-five months. Then, at the point when most

children see themselves at the center of the universe, he had the instinct to care about his four-year-old sister and whether she was being properly understood. "She doesn't know you yet." Ask Sarah about this story.

Finally, though his mother and dad could say much more, Frank(ie) had a great, active sense of humor. He laughed, he smiled, he admired and provided clever repartee and asides. Playfulness was integral to his being. We and all of his family and friends felt amused, relaxed, and accepted around him. Key to his success with family, work, leadership, music, soccer, coaching, and inventiveness was a can do, playful, humorous spirit. This and all his other fine qualities live on in all who knew him and loved him. Aislin, Thomas, Carys, and Keira, your dad and husband made the world a better place for all of us.

With more love that can be ever expressed,

Frank and Sandy

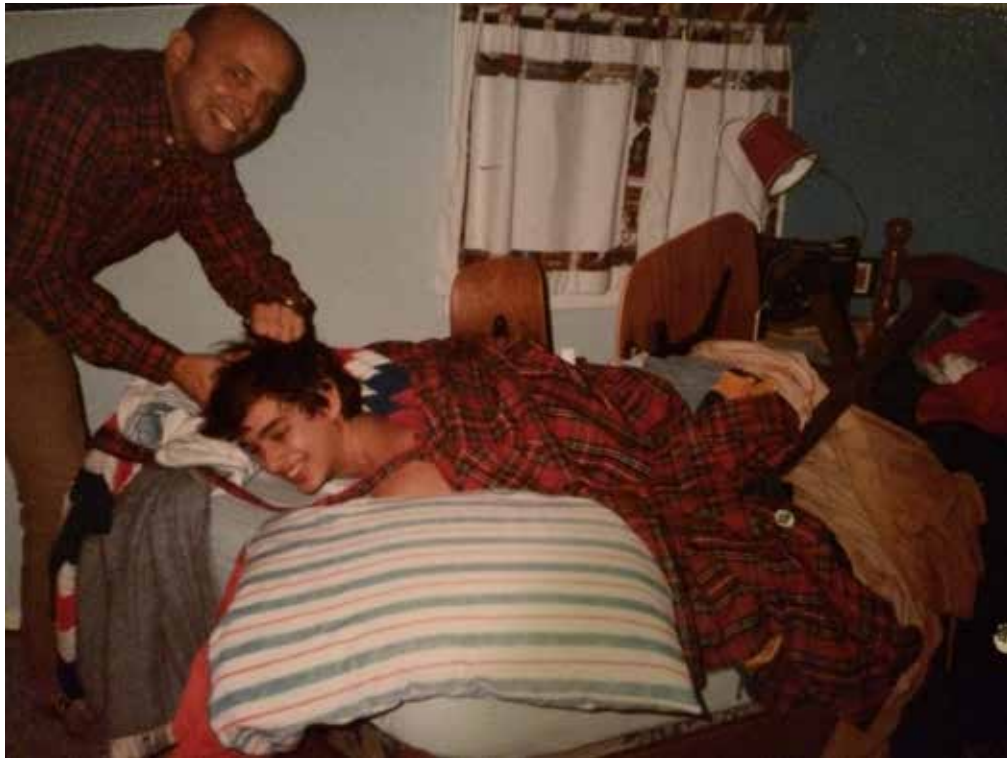


SARAH LYMAN KRAVITS

It was holiday time, 1985. My younger brother Frank was in his senior year at Centennial High and I was on break from my second year at the University of Virginia. I had been dating a guy who was a pretty snappy dresser. One day Larry was wearing this long herringbone wool coat he had, and Frank saw it, and was totally into it. He kept talking about the coat. Frank was, of course, a snappy dresser himself, and by far the most clothing-concerned and sartorially successful in our family group at 5418 Killingworth Way.

So. Christmas morning comes, and whaddya know. Santa (Mom) delivered a fabulous wool herringbone coat to my brother. Check out the look on his face as he realizes just how killer he looks in the coat. He is already contemplating how he is going to slay the ladies. And there I am enthusiastically demonstrating how I thought they would react to him looking so completely awesome, i.e. groveling at his feet. I might not have been too far off. Although they would be better dressed than I am in my Christmas morning comfies.

That's Hilde, one of my grandparents' two dachshunds, in the foreground. She is wondering what the heck is going on.



Those of you who met Frank as an adult may not believe it, but he was a fairly major slob as a kid. At least when it came to his bedroom. And, to tell the truth, I don't recall him cleaning up around the house either. I wasn't any better, so I'm not judging, just telling it like it is. I recall our mother closing one or both of our bedroom doors at those times when she just couldn't look at the wreckage.

One day my dad came upon Frank lying on his bed in the midst of an extraordinary mess, and he just couldn't believe it. I don't know why I had my camera around, except that I always loved taking photos and I guess I kept it close by. Anyway, I was upstairs when I heard Dad exclaiming (good-naturedly but exasperatedly) about this situation and I looked in and decided I needed to have a photo. When I came back in with my camera, Dad put the desk chair on top of the bed (and Frank) just to add humorous over-the-top emphasis, and proceeded to pretend to grab Frank by the hair in "anger" as I took the shot.

All mess except the desk chair is unadulterated, authentic teenage boy mess, and yes, Frank was napping with his head on the foot side of the bed. Somehow this kid became the guy who kept a super neat house and closet and car and every which thing. I'm not quite sure how it happened. However, my mother says that the first time she noticed him keeping a clean room

was on a visit to Dickinson at some point during his second year of school. Mom was amazed at how neat and nice and clean Frank's room was, and she asked him why that was the case when his room at home for the first eighteen years of his life had been always such a mess. Frank's response: "Mom, I didn't have to LIVE in my room at home."

Makes sense. When he had a whole house and lived in his whole house, he wanted it to be clean and put together, the way our mother had always kept the rest of the house outside of the kids' bedrooms! Our mother wasn't too vocal with her opinions about how she thought people should keep a house, but as you can see, her example spoke for itself.



Christine E. Coyle: Frankie and Jik. Cape Cod, 1978.

John Turgeon: Cool cats indeed!

DONALD ROBERTS

Frank was our son-in-law...the person you hope to love everything about as he will replace you in caring for and nurturing your most precious possession. All you have on that wedding day is instinct...true knowledge comes later. How very fortunate we were to find that our instinct was prescient and Frank Lyman was a true gift to our family.

Mostly he was seen through the lens of our daughter's happiness, contentment, and the successes in business and finance which made their life together stable. As time went on, however, and life's complications emerged we felt such confidence in, and love for, this man. The children arrived, and what a team Frank and Keira made. Frank took such delight in the role of "pater," to quote my dear dad. He was ready and undaunted by this new reality. All tasks were mastered and his love for each of his babies radiated. I can see him scooping up a cranky toddler and off they would go for a bike ride...No admonition, just a distracting adventure. Our most profound sadness comes from the knowledge that they will not know him; his wisdom, love, guidance. Our joy comes from their presence which would be absent without him. And then there are those moments when you say, "so like Frank."

Lynn & Don Roberts



Frank's baptism with Mom, Dad, and Sarah (two years old).
Grandmother Rachel made the matching dresses.



Little Frankie and Granddaddy (Frank Sr.).



Frank and Sarah.



Frank and his dad.



Sarah and Frank in front of the new house.



Easter time 1969 with Grandpa Tony, Grandma Edith, cousins John and Christine in the front with Sarah between them, Auntie and Uncle Gene, and Mom and Dad.



Frank with Grandma Edith.



Frank with Grandpa Tony.



Me, Grandmother Rachel, and Frank.



Frank and Sarah.



Frank and Mom.



Family birthday.



Frank, Mom, and Dad.



Frank's birthday with Grandmother, Uncle Gus, Aunt Lilla, Granddaddy, Mom, and Dad.



Holiday picture session on the patio, 1979.



Frank opening birthday presents with his parents.



Frank and Sarah with cousins John and Christine.



Cousin David and Frank.



Frank, Granddad, Mom, and cousin Mary.



Frank Jr. and Frank III.

SARAH LYMAN KRAVITS



New York City times.

Some of the best years of my life were spent living with my brother in Manhattan. In 1992, (Uncle) Garth and I were hoping to relocate to NYC, and Frank had just been promoted to a job in Englewood Cliffs for Prentice Hall and was moving. He called me to tell me the news, and asked if we wanted to go in on an apartment with him. I think I said, “Are you serious?” He was. I was so surprised and happy that he would want to live with us!

Prentice Hall provided the apartment locator, and we wound up in a two-bedroom apartment (6A) at 292 West 92nd Street, on the Upper West Side. The apartment was on the top floor of a six-floor building, and the second bedroom had actually been added as a pop-up over the roof. Frank had that second floor bedroom, and it featured a sliding glass door that opened to a rooftop deck. Did we ever have fun living in that apartment! Our parties were famous for their congeniality, entertainment, and roof access. Our friends all met and became one another’s friends, and many of these connections have stood the test of time.

Here in the first photo is Frank in front of the (non-working) fireplace in our living room, stylin’ and probably preparing to go out to Lucy’s Surfer Bar or Delia’s Supper Club.

Years later, Frank and Keira had two great apartments in the city—first living on the Upper West not far from Lincoln Center, and then later on 11th Street in Greenwich Village. In

October of 1999 Garth and I traveled to NYC from San Francisco, where we were then living, with five-week-old Josephine. We introduced her to her uncle and aunt on that visit, and the second photo is Frank holding Jo, in their Upper West Side apartment. Frank got a real parenting-prep experience that night when Keira and I went to see the movie *Magnolia*, having no idea it was over three hours. Frank and Garth had their hands full keeping a hungry newborn occupied for that long!



Frank Jr. (Pop) loves this photo of Frank III. Getting an early start as a musician.



Frank with Lewis Fulwiler.

Frank III (hereafter Frankie, to reduce confusion) was my second cousin once removed, in a wonderful, caring, fun-loving, extended family. Frankie's father, Frank Trenholm Lyman, Jr., and I are second cousins; Frank Jr.'s father, Frank Sr., and my mother, Mary Lyman Brookes, were first cousins (though I always called his father "Uncle Frank," a label given to him because he was extra special). Frankie and Sarah and my children, Chip and Cathy Puskar, are third cousins. The first, second, third, and once-removed labels aren't what's important. What is important is that we all are part of a wonderfully close family, have always loved each other and spending time together, and hold each and every member of the family in high regard!

While over the years we didn't get to spend as much time in person as I would have liked with Frankie, I knew more about him than I do many of my first cousins. No matter the miles that separated us, his grandparents and parents and my parents kept me well informed about what was going on with Frankie. And I was always happy with those opportunities when the families got together, usually for special occasions.

You could always count on the good times! Frank Sr., Frank Jr., and my father, Lewis Fulwiler, were always the highlight of the gatherings, with great stories, jokes, and senses of humor.

COUSIN RICHARD

Frankie sure didn't fall far from the tree. It didn't take long until he was joining them, or later leading them, in the good times. Frankie had a winning personality, was very thoughtful and considerate, and had a huge winning smile and great laugh...all of which made you want to spend more time with him.

The picture I have attached is of Frankie with my father at a party in my home for my son, Chip and his bride, Patty, after their wedding in Florida in early November 1991. I loved that Frank could join us and spent so much time talking and laughing with my father! They were so much alike. My father was known for his big smile and laugh too. I was so lucky to capture this picture of them totally enjoying each other. I treasure it! I only wish I knew what they were talking about!

My entire family, including my siblings and children, loved and miss Frankie. His sudden loss was a gut punch that still pains me. I can't stay sad though when I remember him with his love for life and big smile!

“You may be gone from my sight...

But you are never gone from my heart!”

—Winnie the Pooh

It was a family dinner twenty years ago or so, the last gathering of everyone at my aunt and uncle's (Frankie's grandparents) house. Standing around before dinner, I became aware of how much Frankie was so much like everyone else there. It was a feeling that I could not explain and still do not understand. I happened to sit across from Frankie at dinner and as I looked around the table, each person seemed to be like Frankie. I have never been able to explain this, but I do believe Frankie was a distillation of all of the people who were near to him.

**COLUMBIA,
MARYLAND**



SARAH LYMAN KRAVITS

Frank III was one of the original citizens of Killingworth Way, Longfellow neighborhood, Columbia, MD. Frank was born in Boston when I was two, and my parents had lived in the Boston area for several years. My parents became interested in the idealism and location of Columbia, MD, a planned city between Baltimore and Washington. It was to be “the next America,” and from Frank’s and my perspective it absolutely lived up to its promise of inclusiveness. Through my father’s contacts in Maryland, he found a job teaching elementary school in Howard County Schools and my parents purchased a lot in Columbia, where construction began on their new home.

When my parents relocated from Massachusetts in the summer of 1968, Frank was about two weeks old, and our house construction on Killingworth was not finished. We stayed in my grandparents’ house at 7104 Exeter Road in Bethesda, MD for a month or so until we could finally move in to 5418 Killingworth Way. There were just brand-new houses and tiny newly-planted trees surrounded by supportive stakes, and not much else. Killingworth has a large center green space which was prime playspace for the many children on the circle. In the photo Frank is probably two and half years old, and he is standing in the middle of the circle. Behind him you can see the Martin’s house and the back of the Lewis’ house (names

BARB DUTTERER

are the original owners who moved there around the same time we did) and the little trees working to grow.

Ultimately, my family lived in Columbia for thirty-nine years. Mom taught at St. John’s Episcopal Day School, and Dad, after a couple of years of teaching, spent the rest of his career working for the University of Maryland and the Howard County Schools as a teacher educator, interacting with student teachers and teachers both in the classroom and in the field.

I knew Frankie Lyman LONG before he was a drama star at Centennial High, where my husband, Mo, was the drama teacher. Mo and I moved to Columbia in 1974 and eventually landed in Longfellow, just up the street from the Lyman family. I first met Frank through the Howard County Public School System where he was the “think, pair, share” guru and I was one of his many groupies!!

In 1977, my husband Mo opened Centennial High School and our first child, Lauren, was born. Two years later our son Clark joined our family. We moved to Hesperus Drive in Longfellow the spring of 1988. By that time, I had witnessed Frankie and his sister, Sarah, star and perform in many fabulous Centennial High productions. Both Lyman kids were extremely talented, gorgeous, and yet modest.

What struck me most about Frankie was that unspoiled, refreshing modesty. He was seemingly unaware of his magnetism. We were all drawn to him even more!! On top of that, he had a wonderful sense of humor and could laugh at himself, which added to his appeal. Frankie could light up a room just by his appearance. I miss that wonderful brilliant light.

Barb Dutterer
Columbia, MD

SHERRY WRIGHT

I remember Frank (III) as “Frankie.” He outgrew the nickname but surely never discarded the impishness I saw in my classroom. I don’t have a specific story, just a constant memory of his making people smile. He was full of energy and creativity. And he was always happy.

CLARE HAYES

I remember Frankie as a joyous little soul with a huge smile. One thing I recall from the neighborhood where we all grew up was that the kids all played together and ran around freely and had a pretty idyllic childhood. We played kick the can in the street and kickball in the little circle of grass at the center of all the homes. Naturally sometimes little rivalries would start amongst the kids and I remember that one time for some reason the neighborhood kids had a little “war” with one of the older girls, and her only defenders were another girl who was probably her best friend at the time, and I think Frankie who I can only assume was defending the person he saw as being mistreated. He was a generous little person and a defender of the Innocent, even as a child.

Another example of his befriending the underdog came during a trip our families took to the Orioles’ stadium, which was at that time in central Baltimore. I had taken a liking to the Orioles pitcher Dennis Martinez, a wild and excitingly unpredictable pitcher from Nicaragua, and I remember both myself and then Frankie calling out in support of him as he struggled on the mound and in particular the call of “Nicaraguan Power.” We had a wonderful time that day. I have no idea whether the Orioles won or lost, but I will always recall Frankie’s smile when Martinez managed to get one over the plate. And I am pretty sure we were both hoarse at the end of the day from all the shouting and merriment that went on.



TRICIA ZADJURA

I am one of us lucky kids who grew up in the Longfellow neighborhood of Columbia, Maryland. I can't tell you exactly when Frankie and I became friends, because I can't remember a time when Frankie wasn't my friend. It's that way with so many of us, the "Kumbayah Kids of 1970's Longfellow": Kurt, Allan, Mike Toomey, Joel Rogers, Joey Talbot, Larry Burgess, Tommy Tucker, Eric Deatheridge, Ian, Jenny Stott, Christina Zajac, Shelagh and Kirsten Morey, and Shannon Arnold and Alicia, Jodi, Alice, Lisa, Denise, the Klein girls, the Boyces, the Rettigs, the Binkleys, the Deweys, the Timers...On and on I could go all day, and I'd still be leaving so many names out.

The homes along the two-mile Hesperus Drive/Elliots Oak Road loop and the many little streets that spread out from it made up our universe. Longfellow Elementary was home base, or the pool, if it was summertime. We lived a peaceful and orderly life, us Kumbayahs. As I look back now, it seems like nobody ever moved away or left Longfellow. Every day, for days and years and decades, us kids saw each other pretty much all day, every day, year-round. We were together in class, at lunch, at recess, in chorus, in the school play, in sports, in church, at birthday parties, at the pool, chasing the ice cream truck, walking to school (either the "street" way or the "path" way), playing at the tot-lot ("The Thing"), riding our bikes in the Fourth of

July parade. All of us, quite a large group of kids, were together in one form or another ALL.THE.TIME. It really was that simple.

Eventually us kids grew from five-year-olds into eighteen-year-olds, and as we grew we broke into little sub-groups of friends. But the Kumbayahs remained engaged with each other over the years in the same way that members of large extended families do. Once in high school, new friends were met and made, new interests were pursued, and our universe became a bit larger. But what was, I believe, so special and different and REAL about this group of kids is that we remained familiar and comfortable with each other. The familiarity brought security. You were never alone in a room of strangers if there was even just one of those kids you grew up with in it. It was super special.

Now that I've (tried to) describe the overall experience of growing up in such ideal conditions, I will (try to) describe where Frankie fit into it all, for us and for me. Frankie liked everyone. Frankie was open and funny and friendly and kind. Somehow, we all gravitated to Frankie. If you knew Frank, you were his friend. As years went by and interests and friends changed, we both stuck with drama and choir, and Frankie remained a fixture in my life. Boys and girls got awkward with each other, but Frankie and I liked being friends too much for that to happen. He dubbed himself my "brother" in fifth grade. I'm so glad he did that, because we never had to have the "girlfriend/boyfriend" thoughts or, god forbid, discussions. "My brother" was a safe label, and we were able to continue with a friendship that, I believe, was invaluable to both of us.

We spent countless hours in our free time helping each other practice our lines (well, his anyway, because he was always the lead!) or our choral parts. We used to laugh because I was a first soprano and he was a baritone bass. He'd say "I can't figure out how we're such good friends when we're on such different sides of the spectrum." Unlike pretty much any high school boy, Frankie used to fret about me. He thought I worried too much. He (often) didn't like the boys I dated, and would criticize them openly, but with that dang Frankie grin, and I just couldn't be angry. I don't have any brothers, but I imagine that if I did they'd say some of the things that Frankie actually said to me, like: "I'm concerned that by dating so-and-so you are telling people that you don't have respect for yourself." Not too many seventeen-year-old guy-friends are so sincere! Too funny.

Frankie knew how to dress. I used to tease him that it probably took him longer in the morning to get ready for school than it took me. I remember one of his haircuts—a mullet in the back with short spiky stuff on top. It must have taken a lot of hairspray to do that every morning, but I have to admit it was always perfectly put. He dressed well. He loved bright colors and pastels. One day I told him I liked his orange shirt, and he replied, "It's not orange. It's salmon." So very fashion-forward :)

When we lost Frankie, a crucial piece of the foundation puzzle of my life fell out. Up was down and left was right and nothing made sense for days. Once I could re-calibrate a bit, my heart ached in a new way...I literally felt the pain that all of us Kumbayahs were feeling. It wasn't just my world that was jostled about, but all of ours. We needed to be together to deal with his loss. Selfishly I needed to be with the part of the universe that had always meant safety

and security. I began to make plans for his Maryland memorial service, and the response was overwhelming. ALL agreed that we needed to be together to understand and grieve the loss of such a beloved fixture in our world. Hundreds came together for a day of stories and food and photos and togetherness. The Kumbayah kids funded the event, ran errands, showed up to set up and clean up, picked people up from the airport, stuffed vases with flowers, etc. without hesitation. It was a mobilization of epic proportions, and it was only because it was for Frankie. It was for the Lymans. It was for Keira and the kids. All grown up with families of our own, the Longfellow kids drew upon that familiarity and bond that began forty years ago at the pool, and made it all happen. Frank would have loved it.

I hope that the non-Longfellow reader will forgive this long LONG post. At the very least you’ve learned that the fantastic Frank that you knew was, in part, the person he was because of the beautiful way he grew up; with a gigantic “extended family” of kids that loved him deeply. I miss my friend terribly. I pray daily for peace and acceptance, and am confident that I’ll get there someday. I am so happy and blessed to have been his friend, and that he was my “brother.”

Rest easy, my friend.

I have read a number of stories about Frank and they are very touching. While I don’t have a specific story, I have many years of memories.

I don’t know exactly when we met but we were very young. We grew up in the same neighborhood and went to the same schools, including elementary, middle, and high school. We spent a lot of time together over the years. We invited each other to birthday parties. We hung out at each other’s houses and, in high school, often roamed the town together.

Growing up we had many friends in common. In addition to sharing our friends, we also shared a love for soccer. We often played on the same soccer team and played on the same high school teams all four years.

Over the years, we had a lot of fun and occasionally got into a little mischief. During our lifetime of friendship, Frank was always fun to be around. He was a friendly, kind-hearted soul that made people want to be around him. That is evident by the many friends he made growing up and further proven by the many friends he developed after branching out from Columbia.

While I miss not having Frank around, I will always have the memories of the fun times we shared over our decades of friendship.

SARAH LYMAN KRAVITS



Frank and I spent our entire childhoods in the house at 5418 Killingworth Way. There were eleven households including the corner houses, and each household had from one to five kids. We played outside nearly every day, and with over twenty-five kids on the street, there was always someone to play with. The street had a big grass circle in the middle that was big enough for games of kickball, baseball, kick the can, and various other escapades. The road around the circle was basically a track for endless loops around and around on Big Wheels, bikes, and later, skateboards. The top photo is Frank in his fave helmet on his super-cool trike, with Scott Simmons and Allan Wyman alongside.

The second photo is Frank a little older, sporting his trademark specs, with a “big boy bike.” You can see the grass circle play area behind him. A couple of years later he and his friends had BMX bikes and would attempt jumps off a little ramp that they had constructed and placed over the curb.

Right behind our street was a path that led through the woods to various places –Wilde Lake and several other areas and neighborhoods. Columbia was designed so that each neighborhood had access to open space with forest, paths, and “tot lots” (playgrounds). Frank and I spent countless hours “down the creek” over the years. This third photo is of us on one of the big rocks by the creek. We would catch minnows and crawfish and occasionally bring them home in a bucket. (I’m sure our mom was thrilled.)

MELISSA METZ

Frankie and the Lyman family were our neighbors on Killingworth Way. My parents bought our house there in 1977, I was born in 1978, and my brother was born in 1981, so Frankie was about ten years older than me. The Lymans were wonderful neighbors and friends. We would spend Christmas Eve together each year. On Christmas Eve, Frankie would stay to help my parents put up special Christmas decorations after my brother and I had gone to bed. It amazes me that a teenager would take the time to do this! It shows how loving Frankie was to his friends and neighbors.

MIKE TOOMEY

Frankie was one of my best friends and favorite people growing up in Columbia. He had everything...personality, good looks, brains, and athletic skill. He was talented at everything he did. He could get on stage and sing in front of hundreds of people, then jump in a car with the “boys” for a night out on the town. He was the most well-rounded individual I have ever met and was comfortable in any situation. I often think of Frankie when I am talking to my son, and would love nothing more than for my boy to grow up just like him.

He got good grades, played soccer, participated in drama, and dressed impeccably. But he wasn’t “soft.” He stood up for what he believed in and wouldn’t back down or give in to anyone if he felt he was right. I remember one time in fifth grade at Longfellow Elementary School he got into an argument with one of the tougher kids in school. They agreed to meet on the baseball field after school to fight. Frankie and I talked, and I told him to just go home and avoid the fight, but he didn’t. He stood up to the kid and held his own. Later that night, his father called my house and asked what had happened. When I explained everything to him, I remember hearing a sense of pride in Mr. Lyman’s voice. Frank had a strong moral character. I loved that kid. His friends and family were equally supportive of him.



Left to right: me, Kevin Dempsey, Allan Wyman, and Frankie.

Frankie and I connected on Facebook some years ago, reminiscing about the old times. I will leave you with this story, which is one of the best.

One day Frankie and I skipped school and walked the streams of Columbia all the way from Longfellow to the Running Brook 7-11. A police officer stopped and asked why we weren't in school and Frankie was sharp enough to say, "We go to private school and today is a religious holiday." We fooled the police, but not Mr. Lyman. After getting caught, part of our punishment was that Mr. Lyman set up a book club called "7th Graders Anonymous" in his basement that we had to go to every week for several months. It was all worth it.

Frankie messaged to me over FB: "Ha Ha. I was telling my wife about you the other night. Remember when we skipped school...so we could walk the streams of Columbia and quack like ducks? What a bunch of dummies. You, me and Al need to get together and hang for a night." As our Harpers Choice Middle School vice-principal Mr. Smith used to say when calling us out, "Lyman, Wyman, and Toooooomey."

I love you, Frankie, and hope your kids grow up to be just like you. The world will be a better place.

WENDY KARHU

I remember meeting Frank my first day of middle school. We were in home room together and he went out of his way to introduce himself to me. For better or worse he was my bridge to Allan, Mike, and Kevin. I have so many fond memories of after school antics. Although we went to different high schools, we still were in the same circles and even double-dated to both the Centennial and Wilde Lake senior proms.

We lost touch during our college years but reconnected when we both lived in the DC area. I will never forget going to a Redskins game with Frank. We had so much fun! He was so generous and got me the nicest Redskins gear I had ever owned at the time (sweatshirt) for my birthday that year. Some questioned such a nice gift for “just a friend,” but that was the kind of guy Frank was. Always so thoughtful and giving.

We both moved away from DC and lost touch again. But thanks to Facebook, we reconnected. We shared a love of the US National soccer teams and would correspond about that as well as other things. I was so happy to see that he found love and had such an amazing family.

I still recall the shock at learning about Frank’s death. I was visiting a friend in Chicago at the time. I went for a run that morning after finding out. When I got to a really pretty area downtown I literally dropped to the ground and started crying. Even though we hadn’t seen each other in many years it hit me like a ton of bricks. I was surprised at my reaction for a moment but then realized he was a core member of my childhood, growing up and becoming adults.

I feel like I am missing some key moment we shared or funny story. There were so many. I will never forget Frank and hope his family takes comfort in knowing how truly special and amazing he was.

WENDI JOINER

Growing up with Frank in Columbia was filled with fond memories of following the Orioles on 33rd in Memorial Stadium, chanting for Paul Blair in center field and Lee May on first. After Eddie Murray then Cal Ripken, Jr. Wild Bill’s famous cheer wearing his hat. We were watching the magic of the O’s with our family, learning how to fill out the score card of the game by innings. Collecting baseballs.

In first grade, Frank and I were narrators of the play *Free To Be You And Me*. Something he accomplished in his all too short life.

He had a huge welcoming smile that never stopped making your day better. At the same time he could be the best at testing. When it came to sports he was a huge competitor and showed fantastic sportsmanship with teammates and opponents.

He never lost that shy smile and spread it wherever he could, in personal and professional life. A truly creative, enigmatic soul reaching far beyond normal human bounds.

K-12 SCHOOL

DAVID CROSON

An unforgettable memory from Centennial High School, where Frank was an anchor of the concert choir and madrigals groups.

The spring music show was on a Friday evening, the same night as a rival school's prom. Frank had a date (surprise, surprise) to this other prom. He'd calculated that he would have just enough time to finish the final ensemble number ("Barbara Ann," by the Beach Boys), go backstage, change into his tuxedo, and scam to his next event.

As fate would have it, the show was running too long, and Frank's prom date seemed in danger.

Frank came up with an ingenious idea: He'd start changing BEFORE the final number. All of us (adolescent boys) agreed that he had his priorities straight and that this was a reasonable plan. He thus came out on stage, half-dressed in Hawaiian surfer wear, and half in his tuxedo. [Given Frank's sartorial flair, many people couldn't tell that this wasn't intentional.] We altered the lyrics (on the fly) for the next-to-last verse to "Goin' to a prom...right after this song. Gotta get moving, 'cause it's taking too long!" at which point he took off for the wings. I seem to remember that there's a low-quality audio recording of this event—and some may have pictures!

What an exit! Joanne Ruckert, the show's director, was NOT in on the joke and was literally agape during the whole thing. Keeping a straight face during the final chorus was one of the hardest things I've ever done!

MO DUTTERER

Frankie, as he was known, had a tough act to follow. His sister, Sarah, was smart, beautiful, popular, athletic, talented in the arts, organized, and the life of many parties. Actually, maybe Sarah was trying to keep ahead of her handsome, talented in the arts, organized, popular, athletic, smart, and the life of many parties brother, Frankie. These two kids were a force singly and together ever since I met them when they were in middle school. I was so fortunate to be the theater teacher at Centennial High School in Ellicott City and had hundreds upon hundreds of very talented students within my twenty-five years teaching theater and directing shows there. AND, these two kids were the cornerstones of the program during their combined six years at Centennial.

Frankie sparkled in every role he played on our stage. His first very memorable performance was carrying around his little blue blanket as Linus to Gina Ford's Lucy in *You're A Good Man, Charlie Brown*. His show stopping moment was his performance in "My Blanket and Me." And in standing up to big sister Lucy with his very to the point comments and observations. Frankie really pulled it off. Then in an unbelievable performance of "Godspell." So much emotion was flying around the stage during that show as the father of our Jesus passed unexpectedly in his sleep. To see those kids gather all their talent and emotions to present that show to our public was beyond belief. Then there was *No, No Nanette*, *Hello Dolly*, and many

more memorable shows. Frank was a leader, talented performer, and a cast member who was looked up to by everyone.

A flamboyant dresser, man about town, and a guy, who when remembered will always bring a smile to the faces of anyone who knew him. Frankie was a winner, and will always be remembered as one. Missing my Linus.

Mo Dutterer

DEBBIE ROESCH



Frankie was a happy, confident second grader at Longfellow Elementary. He always had that huge smile on his face, along with those huge glasses. He was such an eager learner and truly seemed to enjoy interacting in the class. He was quick to laugh and just seemed to get along with everyone. Frankie and Sarah were two of my favorites. I remember how much he adored Sarah. They were so different, and she was so important to him. Longfellow Elementary and the Longfellow community was a great place for a young teacher to begin her career! It is not surprising that I so clearly remember many of the students and families.

Frankie had asked if his dad could visit the class with his guitar, so that they could sing to the Omaha Team. That was a pretty gutsy request for a seven-year-old! On the day of the “show,” the entire team sat on the floor in the middle of the team with their eyes glued on the Lymans! I don’t remember what songs were played. What I do remember is the great verbal give and take between father and son and the amazing way that seven-year-old held his own with his very outgoing dad, who was comfortable in front of any group. The connection between the two was indescribable! His confidence in himself was so evident, even at that young age.

I remember the laughter that day.

Debbie Roesch

Frank Lyman was a year ahead of me at Centennial High School. Thanks to drama productions, choir, and madrigals, we spent a lot of time together.

He came to me one day and said, “Dave, I want to do a song for a variety show. It’s a Billy Joel song, ‘Keeping the Faith.’ You’ll sing, I’ll play guitar and harmonize the choruses with you. Are you in?”

Was I in? Was I in? Frank wanted to do a number with me, just the two of us? You bet your life I was in! We practiced the song a few times during our choir class, and got it to the point where it was pretty good. The day before auditions, Frank pulled me aside and said, “We need to look sharp, Dave. Let’s wear matching pink oxford button down shirts, jeans, and for shoes, we both have white bucks. Make sure you iron your shirt, Dave.”

I questioned the need to wear the outfit for the audition, since Mr. Dutterer knew us both and knew what we were capable of. Heck, we probably could have just gone to him and asked to perform the song, and he would have put us in the show! Why did we need to go to the trouble of getting all dressed up for the audition?

Frank stared at me for a beat, then flashed that famous smile. “We’ve got to look good, Dave. Wear the shirt and the shoes. We’ve got to look good!”

I have to admit, we looked pretty good.

The last interaction I had with Frank was on Facebook.

When we performed for Centennial’s madrigals group we wore heavy velvet tunics and tights, and each of the guys got a different colored tunic, supplied by the school. Frank had the purple one. These were not attractive outfits, but somehow he had the swagger to make it work.

A few months ago I posted a picture to Facebook of the madrigals group from my senior year. I was wearing the purple tunic.

“Hey!” said Frank. “I thought I was the purple guy!”

And he was, but as soon as he graduated I claimed the purple tunic. Not because it looked particularly good on me, but because it had been Frank’s.. Like a younger sibling coveting his big brother’s baseball cap, I wanted that purple tunic. Frank had graduated, but maybe by

JAN SILHAVY

Mr. Lyman asked that I share this letter...

Dear Lyman family,

I do not know how to express how sorry I am for your loss. Frankie was a dear friend from the Harper's Choice years through senior year at Centennial HS. While we didn't stay in touch these past years, I always knew if I needed him, Frankie would be there, and I hope he felt the same way.

I know you know this, but it bears repeating...Frankie was all good. It just emanated from him. Those smiles and kind words were infectious. I know I am a better person for having had him in my life.

Thank you so much for sharing him with us. My thoughts are with you and your family.

In a recent email, I relayed the following to Mr. Lyman:

I can't tell you how often I think of Frankie. It's funny we hadn't been in each other's life recently and I didn't miss him then if that makes sense, but I really miss him now. I guess it's the knowing that I will never have the chance to talk to him again, or see that bright shining smile in person. I have pictures of him, Alan, Mike and Kevin next to my bed and while they conjure up so many good times they also remind me of what's been lost. I can only imagine how you feel.

wearing it some of his coolness, some of his charm, would find its way back to me. It didn't work, by the way, but it seemed perfectly logical when I was seventeen.

Back in high school, Frank was always kind, always gracious. He was never mean spirited for sport. He was a peacemaker, able to bridge the gap between the various social groups and cliques at Centennial. He didn't seek out conflict, but he was able to diffuse it, often by flashing that smile. That charismatic, slightly mischievous smile. Frank told me the funniest joke I've ever heard, about a rooster that was traveling salesman, wearing a seersucker suit and a straw hat, trying to make time with every animal on the farm. (It's not appropriate to tell, here, but trust me, it's funny. And it was never funnier than when Frank told it.)

That smile, the way he would throw his head back and laugh. That's what I remember. Like all of us here today, I am profoundly sad that Frank is gone. As a dear friend said, "His story wasn't supposed to end this way."

I am sad. And that's okay. I miss my old friend. The world is a lot less interesting without him. But I look around this room, at all of the people he touched, every one of us, connected through our love, respect and admiration for Frank. So through our sadness, let's try to be thankful, too. Thankful that we knew him, that we loved him, that we laughed with him. Because for me, when I think of that smile, I can't help but smile, too.

Dave Bittner
Centennial High, Class of '87

Admittedly, sharing some thoughts about Frankie has challenged me for many reasons. A mere description in words somehow seems inadequate, knowing that anything I could write will be far from perfect and cannot do justice. What I need is Frank’s levity, humor, and coolness. No matter the situation, Frank had the uncanny ability to inject humor, to provide the proper amount of levity, and make you laugh. In so doing, he endeared himself to those around him, diffused awkward or stressful situations, and charmed his audience. Certainly, his charm and humor would somehow mollify my anxiety about the need to write a perfect post.

Frank displayed his wit and charm in so many contexts—in school, in sports, in business, while acting or rehearsing, with his friends, in everyday life and with his family. Frankie and I were closest throughout high school and into college. I recall so many contexts where Frank’s charm was on display, where those of us who were close could only hope that some would run off.

Whether the activity involved theater, school, the beach, soccer, literature, American history, parties, after parties, girls or their pursuit (usually unsuccessfully, less so for Frank), homecomings, or get-togethers, Frank left those around him marveling at his humor and wit.

With apologies, I think I can speak for Michael, Anthony, Samantha, Mr. (Bruce) Smith, Doc Constantini, Mo Dutterer, and others. Frank had a way. Frank did not reserve his time, attention, or charm for his peers. He made time for everyone. He identified with actors, jocks, artisans, cheerleaders, Columbians, Ellicott City “ians”, Washingtonians, teachers, military, those in the assisted housing behind his house (relationships that would prove useful in obtaining beer or champagne), Italians, Asians, Catholics, Episcopalians, Jews, blacks, whites, “in-crowd” and “geeks.”

The situations are far too numerous to describe and in some cases would not be appropriate, though I remember the following—our numerous beach trips, running hills with Kurt and others in August before soccer season, watching Frank perform in plays and musicals, cast parties, driving down Connecticut Avenue to either go out in DC or pick up beer or wine coolers (it was the eighties and they were for the girls) at the Chevy Chase liquor store just over the DC line not far from his grandparents, hanging out with Mr. Smith after school because we could, hanging out at Michael’s, prom, homecoming, Clyde’s, the Columbia Inn, talking politics at Michelle’s, playing guitar, watching *Animal House*, quoting Monty Python, rapping (well, at least trying to), going to the track with his grandfather, hanging out in the basement, swimming at Anthony’s, Terps basketball, going to Little Italy, hot tubs, ping pong,

Sea Terrace, the Econo Lodge, hearing all about Fernando, pontificating about the meaning of literature with Doc, the Upper West side, Greenwich Village with Keira and more. To condense these experiences in a simple writing is a herculean task.

Frankie especially demonstrated his unique abilities and wit in the context of his family. He so admired and was fiercely loyal to, protective, and proud of his sister, Sarah. Frank, upon hearing the slightest inkling of a desire to date her (usually delivered in some juvenile way from one of his friends), would somehow deflect it in a manner that did not offend but effectively deterred any similar comments or suggestions indefinitely. He constantly bragged about his mom and her compassion. Frankie so looked up to and admired his father. This respect was especially evident in situations where his father appropriately imposed some rules or discipline or just impressed upon Frankie a certain perspective. Even if frustrated, Frankie had a way of keeping it in context, often injecting humor, while demonstrating a mature understanding of his father's perspective and an explicit or implicit agreement with it. Frankie did so while maintaining the proper coolness expected of a teenager amongst his friends.

We miss you.

Steven Drucker

Frank lit up Centennial High School. He was a friend to more people, in more “groups,” than I can count. He related to everyone but also wouldn't be limited or boxed in, and no one resented him for his ability to connect with all kinds of different people. He always had as big of a group of female friends as male friends, and even though I suspected that few of them would turn down an opportunity to date him if it arrived, they were just as happy to be his friend, and were truly loyal to him, as he was to them.

When we were younger Frank definitely played the pesky younger brother role, teasing me a lot (I was a typical oversensitive older sister) and being the one who cheerfully broke the rules when possible. However, when he got to high school, we developed a stronger connection. I don't think I wanted to admit it, but I really liked having him around at CHS. Right off the bat he was named the Freshman Homecoming Prince and made tons of new friends, while keeping the old friends, with his charm and wit and ability to care about people. His main activities were soccer in fall and musicals in spring.

I remember a Halloween day at CHS when I had dressed up as Pippi Longstocking, using coat hanger wire to make my braids stick out. I had one continuous wire that went through one braid, over my head, and through the other braid. Frank saw me in the hallway and grabbed

a braid for fun, and soon realized that if he hung on and pushed the braid to the left or right, I had to turn my head and then my body to follow it. So whenever he saw me that day, he grabbed a braid and spun me around as many times as he could.

Once when Frank was a freshman and I was a junior, I got caught without my prescription painkillers on a day when I was hit with bad cramps. I don't remember how he found out that I was having a hard time, but he went around asking his female friends, found someone who had what I needed, and got it to me. How many fourteen-year-old boys would do that for an older sister? I can't believe my luck at having Frank for a brother.





Frank was a central member of the “drama buddies” and won the drama department award his senior year. Here he is as Barnaby in *Hello Dolly* (1984), in the ensemble of *Guys and Dolls* (1983), and as Linus in *You’re a Good Man Charlie Brown* (1982). He starred in many other productions!

The photo of him as Linus is from my photo album from that year of high school. I put an album together each year, and of course enjoyed cutting out captions from magazines, so “You’ve come a long way, baby” was put on top of that photo, to represent my realization that “Frankie” was kinda grown up now.

In the fall of 1984, Centennial produced *Godspell*, and Frank was cast as John the Baptist/Judas. I couldn’t imagine missing the show, so I came up from the University of Virginia, where I had just started my freshman year, for the weekend. I had a seat on an aisle next to my parents. Mo Dutterer, the director, had staged “Prepare Ye the Way of the Lord” so that Frank and the company began at the back of the house and walked through the audience as they sang the number. I literally burst into tears as my brother walked past me singing. I was completely overcome, and probably embarrassed everyone around me. But that was just how amazing it was, being able to experience the gift of his performance. At that point, he had come a REALLY long way, I had to admit.

DICKINSON
COLLEGE



This picture barely has Frank in the frame, but I feel it says a lot about Frank and our relationship.

FERNANDO GIACOMINI

Some may ask themselves how can someone have so many diverse friends. This says something about Frank—he was special, he was unique. An incredibly well-balanced person, he had a little bit of everything. I met Frank at Dickinson College and instantly liked him within minutes of meeting him. He made me feel happy, at ease, comfortable. We developed a close relationship and as different as we were, we connected on many levels.

You don't run across too many people like him. One could be themselves around Frank. He had no sense of judging people, he took in all. He carelessly drifted in out of social circles where others could not. He was confident, witty, funny, his own brand of cool. He looked for the good in people. His influence extended well into all circles at Dickinson College, be it intellectual, scholarly, athletic, social, there were no barriers with Frank. He was known to all, and he never excluded anyone. He was a champion of people, able to engage all different sorts at all different levels. I knew of a very few who may not have seen eye to eye with him on everything, yet later in life, upon hearing of his fate they broke down in uncontrollable tears realizing how severe a loss we had been dealt.

I was drawn to him not only because he was intelligent, eloquent, kind, but because at the same time he possessed a very adventurous curious spirit, he was always thirsty for experiencing life. This spirit led us on many travels, one led us to Spain where we ran with the bulls in Pamplona, albeit at a safe distance, he was adventurous yet cautious and wise. I wanted to

run right up front with the bulls. Frank's reason allowed us to experience the thrill yet live to tell about it.

I was always proud to introduce Frank as my friend. When we traveled to Spain and he met my large family he was in the unfamiliar position of not being able to communicate, yet he still managed to leave an indelible impression with a well-placed singular Spanish word or simple phrase accompanied by a facial gesture, even then he managed to be a center of attention and leave a lasting impression. My Spanish family would ask me for years to come, "Como esta Frank?"

The world was a good place in Frank's company. His presence brought calm and understanding to everything. He was able to quickly bring things into perspective. He was always moving forward learning from people, learning from life experiences, sifting out the negative, assimilating the good, bettering himself, taking in what others had to offer and making mental notes and cataloging for future use. He was like a sponge soaking up the good, squeezing out the bad.

He savored life, especially the simple things. He was uncommonly uncomplicated for such a driven, diverse, sharp witted, well-rounded person. He was humble yet strong. He was the one to go to and ask questions, and he always seemed to know the answers or at the very least offer sound advice. His door was opened to all. He was approachable.

Later in life, when we had drifted apart at times, he always checked in on me. He became very successful and well-respected professionally. He was able to use his life experience to crusade for people, namely young students. He always seemed to be crusading for something to better others.

He truly wanted to make the world a better place by investing in the future through helping out the young. I saw him recently give a speech to a roomful of his colleagues. He was gifted at delivering messages in a clear uncomplicated heartfelt manner. He could have delivered the same speech to a room of sixth graders and held their attention equally.

I and others still had some of the most important questions to ask Frank before he was stolen from us. I know that Frank's spirit is alive and well inside his children. I know he would have taught them well, even as young as they are, his presence alone surely would have permeated into them.

Always know that your father was more than a good person, but rather he was great in many many ways. He was special, unique. I hope like your father you will always strive to be open to all people, learning, curious, adventurous and taking things in, making yourselves better.

FRANK: A CULTURAL FORCE

In the rare moments when I pause to reflect on my life, I am surprised by the extent to which Frank has made an indelible imprint upon it. By way of background, I met Frank in 1986 on my first day of college. While we lived only three doors away from each other on our freshman floor, we interacted surprisingly little that year. Over the next three years of college, we would get together two or three times a year to work something up for one of the various music or talent venues at college. Hence, it was probably a surprise to both of us that we decided to rent a house together in Arlington, VA upon graduation from college. We lived there for two years, and were eventually joined by our other roommate, Fernando. I obviously have many memories and stories from this formative period of our lives (our first jobs, first time out on our own, etc). Here are two trivial ones.

I don't remember exactly when we determined that we were both Monty Python fans, but I clearly remember one winter night, in particular, when this fact was definitively certain. One of our weekly rituals during that time was to go to the nearby house of some other Dickinson friends (Lori, Bibb, Allison) and play music, have beverages and catch up on the week's gossip. One Thursday evening, it was snowing and Frank and I decided to walk to our friend's house, carrying guitars and beverages.

For some reason, we were very "punchy" (a word Frank taught me) that night. During the walk one of us (it may have been me, though on issues related to Monty Python, our thoughts were pretty interchangeable) asked whether the other knew a somewhat obscure Monty Python sketch in which John Cleese plays a drunken, Scottish movie director. Like all Monty Python sketches, the premise was absurd and the events unfolded in a typically illogical progression from there. The basic premise of this sketch was that John Cleese had a grand but highly unrealistic vision for an epic movie. Throughout the sketch, he was continually approached about the fact that his vision was not feasible and that he needed to scale back on his plan. However, he refused to capitulate on any element of his artistic vision. For instance, when told that movie could not include a real, African lion, he responded that "You can't cut the lion. The lion is GREAT!" To John Cleese's character, everything was "GREAT" (pronounced with an overstated brogue: G-R-E-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-T).

After that night, GREAT became a word that Frank and I would use with each other at least ten times a day. We even got Fernando to use it. The funny thing was, for us, the word could have any meaning, which was a necessity in order to use it as frequently as we did. For instance, GREAT could mean awesome or GREAT could mean terrible. But we always seemed to know

exactly what it meant. While I have not talked about my “GREAT” phase of life for a long time, I find that I still mentally judge my daily life experiences by how GREAT they are.

One day, Frank bought a wiffle ball and bat, and asked if I wanted to play on the road in front of our house. As we went out to play, he brought a plastic chair from our porch and set it in the middle of the road. He then proceeded to teach me the rules that he developed as a kid with his friends, including the role of chair in game play. Like twelve-year-olds, we played many wiffle ball games on the street in front of our Arlington house that year. Over the last twenty-five years since those games, I have taught many friends the Frank Lyman rules for wiffle ball—and they always involve placing a chair at home plate. I have even taught my son these rules. When he was old enough to play, we purchased a white chair just like the 1990s chair that Frank and I used, and I taught him. My reason for insisting on these rules? Because that is the way that Frank did it. I was humored when I looked up my house on Google maps, and found that the white chair that we use to play wiffle ball can be seen on our front lawn.

Frank has left many other marks on my life, many of which I’ve passed on to others, some of which have even been archived by Google, and all of which are G-R-E-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-T!

SUSI O’MEARA

I don’t remember exactly when I met Frank at Dickinson. I sort of felt like I’d always known him. He was always around. He was a great friend, sarcastic and sincere and always there if you needed. He was a people magnet. He had this energy that just drew you into his orbit and made you feel special.

I was fortunate to continue my friendship with him in the DC area after college. I have great memories of Frank, Rob VanArnam, and Jon Moseley’s band Tumble Dry jamming at Rob’s place in Virginia.

PAUL RONOLLO

I was driving with my wife tonight and I heard a song and it reminded me of Frank. Frank knew I loved music and one night in college he pulled out his guitar and played and sang “The Only Living Boy in New York” by Simon & Garfunkel. I was bowled over as it was one of my favorites and Frank played it great! Every time I hear that song I remember Frank. He was a terrific guy. I hope you are all doing well.

Among a host of memories, what strikes me most about your dad is that I can't really think of anyone else I've ever known that I would say reminds me of him. There are perhaps parts of others—characteristics, tendencies, things they say or do that remind me of him—but in my memory, he stands alone as a refreshingly unique person. He always just seemed comfortable being Frank, and his confidence and self-assuredness helped those he knew feel good about themselves. I write that last bit almost as though it's just a “nice” trait, perhaps not out of the ordinary. In fact it was such a differentiator and, I think, a gift. (And I have to stress, possibly just because this is something so difficult for me to tolerate in people, that I never associated arrogance with him.) He was a cool cat, but not too cool, and he made others feel like they enriched his life.

I would be remiss not to mention the obvious influence his parents had on him. He seems the perfect blend of those two wonderful people. I met your dad my sophomore year (his freshman year) at Dickinson. We soon discovered that our families lived only fifteen minutes apart. East on Rt. 108, cross the line from Montgomery into Howard County, and there lived the very welcoming Lyman family. (I should have prefaced this piece by saying that I, generally, have an awful memory. So, if some of this is out of sequence, hopefully the picture it attempts to create still resonates.) It wasn't too long after I met your dad that he somehow

pieced together that his dad (your grandfather) knew of my dad from their days in college. They didn't actually know each other, but I guess Frank Jr. (I'm just going to call him Mr. Lyman because that's how I know him) knew of my father's football abilities due in part to the rivalry between Haverford (Mr. Lyman) and Swarthmore (my dad).

This all struck me as fairly amusing, and the ultra-charismatic Mr. Lyman was never reluctant to regale me with stories that made it seem as though my dad's carries would have made Sportscenter had such a thing existed back in the late fifties. To hear Mr. Lyman tell stories is to be transplanted to whatever or wherever it is that he is recalling. Your dad had this same gift, and music was another forum through which his many talents emerged. To this day, I've not heard anyone sing “Seven Bridges Road” better than him, save possibly for the Eagles.

College was a great time, and your dad was very much what one might call a “big man on campus.” He was at ease with many different sets of people, and that very essence was woven into every wonderful tribute that poured in years later following the accident that took him from us. Thankfully, our friendship continued after college. I was in Maryland and he had moved up to NYC. We went in with some other guys and bought tickets to Knicks games. Sports was often a common topic for us. We both grew up rooting for mostly the same teams:

the Orioles, the Terps, the Bullets (now Wizards but really still the Bullets), and even the Redskins (though I abandoned them after college). We divied up the Knicks games, and I almost exclusively went up for weekend games. We had a blast, and Frank Lyman and New York seemed like kindred spirits.

As is too often the case, he and I could have been better at staying in touch as we each became husbands and fathers, but I'm certain those that had the pleasure of seeing him regularly and sharing those phases of his life were fortunate to know the same great guy that I knew. Today, I have two great pictures on my desk at home, each one showing your dad with one of you. I hope to have an opportunity to meet you someday, and I can't wait to see what special, unique people you become.

I met Frank my first days at Dickinson. We were both in Morgan and I met him because he was so friendly and easy to meet. I will always remember Frank's smile—a big happy smile.

Frank had a huge network of friends. It seemed like Frank knew everyone. He had no set circle of friends. His friends were extremely diverse and all felt close to him. Frank drew people in and they wanted to be in his presence.

I spent time with Frank also on Cape Cod and NYC and I will always remember a lot of laughing and fun.

Frank was a good friend, a reliable friend, and a kind person. He was smart, had a great sense of humor, and was fun to be around.

I was lucky to have known Frank and I miss him.

CHRIS HAWTHORNE

As almost everyone has said, Frank had no boundaries when it came to making friends. We were two years apart at Dickinson, in different fraternities, different majors...but his smile and laugh, his ability to tell stories and make connections, his deep knowledge of everything (music, literature, sports, art, history) made him someone you always wanted to be around.

We became even closer friends in 1990 after he graduated and moved to DC. With Rob V, Jon M, Fernando, Johnny B, Susi, Jules, Tracy, Collins (the list goes on), we had epic adventures, from Tumble Dry jam sessions to house parties on Harling Lane in Bethesda to packing in his company K-car for road trips and concerts. (Allman Bros/Little Feat was a stand out.) Again, he had the ability to bring people from totally separate parts of his life together. It was amazing, really, this magnetic effect he had.

That ability became life-changing for me in 1993, when Frank came west on a Prentice Hall work trip, and stayed on my couch in Pasadena for a week. I was going to art school, and had no money. Of course, Frank took me out each night for meals/drinks and treated me like a brother (his friends seemed to all become family because of the way he cared for and about them). One of those nights he introduced me to a close colleague of his, thinking we might hit

it off. Twenty-five years later, Tracy and I are still married. Frank and Rob played an unforgettable set of acoustic music at our wedding in New Hampshire.

We would see Frank every few years, even though living in different areas of the country. He was the best about staying connected with phone calls or when traveling. We'd hit a pub and talk about sports, which always led to deeper conversations about life. I recall a late night in Denver when he and Tracy (and Suzanne Daghlian) pulled out a pile of albums, and we became rotating disc jockeys and karaoke stars. Many songs remind me of Frank, but from that night it was The Cranberries' "Linger."

I'm beyond lucky and thankful to have had him in my life, and forever bitter that he left too soon, but then I picture his great smile and hear his laugh. Life has so much to offer and explore and can be so unbearably short that you shouldn't waste a minute not enjoying it, is what he'd likely say. He'd probably hand us another beer (or a shot of Yukon Jack) and tell us to grab the next album and to sing a bit louder.



Chris Hawthorne: A few of us met Frank in Austin in 2012, and ended the evening appropriately at “Frank” with some late night street dogs. If this had been the late eighties, it would be the Carlisle “Sheetz” in the background :-)



Chris Hawthorne: 1990, a jam session for “Tumble Dry,” the trio Frank assembled including Rob Van Arnam and Jon Mosley. For some reason, there was often a bottle of Yukon Jack nearby, and we loved to quote the story on the label “...when lonely men struggled to keep their fires lit...”



BIBB HUBBARD

In looking through the many chapters of Frank's life presented in this book, I realized why I still think about him every day. I had the great gift of being a part of so much of his life after college. While our friendship began at Dickinson, it only grew deeper as fate would keep bringing us together. Somehow, with a few exceptions, we were lucky enough to live within a short distance from each other across many years—and took full advantage of that proximity by sharing meals, drinks, adventures, and lots of laughter.

I remember when he introduced our small friend group to Keira. He was beyond smitten. I knew right away that they would have an enduring love. I am grateful that he gave us the gift of Keira, whose friendship I cherish, and his three amazing children. There aren't words to capture what his friendship has meant to me—his constant, steady presence, honesty and candor, always at the ready with his warm smile and quick wit. There are so many memories to pull from over the years, but this picture captures how I remember Frank. He will always be in my heart.

DARDEN



Photo courtesy of Jason Krikorian

Frank sang with the a capella group at Darden. It was called the Cold Call Chorus. He had a great sense of humor and timing. A favorite song was “Mr. Sandman” with the recurring lyric, “Mr. Sandman, is this really healthy? Is there a better way to make me wealthy?”

Aislin, Thomas, and Carys, I want you to know that your father was a wonderful man who touched the hearts of many, including mine. I can see his bright smile and hear his voice in my mind today, more than twenty years after I first met him. That is how strong of a positive impression he made on those around him. Always be proud of the fact that your father is Frank Lyman. Your connection to such a thoughtful, caring, and giving man will live forever. He was simply one of the best.

I knew Frank when he and I were students together at Darden. I used to go over to his apartment on Arlington Drive to study, especially during our first year. Darden was a lot of work, but Frank always had a way of bringing humor into the situation. His wit was lightning quick. We might be in the middle of an intense finance problem, scratching our heads in frustration, and he would make a comment that would have us all rolling on the floor with laughter. A light-hearted moment was exactly what we needed to break the tension and redouble our energies. He was so good at reading a situation and balancing the right amount of serious effort with fun and humor. I think this is what made him such an effective leader in business. Of course, business is generally serious, but people also want to have fun. Frank had the most wonderful dry sense of humor. I believe people wanted to work with him because he was driven to help others, he got things done, and it was exciting and fun to be part of it.

One thing I admired about Frank from the time I first met him was his commitment to education as a profession. Darden is a special school that attracts people who are giving and community-minded. Even so, most people went into perfectly respectable careers in finance, consulting, or big business of one sort or another, and relatively few of us were as community-focused as Frank. Frank wanted to use his skills and experience to advance education. He wanted to dedicate his career to improving people's lives and he believed education was the ticket to stronger communities and a more productive democracy.

Twenty-plus years ago, he seemed idealistic in that way. Now, with age and experience on my side, I see that he had special insight into the future, certainly a special insight I did not have at the time. I believe many of the challenges we face as a nation are due to uneven opportunity across our democracy that are the direct result of uneven educational opportunity. Frank saw this problem as a young man and dedicated himself to finding ways to contribute to a better, stronger society. I think the last twenty years have proven that he was right to focus as he did. He was very much on the leading edge of an essential movement to leverage technology to improve educational opportunity and the lives of many, many people across our country.

Frank’s memory is alive with me. I know there are many people who think of him often as I do. As you, his proud children, go through life, please call upon any of us in Frank’s network of Darden friends if we can ever be of assistance in any way. Maybe you want to learn about a career, a college, or a company, for example. Just say your dad is Frank Lyman and we will be there for you. He was always there for us and it would be a great honor to return the favor.

All my best,
Kevin

I met Frank at Darden, and what struck me the most was his appreciation for and knowledge of different cultures. As an international student I used to hang out with other fellow foreign students, friends from Brazil, Mexico, Paraguay, Portugal and Italy. Frank felt right in. He was one of us.

I recall one special night when we spent hours cooking a paella, following his detailed instructions while enjoying a wonderful wine he had chosen for us.

Frank loved soccer. On weekends we used to watch European league and MLS games and on Sundays we played together at a local soccer and university league. Frank always played defense, his favorite position, and I used to call him Beckenbauer (for the famous German player Frank Beckenbauer). I loved playing with him, he would always cover my back and get me out of trouble. He loved the sport and gave everything he had, just as in life.



MYRA LEE

My husband Bernie and I lived next door to Frank during our two years while I was a student at Darden, sharing a wall and many fun times together. We lived in a small townhouse complex walking distance uphill to the business school campus, which for no reason we knew of was called “Georgetown Apartments.” It was technically two hours from Georgetown University and the units were two-floor, two-bedroom townhouses with their own entrances and a tiny concrete patio behind (not apartments). The supervisor of the place was an eccentric older man with the unique name Woods Stringfellow. The small second bedroom of Frank’s apartment had a desk in it that was so big that it just came with the place. I knew the girls who moved into that unit after Frank and they also inherited that desk for their stay, and it is probably still there today. Frank spent many hours studying at that giant desk during his MBA program.

Much of our initial bonding was around our pets. Frank had two cats named Phoebe and Jane. The remarkable thing about Phoebe was she would run on the treadmill. We had our beloved gray fat cat named Howie, who bonded quickly with Frank. Both Howie and Frank were from Columbia, MD, which we considered the source of their connection. At one point Howie developed an over-grooming issue, and Frank drove me and Howie to the vet when I was without a car. We laughed hard that Howie was confused about why Frank was taking him to

the vet and not Bernie as usual. “Hey, why’s this skinny white guy taking me to the vet instead of that Chinese guy I live with...”

We have many memories of laughing really hard with Frank. Frank and I were both members of the Cold Call Chorus that rehearsed and performed a cappella music throughout the school year. Along with another friend, Frank and I wrote alternate lyrics complaining about how hard business school was, to the melody of “Mr. Sandman,” that included such great lines as “Mr. Sandman, bring me a dream. I haven’t slept since September 15...” and “I feel like George with leftover t-shirts [reference to a Darden business school quantitative analysis case], compared to this, law school’s a life of leisure...” I think Frank decided that t-shirts and leisure rhymed. And it was an excellent way to mock our law school neighbors, since an on-going source of humor for Darden students was how much harder the business school was than the law school.

We also remember when Frank’s sister and Garth visited Charlottesville, and we hung out with them until the wee hours, laughing so hard we cried with the combination of Frank and Garth’s sense of humor. Other late night laughs were at a tacky party, where we all wore our tackiest clothes. Both my husband Bernie and Frank nailed it by wearing very 1970s slinky track suits. I regret that our time at Darden was prior to digital photography so we don’t have many pictures from that era, but that would have been a keeper. I always told my husband that he and Frank filled the same social niche at parties—always fun to hang out with, lots of laughs, and never any drama.

Bernie and Frank also played on the Darden soccer team together. During one game I was busy chatting with friends on the sidelines and missed a particularly good move on the field by Bernie. Frank re-enacted it for me so I could pretend to Bernie I actually saw it.

I recall Frank was a really good cook. He made amazing paella once. He always served really big, delicious olives. I never liked olives until I started snacking on them at his apartment. I recall that one evening Frank hosted a martini party where he and another classmate, Annie Paghidas, sang a duet of the song “Breakfast at Tiffanys.” Frank accompanied on the guitar. Frank’s tenor and Annie’s alto voices blended beautifully. I had heard them rehearsing it through our shared wall earlier that week and encouraged them to sing at the party. I think of Frank whenever I hear that song. Annie also sang the Jewel song “You Were Meant for Me,” which was a big hit in 1997, while Frank accompanied on guitar.

I wish my memory was better and I could continue to recall all these happy moments during those years when we spent so much time with Frank. I think we only saw him a few times after we graduated. We met him for dim sum at China Gardens restaurant in Arlington, VA when I was there for a work trip. Our then-newborn son Owen was with us, and Frank had told us about meeting Keira, so probably 1999 or so. Unfortunately, we were not able to attend their wedding. And we met Keira only once when they brought little Thomas and Aislin to Charlottesville for our tenth Darden reunion (Carys wasn’t born yet) in 2007. That was the last time we saw Frank. For many years we enjoyed seeing his beautiful family in holiday cards; we could tell how proud Frank was of his three children. The jolting news of their accident was a stark reminder that you never know when that last time will be to see someone. We are reminded to cherish every moment you can when you cross paths with someone as special as Frank Lyman.



Myra Lee: Frank singing the lead vocals for the Darden Cold Call Chorus during the Graduate Women in Business Auction in February 1997.

I knew Frank during our two years at Darden together (1995-1997) and I really adored him. Our class at Darden had many more men than women, as was typical at that time. Many of the men in our class were quite conservative and from the southern part of the US. Coming from the northeast, it was an unfamiliar environment for me. Frank was different from most men in the class; he was a genuine feminist in the most positive sense. He treated the women in our class with respect and as equals, when many of the men around him did not show us the same. He did it in such a gentle, natural way that he didn't show anyone up, and he got along with everyone.

A few of us started a monthly book group during our second year (when we finally had time to breathe after the heavy workload of the first year) and Frank was an active member of the group. He was interested in books and education when most people at Darden were only interested in getting a bigger paycheck with their degree. He was close to one of the most popular and famous professors at Darden who taught Business Ethics, and it was so fitting a match for Frank because that embodied who he was.

RACHEL BURROWS

I grew up in Columbia, MD with Frank, but I didn't meet Frank until Darden. I wish I had known him in Columbia! When I think of Frank, I think of smiles, humor, grace, kind, inclusive, clever, friendly, integrity, joy, and simply an all-around great guy. Frank was essentially friends with everyone, and not many people have that kind of likability. It was just fun and easy to hang out with Frank. The world had more sparkle when Frank was around. I am still seeing that twinkle in his eye!

MARK BRIDGERS

I went to Darden with Frank and have served as the class secretary for many years. In my class secretary role, I am responsible for collecting notes on each of the class members for publication. Your father showed up in many of these notes due to his active participation and caring relationship with many of our class members. One memorable episode was a suggestion that was made by Frank in 2005 to make my writing of the class notes more entertaining reading! He suggested we give a description of the most recent development about the person but not attach their name so the readers of the notes could try and guess who it was. I implemented this suggestion and received lots of positive feedback. Your father, through his suggestion, was looking for a way to help others improve and grow. When you get to the point you are reviewing these notes and passages, I trust you will see the common theme among them...Your father as a fun-loving man who formed deep relationships and offered insightful feedback that helped others improve and grow. That is why he would love the idea of this Weeva book, and as his children, I am sure you will love it as well.

Frank and I were friendly at Darden, but not very close friends. I always loved seeing his smile at various events, and especially loved how he had me and the rest of the crowd laughing with his Cold Call Chorus performances!

Our friendship deepened after my husband Fred and I moved to Toronto. Once in Toronto, I decided to do a search on the Darden alumni directory to see if I might find a familiar face nearby. Low and behold, Frank and Keira had moved to Toronto!

I immediately reached out to Frank and we reconnected. We soon found out that not only did we have Darden in common...not only did we have a move to Toronto in common...but we were both expecting our first child! Keira was pregnant with Aislin and I was pregnant with Owen.

We were lucky that Frank and Keira lived close by in Toronto. We usually drove to each other's houses, but we could have taken a leisurely walk instead. While Keira and I would meet to talk about the mysteries of pregnancy and our excitement about becoming mothers, Frank and Fred would huddle together, often over a very nice glass of red wine and laugh away. We didn't always find out what they were laughing about (which is probably a good thing), but

I'm sure some of it involved the anticipation of becoming first-time fathers and the joy they both knew laid ahead.

We were lucky to still be living in Toronto when Aislin was born. While I always thought Frank had a special smile, nothing compared to the smile on his face when he held one of his children or talked about them as they grew.

We left Toronto shortly after Aislin was born and moved back to the NYC area. Frank, Keira, and Aislin moved back after we did, and our friendship continued to grow. We celebrated a few birthday parties, and eventually a going away party, in Montclair. Frank and Keira even trekked up to our home in Connecticut for an event at our house (which ended up with Fred and I and Frank and Keira dancing under disco lights and laughing late into the night).

As Fred says about Frank, "He really lit up a room." He will always have a special place in our hearts. I know he lives on in yours.

WORK

STEVE CHAPIN

In the midst of a startup set on the floor of a defunct furniture store, Frank was always funny and smart. Professionally, he was a hard worker, always prepared, and articulate. Personally, he had a wry sense of humor that helped us through the hard times. I think he had the soul of a seventy-year-old. He was an integral part of the original team. I will miss him greatly.

SUSAN KANTROWITZ, JOHN WILEY & SONS

Frank was a special person who was intelligent, accomplished, and blessed with a great sense of humor. It is so hard not to think about him. It's also hard to imagine that he is gone.

He always encouraged me during the time I was developing camps for the sales force. No easy task and many ups and downs. Frank would come by and say, "You can do it, Susan K." He always supported and encouraged me.

HARRY A. LAYMAN

Frank was an exceptionally mature and warm person. Some of that is captured by others who have commented on his patience, deliberateness, perspective, and thoughtfulness.

I remember Frank's blank stare when an interlocutor commented on our little startup in Herndon about the possibility of making a ton of money: Frank could clearly not imagine that having value outside of doing something incredibly valuable. In an era where passion was easily confused for a passion for making money, Frank was a beacon of reasonableness and values grounded in things eternal, not momentary popularity, celebrity, or other ephemera.



CourseSmart would not have been the company it was without Frank. He was the heart-beat of the company when we started. Frank’s strategic vision, his knowledge of the higher ed market and his passion for student success led us to achieve things that we might not have had the confidence to do without his lead. He and Sean were quite a team, and they complemented each other in many respects. Frank had such credibility in the higher ed space. We were so lucky to have him on our team!

Frank brought FUN to all of his colleagues at CourseSmart. He infused the office with energy. We loved it when Frank would come to work in the San Mateo office. The energy he brought with him was palpable. In fact, when he would return to the East Coast, we were always drained or depressed, maybe a little of both! Frank was always so fashionably dressed. We would have fun with him about his East Coast fashion trends working with us laid-back California folks.

Frank was relentlessly positive. He always had a “we can solve this” attitude. He turned issues into opportunities—ALWAYS! He inspired all of us to do our best, and he would let us know that he had the confidence in us to do the best. Frank believed that CourseSmart could make a difference in the world one student at a time, and what a good feeling it was for all of us to work for a company that was doing that!

We cannot imagine CourseSmart without Frank’s vision and passion. We are honored to have had the opportunity to work with such a wonderful person.

From Frank, on CourseSmart: “I had a strong feeling that e-textbooks on an iPhone would, if nothing else, be a huge PR success, and raise awareness. It would also push us to be more innovative on our platform, which is hard to do when you are a joint venture. I got my colleagues at CourseSmart on board with my idea, even though it was a little bit risky, we did the song and dance at Apple...

And it kicked ass. It put CourseSmart on the map. It also pushed us to be more innovative on the technology front, and CourseSmart now has a lead in HTML5 that started with a commitment to being on the iPhone. This wasn’t what our board wanted to do, and so to get it done, we had to sell deeper into our organization and get people behind it. But once we launched it and saw the positive press, people were very supportive.”

For me, I just keep coming back to Frank’s general vibe as a person. In thinking about this a lot over the past week, I think that my favorite thing about working with Frank was that he was genuinely accepting and welcoming of personality quirks and differing perspectives, and that I knew I could be myself around him and he’d appreciate it. Frank had a natural demeanor that set people at ease, a general openness that allowed people to relax and relate to others, communicate frankly, remind us that we’re all human, etc. In my experience, not that many people are that evolved, open, or able to set people at ease and it’s truly a comfort to others. It’s a rare gift and it’s no wonder he had so many friends and touched so many lives.

Like many people who knew Frank, there were many things that brought us together. However, there was one thing which just felt so right over all the others: our love for a good diner.

I had spent a good part of my youth in NYC diners and delis, mostly in Brooklyn. Well, if you come from this culture, you know what a special place it can be for us. There's nothing fancy about these places, but a good one is special. They are what you would definitely call "a joint." Walking in, you usually are faced with mounds of baked goods and breads on display. Even if you never intend to order that gargantuan lemon meringue pie, you are glad it's there. Frank and I used to go to Sarge's Deli on Third Avenue when Wiley was still housed on 39th Street. It was a favored haunt among Wiley folks, for good reason. It was special.

Sarge's was old world NYC. If you served a sandwich, you called yourself a deli. Boy, could they serve a sandwich. Unless there was someone else joining us for lunch who didn't love a crusty old diner, Frank and I headed for Sarge's. We loved what it meant to be there. The gruff service was expected. The free pickles and coleslaw spilling over onto the table as soon as you sat down went everywhere. In succession, glasses of ice water would land with a clink.

As we sat there talking business that had begun on the walk down, we'd leaf through the over-sized, and slightly greasy menu of epic offerings. We loved that we could order breakfast, lunch, or dinner and that it would arrive in ten minutes or so...any time of day. That's a diner! I can't remember what Frank ordered usually, but I know my favorite would always be hot pastrami on rye with a lot of mustard. When it came, it would be barely held together by a toothpick with a colorful cellophane crown. Frank would say something like, "That's a sandwich!"

When we staggered out of Sarge's, we usually felt like we had just taken care of dinner too for the day. You were glad for the walk back to the office pretending that it somehow would help reinvigorate us for the afternoon ahead. But let's face it, a good nap was more of what we wanted.

Frank loved diners...or sometimes I think Frank just loved learning about people and what they loved. Frank knew that time spent at Sarge's was a special event for me and he wanted to be a part of it. We had many other common loves, like education technology, but Sarge's and diners were every bit as important when it comes to feeding the soul. Frank knew how to feed the soul of others. Yeah, Frank loved diners.

RUTH BARUTH

Dear Keira, Aislin, Thomas and Carys,

I am so tremendously saddened by the loss of your loving husband and father. As you know best, he was a caring and brilliant person.

I worked with Frank at Wiley when he was the VP of Media Development. He hired me into his department and gave me the opportunity to grow and learn about media. He was a gifted teacher and brought new perspective to how we all thought about the education business and the role media would play in it in the short term and the long term. His MBA and technology startup experience brought fresh insight into how we were doing business. I remember how he was able to initiate change in a way that made people excited and positive about the future. My colleagues and I trusted Frank on many levels. We knew he would make smart decisions in an ethical way and that he would always treat his colleagues with respect. But what I remember most was that Frank always just made work seem more fun with his humor, enthusiasm, and clever solutions to work challenges. I was fortunate to work with Frank and remember those times fondly.

CARLISE PAULSON

I wish I had a specific story to share but I just have an overall memory of that super great guy...

Frank and I worked together at Wiley in the mid-nineties. My immediate memory of him was his smile. His smile and laugh were infectious. He was serious about work but serious about fun, too. He always had great ideas and got everyone thinking. He was a super fantastic guy and I am so thankful our paths crossed.

KAYE PACE

Dear Aislin, Thomas, and Carys,

Your dad was amazing. I played a small part in bringing him to Wiley, hiring him as geography editor so many years ago. It was clear from the start that he was destined to do great things, so he didn't stay geography editor for long. Over the years, I was privileged to work with Frank at Wiley in various ways. He was incredibly creative, insightful, and always inspiring. I just loved being around him and whenever I was stuck in terms of figuring out what to do about something, I would head to his office, knowing that he'd help me. He wouldn't tell me what I should do, but he would talk it through with me in a way that made it clear to me what I should do. That's such a gift.

I too lost my father when I was fairly young. Like your dad, he was a great person. I always knew he was a great father, but until he died, I had no idea how much he meant to so many people beyond his family. That has always been very comforting to me. I hope you too will be comforted by all the memories people are sharing with you regarding your dad's impact in their lives. He was truly special, and being his kids, I'm sure you are as well.

Love,
Kaye

RAY HENDERSON

For Aislin, Thomas, and Carys:

Your dad was a great friend, who I "grew up with" in business. We knew each other for over twenty-five years. We worked together at a publishing company called Prentice Hall. It was kind of like being in college again. Many of us were quite young, and just a few years out of college. He worked for a very funny (and very short) man named Gary June. Gary used to get cold sores on his lips during the winter. Your dad once challenged me to a bet bet on exactly when the first cold sore of the season would appear on Gary. Your dad guessed Christmas day and he won!

You should know your dad was one of the most popular people at the company and later around the whole education business. He was THE person everyone wanted to sit next to on the bus! He would make us all laugh, and everyone wanted to be his friend. And everyone loved his business talent too. The company that I work with now (Blackboard) liked Frank and his ideas so much that we bought his company MyEdu recently. Believe me, a big reason we did was because everyone believed your dad was soooooooooo smart!

RAY HENDERSON

For Keira:

My wife and I are grieving for your loss and sending good karma towards Austin to speed your recovery.

While no one in the world knew Frank as well as you, perhaps there's some perspective on his life in business that I could bring to you. Frank was part of a nucleus of people twenty-five years ago at PH that brewed up something very special. He truly was a top performer in everything he did as a marketing manager for Gary June in those early days, blending that amazing wit of his with serious business insights that were just ever so much sharper than the next persons to propel his titles to get notice and perform.

That small group of people that he excelled among have gone on have gone on to lead much of the education industry. You know his friend Gary rose to CMO of Pearson Edu. He's since formed three startup companies and is personally leading a new investment advisory boutique in NY/London. Tim Bozik has risen to the top of Pearson and runs billions. Joe Heider now leads Wiley's higher education business. Frank and I became the guys who went digital early, with a series of entrepreneurial moves between us that have become some of the most recognized successes like CourseSmart where we collaborated early on, and later MyEdu for him and learning management platforms like eCollege/ANGEL/Bb for me.

Frank and I conferred much along our journeys, and especially as he moved to MyEdu. As typical for him, he was able to face that opportunity knowing it had very good long term potential, but that it would be tough sledding requiring everything he had to make it go. He and I talked about that commitment much. Frank and I joked with each other that we'd duped our wives early when we still had hair, and we both ended up with three kids. When we talked about the real sacrifice of joining startups we knew the other understood more richly than anyone else. His friendly advice to me was always a great mix of business insight—and more than anyone else I knew, a sensitivity to the impact my professional life would have on my wife and children.

Perhaps most poignant, last year he and I got together in Austin and I shared I was considering leaving my role as president of Blackboard. My primary reason was the job (which required a commute to DC) was so demanding that I couldn't fulfill my family obligations. This was against a backdrop of my showing interest in acquiring his firm, MyEdu, and giving us a chance to work closely together for the first time in twenty years. While I'm sure there were mixed emotions about this, Frank's advice to me was immediate and clear—that I should do the right thing for my family. His advice helped me make a very difficult but proper decision to choose

the path towards family. And when the deal to acquire MyEdu did happen, Frank reached out and relied on me as his “stealth sounding board.”

We’d spoken more in the last ninety days than we had in years. And every conversation left me with deeper appreciation for this man’s great intellect and his personal discipline in execution of his ideas. What was so fun to see: Literally within days of meeting him, the whole of Blackboard was abuzz about this new creative force. The new CEO there (Jay Bhatt) has really made Frank’s vision of MyEdu one of the biggest stories of the future of the company and it’s direction. Amazing stuff, from an amazing man, who’s touched us all so very deeply.

I worked with Frank at Prentice Hall and Pearson for several years. Frank’s levity and quick wit made work not feel like work as you could not help laughing and smiling when you worked alongside Frank. You, his family, are surely blessed to have had his loving company for his time here on Earth. Surely, every time the sun shines you will be warmed by his memory and all the joy he brought to those whose lives he touched.

HENRY TOPPING

MY FRIEND FRANK

I met Frank in 1995 when we arrived for our first year at Darden in Charlottesville, Virginia. We were in section A and he sat almost directly behind me. My first impression of Frank was that he was really, really smart, especially around the discipline of marketing. I had anticipated the course to be all about branding and advertising, but Frank already knew it was as much about statistics and their meaning as it was any emotional connection.

Over the course of our first year at Darden, I would come to know Frank as more than just another intelligent classmate but also as a close friend. He was warm and humorous, with an embracing and charming personality that drew in so many classmates and me. Everybody liked him. We appreciated Frank's ability to look at and consider things from a different point of view, whether it was evaluating a case assignment more holistically, debating politics or simply howling at the moon. He would ask the interesting, deep questions, and give you good reason to pause and think before speaking or acting. What good times we had together at Darden!

As graduation approached, I got to know Frank on an entirely different level, as an industry colleague. Frank was the only classmate who came from the publishing world and the business plan I helped write and, subsequently, the company I helped found upon leaving Darden,

were rooted in publishing. Throughout the development of the plan and life of the company, Frank was both a trusted professional advisor and a good friend. Upon unwinding the business and returning to New York, it was Frank who introduced me to John Wiley, where he and I worked together for the next five years.

During our time with Wiley and in the New York area, our families were able to share many special times together, from casual cookouts in Montclair, to Darden reunions, to a magical beach concert and picnic on Nantucket with other close friends and their families. I will cherish those memories.

Whatever the occasion, Frank brought his wonderful smile, sense of humor, enduring optimism, and joy for life. I am grateful for having had Frank in my life and will miss him tremendously. His legacy will continue for all of us through his wonderful wife, Kiera, and their beautiful children, Aislin, Thomas and Carys.

The first time I met Frank was at a Wiley sales meeting, where we gathered with hundreds of sales reps, editors, and marketers. We were in Florida, at the Four Seasons, a really nice hotel. The chef at the Four Seasons had a tendency to put a tropical “spin” on some standard recipes, and one day for lunch we were served “Caribbean Club Sandwiches” which were basically regular club sandwiches but these featured a slice of mango and a slice of banana in between the bread, meat, and cheese. It was really weird, and we all made fun of the menu.

The next day, Frank was scheduled to talk to the meeting attendees and talk about his team at Wiley, which was called “New Media.” I think Frank was newish to Wiley at the time and few people in the sales force knew what he was responsible for. So he stood up with a slide on the screen that says, “What is New Media?” His answer, with a sly grin: “We are the banana in the sandwich of college publishing.” I thought it was the funniest thing I’d ever heard and the whole room cracked up, laughing.

It’s kind of a silly story, but I share it because it tells you some things about who Frank was. First: He had a winning personality. He was always comfortable in a room full of strangers and could make friends instantly with a mix of charm, wit, and self-deprecation. He always made people feel welcome and interesting, and he was so easy to talk to.

Second: Like a lot of people who are attracted to education publishing and technology, he was passionate about working on things that made a difference in peoples’ lives. He could have worked in any job—many of which might have paid more—but he chose to direct his energy and creativity toward building things that help students learn, or save money, or find jobs.

Third: Frank had a really keen business sense that allowed him to see a bit more of the future than the rest of us could. Most of the people in the room that day in Florida didn’t know how “New Media” could help their customers, but Frank had a vision. “New Media” grew into WileyPLUS, which is now one of several really powerful learning tools for students and teachers. As you grow up, you’ll probably learn using technology, computers, and the Internet more than you will by reading textbooks, and Frank knew that before a lot of us.

Frank and I weren’t close friends but he was a really important mentor for me and a lot of other people. I think it was his combination of the three qualities I listed that made him so great at giving advice. In fact, I can trace the choices I’ve made in my career to a lot of the suggestions he gave to me. Frank was always available and always interested in what was going on with his friends and colleagues. I never heard him say he was too busy or that he didn’t have time for someone else. We caught up with each other over lunch last spring and shared gossip and memories. When the waiter came to take our order, Frank asked him (with a wink in my direction): “Do you have any sandwiches with bananas in them?”

DIANE WOOD

MY MEMORIES OF FRANK

My first real opportunity to get to know Frank was at a Wiley sales conference banquet many years ago. I had met him before and been in a meeting or two with him, but I had not yet had the opportunity to experience the full force that was Frank. As I recall, it took a few minutes of shuffling around the table before our seating arrangement settled, and I found myself on Frank's right. We hadn't finished the appetizer before I was completely under his spell. He was charming, funny and smart—all the things one could ask for in a dinner companion. I soon came to know that the Frank I had dinner with that evening was the Frank everyone at Wiley loved. He wasn't just being charming because it was our first conversations. He was always charming. And always quick to grace anyone around him with that wonderful, open smile.

When Frank accepted the offer to come to work at Wiley Canada, I was delighted and impressed by his willingness to give it a shot. Lots of people who worked at 605 might not have seen leaving the head office to work in the relatively small Canadian operation as a good or appealing move. But Frank, who already had a strong bond and some very close friendships with the Canadians, saw it for exactly what it was: a wonderful opportunity to expand his experience, and a chance to build his resume. I recall that in his search for housing, he was determined to replace his "Village" location in NY for the "Annex" neighbourhood in Toronto,

saying "if it was good enough for Jane Jacobs, it is good enough for me." And so it was. He and Keira and their brand new baby, Aislin, settled into a lovely home on a beautiful tree-lined street in the neighbourhood Jane Jacobs called home for decades. Bonnie and I had the pleasure of visiting them once, and I could see they were happy (if a bit tired!) with their new daughter in their adopted city.

My last memory of Frank is of him sitting on that lovely front porch, with that big smile on his face, happy with his choices and his life. I feel lucky to have such a lovely memory.

JEFF RUCKER

Dear Aislin, Thomas, and Carys,

When I first met your dad, it was 2004. It was in response to a recruiter’s call for me to learn about a position in marketing at a company called Wiley. Your dad was the hiring manager. I was hesitant to take the call, mainly because my background wasn’t in publishing. (It was in advertising and I always thought I would go back into advertising one day) and I didn’t have a lot of confidence yet in having “big” publishing conversations.

However, after a brief phone call, I was encouraged just to meet your dad and learn about the opportunity.

We met for an introduction and a beer at Heartland Brewery Union Square in NYC. We connected immediately and much of it was based on the time we both had spent outside of the publishing industry, along with our common degrees in consumer marketing. THAT was my comfort zone, and your dad seemed to indirectly acknowledge that and we had a great conversation. He told me about an upcoming partnership that Wiley was finalizing with the National Geographic Society (NGS). A cool way to bring NGS images, content, maps, and film into the college classroom to get college students more interested in introductory level learning materials. His vision for the partnership and description of the series of books to be published left me curious and interested. Your dad described a new product model which was

innovative and moving and, in my opinion, the best of two worlds: publishing and consumer brand/marketing.

A few weeks later, we met again at Dublin 6 in NYC’s West Village neighborhood, right around the corner from the apartment where he and your mom were living. He updated me on the progress of the partnership with NGS. With things moving forward, he was now ready to hire a Marketing Manager to work on the launch of the new product model and partnership with NGS! I was sold and wanted very much to be part of your dad’s team.

Needless to say, after a number of interviews, your dad hired me and immediately became a great role model and mentor. Your dad and I worked together very closely on the partnership and its launch—getting to know the product, testing it with students and faculty, working with the editors to tweak the product to make it even better, and ultimately working with an advertising agency called Barefoot to create messaging and a story that evoked emotion so that our sales reps could sell it and instructors would realize that they needed it! All this, PLUS, working with a well-known brand like NGS to build excitement in the (otherwise boring!) college textbook market!!

Our big marketing launch was held at an August sales meeting. The Wiley Visualizing Series (in collaboration with National Geographic Society) was born. Together with your dad, we created excitement and emotion around our story, asking instructors to think deeply about the journey students take upon entering their course. Headlines read: “Where Will You Take Them?” and “Share Your Passion” and “Immerse students in the world of content.”

“Share Your Passion” became our main tagline, speaking directly to instructors who try so desperately to get students to see what they see about their chosen area of study. Helping teachers to “transform their classroom” and “take students on a journey” were all key messages within our story. It was insightful, meaningful, and resonated so well with everyone involved. AND, it was a hit! (The Series represented significant sales numbers for Wiley, and for someone who thought he’d be getting back into the world of advertising, the campaign was a highlight of MY career!)

That story was not only a success as it relates to the new product launch and unique partnership, but also as a life lesson I learned from your dad. While I only worked with your dad for a few years, he seemed to make “sharing his passion” an everyday mission. No matter what your dad did, he was certain to share his passion with those around him. He was focused,

serious, and a great listener, yet had a presence that emitted a sense of opportunity, adventure, style, and fun.

I’m so grateful that I took that phone call ten years ago and met your dad for that introduction and beer. I learned a lot from him when we worked together, but also from following his passion in his subsequent endeavors (including his continued passion for innovation in the college market, passion for new ideas, and passion for family). I look up to him in so many ways and will continue to think of him fondly. By sharing his passion with me, he gave me confidence and insight professionally and personally...to share my passion too.



CAROLYN WELLS

Hello, Keira. I don't know if you remember me. This is Carolyn Wells, from Wiley Canada. I had the opportunity to meet you many years ago when you and Frank lived up in Toronto. I was asked to write up and send a few words on Frank. A few words...for anyone who knows me, they'll tell you that "a few words" is not my specialty, which is probably why your dear Frank and I got along so well right from the start.

So, what was the start? I was trying to remember the precise time that Frank and I met. I know that generally it was almost twenty years ago in the mid-nineties when Frank was a Geography Editor at Wiley US and I was a Marketing Manager at Wiley Canada. As the Wiley Canada group didn't really sell a lot of US Geography titles, we didn't have a lot of reasons to work together at that time, but I do recall him discovering and then continuing to seek out the Wiley Canada crew at Wiley Sales meetings. I'm quite sure that we spent a lot of time with Frank during the infamous "Wiley meeting that would never end" in January 1996. There was a snowstorm and we were all stuck at the hotel for several days, much of that spent in more "Wiley social" than "Wiley learning" events. It was at this meeting that our relationship with Frank began, and his fascination and bond with Wiley Canada was set.

Unfortunately (for us), Frank left Wiley to pursue his MBA and then went on to Lifeminders. Not knowing that Frank had ended up at Lifeminders, I coincidentally signed up for their email/reminder service. I cannot recall exactly how the system worked, but I think there was some kind of instant messaging or email system, and one day I remember receiving a message from “someone” at Lifeminders saying that they “couldn’t believe the Lifeminders system worked on the ancient computers we had at Wiley” and going on to say that they thought that “Wiley should be getting with the times with technology.” I couldn’t believe how outrageous (but how accurate!) this Lifeminders person was! Frank finally came clean and told me it was him. We had a good laugh of course, but interestingly enough, Frank soon left Lifeminders to come back to us at Wiley as the VP of New Media, where I guess he figured he could control that Wiley technology he thought needed updating!

It was great to have Frank back at Wiley, and heading up such an important new arm of our business and our relationship with Frank, both professionally and of course socially, continued during this time. But Frank’s fascination with the Wiley Canada group was not limited to the social aspect. Back in late 2002, I was down at the new Wiley offices in Hoboken, and took the opportunity to meet Frank for lunch. On that particular day, Frank had a twinkle in his eye, and more than the standard twinkle that he always had! He couldn’t tell me then, but

shortly thereafter it was announced that he was going to take over as General Manager of the Wiley Canada College Division, and would be based in Toronto!

I couldn’t have been more thrilled at this news. Frank brought a fresh new perspective, new systems, and out-of-the-box, creative thinking to our division. He was a real leader, and a visionary, and I loved working in his group. I remember he organized an offsite meeting with all of the Wiley Canada Managers the first spring that he was in Toronto. In preparation for the meeting we all had to read a book, *Built To Last*, which had to do with the concept: BHAG (Big Hairy Audacious Goals). We all sort of grumbled about adding this book reading task (imagine publishing people reading books!) to our list of things to do, but we all did it, for Frank. He felt that Wiley Canada needed a BHAG, something big to strive for, and we all knew that he was right.

The picture that is attached to this note was taken at this meeting. Looking at it, and the group of people brings back good memories, it was a great time for Wiley Canada. There were a solid group of people working there and doing great things, but Frank brought it all together. During the Toronto years, I had the occasion to meet you, Keira, and even went to your home in the Annex for dinner. I remember you guys had “embraced” the Victorian nature of the houses in

this area and had just purchased some fancy antique chair to complete the look! I think this might have been a time when I got to meet you lovely daughter, Aislin, for the first time as well. Frank and I used to always joke that “he loved Canadians so much, he had one!” I look back on those Toronto days fondly. There are many things Frank brought to Wiley Canada that still remain today.

Frank did return to the US office as VP of Marketing and we continued to work together off and on for a few years until he left to go to Coursesmart. We kept in touch and always had plans to get together when I was down in Hoboken, but sadly it never worked out. However, with the power of social media, we were able to stay connected, and find out about new arrivals to and updates on our families, store openings, music festivals, and trips, and we would randomly post on each other’s photos, especially the crazy ones with silly faces and crazy hats! And periodically, when we both miraculously happened to be online at the same time, we would have direct FB chats and update one another on what was going on.

Even though he was no longer at Wiley and I hadn’t worked with/for him for years, Frank continued to be a fabulous mentor, interested in my career and quietly making suggestions here and there about where things were going, and what I should pursue next. The most

recent correspondence I had with Frank was this spring, when he was suggesting I head down to Austin to an Ed Tech conference, and that I could meet up with you all, and meet the kids. There was rarely a moment when we talked in the last few years that he didn’t bring up you and the kids and how proud and happy he was. It showed in the pictures he posted, and it showed in the words he wrote.

From the moment I met him in 1995 and forevermore, to me Frank Lyman will be a respected colleague, a leader, a visionary, and a creative thinker who liked to think out of the box and was always reaching high and achieving the goals he set out for himself and those who worked with him. He had a sharp wit, a keen sense of humor, was quick on his feet and at ease in any social situation. I always admired how easily he moved from one-on-one conversations to the large stage and how, when he spoke about whatever topic—technology, marketing, publishing, a book he’d read, a band he’d seen, or especially when he talked about his family and his friends—he did so with such enthusiasm and passion. He had a great and infectious energy about him, and that will never be forgotten by any Wiley colleague he touched.

Above all, Frank Lyman was and always will be someone that I will count as a true friend and a mentor. I will miss him, but will always keep him and his spirit with me wherever I go.

I hired Frank four, maybe five times and would have done it again in a heartbeat. The first time, we found Frank through my husband, Stephen Dietrich, who was working at Prentice Hall. My husband was older than most editors at PH and came from outside. Both those factors seemed to put people off. But not Frank. He enjoyed my husband’s sometimes outlandish humor and flair, and enjoyed cocktails with Stephen. Stephen saw him as “one of the good guys” along with Joe Heider, but that’s another story.

At Wiley, we hired Frank as Geography Editor. Of course, he immediately won over Wiley folks, but equally important, our key author Harm deBlij. Harm had high standards, some of which related to being suave, good at choosing wines, and the ability to talk on a variety of topics. Frank hit all those marks and more. When Frank told us he wanted to go to graduate school, we were sad to see him leave, but thought, maybe, he’d come back to us.

While at Darden, Frank approached me about doing research on student buying behavior. It was just at the time that we were beginning to see students as customers. Of course, we hired Frank and his teammates. A great presentation—well-thought out, strategic, interspersed with perceptive comments, humor, and his always quick smile.

After graduate school, we kept in touch. Proctor and Gamble, Lifeminders, and then we had another Wiley position, just right for Frank—Director of New Technology. He brought people together. They liked working for him and between his sharp ideas and wit, he helped move us into the world of the “teaching and learning environment” we later called WileyPLUS. It changed our business and continues to do so today.

But then there was a new calling. Head of Higher Education in Canada was open. No one in Canada was ready to take over that role. Who would fit in and lead the Canadians, who didn’t want to be just an extension of the US? Who could win them over, take them into a new strategic direction, while having fun as they are a fun-loving group? Who in the US would want to move to Canada (with a very pregnant wife) and take the risk that no job might be open when he returned? Yes, Frank. Always a risk-taker and someone who could win over a country. Frank could live and work anywhere. Of course, the introduction of SARS while Keira was giving birth was not in the plan, but Keira and Frank made the best of that.

And then, a new Wiley opening—VP of Marketing. We had to call Frank back early, only eighteen months after moving, but he had trained a successor. As he had done in so many positions

TRACY AUGUSTINE

September 15, 2014

Dear Aislin, Thomas, and Carys,

before, Frank excelled. Marketing was his natural calling. Bringing the P&G structure to the publishing world, he introduced us to new ideas and new ways of appealing to students.

We were sad to have him leave Wiley, but then again, he was going to CourseSmart, a company in which we invested and supported. It was, I suspect, a very frustrating experience, but he took the risk and wanted to be part of something that could change the industry. Maybe it did, a little, but not enough for Frank. Sadly for those of us on the East Coast, he moved to Austin.

I have never seen such an outpouring of love, affection, and loss as I have for Frank. I wasn't in touch with him, but I know I could have picked up the phone at any time and we would have talked. It was just good to know he was there, always looking for new opportunities and dreams to follow.

I am sure I don't have to tell you how loved your father was by so many friends and people he worked with in the education industry. The outpouring of love and support, like I have never seen before, is a testament to that. And I know I don't have to tell you how much he loved each of you and your mom. Even though he talked about you so often and every time he did, he would light up with that big smile he had. What I would like you to hear from people who worked with him is that your father was special. I mean really special. He had so many gifts that he brought fully to his work, to his colleagues, and to his friends. He left a legacy in the education industry as an innovator, a risk taker, and a generous collaborator. He contributed to products that will improve the lives of students for years to come. But to me what made him so special is the positive impact he had on the lives of the people he knew.

I know there are many other stories, but here are some of the ones that I am aware of just in my circles alone. I am sure you have heard about how your father introduced your Aunt Sarah to his boss, Carol Carter, from Prentice Hall over twenty years ago because she reminded Frank of his sister. And now they have worked together and been friends ever since. Carol says to this day that your Aunt Sarah is one of the most important relationships in her life.



SXSW Edu in Austin in March 2014 with Frank, Meghan O'Donnell, Gary June, Sally Yagan, and Pete Janzow.

And did you know that he introduced me to my husband, Chris Hawthorne? Frank and Chris went to Dickinson College together and became closer friends after college when they both lived in Maryland. Frank and I were marketing managers together at Prentice Hall in the early nineties. He said he knew Chris and I would hit it off, and as he did for me later in my professional life numerous times, he took the time to make the connection. Chris and I have been happily married nineteen years now and have a wonderful twelve-year-old son, Gabriel (who Aislin and Thomas played with on the Jersey Shore when you were just toddlers), all because of your dad.

Then there is Heather and Jeff Shelstad. Frank recommended Jeff for a job in Minneapolis that he thought he would be great for, and Jeff now has a job he really likes, and the family is back in the area they really wanted to live in.

And there are smaller examples, like the one from Judy Perkinson, who recently told me, “When I first moved to NYC, Frank took care of me teaching me all about public transportation. He was a sweetheart to me!”

Or the note I got from Ilse Wolfe, who said, “Frank wrote the most wonderful note after my husband Jim died. I saved it; it was so touching.”

Your father was able to do this because he had that rare gift of being fully engaged in what he was doing. He listened, and he took the time to really connect with people and get to know them. And because of that, he was able to make connections for them with others or to know just what they needed. He even said to me once in an email, “I love being a connector.” And he went one step further, and made the time to follow through and make the connection, or send the note, or make the phone call.

Here is a picture of your dad, from a business conference (SXSW Edu) in Austin this past March, surrounded by some of the friends whose lives he touched. Not surprisingly, he was laughing and fully engaged in the present. Your dad changed my life and made me a better person. He did that for many people and I can’t think of anything more special than that.

Tracy Augustine



Tracy Augustine: Frank and me in South Beach, Florida at a Prentice Hall National Sales Meeting in 1994.



Tracy Augustine: Gary June and Frank Lyman at Chris Hawthorne's and my reception in Meredith, NH on June 3, 1995. (Frank sang "Girlfriend" by Matthew Sweet at our reception with his other college friend Rob Van Arnam.)



Tracy Augustine: A group of some of Frank's publishing friends who got together to remember and celebrate his life after the service on June 27 in Austin. In the picture are Heather Shelstad, Bob Carlton, Yasminka Nemet, Diana Childress, Mark Pfaltzgraff and Regan Caruthers.



HEATHER SHELSTAD

September 15, 2014

It's about time we met." That's what Frank said to me the first day we met. It was at the Pancake House in Ridgewood. He was at Wiley and recruiting for an open position on his team, and I agreed—it was about time. I'd heard his name in various professional circles by that time. In fact, we decided at that breakfast that between the two of us, we knew most people in our little industry and were shocked we had never crossed paths before. The timing wasn't quite right, so we parted ways and stayed in touch.

Then a couple years later, working for one of my other favorite, favorite people, Tracy Augustine, on an initiative soon to become known as CourseSmart, it was the right time. Frank said, "I think we'd make a good team." And I agreed. So began one of the best professional and personal friendships of my life.

While I learned so much from Frank in the years that followed, it was our random conversations that I enjoyed the most...we discussed everything from the best Led Zeppelin song (him: "Thank You"; me: a tie between "Over the Hills and Far Away" or "Ramble On"), *the Big Lebowski*, my addiction to ice cream, good scotch in scotch and soda? NO...not to mention religion, politics and other heady stuff. Soundbites and visuals from these conversations continue to replay in my head since learning of his tragic passing. I think of this as a blessing.

ANGELA Y. BATTLE

September 17, 2014

Even when we were no longer working together, we stayed in contact. I could always count on him to pick up the phone when I called, or respond to a text or IM within minutes, even if once again about something totally random. Someone mentioned recently his gift in making connections and in fact, he recommended my husband Jeff for the job that's now taking us back to MN to live near family, something he knew was important to both of us.

It's clear I join with many others in our frustration, confusion, and grief in his untimely death. My prayers go out to his entire family, and to Keira and Carys for a complete recovery—and that you all find peace in your memories of him.

Heather Shelstad

Frank stands out among former colleagues. Not just because of his obvious intelligence and wit; he was also compassionate and fair. One of the most poignant lessons Frank taught me was the necessity during crunch time to remove distractions and focus on a singular goal. This understanding has served me well throughout my career. I'm thankful to have worked with him.

TORONTO

FRED STECKEL

I first met Frank in Toronto. Frank had been a classmate of my wife Julie’s at Darden. When we first got together with Frank and Keira, I was struck by how charismatic Frank was. He truly lit up a room.

Frank also had a great sense of humor. As both Keira and Julie were pregnant with our first children, Frank and I had to drink all the wine. Though one would not think it possible, he was even more humorous after a few sips of a nice red.

I deeply appreciated the friendship we built and the laughter we shared. He will be missed.

“He truly lit
up a room.”

—FRED STECKEL

**MONTCLAIR,
NEW JERSEY**

Frank and I played a lot of music together. He called us the Toms because at the beginning I gave him a tape I made with my four-track by the same title. With his trademark self-deprecating humor, he described himself as “the other guy in Wham.”

I’ve played in bands and with other guitar players, but there’s no one I enjoyed more than that “other guy.” That’s because Frank knew the secret to succeeding in any and all endeavors: Don’t forget to have fun.

In a world that seems increasingly serious (sounds like a movie trailer) Frank’s gift was laughter...or better yet, an invitation to laughter. Not always with words or a quick-witted quip, but sometimes with just a look or that innate smile. He never took himself too seriously and, as a result, you never felt the need to be anything but yourself in his presence. That’s how he drew in so many who considered him among their closest friends. What a gift.

So that’s Frank’s legacy. And when I think of him daily as I’m sure many do, I honor him with his unspoken mantra: Don’t forget to have fun.

Peace, buddy.

I was definitely not a close friend, but for some reason, I was compelled to see Frank when I came to Austin on business about a month or so before the accident. I didn’t know why then, but it just seemed so important to me (and I guess for Frank) to reconnect at that time after not seeing any of the Lymans for literally years. Frank was so accommodating and generous with his time, and we arranged to meet at the X Games downtown with Thomas and some of the related dad friends. It was great to see Frank in dad mode and see that he had built a great community of friends in Austin.

After Thomas went home with one of the other dads, Frank and I spent a night hanging out at a few bars, downing too many beers, eating BBQ and really just talking about life, marriage, jobs, careers and everything. We talked about the future and plans he had, about past lives and the things we regretted in life and things we were thankful for. I didn’t know then that that would be the final two-sided conversation I would have with Frank, but it does now seem to me to be a fitting closing statement from him to me. Since that time, I have thought back to that night and what a unique opportunity I had to commune with a great person and now I’ve learned to say goodbye to a friend.

AUSTIN, TEXAS

I knew Frank for a relatively brief time, about four years. We had mutual friends and several surface similarities: age, young kids, great hair, homes in the same neighborhood, etc. We also had similar backgrounds and interests: we both grew up in the Northeast, lived in DC, loved music, and played soccer. We hit it off well.

A statement of the obvious: Frank was extraordinarily well-LOVED. This was abundantly clear from the days and weeks following the tragedy, and the emotion that surrounds his absence to this day. If there’s a silver lining to his passing, it’s the response from friends and the community that was so profoundly heart-warming. It was a moving experience to meet and talk with his and Keira’s families and friends. To exchange stories. To share memories.

Frank was also uncommonly well-LIKED. Many people knew him. And many people LIKED him.

I wondered, what was it about Frank that so impacted the people around him? Where did his likability and charisma come from? Heck, I’d like to know for my own benefit. Which of

course would continue an established pattern: I learned a ton from Frank, and will continue to do so as I further reflect on our shared experiences.

A few things came to mind as I was trying to frame a response to this question.

Balance

Both personally and professionally, in work and play, with family and friends, Frank operated both with conviction (“I can’t just turn it off”) and with a clear sense of priority. Even when immersed in demanding professional roles that he loved, and while moving his career forward in the manner he wanted, he always knew what was most important: family and personal relationships. He would not compromise in these areas. While he was happy to talk shop, he also enjoyed many other subjects and interests.

And he loved sharing and providing experiences around these interests, often with an element of the unexpected, of the unconventional, with novelty that added to the delight of the whole occasion. “I bet you didn’t expect that” is what he seemed to be saying with his trademark snaggle-toothed grin and slightly-arched eyebrows.

Play

We had more than a few late nights playing and catching music at the White Horse, at Blues on the Green, elsewhere around Austin. But no conversation would be complete without some mention of Frank’s passion for soccer. After family, after his professional commitments, and as part of his love of quality time with friends, was soccer. Playing, coaching, watching, scheming, etc. He was a student of the game and loved all aspects of it. I learned a ton from just listening to him enthusiastically describe the action on the field.

Soon after we met and I learned of his love of the game, I invited him to practice with our men’s soccer team. This is weekend-warrior stuff: forty-plus-year-old guys running around, trying to avoid major injury, often without success. He loved it. So much so that he then recruited another eight or nine guys from his network, and single-handedly nearly doubled the roster. In so doing, Frank cultivated not only his own friendships but also fostered those we had amongst ourselves as well.

Connecting

This is the term I think most readily describes Frank. He connected with people so very easily. It was just natural, and came both from his being very personable, and from his willingness and even insistence on getting authentically personal. He was legitimately interested in knowing about YOU, not just superficially but at a meaningful level. It’s no accident that he was a trusted advisor and confidant. I sought his advice in all manners of affairs, both personal and professional. “Hey Frank, here’s a series of conversations I’ve had recently...How would you play this?” He assumed this role for many people, and was so good at it. He was a real mensch, and we are all individually and collectively better for it.

Thank you, buddy.

To say Frank never met a stranger is too cliché. He did not simply talk to everyone; he listened. He was genuinely interested in learning about the people in his life. Their history, what made them the person that stood before him. When Frank passed, everyone spoke about what a great husband, father and friend he was, everyone has a story and everyone he knew considered him not just a friend but a close friend.

I knew Frank in the trenches of raising young children, so there were fewer epic nights or crazy shenanigans, but more of the groundhog day effect of parenting (although we did manage to squeeze in one fun Mardi Gras). Even in the humdrum daily life of elementary and preschool, Frank elevated it. A couple of dads hanging around in the backyard, a soccer game, the second grade Thanksgiving play—he was present and excited. Which, if any of you have seen the second grade Thanksgiving play at Casis, you will understand how amazing that is. He truly loved and lived each moment.

There are not words big or strong enough to convey how much he loved Keira and their children. He lived for them and the moments they shared. Frank had a way of being in four different places at once. He could manage helping Keira schlep Carys around while coaching Thomas and watching Aislin perform all in one afternoon. He enjoyed every second of it.

While we all miss Frank so much, my husband and I talk all the time about seeing Frank in Aislin, Thomas, and Carys. Their eyes display his kindness; their actions, his generosity and utter joy of life. He truly lives on in them.

FRIENDS

MAGGIE DEBELIUS

I have so many great memories of Frank, but the most enduring lesson he taught me was about the power of second chances. I had heard from Sarah that Frank was working for an Internet startup but was very surprised when he contacted me about a managing editor position at what was then called MinderSoft. At that point I was in a doctoral program and making painfully slow progress on my dissertation. Even though I felt stalled in my program, I hesitated to start a new venture that seemed full of risks. But Frank was making a new start as well, having recently left a great job at Procter & Gamble and moving to a new city. In both his words and the way he lived his life he taught me that sometimes we need to change course to find out where we really belong.

Joining what eventually became LifeMinders proved very positive for both of us, and not only because the company succeeded. Frank met the love of his life, and I managed to get over my writer's block and finish the dissertation (working to build a company and see it go public gave me the confidence I needed to just finish the thing). I didn't spend enough time with Frank in the post-LifeMinders years (I always thought there would be time for that after our kids got older), but I think of him regularly, especially when I face tough decisions. His is the voice that reminds me that change can be good, that change can lead to growth. None of us imagined the kind of terrible change that came with his death, but I hope his spirit can help us all learn lessons about recovery and resilience.

MATT & BRITT NEAL

We are so blessed that we had the opportunity to share many cherished years with Frank in Austin. Our families moved here at similar times and we count ourselves lucky to have found Frank and his amazing family almost immediately. As non-Texans, our families quickly formed a great bond. We have many amazing memories of precious time spent with Frank. Memories that include crazy road trips, cook-offs, late-night eighties dancing, dinner parties, flag football, attempted guitar lessons, Sock Monkey kids soccer games, and so many more! Frank was a dear friend to us all, and he was an exceptional father and a love-struck husband, a man that embraced those roles with pride and zest. Frank was a mentor in business, always taking time out of his busy schedule to find ways to help guide and encourage my business endeavors. He made connections and opened doors any chance he could to help keep our business dreams flowing.

It will always be an honor to be given the opportunity to walk alongside such a great man. It is now an honor to walk with Keira, Aislin, Thomas, and Carys to see Frank shine bright from within each of their hearts. We miss you, buddy. Thank you for choosing us to share part of your life with. One day we will meet again and until then we will continue to cherish many unforgettable memories.

With all our love,
Matt & Brittany

SOCCER

PAUL MILLER

I met Frank soon after he and his family moved to Austin. My son James had signed up to play soccer in a neighborhood league and an email went out to all the parents asking for a volunteer coach. Turns out Aislin had also signed up for the team, and Frank was receiving the same emails from the league. We both hoped someone else would coach.

Days passed and the league's emails became increasingly desperate. No one was volunteering. The final email said that the team would not form unless a parent volunteered.

At 9:55 PM on a Thursday night, with the prospect of James not playing looking likely, I relented and said I would do it. Frank was thinking the same thing...and had emailed the league five minutes earlier. The league's commissioner introduced us over email. Frank was head coach and I was his assistant. And so the Green Barracudas were formed, and a great, albeit far too short, friendship was born.

Frank was a natural coach. He had the skills to demonstrate, not just to describe, and could get kids to listen to him. The kids loved practice...so much so that we would often run “unofficial” practice sessions with whomever on the team was interested. Those practices morphed into kids versus dads scrimmage matches and all the while the kids were learning, playing, and developing a love for soccer. Because of Frank.

And not just the kids. I too was really enjoying the sport. I didn't grow up playing soccer, but Frank's enthusiasm was infectious and so I began practicing on my own, using some of the drills that he was teaching the kids. (I never told him that!)

Frank was also playing in an Austin “old man” soccer league. Greg Madianos introduced him to some guys, and next thing, he is on their team. (Classic Frank...comes into town and within a blink of an eye it's like he's been here forever). Not content to merely play, Frank then recruited a bunch of neighborhood dads, his “band of soccer brothers” to join the team, including me. I was nowhere near as skillful as Frank, but he was so convincing that I couldn't say no.

And so the Firebirds' roster doubled in size. Frank captained the team, coached us, and we all improved. He was so committed that he organized training sessions for his recruits. We even had one—but only one—session at 5:30 AM. We improved. The Firebirds team improved. And we finished top of our division that season and gained promotion to the next division up. Because of Frank.

I recall countless hours strategizing with Frank about both the Green Barracudas and the Firebirds. We adjusted lineups on paper, planned drills, deconstructed games to look for ways to improve. Sometimes it was over a beer at Deep Eddy (our local), sometimes at home, sometimes on the phone. Frank lived and breathed soccer and in doing so brought together many, many families.

Many of us still play soccer together. We're a little slower but our camaraderie is strong. I have lifelong friends that I may not have even met had it not been for soccer. All because of Frank.

As Frank once said:

**“It is not
how long
you are here,
but what
you do with
your time.”**

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