



Joseph Freno

August 30, 1922 - February 13, 2019

Joseph Freno - 96

Of Hahira, GA passed away on Wednesday, February 13, 2019 at The Orchard at Stone Creek after a brief illness. He was born on August 30, 1922 in Staten Island, NY to the late Robert and Catherine (Rosenberger) Freno. Joe served in the United States Army during World War II and received a Bronze Star and a Purple Heart. He is preceded in death by his wife, Gloria (Lynch) Freno; brother, Paul and infant brother, Richard.

Survivors include: Daughter and Son-in-Law: Rene and Mark Melone of Hahira, GA; Sons and Daughter-in-Law: Stephen and Tamera Freno of Olive Branch, MS and Philip Freno of Edgewater, NJ; Grandchildren: Luke Melone, Matthew Melone (Rachel), Timothy Melone (Sharon), Victoria and Naomi; Great Grandchildren: Jude, Sawyer, Ruby Jo, and Grayson Joseph and a number of nieces and nephews.

As per the family's request no formal services will be held locally. A graveside service will be held in Arlington National Cemetery at a later date. Sympathy may be expressed online at www.musicfuneralservices.com. The Freno/Melone family is being served by the professional and caring staff of Music Funeral Services of Valdosta.

Comments



“ An external video has been added.



Music Funeral Service - February 20 at 09:44 AM



“ We were saddened to hear of Mr Joe's passing. He was a dear friend and such a kind spirited soul. We met him at The Orchard, while working there. He is sorely missed.

He was so outgoing and loved people. He could be seen daily, out and about on his usual walk around the property. He always greeted me with his usual smile. Mr Joe will remain forever in our hearts.

Prayers for all his family.

Wilda Dorman



Wilda Dorman - March 25 at 09:55 PM



“ Thank you Wilda :)

Steve Freno - April 18 at 03:27 PM



“ As a kids, Phil, Steve, Rene, my brother Jack and myself had no social media. Every Sunday without fail, Mom and Dad would schlepp us off to visit a relatives.

Panzarinos in the Bronx, Valerios in Brooklyn or Staten Island or the Frenos in jersey. It was always the same with the Frenos. Throwing a ball of some kind outside until dinner then board games. Always ending with the four boys arguing or wrestling and trashing the basement. The kitchen was always chaotic with my Dad, his sister Aunt Gloria and my Mother arguing about something that happened during the Roosevelt administration.

Stoic amongst the chaos, uncle Joe would quietly and effectively restore and

maintain order. And I must admit, aside from scaring the crap out of Rene with Zombie tales and Cold War dystopian predictions, the thing I enjoyed most about the Freno visits was sitting with Uncle Joe while he shared his wisdom and some of his tales. Mostly about skiing as that was one of my passions at the time.

Growing up when we did, every dad and uncle was a WW2 vet. and they all let us know. I thought the only uncle who didn't serve was uncle Joe, because he never said a word. It wasn't until like 30 years later I learned he was the only one who saw combat. Boy oh boy... RESPECT!

Uncle Joe: you've established quite a legacy with your kids and grandkids as well. You are loved and missed.

Steve, Rene and Phil, Malones and Girls, You are on my mind.

Tim Lynch - February 21 at 11:19 AM



“ Thank you Cousin Tim ! Those were great memories....I remember in the summer, Dad and Uncle Tom used to have us compete in these 'Olympic events' in the backyard....those were my favorites ...thanks for sharing ...Steve

Stephen - February 21 at 03:25 PM



“ As I sit down to write this all my childhood memories come flooding back to me. Uncle Joe was not my biological uncle. Joe was my dad's best friend but to me he was every bit a true uncle. I would also like to lovingly remember Aunt Gloria. Our Freno/Sussman outings and yearly vacations were always filled with love and much laughter. I know all of us will always remember The Waikiki. I have one particular memory of Uncle Joe that always puts a smile on my face. I was a young teenager when I agreed to go on a canoe trip down The Delaware Water Gap. Rene and Steve very wisely decided not to join us. Barbara, Phil, and I spent a weekend canoeing in a driving rain that never let up. Dad and Uncle Joe just keep laughing and saying how much fun it was. When we made camp for the night I was surprised to discover that we were not pitching our tents in a campground but instead we were in the middle of the woods. I was allowed to drink from the flask that dad and Uncle Joe were passing around. It was supposed to keep me warm and help me sleep... it did neither. The time finally came when I need to use the bathroom but there were none to be found. Uncle Joe had a smile on his face and twinkle in his eye as he handed me a small shovel and roll of toilet paper. He tried not to laugh at the look on my face. I knew in that moment camping would not be a part of my future. Uncle Joe it was a privilege having you in my life. I know you and my dad are sitting on a sunny beach somewhere with a bucket of suds between the two of you. Rest In Peace dear Joe
Gail

Gail Brandes - February 21 at 09:58 AM



“ Gail ! Great story and typical Mel and Joe hijinks :) love you, thank you for sharing.

Stephen - February 21 at 03:20 PM



“ Joe was a good man, a solid rock for his family and a proud and honorable American that served his country admirably. He was my brother-in-law and we shared many happy family times and I will hold dear the memories. Rest in peace, Joe With love and affection, Tess Lynch

tess lynch - February 21 at 04:08 PM



“ Thank you Aunt Tesslove you. Steve & Family

Steve Freno - February 27 at 08:55 PM