



Frederick P. Kaullen

OCT 2, 1930 - MAR 3, 2013



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Family Eulogies, HIS WORLD My Father Loved his Family, especially my Mother His Wife of 61 years. He was also a devote Catholic and even spent time at a Seminary to make sure the Lord didn't have other plans for him. His disease kept him from attending Mass on Sundays and Holydays, but a neighbor and friend would bring him the Eucharist at his home. My Father also Loved his Country and served during the height of the Cold War in a tube in the ocean a diesel electric Submarine. His duty to his Country took him away from his Family for many months at a time, but he did his best to take us with him and travel during his time off. He would pack our Family station wagon with food, clothes, camp gear, and a big canvas tent he would borrow from special services. One year we traveled from San Diego north up to the Canada border, down thru Yellowstone and on to The Painted Desert, Petrified Forest, and Carlsbad Caverns hitting just about every National Park in between. My Father was a Traveler..... He started his Naval career as seaman eventually achieving the rank of Chief. He wasn't satisfied with that and went on to Officers candidate school and became an Officer. His Proudest accomplishment was when he earned his Gold Dolphins. He traveled the Oceans, and stopped in many ports along the way. I remember on one tour he stopped in England and a few months later he and an Officer friend of his brought home brand new Triumph Spitfires. His travels continued after he retired from the Navy, graduated from College, and retired from another job. He and my Mother purchased a motor home, hooked Pricilla; my Mom's Bright Orange VW to the back grabbed Grams and headed to Alaska. They had the itch. The next few years were spent traveling the lower states especially their beautiful Florida, where they settled on Perdido Bay, Lillian Alabama. Another thing he was very proud of doing was climbing Mt. Whitney at the age of __ a feat for any young man. A true man of the world! So that brings me to HIS WORLD! When He became Ill Dads world changed dramatically.



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And as time passed it progressively became worse. I remember speaking to my Mom, about his health. After a couple of Christmas visits the reports were not good. It was hard to tell because when you spoke to Dad on the phone, other than his breathing problems he was sharp as a tack. Family members would tell me how his health continued to spiral downwards. Finally Matt returned from a visit and made it clear that I needed to spend some time with my Father before it was too late. Dad's world had shrunk from world ports to an easy chair a wide screen TV and a remote. He was now tethered to several breathing tube attached to an oxygen generator. The biggest problem was how quickly he became winded and needed to sit down to catch his breath. On my last visit with my Father, Sharol and I were sitting in HIS WORLD watching Jeopardy and I asked him why he didn't use his fancy electric wheel chair to get around. He explained that it took too much effort and rest periods to make it out to the garage. I took a look around HIS WORLD and asked him if he ever thought of having someone drive it around to the door that led outside in HIS WORLD. I was really surprised he had not. So after insuring there was a full charge on the chair, a full oxygen bottle I drove the chair to the door outside HIS WORLD and gingerly loaded up. It is really hard to explain what happened next. He reminded me of a King that had not surveyed his lands for some time. He took off drove to the outer edge near his fence and commented on the fine job the roofers had done on the damage from the tornado that went down hurricane alley. Then He drove over to the area that Kevin and Mary had planted bushes on their last visit. He asked me to open the gate that let him out to check out the rest of his realm. He rode that electric horse out near the corner and pointed out the area where his pine trees used to stand and how the tornado had permanently changed the way the front yard looked. Then I mentioned that I didn't think anyone had brought in the mail and that perked him up and he hurriedly retrieved the mail that was usually brought to him in HIS WORLD. I will never forget the gleam in his eye, as we returned to his room, his chair, his TV, and his remote. Our being gathered here today is because the world lost a very great man. Yet, with each loss to the world, there is the hope for a new beginning. In the cycle of life, we all celebrate the birth of new life and mourn for the loved ones we lost. It is a funny little trick that life plays on us all...we are compelled



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to take the sad with the glad. Today we are gathered in this beautiful setting not to mourn for a lost loved one, but most especially to celebrate the life of a man that influenced, enhanced, guided, mentored and encouraged all the folks he came in touch with. Fred Kaullen is my father. He was and is the most influential person in my life; he also touched many other people's lives. Having him as a father was and will always will be an honor to me. Dad was the kind of man that to walk up to a total stranger and strike up a conversation. He instilled that gregariousness in me and all of his children. He taught me how easy it is to love one another. Life has to start somewhere. In my case, it started with a double-date my father's friend set up; it was a situation where his friend needed gas money. That is when Fred met his beautiful Marian. Their love bloomed and they were married in 1951. I can't speak from experience, but being married to a submariner during the cold war, could not have been easy. Mom flew out to Hawaii to be with Dad and was blessed with 2 children there; Richard and Pamela. I lovingly call my Brother and Sister the Hawaii kids. Later, when his sub was stationed in San Diego again, Kevin and I were born...we are the San Diego kids. Dad provided all of us with a wonderful life, schooling and guidance. He made sure we all went to the best schools and grew up with God in our hearts and minds. Dad used to throw us all into a station wagon, strap down camping gear on top of the car and take us on adventures that I still speak of today. His summer vacations were a treat to all of us. He tried his best to show us the world. The Kaullen kids were campers. Dad made sure we saw and loved the world we were in. Rick and my Dad shared a special bond. Dad took Rick on an over-night cruise on the Seafox. Rick got to sleep in Dad's bunk in his quarters, got to dine with him in the officer's mess, and tag along with Dad through most of his duties. Dad loved to be on the sail when they were surfaced, and wanted to make sure Rick had the experience. Both Rick and I have wonderful stories about Dad's boat. Dad just made one feel safe no matter where we were. I think most of the crew on the Seafox loved having Rick around almost as much as Dad did. Whenever we went on vacations, we ended up camping in some place. Special Services provided Dad with a tent and anything else he thought we might need. All of us boys would scatter to all points of the compass whenever Dad stopped. But, Pam always stayed behind and helped Dad and Mom



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set up our camp. Whenever I needed to know where something was, I always asked Pammy. When it came time to break camp, I always took orders from Pam, because her and my parents knew exactly what to do. Pam and Dad have always had a connection and continue to...Being a submariner entails diving deeply into the ocean. Kevin afforded Dad the chance to be able to go up in the Goodyear blimp. Very few people are granted a pass to enjoy a flight on the blimp. Kevin told me that it is a very wonderful thing to go from a submarine to a blimp. They flew over the Queen Mary and the sun was setting over the Pacific Palisades as they flew back. Dad wore his Blimp-hat all the time. Kevin made it possible to have to have a ride of a lifetime. Dad loved the fact that he got to ride on the blimp that everyone sees. Kevin made it happen for him. Lastly, there is my time with Dad. He was a great person just to hang out with. He helped me register for college at SDSU, back before there were computers. He ran back and forth for me to get registered for the classes I needed back when I was hoping to be 16. I loved backpacking and challenged my Dad to climb Mt. Whitney with me. It is the tallest mountain in the 48 states. I started the trip with him and we were loaded down. I kept pushing him. He was always telling me to slow down. I was always telling him to speed up. When we got over 12,000 feet, the altitude sickness hit me. Dad was nice enough not to remind me that I was complaining to him about how slow he was. As we conquered Mt. Whitney at 14, 505 feet, he was laughing at all of my cajoling him at 10,000 feet, because I thought he was lagging and taking too much time. He was patting my back, giving me more water and hard candy. Dad always had the last laugh. He and I visited Mt. Whitney Portal two times after that. I could go for a full day hike and he would know exactly where to pick me up 8 hours later.



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Frederick by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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