



Marion Frank "FATMAN" Shaw

November 26, 1933 - January 14, 2016

Frank Shaw passed away on the morning of January 14th, 2016 in his home in Lancaster, Texas. He is preceded in death by his wife Patricia Shaw, who passed on February 19th, 2005.

"Fatman" served in the US Navy during the Korean War, and afterwards worked at Kenworth for 32 years until he retired in 1995. He was an avid outdoorsman, a skilled hunter and fisherman. He loved gardening and all types of repairs, and all who knew Fatman could appreciate his humor and wit in his everyday life.

He is survived by his son Daniel Lewis Shaw and wife Ginger, his daughter Sandra Jean Shaw-Hicks, and 4 grandchildren: Brandy Renee Schley and husband Donny, Christi Michelle Mancin and husband Chad, Kelli Nicole Wyatt and husband Clay, Derek Clayton Hicks and 8 great-grandchildren, and they are Mackenzie Paige Schley, Jax Beckham Schley, Kennedy Grace Schley, Dillon Shaw Mancin, Reese Cynthia Mancin, Alexander Knox Mancin, Ella Gray Wyatt, and Marlee Elaine Wyatt.

Cemetery Details

Holy Redeemer

1500 South Westmoreland
DeSoto, TX 75115

Tribute Wall



“ *Enchanted Cottage was purchased for the family of Marion Frank "FATMAN" Shaw.*



January 16, 2016 at 11:12 AM



“ *Peaceful White Lilies Basket was purchased for the family of Marion Frank "FATMAN" Shaw.*



January 15, 2016 at 08:53 PM

AH

“ Memories/Stories?.....I got 'em.....Some I witnessed, some I'm in, some were told to me by Frank. I could fill this page but I won't. Frank was one unique individual. I've never met a man like him and probably won't again. He was a good man that would do anything he could for me and was always there when I needed him. Whatever it might be. Borrow tools, help work on cars or maybe just talk. If he couldn't help me with my needs he would always get me pointed in the right direction. "I gotta guy" He would always throw in a little unsolicited advice as well. That was just Frank. I'm kicking myself for not keeping in touch with him like I should have these last few years. I am proud to have known him and be able to call him my friend. Even though he hardly ever called me by my name. Just called me "Yankee". That's better than "Ding A Ling". He called a lot of people that. He had a name for everybody. You didn't need a name when you got around Frank. If he liked you he'd just give ya one. Sorry to see him go. They don't build 'em like Frank anymore!.....Fat Man, I'll see you over yonder. Get things in order. I'll be look'n for an egg when I get there buddy.....R.I.P. My Friend.

Alex Hudson - January 15, 2016 at 08:21 AM