

March 1972

Frank Victor Theis was a very human person. Two loves, shared the commitment of his lifetime: his family and his medicine. But, helping people was in all ways the essence of his dedication.

For almost half a century he repaired broken people, still helping the sick from early morning hours through long days, six days a week, years after most men would have retired. He saw patients until a few weeks ago, concerned for their ills without betraying his own. He did his suffering in silence.

In his time he became internationally known for his skills as a surgeon, writer, and teacher. Yet, his patients will tell you he never lost sight of them as people. He never saw his profession as a job or a business. To Frank Theis, medicine was a serious responsibility. Continually studying, writing, researching, teaching, operating and helping people, his vacation rest was time spent at his summer home studying medical reports by the lakeside.

In spite of his preoccupation with the welfare of his patients he had a keen sense of humor, a wit that was always there. He could tease, anyone at anytime, but when the corner of his mouth raised and his eyes brightened you found yourself smiling with him. His laughter and spirit could be seen in his eyes.

His home was on Chicago's north side, at the hospital or the office or wherever people were. He was active in many organizations and well known in even more: his church, his offices, the hospital, the medical associations, the Medinah Medical Staff, the Army and the Navy Medical Corps., and many more. Although his work and associates were here in Chicago, the recognition of his loss will be shared and felt by his profession and by those he helped all over the world.

Frank Theis gave his time easily. His interest and energy were unlimited but time was not. He may have neglected his personal fortunes but not his family.

No golf club, and little time for the small things fathers cherish doing with their sons. But, on the important things, for his loving wife, Hazel and his sons, Eric and Peter, he was always there. He volunteered and fought a war fixing broken soldiers in the Atlantic and Pacific for his young sons. He missed the sandlot ballgames but his boys got the best education possible. He had the wisdom to know when to give to his children and the strength to let them try their own wings.

And Hazel's parties. How he loved them -but parties were people again.

We are proud to have shared moments with this man, to have known him, and benefited by him. We appreciate the companionship we have had and give thanks to The Lord that we were so fortunate.

His last moments he spent on circus tickets for his grandchildren.

Eric Theis
Peter Theis

March 15, 1972