



Walter M. Roach

December 18, 2016

Roach, Walter, 86, passed away December 18, 2016 at Life Care Center of Attleboro, MA. He is survived by his loving wife, Ethel Roach of Attleboro, MA and his children Sandy Davis of Warwick, RI, Kenneth Roach of St. Cloud, FL, Stephen Roach of Palm Coast, FL and Jeffrey Roach of Attleboro, MA. He is predeceased by his parents and his siblings Edna LeBlanc, Ruth Terri and George Roach. He is also survived by 18 grandchildren, 19 great-grandchildren, 1 great-great granddaughter and many nieces and nephews. He was a native Rhode Islander; born in Barrington, RI. He was a lace-weaver the majority of his working career and then a machinist at Browne & Sharpe until his retirement. He graduated from Barrington High School in 1947. He lived in Barrington, RI and Pawtucket, RI in his younger years. He then lived in Warwick and Coventry, RI moving to Deltona, FL and residing there for 20 years. He was a member of the Elks Lodge in Deltona, FL. He and his wife moved back to New England in 2009 and resided in Attleboro, MA. Walter was a loving and kind man who loved his family. Calling hours are Wednesday Dec. 28 th from 4:00 p.m. - 8:00 p.m. The funeral will be held on Thursday Dec. 29 th at 9:00 a.m. from Winfield and Sons Funeral Home, 571 W. Greenville Rd, Scituate followed by a Mass of Christian Burial at 10:00 a.m. in St. Joseph's Church, Scituate. In lieu of flowers, family and friends are requested to make a donation to a charity of their choice. Please visit WinfieldandSons.com for more information. Our Dad From Google Definition: Father - A man in relation to his natural child or children. From: Wikipedia

Definition: A father is the male parent of a child. Here is the true definition of our father, Walter M. Roach. He was a husband, grandfather, great grandfather, a brother, a son, an uncle, our mentor, our hero, our knight in shining armor, our friend, our confidante, and our dad who we loved so much. In 1950 he married our mom and together they had four children. His love for all of us was unconditional in good times and in bad. Dad loved us all more than his own life and we knew it. He never let us down. He held us up when we needed it. Told us when we were right and when we were wrong. He did not pull any punches. He made sure that we had a roof over our heads, had food, clothing, and everything else that we needed. He worked very hard to take care of our family and never once complained. He worked long hours and more than one job when we were growing up. He always made time for us even after a long day at work. He was and still is the best. He always made time to coach Little League with his boys and was involved in the Cub and Boy Scouts. He was so proud of his boys and his daughter and he showed it. He always had time for the Father-Daughter Dance even if he worked all day. He called me the brat and always called me on my birthday to remind me of how old I was. He has gone on to a place where he will no longer be old (when he could still communicate, his words to me were getting old sucks). Now he is no longer in pain, he can talk and walk and his hands and feet are warm again. There will always be sunshine and palm trees and no winter or snow. He can have all the hamburgers, Ballpark Franks, Sheppard™s pie and meatloaf, and cake that he wants. There will be an endless supply of one of his favorite snacks, Twinkies. To him Twinkies were a major food group and he would eat them for breakfast. He always had a stash of Hershey candy kisses, peanut butter Twix bars, Rolo™s and Snickers. He loved to eat Lorna Dunes with a glass of milk. His all-time favorite ice cream snack was a banana split. He always looked forward to having his dessert after a meal. I know he will miss Sandy™s Potato Salad, which he looked forward to every summer. He loved his grandchildren and great-grandchildren. He called Kaile, Ashlyn, Shylah, Kaileigh and Katelyn Grampa™s Girls. He was very excited

when his great-grandson, Dean, arrived in 2014. Dean Michael is Bepa™s buddy. When the Great-Grandchildren started coming, he would say that I am a Great-Grandfather and I emphasize the word Great. He also loved doing crossword puzzles and watching All in the Family, Wheel of Fortune, Everybody Loves Raymond and The Weather Channel. He loved the character, Archie Bunker, and, at times, he called my mom Edith and other family members were called meatheads. When they moved to Florida he quickly learned his way around the state. He knew every shortcut and every route and always knew where he was going. He was the Orlando Airport Shuttle for all of us. He also would drive his van to and from the airport to bring or pick up his friends and family. Everyone knew that we could count on him to be at the airport when we arrived. I imagine that he is driving Heaven™s tour bus right now showing everyone the sights while keeping track of the time and the schedule. He is now with his parents, his best friend, his brother Bud, his sisters Edna and Ruth, and with George, Drew and Margie. In life, he always knew where he was going and what time it was. He was the virtual time-keeper and always kept us on track for everything. When he and mom would fly up for a summer vacation in RI, he always wanted to be at the airport at least 2 hours before the flight. He would tap his watch to let us know that it was almost time to drive to the airport as he was standing in front of the door ready to go. When we went on family trips, he never got lost. Back in those days all he had was a road map and a good sense of direction. There were no Garmin™s or MapQuest. He taught us all how to drive (including mom) and he miraculously survived each lesson, especially when he was teaching me how to drive and trying to teach mom how to drive a car with a standard shift. He ended up getting a car for mom with an automatic transmission. He made sure that we all had a decent and reliable car to drive and he was in charge of the parking order at the house so that we all were able to get out to work or school in the morning. He was an honorable, honest, hard working man, a man with immeasurable integrity and an incredible sense

of humor. He told us to work hard and always told us to do the right thing. He instilled in us to always be accountable for our actions and to be responsible, to own it, to work for what we wanted or needed, to keep our cars in good shape and to change the oil every 3,000 miles, and not to sit on the car or wipe the car with your hand because it might scratch the paint. He carried a razor blade to scrape off the bird mess on the windows of the car. Most of all he taught us how important family is and to always be there for each other. There is so much about him that we all loved and admired. There are so many happy memories. Our lives will be different now. It will never be the same. He will always be missed but we can carry his memory in our hearts. He will always be looking over us and his warmth will be felt every day. We love you Dad.