



Walter S. Piela

September 7, 1936 - November 25, 2019

Walter S. Piela, 83, passed away peacefully on Monday, November 25, 2019 at Baystate Medical Center, with his loving family at his side. Born September 7, 1936, son of the late Walter, Sr. and Genevieve (Wisniowski) Piela, he was a lifelong Chicopee resident. Walter was a graduate of Chicopee High School, and worked for Dual Mfg. for over twenty-five years. A US Army veteran, Walter was a devoted communicant of the Basilica of St. Stanislaus, Bishop & Martyr, where he was a caller at the weekly bingo games for over thirty-five years. He greatly enjoyed kayaking at Little Alum Lake in Brimfield, as well as gathering there with his many friends. Walter is survived by his beloved wife of sixty-one years, Gloria D. (Fournier) Piela; his loving children, Michael W. Piela and wife Linda of NJ, Lisa J. Forrette and husband Paul of Chicopee, Lori J. Mietka and husband Lon of NJ, Lynn M. Piela of Chicopee, and Tracy L. Milkay and husband James of Beverly; seven cherished grandchildren, Brittany and Cameron Piela, David, Bryan and Lindsay Forrette, Katie Locke and husband Josh, and Lon Mietka III; four cherished great-granddaughters, Finnley, Piper, Olive and Avery; and many nieces and nephews. He was predeceased by his sister, Evelyn Josefiak. Funeral services for Walter will be held Friday from Kozikowski Funeral Home, 565 Front St., Chicopee, followed by a Mass of Christian Burial at 9:30AM in St. Stanislaus Basilica. Burial with Military Honors will follow at MA Veterans Memorial Cemetery, Agawam. Calling hours are Friday morning from 8-9:15AM. Memorial contributions may be made to St. Stanislaus School, 534 Front St., Chicopee, MA 01013 or the Chicopee Senior Center at RiverMills, 5 West Main St. Chicopee, MA 01020

Cemetery

Massachusetts Veterans' Memorial Cemetery

1390 Main St.

Agawam, MA, 01001

Events

NOV **Visitation** 08:00AM - 09:15AM

29

Kozikowski Funeral Home

565 Front Street, Chicopee, MA, US,
01013

NOV **Mass** 09:30AM

29

St. Stanislaus Basilica_

566 Front St., Chicopee, MA, US

Comments



“ 1 file added to the album Memories Album



Lynn Piela - November 28, 2019 at 11:21 PM



“ 11/28/2019

I was blessed to have such a wonderful and loving dad. He was always there to help me in times of need. There are not enough words to express how much I miss him. The following song lyrics best convey my feelings about losing my dad.

"God looked around his garden
And found an empty place
He then looked down upon the earth
And saw your tired face

He put his arms around you
And lifted you to rest
God's garden must be beautiful
He always takes the best

You've left us precious memories
Your love will be our guide
You live on through your family
You're always by our side

It broke our hearts to lose you
But you didn't go alone
A part of us went with you
The day God called you home"

Gracious God, look with mercy upon the soul of my father and eternal rest grant to him O Lord and let perpetual light shine upon him.

I love you forever and ever,
Your loving daughter "lynnie".

Lynn Piela

Lynn Piela - November 28, 2019 at 10:23 PM



“ Soooooo beautiful Lynn.

Michael Piela - November 29, 2019 at 03:21 PM



“ Lovely words, Lynn.

Tracy (Piela) Milkay - December 01, 2019 at 05:24 PM



“ On any given day growing up, when you saw our family gathered as a group, you would typically find the patriarch sitting towards the back, in the comfiest chair, most likely nodding off and might think, “Now, he’s the quiet one.” Well, when compared to the rest of us, that’s a pretty fair statement. But, my dad was ANYTHING but quiet.

On the contrary, he was friendly, outgoing and very talkative. In fact, he’d talk to just about anyone...at the checkout line, at the gas station, in church, didn’t matter. There was never a “quick errand” with my dad. That’s because he seemed to know everybody in town! With his bright blue eyes and that flash of white hair, he was always ready with a story and a hug. And, even when you thought you didn’t have time for either, you’d still get both.

My dad was kind and gentle and when I was a child, he was a giant to me. His bear hugs completely engulfed me and I knew, wrapped inside those arms, I was safe. Safe from the thunderstorm that raged outside or any other number of scary things that enters a young girls mind. Feeling safe and protected by your dad? There’s no better gift.

For a good portion of his life, my dad lived in a house dominated by females and never once did we feel that he’d trade any of us for boys. He loved his family deeply and was so proud of all of our accomplishments. He also completely and wholeheartedly loved and adored my mom, his wife of over 61 years. He never shied away from showing his affections towards her and by doing so on a regular basis, we learned what love, devotion and respect we should expect from a life partner. Priceless.

My dad was a working man through and through. Give him a job and he would do it the best that he could. Growing up, I never knew him to take a sick day. He woke up every single day, got dressed and went to work. He just didn’t know any other way. And, you could count on him to be home at 5 o’clock, with the expectation that dinner would follow shortly afterwards. That man did LOVE to eat!

His ample appetite came packaged with a very prominent sweet tooth. Come to think of it, I believe ALL his teeth were sweet teeth! Heaven forbid a meal not come with dessert!

Some of his favorites were:

Neopolitan ice cream (just a small dish) with plain seltzer to wash it down.

Ritz crackers with Skippy peanut butter, marshmallow Fluff and a touch of jelly – when no other dessert is available.

Mem’s molasses cookies, my mom’s pineapple cheesecake (so good), chocolate cake with white icing and perhaps, most of all...homemade apple pie, heated just a bit (but not too much) and paired with a glass of ice cold milk.

When my dad worked at Dual Manufacturing in Holyoke, he would eat breakfast

every day at Lucky Strike. I cannot recall why but one morning, he took me with him to that diner. I was amazed to discover that, just like on “Cheers” everyone knew his name and that my dad had this social life I was completely unaware of. That day we sat side-by-side at the counter and he introduced me to the wonderfulness of a buttered griddled bun, done the way only a short order cook can do it. Yes, Dad, it WAS delicious and so much better than toast.

My dad did not like to be idle. The cars were always washed, the gutters cleared of debris and the lawn mowed. These were the outside chores no one else wanted to do – but there was dad on a Saturday (no matter what the weather), getting them done wearing his rattiest flannel shirt and well-worn brown pants. (continued in comments)

Tracy (Piela) Milkay - November 28, 2019 at 08:18 AM



“ After a day’s work, you could find him relaxing in his favorite recliner, local newspaper in hand, wearing his tighty-whities, a plain white crew neck t-shirt, socks and slippers. I think just about everyone has seen my dad in this particular attire as he was not shy and did NOT own a bathrobe. His home, his way. I’m not sure if he actually ever finished reading a paper in one sitting as he would generally fall asleep halfway through while holding the paper’s edges and snoring loudly, completely content.

Little Alum was his “happy place” in the summer. He just enjoyed being there and having his family around him. When we were young, he loved to take us all out in the boat, hearing our squeals of laughter as we sped around the lake. Sometimes he’d strap on his water ski and go a few rounds, dipping his hand into the water as he crossed back and forth across the boat’s wake. Back then, he was so strong that when he pulled on the ski rope, you could literally feel the boat slow as the motor fought to keep moving forward. After many, many years, when he could no longer water ski or drive the motor boat, he didn’t lament but rather, took up kayaking quietly around the lake that he loved.

My dad taught me many things. He taught me about white-walled tires, where to get the best gas for my car, how to water ski (sorry, dad, that I never really developed the love for skiing that you did), that you don’t need a lot of money to have a good time (just walking around Skinner Mountain or Stanley Park or feeding the farm animals was more than enough of an adventure on a gorgeous Sunday afternoon), the charm of the Big E (especially the big slide and fried dough!), and all the words to “American Pie” by Don McClean. A skill that actually earned me some serious street cred my first year in college – true story! Thanks, Dad.

Most of all, my dad taught me how to be kind and generous towards others, and to treat everyone with respect and sincerity, from the janitor mopping the halls to the clerk ringing in your groceries, on up to the president of the company. EVERYONE mattered and you could learn something from all of them. I attribute my ease of conversation to my dad. I saw him connect with so many people that I’ve never found it difficult to do. I will always be grateful for that.

Yep, my dad was one of the good guys. I love you, Dad. I miss you more than you will ever know and you will always be in my heart. One day, God willing, I will see you in heaven and

once again, be engulfed in those strong arms.

I hope heaven has pie. <3

Tracy (Piela) - November 28, 2019 at 01:17 PM



“ Absolutely beautiful Sis. Could not have said it better myself.

Michael Piela - November 28, 2019 at 01:50 PM



“ Thanks, Mike. Had to get the words out somewhere and I don't think I'd be able to speak these out loud....

Tracy (Piela) Milkay - November 28, 2019 at 04:38 PM



“ Dear Piela Family,

I was so sad to hear of the passing of your dad. I have fond memories of Fedak Drive and all the fun we had as kids. Memories that can never be forgotten. I can't believe your dad and mom were married sixty-one years. I remember your dad's big hugs whenever I saw him. I will never forget my mom always referring to your dad as Putzi.

Mrs. Piela, I can't imagine how you must feel loosing such a wonderful man.

As I write this, I can't help but shed a tear knowing what it's like to lose someone so dear.

All my love,

Michaeline Gawron Paquette.

Michaeline Gawron Paquette - November 27, 2019 at 01:02 PM



“ Fedak Drive was indeed a special, safe, and happy place for us as kids and into adulthood. Your Mom and Dad, my folks, Pete and Helen Lemanski, Jerry and Helen Boucher, the Stokowskis, the Jamrogs, Kwarsinskis, and all the rest made it so easy for us to live, learn, love, and prosper.

Thank you for the kind and thoughtful words.

Michael

Michael Piela - November 27, 2019 at 10:02 PM



“ So sorry to hear of your loss. Our thoughts and prayers are with your family during this hard time.

The Fair Lawn Engineering Team!



The Fair Lawn Engineering Team - November 26, 2019 at 02:10 PM



“ Thank you Folks!!! This means a lot to me and my family.

Michael Piela - November 27, 2019 at 09:53 AM



“ I have to thank my Friends that comprise the Fair Lawn Engineering Team. It was a pleasure to see the beautiful flowers from you guys next to him at the funeral home.

Michael Piela - November 29, 2019 at 03:24 PM



“ So very sorry for your loss. You are in our thoughts and prayers. Paddle on Walter!
Love, Clarisa & Matt Matlasz



Clarisa Matlasz - November 26, 2019 at 01:03 PM



“ Thank you.
Mike Piela

Michael Piela - November 27, 2019 at 11:26 AM



“ So sorry to hear about Walter. Our thoughts and prayers are with your family.

Kelley Sealander and family - November 25, 2019 at 09:57 PM



“ Thank you Kelley.

Mike Piela

Michael Piela - November 26, 2019 at 07:38 AM



“ So sorry for your loss. Our prayers are with you all. - Kate & Rusty

Kate - November 27, 2019 at 09:31 AM



“ Thank you.

Mike Piela

Michael Piela - November 27, 2019 at 09:49 PM