



Andrew Frank Cutler

February 26, 2015 - July 14, 2015

Andrew "Frank" Cutler

February 1925 – July 2015

Winter Park, Florida

Frank Cutler, alias' include Frankie, Anshel, Anshel Frankel, Dad, Grandpa, Grandpa Anchie and "My Man" died on Tuesday, July 14, 2015. Deeply loved by his family, friends and any damn person who knew or had any interaction with him, Frank would have been elected Mayor of any town he ever lived in. If he would've run in National Park, Woodbury or Ventnor City all in New Jersey, he would've won, as well as in Aventura or Lake Mary, Florida. People who knew Frank loved and trusted him.

As his 1st cousin Bunny Mendelsohn said to me the other day "your father was the last of the Mohicans", she was spot on, he was. His name goes back to our family roots in the Mayaki section of Moscow Russia where a son of Anshel Kotlyar made his way to America and some dude at Ellis Island with a handle bar mustache changed his last name to Cutler. This pioneering son was also named Frank Cutler and in the 1880's he cruised down to Philly with his young bride Clara probably because he heard the soft pretzels were unbelievable. The pioneering Frank did everything back then to pay the bills including rolling cigars and selling poultry and produce in Center City Philly. It's no wonder Modern Day Frank and his father Charles, had a grocery store

called Cutler Serv-U Market in National Park, New Jersey where they sold both poultry and produce, not to mention Fudgie Wudgies. In the 1940's, 50's and 60's, it wasn't easy being the only Jewish family in this small south Jersey town, but they loved Frank because he not only was the coolest guy around, he also gave everyone credit. He didn't want anyone to be without even if they were broke. Frank even made sandwiches on Kaiser rolls for the homeless or drunks who would fall asleep out behind the store.

Frank, an only child of Charles and Miriam (Rosinsky) Cutler, graduated Woodbury Jr Sr High School in New Jersey, joined the Air Force during WWII and was stationed in the Philippines. During a break, he came home all-dapper in his uniform and went to Atlantic City for some fun. There, he found the love of his life, Marcia Bear from Camden, New Jersey working at a 5 & 10 on the Boardwalk. It was love at first sight. Marcia became Frank's main squeeze and married really young and started punching out kids: first Elaine (Weinstein), then Robin (Washburn) then last but not least his son Tracy "Lee" Cutler.

Marsh, as Frank called Marcia, loved to go on ocean cruises and Frank obliged even though he would get seasick as hell. Because he loved her so much and knew he didn't really have a choice in the matter.

Speaking of seasick, this story will give you some insight on Frank. Back in the late 60's or early 70's, the Cutler's went deep sea fishing off of Atlantic City. The seas were getting rough and the captain brought everyone inside. When it calmed down, everyone went back outside to fish except his son, Tracy who was throwing up in a bucket one of the deck hands gave him. Frank came inside to check on his son and sit with him and soon started throwing up in the same bucket as Tracy. This all while the Cutler women, Marcia, Elaine and Robin were catching fish like crazy.

Frank was clearly ahead of his time, a true Bohemian who sliced deli meat by day and had worn a fu Manchu and a French beret while smoking slim scented cigars when painting oil on canvas, including Batman for his son. He loved his sardines on crackers, OTC crackers, Borsch (cold beet soup), prune hamantaschen, steamers, brisket and kasha varnishkes and later on a health kick, grapefruit with a spoon and spirulina.

In Woodbury, Frank took his mother Miriam in to live with the family and immediately assumed the role of peacemaker in a house where two strong women wanted to rule the roost. Gotta give him credit for keeping things together and moving forward as he did. Especially when inflation hit during the Carter administration and all those gas lines were freaking people out. That's when Cutler Serv-U Market finally shut it's light off and Frank shifted gears to real estate sales at Kingsway Realty in south Jersey. He was so determined to make it work, he stuffed envelopes to mail out with the help of his mother Miriam and son Tracy, trying to get real estate listings. He would not go back to the office until he had a listing. This dogged determination and hustle was not lost on his family and between his success at real estate sales and Marsh's teacher salary, the family made it through a difficult period. Frank led the way. During that rough patch, he also taught a sense of resourcefulness by collecting newspapers with his son and going to a weigh station to get paid. Again, this resourcefulness was not lost.

Later in life, Frank and Marcia found a great deal on a condo in Ventnor City, New Jersey called The Breakers. They picked it up dirt-cheap and found great happiness there for years. He loved his gin & tonics while playing Quoits on the beach with his bud Matt Levitt. He and Matt used to sit on the benches on the boardwalk and pick out girls who could be contestants in the Miss America Pageant held at the Atlantic City Convention Center. His Breaker poker games with Diane, Donnie, Carmine and many others was legendary.

Later when Frank and Marcia sold the Woodbury house they raised their family in and which by the way was across the street from the family's synagogue Beth Israel, they moved to Aventura, Florida where their son lived and many of their friends spent the winters. They loved their condo at The Landmark and went to Moe's Deli because their good friends loved it, even though they didn't care for it that much.

In the end, Frank and Marcia moved to Oakmonte Village, an assisted living facility in Lake Mary, Florida. This was near Tracy and Elaine and offered everything they needed, most important card games. Two weeks there, Marcia had a pain in her back, family took her to the ER, where she quickly declined and passed away. Frank felt tremendous guilt in being sick earlier and not being able to go to the Jersey shore, Ventnor during her last summer. Frank lived alone in the Oakmonte apartment, made tons of friends there, was the ring leader of the card games. His eldest child Elaine spent his last two years sleeping on his couch at Oakmonte, taking care of him and the 1960's hippie daughter who he used to coax to stop being a social butterfly and get your nose in the books, was now helping him with the simplest daily necessities. He found happiness in Judge Boody (as they called the show) Wheel of Fortune and Shark Tank.

His 90 years was a good, long life. Frank Cutler, a renaissance man who got his ear pierced at 75 year old. He was the calm in the storm, the inspiration and motivator when you needed to be lifted, the hugger when he knew someone needed it and all around, best man that ever lived, the last of the Mohicans. And by now, it's fully expected he's arguing with Marsh about something.

Frank never liked to ask anybody for anything, but the family would suggest donating to a great service called <http://www.orlandoseniorhelpdesk.org/>

through the Jewish Pavilion, that he appreciated.

Tribute Wall

ED

“ Frank and his father, Charlie worked together. I was very young (I'm now 74) when I would go to Cutlers with my Mom. Mrs Cutler (Miriam) felt sorry for my mother one time. It was during the war (World War 2). My mom had a craving for pineapple, with rationing she couldn't get any. So Miriam slipped her a can. And never charged for it. I could go on and on with good memories. Frank was a good soul!

elaine densten - July 27, 2015 at 11:00 AM