



Joseph R. (Dick) Yablonski

August 19, 1939 - September 23, 2020

Joseph R. (Dick) Yablonski, age 81 of Washington, Illinois passed away on Wednesday, September 23, 2020 at OSF St. Francis Medical Center in Peoria, Illinois.

Dick graduated sixth in the Class of 1957 at Mexico Academy and Central High School where he played basketball and baseball. He then attended Brockport College and served six years in the US Army stationed in Germany. He worked 28 years for the government as a programmer for test flight missions at both Wright Patterson and Eglin Air Force Bases before retiring in 1995. Dick loved sports, traveling and was a huge Dodgers fan.

He is survived by his daughter, Kelly and her husband, Roy Mechling of Illinois; grandchildren Josh, Derek and Chelsey Gevedon, great grandchildren Aiden and Landon Gevedon all of Ohio; his son Scott and wife, Cheryl Yablonski also of Ohio.

Additionally, he is survived by three brothers, Michael and Leonard of Syracuse and Stefan of Scriba, and numerous nieces, nephews and cousins. Private funeral arrangements will be handled by the family.

Contributions in Dick's memory can be mailed to St Ann Mother of Mary Catholic Church Main Street Mexico, NY 13114.

The staff at Gary Deiters Funeral Home & Cremation Services is assisting the family and online condolences may be left at www.GaryDeitersFuneralHome.com.

Tribute Wall



“ *Joseph R. (Dick) Yablonski*

October 08, 2023 at 04:50 PM

“ I met Dick Yablonski at a class we were attending for computer operators at Kelly AFB in 1966. We sat next to each other, introduced ourselves, barely had a conversation when Dick was called out of the class for a phone call. He was informed that his daughter Kelly had just come into the world. A few days later we resumed our conversation and found that we had much in common. Dick and I were competitive, when we took tests to attend programming school. We were one point apart and numbers two and three on the list for advanced learning. We attending a six month programming class with 20 college grads who scorned us for playing gin rummy during class while they were struggling to learn. We often helped other students to write their programs. Dick and his wife Judy became friends with my wife and I. We both were financially challenged in those days so an evening of playing games while enjoying pizza and beer was a good time for us. Our wives went their separate ways but Dick and I remained friends to the end.

Dick and I were involved in a seven car pileup while racing to get home from school at the base. My 49 plymouth was a total loss and Dicks new Plymouth Fury was banged up some. At his suggestion, we carpooled thereafter until he moved to Ohio.

I was sent to work on a project at Wright Patterson AFB in Ohio in 1975. Dick and I were both divorced at the time so we did a lot of socializing together. Our favorite hangout was a restaurant and bar in downtown Dayton called the Pewter Mug. We met many interesting people there. At the end of the project I returned to San Antonio missing my pal Dick.

I moved to California in 1978 and darn if Dick didn't show up TDY in Sacramento. We went to a restaurant for lunch and stayed thru the supper hour just talking. A few days later he came down to San Francisco to catch his flight home. We spent the day in Sausalito at Zack's having our usual conversation and a few brews.

While living in Cal I decided to visit friends and family in Florida and of course Dick was my first stop. Dick picked me up in New Orleans. We spent a few days together then I went on to make other visits. I returned to Dick's house and he took me back to New Orleans to

catch my return flight the nex day. We visited the French Quarter and decide it was a dump not worth our time so we found a Hooters where we hung out for the rest of the evening. We shared a room in an airport hotel. My flight was early and the hotel van was my ride to the airport. I told Dick to stay in bed which he did and on the way out of the room I picked up his keys and put them in my pocket. I guess it was just out of habit to do so. When I arrived home, my wife said that Dick was stranded in New Orleans because I had his car and house keys. I sent the keys back to him by UPS and paid for the extra day he spent in the hotel. He never let me forget that I had stranded him but we got a laugh out of it.

We always stayed in touch by phone. Whichever of us made the call would open the conversation with "wanna hear a good polish joke" and of course it set the mood for a long talk about everything from world matters to family matters.

I visited Dick in Florida on my way home from summer vacations in Maine. We watched movies, talked politics and had a good week of friendship. I miss that.

Our last visit was in 2018 in Washington, Ill. I was on my way north for the summer so I made a detour and dropped in to see my old buddy. He was not in good health and it made me sad to see him that way. Fortunately he was in good hands with his daughter Kelly. His daily enjoyment was watching the squirrels and turkeys that were outside his window. I'm glad that we had those few days together. I'll miss my friend Dick.

LeRoy Peaslee - September 25, 2020 at 04:32 PM

CG

I'm Dick's Cousin Cindi Yablonski Giovo. I can honestly say I've heard about his buddy, Roy Peaslee and some of these stories in chats with Dick.

Thanks for being a good buddy to my sweet and funny cousin.

Cindi Giovo - September 25, 2020 at 08:09 PM