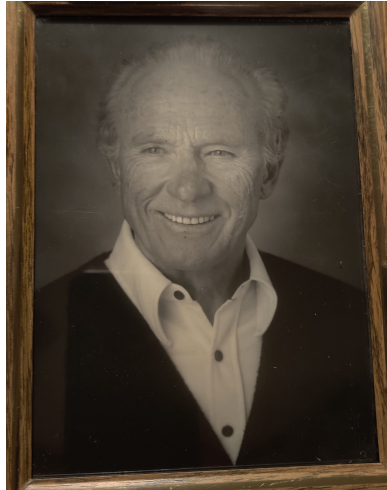


Carlin Freeberg Obituary



Carlin Henry Freeberg passed away at age 92 on November 24, 2023 of natural causes in his home, where he wanted to be. His final meal consisted of a few morsels of the Thanksgiving meal, one of his favorites.

He was born in Bellingham, Washington on August 13, 1931 to Albin and Mathilda Freeberg. He attended Franklin Elementary School (now the site of Harriet Spaul Park), Bellingham High School, Western Washington University (at the time called "The Normal School" specializing in teacher education), and Arizona State University.

His career was in Education, and Educational Psychology. His happiest years were teaching kids. Later as a Ph.D. level Psychologist, he pioneered work ahead of his time addressing the plight of the mentally ill in jails. He was also instrumental in launching a para-church organization benefiting the homeless called "The Samaritan Task Force" which later became Love, Inc.

As a Ph.D. his career was disappointing and discouraging, but he set a wonderful example of cheer, resilience, thrift, and resourcefulness despite numerous setbacks that would have driven lesser men to self-destruction. He kept body and soul together by cultivating a wide range of interests, looking on the bright side of life, and enjoying

his home, family, and simple pleasures.

As a Renaissance Man, he leaves behind a vast array of collections: music, literature, tools, and hobbies that continue to edify his posterity.

He had four siblings: Albin Jr., Thyra, Galen, and Erling, all of whom he loved deeply, and to whom he was fiercely loyal, setting a superlative example of unconditional love and family cohesion. They grew up together, and bonded, during The Great Depression in the ancestral home. He was the last survivor of the five.

He married his college sweetheart Mary Ann Ohrt, and with her begat two sons, Kris and Morgan. They were married until death parted them in 1993, when she tragically succumbed to brain cancer at age 59.

Thereafter he married Sharon Sluys, who did her best to care for him and survived him, now residing with her daughter Heather and son in law Paul, where she enjoys being Grandma to her adorable granddaughter Lily.

Kris now stewards the ancestral home at 825 Liberty Street, while Morgan resides in Carmichael California with his wife Simone.

He is survived by his sons and their sons Johann, who resides in Hawaii with his wife Jamaica, and Stephan, who resides in Nevada.

Morgan has written his own excellent and thorough tribute, which can be viewed [here](#).

Baptized in the Lutheran church as a child, he was a professing Christian. As an adult academic intellectual, he became broad-minded, a free and independent thinker, refusing to be doctrinaire about anything, always questioning and insisting on viewing a thing from any and all possible perspectives; a trait that has mightily benefited his posterity in innumerable ways.

There was a cohesion, an integrity, about the man's form and substance. In form, he was a Philosophy Doctor (Ph.D.). In substance, he was a lover of wisdom (Philo = love, Sophy = wisdom). He cared about what was wise, good, beautiful, and true - more than money, more than any relationship, even more than any religion.

Although he affiliated with Christian communities and institutions, he also possessed the internal fortitude necessary to be strong, brave, and honest enough to stand outside of them and admit what was problematic or wrong about them - among religionists, a very rare and precious trait, indeed.

He didn't "go along to get along." If he believed that something was wrong, he acted.

A lover of poetry, his favorite poem was Rudyard Kipling's "If":

*If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;*

*If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:*

*If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;*

*If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:*

*If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;*

*If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'*

*If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;*

*If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!*

As a veteran of the Air Guard during the Korean conflict, he was an ardent patriot and citizen. He took staying abreast of current events very seriously, assiduously following the news, publishing his views in letters to the editor of the local paper, and showing great concern for matters that he cared about, like the well being of families and children, veterans, and emergency responders, donating as much as he could manage to relevant charities. He was very proud of his son Kris' service in the United States Marine Corps, keeping photos, uniform pieces, and like mementos.

He loved the Boy Scout movement, involved both sons in it, volunteered where he could manage, and was extremely proud that Kris became an Eagle Scout and adult leader. After Kris rescued him from hypothermia during one poorly executed backpacking trip by lighting a fire in the rain, he would later quip that Kris could "light a fire under water", proudly recounting the tale many a time whenever we would light a fireplace fire at home.

He was proud of, and as involved as possible with, both of his sons. In Morgan's case, he was very supportive of, and fascinated by, emerging computer technology in the 1970s and 80s. Together, he and Morgan learned all they could about computers and programming; the result being that Morgan became a leading and largely self-taught senior level programmer, possessing a depth and breadth of mastery that is not possible within the constraints of formally structured, official curricula. The range of Morgan's curiosity, interest, knowledge, and achievements does not fit within the scope of any formal course. It's boundless, because Dad supported and encouraged it whenever and however he could.

When the time came to be a grandfather, he did the same thing with his grandsons. In Johann's case, he encouraged and supported Johann's interest in mechanics. He joked that they had an ongoing project to create a Perpetual Motion Machine. Although the machine was never built, the idea was planted, and Johann ended up becoming a senior engineer in the Aerospace industry before his thirtieth year.

In Stephan's case, he didn't have as much opportunity to interact since he was out of state; but he cherished the rare times they were able to be together, displaying photos of such occasions prominently in the family home, where they are still today. He always remembered, loved, and yearned for Stephan.

He was a gentle, patient, forgiving, contemplative soul who hated hurrying and insisted on being slow, methodical, and deliberate about everything. While this trait may have exasperated the more expeditious among us now and then, in the final analysis the example that he set for us was the better one, and has, again, on countless occasions, benefited all of us mightily.

He was a "bon vivant" who learned "joie de vivre" in France, where it originated, during his and his wife's time in Europe in the 1950s, teaching the children of American military personnel who were stationed there.

Formed in the idyllic 1950s, he carried the basic decency, values, and culture from that era into the ensuing

decades intact, and relayed them to us.

An avid diarist, he compiled a collection of diaries beginning in 1956, which his son Kris now curates. In addition to the diaries, he also set an example of chronicling family history in the form of photo albums, sound recordings, slide collections, family home movies converted onto DVDs, and sundry memorabilia that Kris cherishes and curates.

He was a wonderful mix of strength and tenderness. While thoroughly masculine, was also deeply nostalgic, sentimental, and romantic, weeping readily at evocative music and memories.

He was not demonstrative with affection, however. His view was that love is manifested with deeds, not words. I (Kris) would joke that in his house, love is spelled F-O-O-D. His usual greeting on arrival was, "Have you eaten?" (Translation: "I love you.")

As a bon vivant and gourmand, he was a superb cook who, as he would say, "learned from the best" (his wife Mary Ann, who earned a nutrition degree not for career purposes, but so she could nourish her family). He was a master at slow cooking and comfort foods, leaving behind a well equipped, well-used, and beloved kitchen.

Amazingly, especially at a time in our country's history when obesity is an epidemic, although he loved food, he was never obese. He understood and valued both nutrition, and fitness. He always began meals with a salad or steamed broccoli, ate slowly, and exercised most of his life by lifting weights, swimming, and walking. He drank red wine diluted with tonic water, enjoyed a cold beer on a hot day, and delighted like a small child in treats like ice cream, pie, and Hershey bars, savoring them slowly.

His spiritual sight was acute, and he would regularly talk of a thing's or person's "essence." He was interested in seeing beyond the surface, of seeing the submerged part of the iceberg, so to speak. Examples of classical music that he loved and made him weep include Handel's "Messiah" (which he performed while at Arizona State), Rachmaninoff's "Russian Easter", Smetana's "Ma Vlast", and Liszt's "Preludes."

As an introvert, he loved pets and hated the telephone. As he aged, his concept of time compressed, such that he forgot who was still alive and who had died. In his final year he wept anew over the death of his boyhood dog Pal as if it had just happened, and whenever he was cruelly reminded that a friend or relative was no more, especially his younger brother Erling (nicknamed "Ughs"), he would grieve again. Such was the extent of the man's love for all.

He was a hero: a champion of the weak, poor, helpless, underprivileged, oppressed, innocent, persecuted, and so forth, whom he called "the little guy" - even plants. He was especially appreciative of composers, luminaries, and saints whose notoriety was posthumous, whose lives were discouraging, but who stuck to their principles, their craft, or their calling, and did not live to see their fame. He used their examples to weather his own disappointments, and succeeded mightily.

He was cremated. Half of his remains shall be kept in a custom urn to be fashioned by his masterful finish woodworker grandson Johann, on the fireplace mantle of the ancestral home that he so dearly loved, and the other half shall be buried next to his wife Mary Ann, at Bayview Cemetery in Bellingham in the early spring, exact date to be announced.

Acknowledging that a one day event would not do justice to such a gem of a man, the family has chosen instead to host a two week festival in the late summer when fruit on the property is ripening. On one day there will be a customary memorial service at a time and place to be later announced. The rest of the time will be an open house at the ancestral home where well wishers and loved ones will be welcome to drop in whenever they can, celebrate, and reminisce.

The main focus of the festival will, of course, be Carlin himself. In addition, as he would want, it will celebrate the entire Freeberg family story, from Grandpa Albin's immigration from Sweden, to the present.

The family invites anyone who wishes to attend the festival to contact son Kris via email, kris@makinendsmeet.com, or phone (360) 224-4322.

Memorials. We suggest making memorial donations to charities that support disabled Veterans, Emergency Responders, cancer patients, or the Boy Scouts of America.