

Otto Max Stoß

February 13, 1928 ~ July 13, 2020

Born February 13, 1928, in Weimer, Germany to Herman and Else Stoß. He passed away on July 13, 2020, at the age of 92.

He is survived by his wife, Margaret, of 70 years and his children, Rita (Stan) Adams and Ronnie (Diane) Stoß ; brothers in Germany, Hansi (Helga) and Harold; Grandchildren, PJ (Nick Farris), Holly (Nathan Short), Dannyelle (Jason Moses); Great Grandchildren, Nicholas, Michelle, Nalani, Tessa, Mick, Kyler, Sammy, and Kate. He is preceded in death by his brother, Guenther; granddaughter, Tiffany Adams; and grandson, Joshua.

There will be no services. There will be a celebration of life at a later time. We want to give a special thank you to the caregivers at Rocky Mountain Hospice. Please do not send flowers.

Otto and I met in 1949 when he came to West Germany from East Germany. We worked in the same factory. He was a machinist and a very hard worker. We started to date and he proposed to me. We were married August 12, 1950.

November 1951 we had a beautiful little girl. We only had boy's names picked out so when we had a girl we had to find a girl's name. Otto was reading a book and there was a brown eyed girl named Rita so he decided we would name her Rita.

August 1953 we moved to America. We arrived at Hoboken, NJ and had to take a taxi to NY to catch the greyhound bus to Salt Lake City, UT. In our travel across the country Rita lost her pacifier. Just before Chicago the bus stopped at a store, so I told him to go in the store to find a "blue" pacifier. Since we had a language barrier Otto went to find the pacifier walking through the store and trying to find the right one. As he walked with the clerk and tried to point and motion what he needed the clerk was able to give him a pacifier. Unfortunately it was not blue so he gave it back and pointed to blue and finally got a blue pacifier since he knew his little girl needed the blue on. While he was in the store he saw some people with a bag of potato chips. He decided he would buy some as well because it looked so good. When we opened the bag Otto and I didn't care for the taste, but Rita was eating them. After we put the bag in the overhead compartment Rita said she wanted potatoes. We told her we did not have potatoes, but she let us know in the bag they were potatoes.

At another stop on the journey Otto saw people with ice cream cones. He went to ask for "ice" which he was given ice cubes and then crushed ice. He finally pointed to the people with ice cream cones. It was a very hot day and while he was walking back to the bus the driver thought it would be funny to slowly drive away. I went running to the driver and yelled "My Man" "My Man". The bus driver stopped and chuckled because it was a joke. Since we were the only immigrants on the bus this made for a scary yet funny situation. Otto had a thought while chasing the bus

that he was about to be left in the middle of nowhere holding 2 ice cream cones.

When we arrived in Salt Lake City, Otto had a job within 3 days. He was always a hard worker and wanted all the best for his family. He would always make sure his family was taken care of with food, clothing and always made sure all the bills were paid on time. He did not want the family to ever worry about those things.

March of 1955 our son, Ronnie was born. Otto was so proud of his family. He always wanted to make sure we had family outings and traveling to many places was so special to him. In the summertime we would go on picnics to Millercreek Canyon. Ronnie would always ask questions about Germany and wanted to know where Germany was. Otto would tell Ronnie when it gets dark here then it gets daylight in Germany. One time while leaving Millercreek when it was getting dark Ronnie saw the sun setting over the Great Salt Lake. He told Otto “look daddy, I can see Germany because it’s getting dark here and I see it getting light in Germany”.

There was a winter when it kept snowing. Otto went out late at night and built an igloo to surprise Ronnie so he would be able to play in it the next day.

Ronnie wanted to fly a kite. So Otto helped Ronnie build his own kite and then we all went to “This is the Place Monument” to fly the kite.

Being able to have the freedom of traveling meant so much to Otto. Each year he made sure we all went on vacations and had many special weekend trips as a family. We traveled throughout Utah. One time we were in Vernal and at Echo Canyon. We were calling out words in German. Rita told Otto, listen daddy the echo can speak Germen. He never forgot that day.

We went on many trips with my sister Lucy and brother in law Herbie and their daughters Susan and Faye. Prior to the trips our 2 families would get together and visit and talk about where we were going and Otto would map out the route we would take. One year we were all going to Moab, but the night before we were going to go we were talking about how we always enjoyed going to Canada so we all went to Canada. Each morning in Banff Canada Otto would get up early and go to the bakery to buy fresh baked goods for breakfast.

Otto and I took 2 trips to Germany and Paris. We took the elevator to the top of the Eiffel Tower and enjoyed the breathtaking experience. While in Paris Otto felt someone reaching into his back pocket. Realizing someone was trying to rob him so he shouted out that he was being robbed. Fortunately Otto was smart and had put his wallet in his front pocket. Therefore, the would be robber did not get his wallet.

When we took Rita with us on our 3rd trip to Germany Otto was so proud to travel throughout Germany to show her where he lived and spent time as a child. He was very proud of his heritage.

Otto wanted to take me on a special trip to Hawaii. He made sure we would have a very special and memorable experience.

We were blessed to have 2 healthy children Rita and Ronnie. Later in life we were blessed with 4 granddaughter’s and 1 grandson. We have also been blessed and able to enjoy life with our 8 great grandchildren. Family was important to Otto and he was proud to be a husband, father, grandfather and great grandfather to his family.

I’m grateful for the special memories and will always carry them with me.

Auf Wiedersehen,
Margaret Stoss

When I think of my Grandpa, I always think of a man that loved his family and would do anything for them. Grandpa always made each of us feel special, you never felt like he played favorites. In February when we saw him, he talked about taking the whole entire family to Germany, unfortunately his dream of taking us to Germany never happened. I have many great memories of grandpa, like when he would play hide and go seek with us, or make us pancakes the size of the pan, and then he couldn't understand why I couldn't eat 7 or 8 of them when I could eat 7 or 8 small ones that grandma would make. His pancakes were the size of his BIG heart, it just showed how much he loved us. When Michelle was born, she had these big blue eyes and the first time that grandpa saw her, he called his little blue-eyed angel, it was very special. I remember one time when we were at the Dallas County Fair, Nicholas was about 3 or 4 years old and he wanted us to buy him a cow that he saw, I told him no, and he walks straight up to GPA and says GPA will you buy me the cow, and told him to go pay the man, he asked Nicholas

where would you put the cow, Nicholas said on my plate, so that night GPA bought Nicholas a steak instead, which when it came to the grandkids the word NO was not heard very often. Grandpa was so proud of his family, and loved us all so much, it is hard to put everything into words, but he meant the world to all us. He was a very special man, and I was very blessed to have him in my life, but most of all Nicholas and Michelle got to know him as well. WE MISS YOU AND LOVE YOU GRANDPA!!!

A life in the remembrance of our Father, Grandfather and Great Grandfather and husband to his wife Margaret of 70 years.

Having reached the age of 92 there have been so many accomplishments. Therefore, we can't just give a short synopsis of his life.

Growing up in Germany as a young man at the age of 16 he joined the German Navy during World War II. He soon became a prisoner of war. After the war he met Margaret Bernstiel, whom he married and celebrated 70 years together. They settled in Velbert, Germany where they had their daughter, Rita. Margaret's family had all left Germany and moved to America. Otto always wanted the best for his family and decided to take Margaret and Rita in August 1953 to America to be close to her family. The three of them left on the last voyage of the Neptune and crossed the ocean to land at Hoboken, NJ. From there they traveled across the country on a Greyhound bus to Salt Lake City, UT. He was always a hard worker and made sure to provide for his family. His first job in America was working at Woolworths as a dishwasher. He soon got a job working for Safeway making ice cream and developing many recipes for the company. He later worked for the State of Utah where he retired at the age of 65.

The family traveled together on many special vacations throughout Utah and the Western USA as well as Canada. He and Margaret returned for trips to German 2 times and the 3rd trip they took Rita to show her where she was born since she was only 22 months when they moved to America. After retirement he also took Margaret on a vacation to Hawaii.

For his 65th birthday Rita flew to Salt Lake City to surprise him. She had some friends pick her up at the airport and drop her off at Little America hotel. Margaret told him they were going to join the friends at Little America for dinner and knowing that I was the surprise. When they arrived at Little America, I was waiting at a table to greet them. As he walked by he thought that lady looks like Rita. I then got up from the table and asked if they would like to join me for dinner. He was very surprised and happy.

Otto was very meticulous and prided himself to have the most beautiful home on the street where they lived. He loved to travel by car and did not like to fly unless he absolutely had to. So there where many times he bought a new car. He enjoyed the challenge of being able to negotiate with the sales people. Therefore, Margaret would not join him to buy a new car.

He always enjoyed coming to Oregon to visit our family. At Christmas time he would join in to make the German Stollen with Margaret and Stan. We all would enjoy having special family dinners when they came to Oregon. Many times our entire family would take them to the coast at Seaside (444). He always enjoyed the storm watching and watching the ocean and spending time with the family. Dad always enjoyed being in Oregon.

There was one time for his birthday the 3 girls (PJ, Holly, Tiffany) surprised him and joined him and grandma in Las Vegas. He was definitely surprised and very happy to have his 3 granddaughters there with him for his birthday. For the girls 21st birthdays he would make sure to take them to Las Vegas for a vacation and celebrate their birthdays.

The girls remember spending many special times with their grandpa. A few great memories are him buying pizza and bringing it home and then having everyone sit together to eat and watch his favorite shows "Wheel of Fortune and Jeopardy".

There were times he would get KFC and we would go on a picnic at the park. He would play hide and seek with the girls. He would climb high up in a tree and hide. It would take them forever to find him. They were always amazed and how far he got up in those trees.

There one time was a Halloween party sponsored by the credit union where he and PJ dressed up as hobo twins.

We also had great trips to Yellowstone, Lava hot springs, Wyoming, Leavenworth, Wa and Disneyland. He would always make sure to find a hotel with a pool so the girls could swim and have fun after a day of travel.

When the girls went to Utah to visit during the summer grandpa would make sure to take them to the grocery store first thing and shop for whatever they wanted. He always made sure they would be fed and happy. Grandpa and Grandma would take the girls and 2 of their friends to Lagoon on every one of these trips. On our way back home to Oregon the girls would play the cow game. First one to 100 wins. Well grandpa knew we were playing and as he saw big farms ahead he would slow down and sometimes even pull over so we could count our cows. This definitely increased the challenge of the game. He always kept it fair and would make sure we each had our moment to count the cows. He always made sure we would have a good time and were happy on these trips.

He was always so proud of his family as we were of him. There are so many more memories which we are able to reminisce and always cherish.

In loving memory of our father, grandfather and great grandfather.

Rita, Stan, PJ and Holly -- Oregon

This year for New Year's Holly and Nalani flew to Utah to ring in the new year with grandma and grandpa. Nalani's best memory of that time was playing games and staying up late every night. She loved helping grandpa play solitaire and shuffling cards for him. He would tell her stories of his life which she enjoyed hearing and learning more about his life. We were so blessed to have those moments and will cherish them forever.

Great grandauther—Nalani

Many memories of breakfast, lunch and dinners at Little America and at home I will always cherish. Special trips to Las Vegas to share Otto and Margaret's 50th wedding anniversary, and the look on Otto and Margaret's face when we surprised them in Vegas on his 75th birthday was priceless. Memories of Christmas Eve with the best Rouladen dinner ever, with Joshua, Danyelle and Jason will always be special in my heart. We would open Christmas Eve presents and Otto and Margaret would tell us stories of when they were in Germany during the war.

Otto lived life, he never stopped. He was a wonderful Father In Law to me, and was always loving to Joshua, Danyelle and Jason. He loved Margaret and took care of her with respect and always opened her car door. His love for Ronnie and Rita showed with his helping hand. When ever he won in Vegas, which he did often, he shared with his children. Otto's devotion and love for his family showed in his many trips to Oregon to be with Rita, Stan, grandchildren, and great grandchildren which he adored and loved.

Otto was an amazing man and drove until he was 92 years old. On Father's Day this June we had dinner at their home. After dinner I found Otto writing in his check book to take care of some of his bills. I asked him if he needed me to help him and he said no. That is pretty amazing and shows his strength and determination.

He died after only being in a hospital bed for 4 days peacefully. With Margaret saying goodnight to him around 12:00 at night. Ronnie stayed next to him in their recliner and around 1:30 am Ronnie noticed his father had peacefully passed away.

We will miss you Otto, and thank you for being good to me. Love and God Blessing, Diane

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