



Fred Cericola Obituary

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Grief is the price we pay for love.

Fred Cericola, 91, of [Albuquerque, NM](#), passed away on March 1, after living a long and rewarding life and with a little less longevity than tomorrow would have brought.

Fred was born on April 23rd, 1932, to Sabina (nee DiLorenzo) and Jay Cericola.

He was raised in Sugarite and Dawson NM, both coal mining communities in northern New Mexico.

He is survived by his wife of 68 years, Sara (nee Zarges) and children Patricia (David) of San Francisco, CA, Frederick (Sherri) of Scottsdale, AZ and Mark Cericola (Berrin) of [Cincinnati, Ohio](#), and grandchildren

Ela and Ozan. He is predeceased by his three older siblings, James Cericola, Mary Brozovich and Johnny Cericola.

There is always a dance between how one is remembered and how one would like to be remembered. I believe this was just a straight line with Fred. He'd want to be, and is, remembered as steady and reliable. As a family man. As kind. As dependable.

His was the American Story. Grew up in an immigrant coal mining town, served honorably in Korea, went to college on the GI bill, (followed his soon-to-be wife to college to make sure she didn't get away), graduated with honors in 1959 in Mechanical Engineering, married to Sara nee Zarges in 1955 and raised three children. He worked 32 years at Sandia Labs. He danced and travelled, played competitive tennis and table tennis, and hunted and fished the mountains and streams of northern New Mexico.

He fathered his children well. Taught the boys to mow lawns and fix cars. The girl to dance ...and change a tire, which was his prerequisite before she could drive alone. He worried about his children out in the world. "Don't put your hand under any rocks and logs", he'd admonish when camping, "and watch out for snakes!". (We still say that occasionally as a sign-off to each other)

He made and, more importantly, maintained friendships that spanned eight decades. His friendships and relationships were to be envied. He liked himself and so genuinely liked most people he met. Childhood friends, fishing friends, hunting friends, work friends, tennis and

table tennis friends. Friends among his relatives. Friends among his neighbors. He even felt friendly toward those already passed.

For he read the obituaries on most days and would comment on the passing of acquaintances and colleagues, mulling over the tidbits he didn't know about them. I think it was a way for him to stay connected to those in his past. He admitted to me that days when he didn't know anyone in the obits he felt a bit sad.

I'm writing this as I believe he would have liked to read it. Here's hoping a few of you are feeling a bit less sad today.