

Emanuel R. "Manny" Rilatos

Funeral Services were held Wednesday, 3:00 p.m. Wednesday, May 27 at the Siletz Tribal Center for Emanuel R. "Manny" Rilatos. Pastor Alfred Burkey performed the service, assisted by officers of Toledo Elks Lodge # 1664 of which Manuel was a member. Selene's Siletz Unity Youth Group performed the Lord's Prayer in Indian Sign and a favorite song "Harbor Lights" by the Platters was played in Manuel's memory.

Pall bearers were Frankie, David, Kent, Rick, Phillip, and Darin Rilatos. Honorary pall bearers included Edward, Phillip, Danny, David and Robert Rilatos, Jr., Robert E. Simmons, Matthew Williams, Jr., Everett Downey, Sr., Leonard Whitlow, Jr., Paul Irish and Joe Lane.

Interment was at Paul Washington Cemetery.

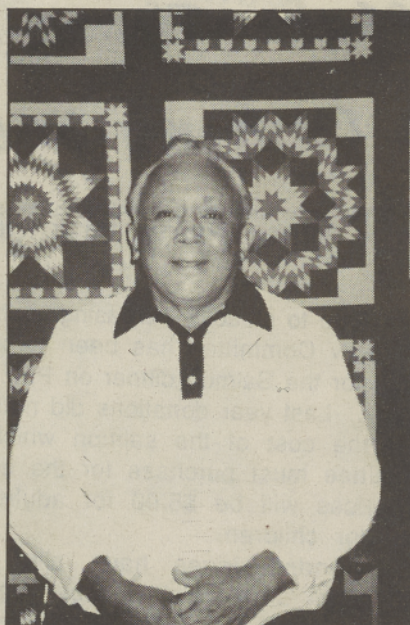
Tribal member, Emanuel R. "Manny" Rilatos was born to R.T. Rilatos and Pearl Simmons Rilatos on September 13, 1923 in Corvallis, Oregon. He died at his home in Siletz, Oregon on Saturday, May 23, 1992.

He had resided in Wrangell, Alaska for eighteen years; and in Siletz, Oregon for most of his life.

Manuel was inducted into the U.S. Army during World War II on June 25, 1943 and was discharged February 7, 1946. During his tour of duty he was awarded several medals. He had been a logger and truck driver for thirty-five years, retiring at age sixty-two. He had also been employed by the Job Corps for twelve years.

He was a member of the Assembly of God Church and Toledo Elks Lodge #1664.

Survivors include his mother, Pearl Rilatos of Siletz, Oregon; his wife, Clarice



Rilatos of Siletz, Oregon, whom he married in Vancouver, Washington; six sons, Manuel Frank Rilatos, Kent Rilatos, and Darin Rilatos all of Siletz, Oregon, Richard Rilatos of St. Helens, Oregon, David Rilatos of Knappa, Oregon and Phillip Rilatos of Vancouver, Washington, one daughter, Darlene S. Taylor of Auburn, Washington; one sister, Mary Marzan of Orange Cove, California; four brothers, Edward R. Rilatos of Palmer, Alaska, David Rilatos and Daniel E. Rilatos both of Siletz, Oregon and Phillip Rilatos of White Swan, Washington; twelve grandchildren; and seven great grandchildren; and numerous nieces, nephews and cousins.

Manuel was active in Tribal Government serving on many committees and Tribal Council.

He will be missed.

*On Eagles wings for you and I
Spiraling high into the sky
Where freedom rings for you and I
On Eagle's Wings*

Tony Molina

On Eagle's Wings

*You who dwell in the shelter of the Lord,
Who abide in his shadow for life,
Say to the Lord: "My refuge, my rock in whom I
trust!"*

*And he will raise you up on eagle's wings,
Bear you on the breath of dawn,
Make you to shine like the sun,
and hold you in the palm of his hand.*

*The snare of the fowler will never capture you,
And famine will bring you no fear:
Under his wings your refuge,
His faithfulness your shield.*

*You need not fear the terror of the night,
Nor the arrow that flies by day;
Though thousands fall about you,
Near you it shall not come.*

*For to his angels he's given a command
to guard you in all of your ways;
Up on their hands they will bear you up,
Lest you dash your foot against a stone.
And hold you, hold you in the palm of his hand.*

Editors Note:

Manuel Rilatos was my friend and I will miss him. Manuel always had a cheerful greeting and some tale to tell. When the day got long and tedious, I could count on him to break the monotony and make me laugh. Manuel nicknamed me "Fish" (short for the fish lady) and I called him "Bait". Whenever I heard "Fish", I knew I was in for a long interpretation of something. Never one to mince words, I always knew Manuel would speak his mind and give his honest opinion. I have to admit that sometimes the disagreements were more fun than the agreements. I'll miss Manuel and I would like to extend my sympathies to the Rilatos family.

Teresa Miller

*My people are few. They resemble the
scattering trees of a storm-swept plain...There
was a time when our people covered the land as
the waves of a wind-ruffled sea cover its shell-
paved floor, but that time long since passed away
with the greatness of tribes that are now but a
mournful memory...To us the ashes of our
ancestors are sacred and their resting place is
hallowed ground...Our religion is the traditions of
our ancestors--the dreams of our old men, given
them in the solemn hours of night by the Great
Spirit; and the visions are written in the hearts
of our people.....At night when the streets of your
cities and villages are silent and you think them
deserted, they will throng with the returning
hosts that once filled them and still love this
beautiful land.*

-Chief Seattle 1855



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