



THREE LESSONS FROM THREE GREAT GUYS

Patrick J. Krebs

One of the perks of being President of the Cleveland Metropolitan Bar Foundation is that I get to write a column each month in the Bar Journal. Throughout the past year, I have used this column to spotlight the great work that the CMBF does to help those in need in our community. With my last column as President of the CMBF, I am going to venture a bit off course and devote this column to three great men who my family lost over the past several weeks: my brother-in-law Pat Rahill, my dad Dick Krebs, and my uncle Ed Winters. Each man was so different, yet each one taught me lessons that will guide me for the rest of my life.

Pat Rahill was affectionately known to many as “Big Pat.” He got that nickname not only for his physical stature, but also as a way to differentiate him from his son Patrick. It was a fitting nickname that way. But that nickname was even more fitting when describing his personality and his heart. When Pat walked into a room, you either knew him or you wanted to get to know him. And he would give you plenty of time to get to know him, as he

was typically the last one to leave a good party. He was that kind of guy. He was also the kind of guy who would drop everything to help a friend or family member in need. Pat Rahill was truly one of a kind, and his passing has left a hole in the heart of everyone who knew him.

My dad got the nickname “Dead-Eye Dick” as a Hall of Fame basketball player at Cathedral Latin High School and John Carroll University. That nickname stuck when he earned his expert marksman badge in the U.S. Army. He and my mom were married for 55 years and together they raised eight kids, who in turn gave them 27 grandkids and three great-grandkids (with more on the way!). My dad had a lot to brag about, but that was never his style. I was more likely to hear about his basketball accolades from total strangers than from him — and that happened a lot over the years. A typical exchange would go something like this: “Q: I see your last name is Krebs. Are you any relation to Dick Krebs? A: I think you are talking about my dad. Q: Well he was one of the best basketball players I have ever seen.” It’s pretty amazing to hear that said **about** your dad. But I never

heard that **from** my dad. Instead, he quietly went on his way providing for our family. They just don’t make them like that anymore.

Ed Winters taught English and Video Production at John F. Kennedy High School for 30 years. He was beloved by his students as much for his technical expertise as he was for his simple acts of kindness. Several students cited my uncle as the reason they pursued careers in the TV and film industries. Teaching was my Uncle Ed’s passion, and it showed in the love and appreciation he received from his grateful students. That passion was surpassed only by his love and devotion to his faith, his family, and his selfless service to others. My Uncle Ed, or “Steady Eddie” as my brothers and I called him, was as steady as they come.

I am forever grateful for the time I spent with Big Pat, Dead-Eye Dick, and Steady Eddie, and for the lessons I learned from them. First, give a firm handshake and a helping hand to everyone you meet, it will come back to you in spades. Second, put your head down and get to work, the results will take care of themselves. Lastly, pursue your passion, but never lose sight of what truly matters — faith, family, and friends. Three life lessons from three great guys.



Pat “Big Pat” Rahill



Dick “Dead-Eye Dick” Krebs



Ed “Steady Eddie” Winters

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