



Richard Irvin Brickley

JAN 12, 1952 - JAN 1, 2025



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Richard, Rickie, Rich, Rick, Uncle Rick, Rico, Bricks, G'PA Bro. Richard had a nickname for every family and social circle he was a member of. Although, had he been born a girl – his mother's dream after birthing two baby boys – all of these nicknames would just be Nancy.

Richard lived in Ohio his entire life (except for two years for work in St. Louis). He was born in 1952 in Garfield Heights, Cuyahoga County. As a child of Cleveland in the 1950s and 1960s, he often reminisced about adventures at Euclid Beach Park (1895-1969).

He passed away on New Year's Day of 2025 (a fact that would delight him), suddenly and peacefully in the North Olmsted home he shared with the love of his life: his feisty Irish partner of 18 years, Mary Lucille Bradesca. Mary preceded Richard in death by only 127 days and a few hours. Richard missed Mary dearly.

His dad, George Brickley, hailed from Cresson, PA, and was a WWII Army Air Corp veteran. He met and married Kansas native Velda Bennett before being deployed to Japan. Richard's mom, Velda "Vee," was a dental hygienist and raised three boys. She was a generous extrovert who played the organ and was a master needle pointer. They lived their best life in Holiday, Florida, where they moved after George retired from Republic Steel. They adorned their retirement home with the finest tchotchkes. Richard and his family spent many warm vacations with George and Vee playing Rummikub and visiting the Tarpon Springs Sponge Docks to eat gyros and watch the pelicans. They adored Richard and vice versa, and he never stopped grieving them.

In his early 30s, Richard lost his oldest dear brother, Gary, who was a Vietnam veteran who loved the outdoors. Gary was the best man at Richard's wedding. Gary left behind a son, Scott, and Richard/Uncle Rick stepped in to be a father figure. He regarded Scott as a son. Scott is married to Pat, is the father to Brandon (Samantha), Autumn, and Addy, and is the grandfather to Bella.



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While raising a family, Richard spent almost every Christmas Eve with his second oldest dear brother, Jim's family. Also a Vietnam veteran, Jim is married to Ruth, the father of Bob (Keely), and grandfather to Cal and Vivian.

Richard joins his first and only granddaughter, Suzie Hope. His living family hopes that they have been reunited in some cosmic way.

Richard had a grandson, Jack Hope, and a bonus grandson, Noah. Thankfully, Jack spent the Total Eclipse of 2024 in Cleveland with his G'PA Bro and Grandma Mary. They spent 3 minutes and 49 seconds of exciting darkness together and rejoiced in unison when the sun returned.

Richard leaves behind two daughters, Leah (Jason Gabari) and Rachel, who he parented with his first wife and friend, Lisa. The three would like you to know that Richard was chivalrous, a Jack of all trades, and could build anything from a multi-tiered deck with bespoke benches to a skeet house. He had a native internal compass and never needed directions and spent countless hours driving a Cutlass Supreme through the territories of an after-market automotive sales manager (as part of their inheritance, Leah and Rachel are splitting a case of something called fuel injector cleaner). His coworkers and managers respected him, and he was very, very good at his profession. He was funny and goofy and, at weddings, would pretend to poke his eyes on the dance floor. He liked to imbibe and could run circles around both Bacchus and Dionysus. He was a natural teacher, and his daughters know how to drive, change their tires and oil, operate a tractor, unhook a fish, shoot trap, and light a Weber charcoal grill because of him. At least one of them knows how to reload shotgun shells. He let them dress him up and even paint his nails once or twice. He was at every sporting event (and coached softball), concert, graduation, and wedding, moved them into every 3rd-floor walk-up apartment, and filmed every family vacation with a gigantic VHS shoulder-mounted camcorder. He was such an integral part of multiple communities that he had a nickname for each. They remember him as Dad and his ever-lasting imprint will be his unyielding commitment to curiosity. He never lost his wonder.

He also left behind two essential recipes: Brick's Homemade Corn Chowder, which he "tinkered" with and perfected over the years, and the tableside Caesar Salad, directly from the Chef at the legendary and former D'Amico's on Route 18 in Medina, Ohio.

Richard's family and friends will celebrate his life this spring on land that was very dear to him. There, he found his greatest comradery and community and helped create legacies. It's where he



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taught his daughters to camp, fish, and shoot responsibly. This place helped enrich and shape their human experience, and they are grateful he shared it with them.

Richard was a 12-year Advance Guard donor of the Wounded Warrior Project. He would worry that they've lost his financial support and would encourage others to donate, in his name or not.



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Noah Gabari posted:

I remember camping with him in Ohio-noah gabari

January 5 at 1:10 PM



Steve Rice posted:

We all loved Richard, he took me too my very first live football game in Ohio, We had a blast.He will be missed, but never forgotten 🥺❤️ Steve Rice

January 5 at 12:30 PM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Richard by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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