



# Bradley M. Thwing

MAY 22, 1969 - AUG 3, 2025



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## **Bradley M. Thwing**

MAY 22, 1969 - AUG 3, 2025

**B**radley M. Thwing, age 56, passed away peacefully on August 3, 2025. Born in Cleveland, Ohio, Brad grew up in Lakewood and spent most of his life in the Cleveland area—never straying far from the city and sports teams he loved.

Brad was a proud graduate of Wittenberg University (Class of '91) and built a career as a Medicare Credentialing Specialist, where his meticulous nature and attention to detail truly shined. A perfectionist in the best way, Brad approached life with precision, passion, and a quiet determination.

Outside of work, Brad was always on the move. He was an avid cyclist, a dedicated bowler, and a golfer who never minded chasing a ball into the rough if it meant being outdoors. He was also a lifelong fan of Cleveland's sports teams—loyal through every heartbreak and triumph.

Brad shared his life with his beloved wife, Christine, and their sweet dog, Penny. Though they didn't have children, Brad was a cherished uncle to Jessica and Rebecca, Joey, Thomas C., Jessica C., Faith, Paige, Christian, Mason, Dawn, Beata, Justin, Christopher, and Thomas—and great-uncle to baby Jaxen, born just two weeks ago.

He is survived by Christine; his mother, Gwenn Minke; and his brothers Jeff, Benjamin, and Jeremy. Brad's warmth, wit, and quiet strength will be deeply missed by all who knew him, including extended family and friends, and the many people in the Cleveland insurance sector whose lives he touched.

Some of Brad's most joyful moments were spent singing in harmony with his brother Jeff in the Lakewood High Roadshow Jazz Choir—a memory that still rings clear and sweet. Bacon Fat anyone? He continued his singing career with the North Olmsted Evangelical Friends Church with the Praise team and some solo performances as well. His absence will be felt by all the members there.



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Brad's legacy is one of kindness, precision, and a deep love for the simple pleasures: a good ride, a clean swing, a shared song, and the people he held close.

In lieu of flowers, the family kindly requests that donations be made to the American Cancer Society, an organization close to Brad's heart.

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# Events

**Bradley M. Thwing**

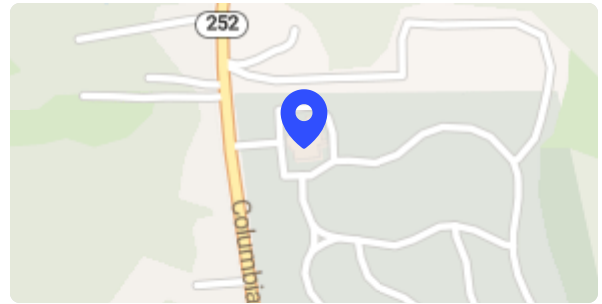
MAY 22, 1969 - AUG 3, 2025

## Visitation


 **Friday**, August 8, 2025


 2:00 PM - 4:00 PM ET

 **Sunset Chapel**  
6245 Columbia Road, North Olmsted OH 44070

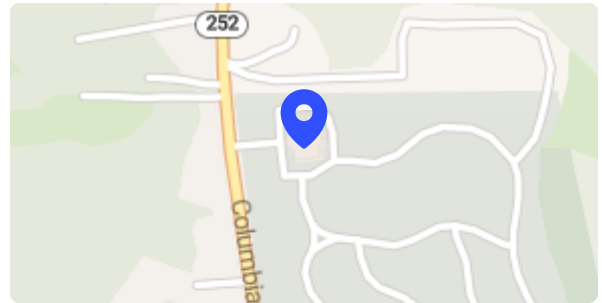


## Funeral

 **Friday**, August 8, 2025

 4:00 PM ET

 **Sunset Chapel**  
6245 Columbia Road, North Olmsted OH 44070





## Tribute Wall

**Bradley M. Thwing**

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**Jeff Thwing** posted:

This is the eulogy presented at Brad's memorial. Good afternoon, everyone, Thank you for being here today to celebrate the life of my brother, Brad. It's hard to sum up a person like Brad in just a few words—especially when those words have to carry the weight of love, laughter, and a lifetime of memories. We grew up in Lakewood, on Chesterland and then Wyandotte, always part of a big gang of kids who treated the neighborhood like our personal kingdom. It was the 70s, so naturally, we were out from morning till the streetlights came on—returning only for meals and maybe a quick check-in if someone scraped a knee or needed a popsicle. Those days were full of adventure, mischief, and the kind of freedom that only childhood can offer. He was the kind of guy who didn't just dabble—he dove in. Whether it was perfecting his swing or fine-tuning his bike, he gave it his all. And if you knew Brad, you knew he was a perfectionist. Sometimes to a fault. But when it came to work, that drive is what made him stand out. Chris once told me that back when they worked together at QualChoice, Brad consistently earned the highest performance scores. No surprise there—he didn't settle for "good enough." Music was another thread woven through Brad's life, thanks to Mom. She filled our house with jazz records, some of which I think I still have, unless Jessie snuck off with them. We both started on piano, moved through a few instruments, and for a while, Brad even marched with us in the band, playing trombone. But it was singing that truly lit him up. From high school days in the Roadshow Jazz Choir to later years singing in church, Brad's voice was both a gift and a joy. I'll always blame Mom for that one—those records planted the seed. Chris shared that she was always thrilled to listen to him sing whether at church (She was constantly being asked by church attendees when was Brad going to be singing again), in the car driving, or sitting at home at our computer into the evening singing some of his favorite songs while she was ready to fall asleep. One of their favorite things to do was go on "field trips" for a day. While driving, they would sing to our destination. Brad in tune, and she out of tune. Every trip at some point, he would say, "Chris", and she would say "Yes?", he would hit play, and they would begin singing "You're Still the One" by Orleans to each other. That was their song. Brad also had an eye for beauty. He loved photography, especially capturing sunsets over Lake Erie. There was something about those quiet moments—the light, the color, the calm—that spoke to him. Maybe it was his way of balancing out the perfectionist in him. Or maybe he just knew how to find peace in the simple things. Same for landscaping and gardening, something he would do with mom and keeping her yard presentable. Brad developed lifelong friendships. Stan, who has been with us through everything and right up until the end, Chris, Matt, Steve, Carl, Gary, Dan, Jeff, and the list goes on and on. They would all get together for fun, sporting events, and well, just plain shenanigans. I am sure we will be hearing many of these stories for quite a while. Family was important to Brad. When we were young, we would travel around with our grandfather Frank, going to the sites where he was building houses, picking up a knack for "doing things ourselves" and being hands on with repairs and such, but most of all having fun riding in the back of his pickup truck all over Mansfield. I did mention this was the 70s, right? Both our grandmothers instilled a love for history and genealogy, and we are both proud members of the Sons of the American Revolution and the Founders and Patriots society. We were part of the Indian Guides, a father and son organization with the YMCA doing campouts, pinewood derbies and other fun events. He was my best man at my wedding, providing the requisite shots beforehand, and even putting up with our staged



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cheesy photo. Then he became "Uncle Brad". At Jessie's first birthday party, he brought along a young woman he had been seeing for a little while. He was quite smitten with her and wanted to introduce her to everyone. I told him at that time, if she is still with you after meeting all of our family at once, in all their glory, she's a keeper. And we still think so of his wife Chris. Also known as Uncle Chris. I guess that would make him Aunt Brad? This joke has been in our family for about 22 years, started by my youngest who is now Uncle Becky thanks to Jaxen. While Brad did not get to meet him directly, he was in awe and cherished the photos I shared with him in the hospital of when we got to meet Jaxen for the first time. My girls shared one of their most favorite memories of Uncle Brad, from when we would go to the Bomber Squadron for mother's day brunches, he would follow them around with his tray, grabbing mini corn dogs and the like heading straight for the kids end of the table. This would also be our plan at big family gatherings in Mansfield, where eating at the kids' table was more desired than not, with he and I cracking jokes with our cousins and Uncle Phil. And getting first crack at the goodies on the desert table. He was always involved with Chris's nephews as well with many road trips and gatherings with them as well. Chris shared that she told him when they were dating how important family was, especially her nephews, and they were a package deal. To accept her was to accept them. Brad did not disappoint in this area. He loved them and her entire family. Her nephews could be ornery back in the day, but no matter what they did, Brad would laugh and get a kick out of them. He was all about loving and doing whatever we could for family. When a family event was scheduled, he would get more excited than she did and would begin planning and sharing ideas on what needed to be done to make the get together the most memorable and fun ever. Sports were a big part of his life. I think he inherited this love for sports from our dad. We would go to Indians games with Dad back at the old stadium, camping out in the bleachers. We would go and watch dad's softball games. There was always some kind of game on, depending on the season, when we were visiting with our family. My grandfather and uncle were also avid Indians fans so we were completely brought up with it. T-ball, rec league softball and flag football, and then eventually golf. Next cycling became a passion. I could never pull off those shorts, but somehow he made them work. See the photo collage for evidence. Above all, and with everything, Brad was someone who cared deeply. He worked hard, laughed often, and loved with intention. He was my brother, my friend, and someone I'll always miss—not just for what he did, but for who he was. Chris shared that Brad had more than his fair share of medical situations during their marriage. He dealt with each one head on and with a mind- set that he was going to battle and conquer each one. She so admired his bravery, drive and determination. Unfortunately, Brad would not be able to overcome the cancer that overtook him. Her heart is broken that his life and their time together on this earth was cut short. But she is forever grateful for the time God gave them. Brad and she took great comfort in knowing that this life is not the end as their faith in God taught them that there is an eternity to be lived after this life. They had talks about heaven and what it would be like. She knows without a doubt that Brad is there now and experiencing joy and peace beyond our understanding. She is reminded and comforted that they will be reunited again to share eternity together. So today, as we all remember Brad, our family's hope is that we carry forward the best parts of him: his passion, his precision, his music, and his heart. And maybe—just maybe—we'll all take a little more time to watch the sunset. As I am reminded of one of his favorite quotes: "May every sunrise bring you hope, may every sunset bring you peace." Thank you. \_\_\_\_\_



# Tribute Wall

**Bradley M. Thwing**  
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August 9 at 2:04 PM



**Russell Bauer** posted:

I will miss bowling with you and our talks. Both of us had similar sense of humor. Rest. Russ.

August 7 at 2:52 PM



**Anonymous** sent a Peaceful White Lilies Basket to the Thwing family.



August 7 at 10:33 AM



**Anonymous** planted a Memorial Tree in honor of Bradley.



August 7 at 10:33 AM



**Accellis Family** sent a Beautiful in Blue to the Thwing family.



August 6 at 1:46 PM



## **Memories only last if you share them**

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



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