



Ray Lynn Richeson

February 17, 1944 - September 21, 2018

Ray Lynn Richeson passed away on September 21, 2018, at the age of 74 years. Ray was born on February 17, 1944 in La Junta, Colorado, as the youngest child of Arthur Kilpatrick (AK) and Arlene. Nicknamed 'Butch', as a child, he raised and sold rabbits. He graduated from Kemper Military Academy in Booneville, MO. in 1962, and later attended University of Colorado and Southern Colorado State College.

Ray met Linda Janezich in Pueblo. He visited her whenever possible at Duckwall's, where she worked, eventually winning her heart. They married in Colorado Springs and raised three kids. Ray helped coach football, basketball, and cheered loudly for them. He loved to ski and fish with his family. Linda was the love of his life. They made their homes in Pueblo, Alamosa, Longmont, Denver, Phoenix, and Centennial. Always partners in whatever they did, they owned businesses, vacationed in Lake City, Mexico, Japan, Hawaii and loved visiting their kids, seven grandkids, and other family throughout the United States.

Ray loved construction and home improvement projects, having learned the skills from his father-in-law. He eventually built five homes - two in Pueblo, one in Alamosa, and two in Denver. He did much of the hard work himself, including framing, sheetrock, electrical, plumbing, roofing, and flooring. He often helped others with their projects, usually with a tape measure and pencil in hand.

Ray knew business and could sell anything - rabbits, shirts, pants, shoes, real estate, lumber, discounted tools, stocks, computer software, health insurance, and benefits of CBD oil. He started his career as a manager with Eaker's in 1963 in Pueblo. Two decades later, he was partner in Home Lumber Company of Alamosa. Later, he owned a tools business, selling throughout Colorado. He would go to Long Island and learn to sell stocks. He eventually sold software for Wixel in Denver, and ESS in Phoenix where he was Sr. VP of Operations. Most recently, Ray sold insurance for US Health Advisors and United Healthcare in Denver. He employed family and friends.

Ray enjoyed reading, bowling, and spent a lifetime playing golf. He twice went to see the Masters Tournament with his son. In the evenings, he enjoyed watching movies. He loved holidays. At Easter, he hid eggs containing cash for the grandkids. He dressed-up for Halloween, tossed whip-cream at Thanksgiving, and there were always stacks of dollars to reward gift guessing at Christmas. He would FedEx Klobase to family and friends.

Ray was a man of faith. Although his grandfather was a Methodist minister, Ray attended Baptist and Community churches as an adult. He taught Sunday school, served as a Deacon, hosted Bible studies and small group, and mentored more than one preacher. He loved giving and helping people. A big fan of gospel music, Ray even enjoyed singing in the church choir from time to time. He also served on the board of Children's Relief International. He loved sharing his testimony and inspired many with his faith in Jesus. He spent his final moments praying for his family.

Ray researched and then chose innovative treatments to fight his Parkinson's and cancer.

He is lovingly remembered by his wife of 54 years, Linda, and his children, Randall (Jennifer) Richeson of Highlands Ranch, CO, John Richeson of Cincinnati, OH, and Sara (Matthew) Snell of Wentzville, MO. Ray is also fondly remembered by his 7 grandchildren, Bethany (Conor Gilleland) Gaul of Westminster, CO, Bailey, Brooke, Chloe, and Cybelle Richeson of Highlands Ranch, CO, Alexandra and Christian Snell of Wentzville, MO; and by his sister Dona (Paul) Cason of Pueblo, CO and brother Kenneth (Patricia) of Williamsburg, VA. Numerous nieces, nephews, extended family and dear friends will also forever remember Ray.

We will celebrate Ray's life at 2:00 pm, on Sunday, October 14 at Highline Community Church, 6160 S. Wabash Way, Greenwood Village, CO. In lieu of flowers or gifts, memorial donations can go in Ray's name to:

Children's Relief International
P.O. Box 2470
Rockwall, TX 75087
<https://www.childrensrelief.org/>

Previous Events

Memorial

OCT **14**. 2:00 PM (MT)

Highline Community Church
6160 South Wabash Way
Greenwood Village, CO 80111

Tribute Wall

RR

“ Here is the link to the memorial service. My mom has the slideshow of pictures that were shown during Biff's performance of 'This Little Light of Mine'.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2xm90f-n-BI>

Randy Richeson - October 30, 2018 at 06:22 PM

RR

Here is the slideshow of pictures that were shown during Biff's performance of 'This Little Light of Mine.'

Randy Richeson - November 02, 2018 at 10:10 PM

RR

<https://youtu.be/CkzRVxBAhw0>

Randy Richeson - November 02, 2018 at 10:15 PM

“ Thank you for sharing your memories. I will share some of mine.

My Dad's enthusiasm for an idea was contagious. He could sell almost any product or service. He was a rebel who preferred to buck the norm with his own creative solutions.

My favorite memories as a kid include him tossing the football to me in the green belt behind the first home he built in Pueblo, and shooting hoops on the basketball court that he poured. He always told me to put more arch in my shot. Dad took me to my first Bronco game at the old Mile High Stadium.

Dad taught us kids how to troll fish at Lake City, and then took us four wheeling up Engineer Pass with thrilling rides around the ledge. He introduced us to skiing at Monarch after Scotch Guarding our blue jeans. Later he switched us to snow pants for the next trips.

He also taught us construction, putting us to work on remodeling projects or homes when he was building. He assigned tasks to us kids, and at least once put me in charge of hanging the insulation.

Dad gave me my first real job at 15 where I joined my cousin, Renee, and other friends from church at Eaker's in Pueblo. He told jokes, funny stories, and let us off early sometimes.

At Home Lumber in Alamosa, Dad sent me out in a flatbed truck. He did not always say where I was going because he was sometimes still arranging my next stop. One weekend, Dad sent me to Denver for what must have been 14 different pickup locations around the metro area for Alamosa customers. He chartered an adventurous course.

Years later, Dad sold software and I demoed what he said it would do and occasionally I would have to break the news that it did not do what he said it would do. Not that it was ever a long lasting problem, since he happily flowed between the customers and engineers studying their motivations, learning their interests, and eventually winning them over to find a solution. Sometimes his deals sent us across the country together.

When it came to family, Dad believed in unbroken circles and was always devoted to my Mom. Dad welcomed my wife, Jennifer and my first daughter, Bethany, into the family. He told Jennifer to just let him know if I did not treat her right. He liked to call her - Mrs. R. As a Grandpa he built memories with each of our five daughters. They were all there by his side on the day that he died.

Dad generously hosted the Richeson family reunion at Lake City. Years later my Uncle returned the favor and hosted another in Williamsburg, VA where Dad once again picked up the tab and arranged free tickets to Busch Gardens for my family.

Dad, with my Mom, showed up to countless events for our daughters including marching band, soccer, synchronized skating, gymnastics, piano recitals, basketball, volleyball, and cheer.

He taught by example how to work hard and to be a good husband, father, and grandpa. He left important legacies of love and faith for our family to remember.

The lessons Dad taught at the end of his life are harder to learn. In his final year, he faced lonely difficult choices with dignity, courage, optimism, armed with his faith in God and his typical sense of humor. These tough choices were often then followed by a round of golf with anyone who would go.

My Dad enjoyed the family and many friends that took time from their busy lives to visit during his last months.

I'm thankful for the many memories Dad left which I hope will help us all to find some comfort during this time. Thank you for letting me share some of mine.

Randy

Randy Richeson - October 14, 2018 at 06:47 PM

GB

“ *Ray was an outstanding individual. A man of true compassion and caring spirit. As a leader of people you could not ask for a better person to provide guidance and wisdom.*

His passion for Christ and living the caring way was inspirational. His love and dedication for family, friends and co-workers is something I will remember and hope to follow always.

Ray and I spent many hours on the golf course, but not enough. He was taken too soon, but I know he was prepared and at peace. You will be so missed, but there is solace to be found in your following the path to your reward. I ma thankful to have been able to know and spend time with you. We love you and miss you Ray.

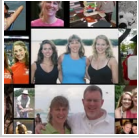
Greg Beytien

Greg Beytien - October 14, 2018 at 12:05 PM

Judy
Coleman

“ Ray genuinely cared about people. I was privileged to work for Ray for a while several years ago. I remember him planting himself squarely at my desk or calling me to his office just to have a conversation. I remember the golf shirt and note he sent my dad that I found out about a long time afterwards...and it still makes me tear up. Thank you Ray for all you've done to leave your mark on my life and this world. Rest in peace my friend

Judy Coleman - October 13, 2018 at 08:42 AM



“ My Uncle Ray always found a way into my life and my heart. I have so many wonderful memories of the time I did get to spend with him. A few memories spring to mind during these sad but peaceful days after his passing. I remember fishing in Lake City Colorado as a young boy when I must have been 10 or 11 and happened to hook into a brown trout which was rare for the lake....as the fish approached the boat my favorite Uncle tried to net the fish for me but alas was unsuccessful....as he looked at me crestfallen in the boat he joked with me that he was trying to knock it off on purpose windy gyrating the net like a baseball bat or axe which made me for some funny reason laugh like crazy.....I also remember playing golf with him later in life one time and as our scores were very close that day (a rare occurrence as Uncle Ray was indeed a fine golfer) he started to un-velcro his glove every time I went to putt or take a swing trying to distract me from my goal of wining the match....which again only made me smile.....somehow my Uncle Ray knew exactly what I was thinking and how to relate to me that always made me smile....this past year I had the opportunity to visit Colorado on business multiple times and was able to see my Uncle Ray which of course as you might imagine made me smile....my dad....my Uncle Ray's brother has said on more than one occasion that Uncle Ray and I are a lot alike.....I take that observation as a tremendous compliment and only hope I can continue to live up to that image....Beth, Sara, Katie and I send all of our thoughts and prayers to my Aunt Linda and my cousins Randy, John and Sara....

Kent Richeson - October 05, 2018 at 02:10 PM

MG

“ 1 file added to the album Memories Album



Michelle Gagnon - October 05, 2018 at 01:35 PM

MG

Ray was a kind and caring man. He was a great mentor, boss and friend. He was probably the most selfless person I have ever met and he made time for everyone. He provided tremendous support and assistance in navigating the insurance maze when Sean became ill and eventually passed, even though his own health was declining. Ray always made me think through difficult situations to come up with a solution where everyone could win and I use that skill every day. I am sad that I won't receive the occasional call checking to see how I'm doing or not be able to make that same call to see what he's up to. On behalf of Sean and myself, I wish you eternal peace Ray.

Michelle Gagnon

Michelle Gagnon - October 06, 2018 at 06:02 AM

KR

“*Ray was my younger brother. I was born in 1938 and Ray was born in 1944. With a six year difference in our ages, we did not share a lot of interests growing up. But we did have some. For example the rabbits that he raised and sold were mine initially. But he took the business more seriously.*

In some ways I was a negative role model for him, or at least that was the view of a couple of the members of our family. Recently he told me the following story which illustrates the point. I was home from college in 1959 and one day Ray and I walked up to City Park. As we passed a bar and restaurant we decided to go in and sat down at the bar. I ordered two beers which was no big deal for me -- since I was 21. But Ray was 15 and for him sharing a beer with his brother was a big, big deal. I didn't remember this event, but he remembered it vividly.

Fortunately as we both reached maturity we found lots of common interests. Golf was one and Ray was a real competitor and I was and am a terrible golfer. Ray remembered that vividly as only a younger brother might. The last few years we shared Parkinson's Disease and Ray was very active in trying to find a way to deal with it. He shared everything he learned with me and that is one of many, many memories of him.

His older brother will miss him terribly. May he rest in peace.

Ken Richeson

Ken Richeson - October 04, 2018 at 05:08 PM