

## Richard Brown Obituary

### April 6, 1940 – December 2, 2025

Richard M. "Dick" Brown, age 85, of Omaha Nebraska, passed away peacefully at home on December 2, 2025 after a life filled with love, family, service and adventure.

Born in Ottumwa, IA, and raised in Davenport, IA, Dick grew up with a strong sense of family and duty. He was the oldest child of Harold R. Brown and Geneva Lane Brown. He was the beloved brother of Gary (Mary) Brown, Harold A. (Nancy) Brown, Debbie (Gary) Davis, Ricky (Rita) Brown and the late Patricia (Wayne) Parker. He was also loved and respected by his in-laws, Bob and Toni Vering, Trudi Barber, the late Tom Thierolf, and Pat and Floyd Thierolf.

Dick graduated from the U.S. Air Force Academy in 1963 where he was a starter for the AF Falcons football team, playing both offense and defense. He went on to become a pilot flying tankers and reconnaissance aircraft along with the US Embassy plane during the time he was stationed in Athens, Greece. Flying wasn't just his career—it was his passion, a calling that reflected his adventurous spirit and deep love of country. Dick served in the Air Force for 25 years. When his Air Force career ended, Dick was a corporate pilot for another 15 years flying for Valmont, Inacom, and Werner Trucking.

In 1979, Dick met and married Terri Thierolf, his much-loved wife of 46 years. Together, they built a life rich in laughter, shared adventures and the kind of quiet loyalty that anchors a marriage. While they had no children of their own, Dick found immense joy in his many nieces and nephews offering support and guidance.

Dick had many gifts and interests outside of flying, although that enthusiasm never waned. His military buddy, Dan Peterson, checked off a biggie on his bucket list by taking him up in a glider only three years ago. In addition, he was also an avid golfer, happiest on the course with friends or family. Dick had two holes-in-one—the first was just dumb luck but the second was a real beauty! He also had an artist's touch, creating beautiful stained-glass windows, and lamps that remain treasured keepsakes for those lucky enough to receive them. Every piece he crafted was made with love and meticulous workmanship.



Those who knew him will remember him as a kind and generous man. He was a devoted husband, a loving son, brother, and uncle. He was someone whose presence could steady you and whose love made you feel safe and valued.

I was blessed to have spent the better part of my life with him. He was my greatest gift.

Instead of flowers to honor Dick's memory, please consider supporting The Wounded Warrior Project or K9s for Warriors.

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth  
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;  
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth  
of sun-split clouds,-and done a hundred things  
You have not dreamed of- wheeled and soared and swung  
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,  
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung  
My eager craft through footless halls of air...

Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue  
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace  
Where never lark, or even eagle flew-  
And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod  
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,  
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God