



Richard C. Cochrane

July 20, 1938 - April 30, 2020

Richard C. Cochrane, Navy Veteran Submarine Service. Beloved Husband of Margaret, nee Karczynski. Loving Father of Brian J. and Mark J. Cochrane. Dear Brother of Mary Ann (late Eugene) Stempora, Gerald (Anne Marie) Cochrane, Terrance (Maryann) Cochrane, Sharon(Bill) Wood and the late Michael, William, Robert, John and Patricia. Fond Uncle of many Nieces and Nephews. Dear Brother-in-law of Norbert Jarocki. Due to the COVID pandemic burial at Abraham Lincoln National Cemetery will be private. A Celebration of Richard's life and a Memorial Mass will be planned for a later date. Please remember Richard in your prayers.

Cemetery Details

Abraham Lincoln National Cemetery

20953 W. Hoff Rd.
Elwood, IL 60421

Tribute Wall



“ *Marge, So very sorry to read of your husband's passing. I am glad to have known you while working at LUMC & running into you after Mass at St. Dan's. You are in my thoughts and prayers. Mary Zur Kurns*

Mary Kurns - October 15, 2020 at 11:09 PM



“ *1 file added to the album Moments and Memories of Richard Cochane*



Foran Funeral Home - July 10, 2020 at 05:52 PM

MS

“ *Rich, a brother like you is someone who gives lots to remember, to laugh about, to be grateful for, to love. How lucky we were to have you in our lives. Your beloved sister, MaryAnn*

MaryAnn Stempora - May 16, 2020 at 10:47 AM

SW

“ *My memories of my brother are many. Some of the best are when he returned home from the Navy. He was a clean freak! It took him hours to get ready for a date with Marge. He thoroughly cleaned the living room before laying on the carpeted floor for his evening long talks on the phone with Marge. The lights off, the music playing softly, ash tray and cigarettes ready. I would often come and tease him and generally make it difficult for him to be romantic. We would go for rides in his car and have long talks about life and what we thought about it. His kindness and gentle way of listening was one of his many gifts. I cherish those memories and so many more. He is and always will be a significant part of the fabric of my life. I miss him. Our love and prayers to Marge, Brian, and Mark. Sharon and Bill*

sharon wood - May 14, 2020 at 12:06 PM

“ To: Richard Cochran
Westmont Manor
Westmont II

Yo Rich, it's me Ray out here in California concerned about you my oldest and dearest friend. I am not sure how these problems came on you but all I know is that with your Submariner toughness, you will pull thru this.

You know when I think of you I cannot resist remembering the times we had as kids growing up on the south side of the city. It's amazing that I can remember all of these happenings like they occurred yesterday. Bear with me while I recount some of them.

Do you remember when in first grade at St. Laurence when you and I dragged the Christmas tree thru the snow to school so that sister would have a tree for the class room. I am not sure what happened to the tree but I can only imagine in that it was at least a couple of weeks after Christmas that we showed up with the tree. How about the time when we were out riding over by Tim Steen's house and you were riding on the handle bars when he came out and wanted to fight me, you took care of that fast by running him off. I will never forget your parting comment to him "Leave him alone, you son of a bitch". You became my bodyguard for life. How many times would we go the beach and lose our carfare in the sand where only one of us could ride home and the other would have to walk. I always gave the nickel to you as I knew you would catch more hell than I would when I got home.

Remember the ice cream cart that we took out to Ryan's Woods on 95th street? We started out with a full cart of ice cream bars and were selling them like we were giving them away. It was hot and we decided that we would have one to beat the heat. Well one turned to two and then three and by the time were done we had gone thru at least 10 or more. I will never forget when we got back to the garage and turned the money and cart in, the Boss said we should each have a bar on him. That didn't work for we had eaten thru the cart, it was empty. Boy was he mad, "Get out of here you kids and don't come back" We didn't because we went on to bigger and better things.

Who can forget Bob Ufile and the great Daily News. As you may remember we would fold and pick up our afternoon papers at a store on 75th street. All of the carriers would meet in a large room to fold the papers and stuff our sack which hung from the handle bars. In case anyone got rowdy, Ufile would sneak up on him and pinch his fore arm so hard you would shut up and move as quickly as possible to get out of the store. He was a good guy but his job was to get the News delivered and that he did.

The bean blower targets from the roof of the Rhodes Theater was an exercise I will never forget. There we were on the roof behind the lattice work on the base of the billboard firing beans thru our blowers at everything that moved especially the street car with its open ended platform where the conductor would stand taking fares, He was our target and did he howl. I can still see it in my mind's eye. We couldn't have been more than ten or eleven. That experience could have gone on for hours until three big guys came flying thru the fire doors grabbing us and

hauling us to the office. Boy was I scared.

Our greatest long distance accomplishment was when we rode from the south side to Calumet City on those balloon tired bikes. We brought Jerry along and all he did was complain while you and I pedaled on. We actually rode on what was to become the interstate before it was opened. I am still not sure how we did it because if we had gotten a flat with no phone how would we have ever gotten home.

Then there was the crush I had on Peggy Bourgoise where I talked you into taking the street car to her house out on 87th street. We would play hide and seek until the sun went down. Fortunately we made car fare most of the time except for the time I was 2 cents short so the conductor agreed to take me as far as South Chicago Av and refused to give me a transfer so again I'd to walk home down South Chicago Av from 87th street to 73rd . It was amazing all the things we could do as a preteen in the city. When I tell people what we did in our time in the city, they cannot believe it.

Hopefully you find the letter as much fun reading it as I have had writing it.

Hopefully I will get to Chicago again this year and have a chance to relive there day with you. Take care and rememberGo Sox!

Your Pal Ray

Ray Cosyn - May 13, 2020 at 09:34 PM

JP

“ *Rich was a kind and gentle man. I will miss him. My thoughts and prayers are with Marge, Brian and Mark. I hope that the memories from all of the wonderful times that you had together will bring you comfort. Love, Jodi Palmer*

Jodi Palmer - May 10, 2020 at 11:07 PM

AB

“ *Margie, Brian and Mark - Very sad to hear of Rich's passing. God bless you all. Peace and comfort in your memories of a wonderful man. Extremely thankful for the many gatherings at Red Lobster. Remembering listening to my mom share stories of times together with you. The laughter - the love - so blessed! Lifting you in prayers.*

Love -

Ron and Angie Burman

Angela Burman - May 08, 2020 at 09:34 PM

GG

“ 1 file added to the album Moments and Memories of Richard Cochane



George Guempel - May 06, 2020 at 12:23 PM

BC

“ 5 files added to the album Moments and Memories of Richard Cochane



Brian Cochran - May 06, 2020 at 12:59 AM

BC

“ 5 files added to the album Moments and Memories of Richard Cochane



Brian Cochran - May 05, 2020 at 08:32 PM