



Richard L. Broyles

September 10, 1949 - January 29, 2020

My father Colonel Richard Broyles (Ret) passed away this morning. He is survived by the love of his life Carole. His three children (Stacy, Eric, and Adrienne).

And 8 grandchildren:

Sarah, Sienna, Owen, Abby, Emma, Izzy, Kyah, and Ethan.

My father was a hard man. He served 27 years in the army as a flight surgeon specializing in hyperbaric medicine. He was an incredibly crafty man. He built furniture, a garage for one of his previous houses, and most recently gutted a derelict farmhouse in Wisconsin and beautifully renovated it with my Mother in his late 60s. Dad was an adventurer just like my mom and possibly a pirate. He bought a sailboat when I was about 9 and we sailed every weekend in Panama City beach. We sailed as a family around the Greek isles and Yugoslavia before it dissolved. We adventured through Europe and the five of us went skiing in Bavaria, toured the battle of the bulge, and participated in numerous volksmarches (our longest was a 50 km).

Right before he retired he had a horrible table saw mishap and almost cut off his right hand. A couple years after that, him and my mom through hiked the Appalachian trail for two straight years. And through hiked the Colorado trail. And biked the Katy trail in Missouri.

After mom got breast cancer, he throttled back a bit by buying an RV and

roving the United States for 15 years or so. My mom and he settled down just west of Madison Wisconsin.

Dad and I had a mildly contentious relationship. We are both type A - alphas and as a teenager and young adult we didn't always see eye to eye. But he was one of the hardest working and one of the smartest men I've ever known. And a man who fiercely loved my mom.

Goodbye dad. Happy hiking.