



Bruce Allen Richards

March 13, 1948 - February 22, 2021

Bruce Allen Richards, age 72, of Fayetteville, AR, departed from this life Monday, February 22, 2021. He was born March 13, 1948, in St. Joseph, MO, a son of the late Hugh Edward Richards and Elsie Marie Hendrix Richards. Bruce was a Catholic and a retired trooper for the Missouri Highway Patrol.

Survivors are a son, Travis Richards of Nampa, ID; a daughter, Emilie McLaughlin of Meridian, ID; a sister, Mary Margaret Jones of Crestline, KS; grandchildren, Rosalea Stephens, Elizabeth Stephens, Jesse Stephens, Aiden Richards, Logan Richards, Lilian Richards, Braison Richards, Aspen McColm, Khloe McColm; a greatgrandchild, Sawyer Godfrey.

Cremation arrangements are by Nelson Berna Funeral Home of Fayetteville, AR.

Comments



“ What an awesome friend, neighbor, artist, fellow dog-lover, intellectual, and amazing man: Bruce Richards, I will miss running into you here and there. Thanks to you and Maggie for being such wonderful neighbors when we lived in the apartments behind your Lowe’s store.

I will never forget the time my Jack Russell Terrier, Rocco, got away from me on a walk and went after your beloved Maggie. Before I could yell to get your attention, Maggie stood up on her porch, stretched and as soon as Rocco got to her, she body slammed him to the ground and held him down by the throat until I could get him away from her.

I was so scared you were going to be so upset with me that my dog went after your beloved Maggie. But no, Rocco went home bleeding, and when I came back by to check on you and Maggie, you were beaming like the proud Papa you were! You told me not to worry about it and that Maggie had just carved her 3rd notch into the doorway of your apartment. “Nobody messes with Maggie,” you said proudly. “Rocco is the 3rd dog she has body slammed.” 🐾

After that, Rocco was scared to come to your side of the apartment building and he would always carefully peek around the corner to make sure Maggie wasn’t out there to kick his ass. It was hilarious! And it definitely put Rocco in his place and you reveled in Maggie being such a badass.

Thanks for the coffee and the great conversations over the years. I still have some of the home decor and the rain box chime you gave me when you moved back to your house in Fayetteville. I always keep the rain box chime on my fireplace mantle. I hope to learn how to make one sometime in the near future.

I’m so sad you are gone, but so glad you have rejoined Maggie and your other loved ones who have walked on before you. Thanks for being such a light in the darkness for so many people. And thanks for just being you. I always learned something from you and always walked away laughing from your orneriness and humor. What a joy, blessing, and an honor to have had you as my friend. You will be forever missed.

Dakotah Stone - February 26, 2021 at 02:22 PM



“ Paula Archer lit a candle in memory of Bruce Allen Richards



Paula Archer - February 25, 2021 at 09:28 PM



“ I was at Lowe’s and was trying to learn how to mix paint and cut blinds. He was in the paint department and told me he would show me the ins and outs. I was so hard on myself when I made mistakes and at one point when everyone else had walked away he said “hey don’t worry, you’ll get this and I’ll help as long as you ask questions.” He talked to me so tenderly. My own dad had never encouraged or comforted me like that. His presence in my life I’ll never forget.

Deborah Grindstaff - February 25, 2021 at 08:18 AM