



Brian J. Royle

June 9, 1962 - November 8, 2021

Brian J. Royle, age 59, of Richmond Heights, passed away on November 8, 2021. Beloved son of Bernard and Gerry Royle (deceased) and brother of Gregory (deceased), Sandra Smith, Mark (Sylvia) Royle, Sharon (Mike) Galvan, Kevin (Lynn) Royle, and Maureen (Harley) Green. A proud uncle to many nieces and nephews. A great neighbor and good friend to many.

Brian had degrees from the University of Dayton and John Carroll University and worked as a biomedical engineer at Picker International / Marconi / Philips for 33 years. Upon retirement, Brian began his own furniture refinishing business and provided many customers with beautifully restored pieces.

Mass of Christian burial to be held at Holy Family Church, 7367 York Road, Parma on Saturday, December 18 at 10:00 a.m. Informal visitation from 9:30 - 10:00 a.m. at the church. Private family burial at Holy Cross Cemetery.

Donations can be made to the University of Dayton School of Engineering in Brian's memory: <https://udayton.edu/advancement/give/index.php>

Cemetery

Holy Cross Cemetery
14609 Brookpark Road
OH,

Events

DEC 18 Visitation 09:30AM - 10:00AM
Holy Family Church
7367 York Road, Parma, OH, US, 44130

DEC 18 Memorial Mass 10:00AM
Holy Family Church
7367 York Road, Parma, OH, US, 44130

Comments



“ I met Brian over 30 years ago through his brother Kevin and our mutual friend Kenny Bucholz. We shared mutual interests and soon became close friends. I will always remember the fun times we had, playing tennis and Euchre, hosting dinner parties and just generally enjoying life back then. I think my favorite memory of Brian is when he convinced me to meet him out at the Barking Spider, which was about halfway between where we each lived. I was hesitant to go because the weather forecast indicated that it was going to snow. Brian told me not to worry because the ground wasn't cold enough for the snow to stick. I bought it and met him out. Within an hour, the snow started and I had to drive home in about 6 inches of snow and spun out on the highway. Fortunately, I got home safe, but I never let him live that down! We laughed about it every time we saw each other. After I moved away from Cleveland about 15 years ago, we saw each other only about once per year. Brian and I were always able to pick things up right where we left off. He was one of my oldest and dearest friends. Brian was the brother I never had and my heart is broken that I will never get to see him again.

My deepest sympathies to Brian's family and friends. He was a good, decent man who left us all too soon.

Fondly,
Cyndi Mausser

Cyndi Mausser - November 23, 2021 at 07:38 PM



“ Brian was always kind and funny with me, especially during a long period of illness and recovery I experienced 25+ years ago. I will always remember his friendship and loyalty.

My thoughts and deep sympathy for his family and all those who were lucky to call him their friend. RIP

Mindy Cantley - November 21, 2021 at 03:15 PM



“ Good grief, where do I even start. The Royles lived maybe 5 or 6 houses around the corner from our house. I really didn't know any of the family as at a young age I was allowed to the end of the street and that was it. I think it was around 4th or 5th grade, maybe earlier, Kevin joined the Dogwood Posse at Arlington elementary school. I don't think Brian attended there. If he did I hadn't met him yet. I occasionally saw him whenever I'd go to grab Kevin, then we'd head up to Tom Dinardo's house in hopes of mom D cooking up her unbelievable Italian food. This was a weekly trek, as was walking to junior high or riding our bikes all over the place. Brian went off to college, as we all did. It was during breaks and in the summer Brian and I started to hang out more and more. Our social circles widened a bit, his friends became my friends and visa versa. Parties, wedding receptions, we were always hanging out. I knew when Friday or Saturday rolled around, Kevin, Brian and I were out on the town. The diner on I think Snow rd at all hours was always a good stopping place to eat before calling it a night. One of our favorite stories we always talked about was when Brian first moved to the east side. I had a big jacked up pick up truck that we used to move his stuff from Parma to Coventry. Well, we're rolling across the 480 bridge, when Brian's headboard decided to jump out of the back of the truck!!! I yank the truck to the shoulder, Brian goes running across the bridge about a quarter mile, and picks up his headboard. He got back to the truck, put it in and, unbelievably, it was not broken.

It had quite a few tire tracks on it, but he still used it as it was!!! During my first marriage, we talked from time to time, not often, but every few months we'd catch up for an hour on the phone. I stopped at his house a few times, Brian was always so proud to show me what room he was busy remodeling. His car was always clean and waxed, yard immaculate, that's just the way he was. Jump ahead to 4 years ago, when I joined the ranks of semi truck drivers. It's a long lonely job, but, Brian and I became closer than we'd ever been. We spoke at least once a week, one day might be 10 minutes, the next might be 3 hours. He told me what pool he swam at that week, what wood working projects he had going on, who he'd seen or talked to since the last time we spoke, who he went golfing with, investments, his gutters, he was very proud of his wood burning stove he put in. It sounded like it made the whole house a sauna in the winter!! I spoke to him maybe 2 or so weeks ago, so like Marek, I was stunned and heartbroken. One of my very best friends, left waaaaay to early. I can hear his voice, all day long, talking about some conspiracy of the week or any of our other silly conversations. Brian my brother, you'll always be in my heart, my mind and my soul. My deepest heartfelt condolences to your family and your thousands of friends who knew and loved you. Your friend, Kenny Bucholz

Kenny Bucholz - November 20, 2021 at 07:04 PM



“ I don't know how our mutual love of fireworks slipped my mind, that's a whole nother story.

Kenny Bucholz - November 20, 2021 at 07:06 PM



“ Kenny - thanks for sharing your thoughts about Brian!

Sharon - November 21, 2021 at 10:39 AM



“ I met Brian many years ago through his brother Mark. Over the years I had the pleasure of brewing beer at the Brew Kettle and playing golf with Brian. I always enjoyed spirited conversations with Brian, especially about politics and the government. Brian had such an enthusiastic outlook, and He will definitely be missed. Brewing and bottling Winter Warmer will not be the same without him!

George (Jody) Swartz - November 29, 2021 at 11:56 AM



“ I was a classmate of Brian's in high school (Valley Forge - 1980), though it was a big class and we really didn't know each other well. During our last semester senior year we had an English class together, but even then we sat on opposite sides of the room. Towards the end of the semester the teacher asked if any of us were going to college, which is when I found out that Brian was going to the same college as me....The University of Dayton. We agreed that we'd meet up there.

We ended up in the same freshman dorm, Brian on the first floor and me on the fourth, and we became friends that year, and "Ghetto" housemates sophomore through senior year. I look back fondly on those times....they were full of friendly arguments, beer, late night card games, practical jokes and general mayhem.

I feel fortunate that I got to see Brian at our high school class reunion a couple of months ago. It started off with a big hug and we ended up talking for quite a long time.

He was a good guy who will be missed.

Paul Hartman

Paul Hartman - November 20, 2021 at 04:09 AM



“ I love this story, Paul. I remember visiting that UD house! Thank you for being a good friend to Brian.

Maureen Green - November 20, 2021 at 01:40 PM



“ My deepest condolences to Brian’s family and friends.

I first met Brian in high school, working at the Zodiac Room at the former Higbee’s department store in Parmatown Mall and grew to be better friends over the years. I fondly recall going to Hinkley Lake with friends in high school, skiing, and playing tennis as well as parties during our college years.

As adults, we often enjoyed challenging each other in games of chess as we discussed our respective life’s journey and experiences. I admired his seemingly effortless talent of connecting with new people who also became friends in his ever-expanding circle. He always had a smile and a bad joke to tell. With his work, he was able to extend his travel time to explore China, Germany, and Israel. Although never married, he did find a measure of love with longer term girlfriends in college and beyond.

One of his greater pleasures in his all too short retirement was working with his hands refinishing and reconfiguring furniture. His attention to detail was nearly flawless. In the Era of COVID, I had less occasion to see him face to face, but we would continue those long, life discussions over the phone.

As many of us, I was shocked to hear of his passing and will miss my friend. I do find solace with others recalling the times we all shared. I hope others will find a measure of comfort and peace as well.

Warmest regards,
Marek Owca
(a friend for 42 years)

Marek Owca - November 19, 2021 at 11:18 AM



“ What a beautiful tribute, Marek - thank you. Sharon (sister)

Sharon - November 19, 2021 at 11:29 AM



“ Marek, . We are so grateful he had you as a lifelong friend.

Maureen Royle Green - November 19, 2021 at 01:27 PM