



## Arthur A. Rickert

May 10, 2018

Arthur A. Rickert, age 97, found peace on May 10, 2018. He was born in Milwaukee in 1920 to Emil and Sara Rickert. He had three brothers; (the late) Clarence, Leonard, and Edward. He also had five sisters; Jerry, Delores, and (the late) Evelyn, Rosie, and Lorraine. In January of 1940 he enlisted in the army and served for five years. During his time of service he fought for his country in WWII. On December 26, 1942 he married (the late) Sylvia Rickert (nee Rita) and they celebrated many years together until she passed away in 1996. He was always a hard worker and a dedicated family provider. He delivered coal and then became a semi truck driver until his retirement.

He is survived by his five children; David (the late Darlene) Rickert, Roger (Fran) Rickert, Greg (Marilee) Rickert, Collette (Keith) Rybarczyk, and Pamela Hoven (Mike Zello). He is further survived by his grandchildren; Gareth Rickert, Gerid (Monica) Rickert, Genean Rickert, Genelle (Jeff) Anibal, Sydney (Jenny) Rickert, (the late) Tony Rickert, (the late) Sarah Martell, Dawn (Doug) Schmitt, (the late) Daniel Rickert, Danielle Rickert (Hector Trevino), DeeAnn (Ed) Fugate, Todd (Laura) Rickert, Naomi (Curt) Wagner, Tonya Riche, Jenny Schieble, Lorri (David) Tucker, Scott Rybarczyk, 42 great grandchildren, one great-great grandchild, nieces, nephews, cousins, other relatives and friends.

He enjoyed dancing (especially the polka) his whole life and would drive almost anywhere that offered the opportunity. Everyone that spent time in his

house can tell you he was always whistling and humming polka music and making sure you were never hungry or thirsty. And when you left (even up until his last days) he was at the front door to wave goodbye. He was also a long time member of his local Moose Lodge and went there every week for his fish fry. On June 8, 2013 he was accompanied by his daughter-in-law, Marilee, on the Veteran Honorary Flight and enjoyed himself immensely. He considered himself especially lucky to have been able to participate.

The family would like to extend our deepest appreciation to the staff at the St. Francis ICU but especially to nurse Shannon. Her care for him and our family was above and beyond. Please take a moment when possible and thank a nurse!

In lieu of flowers, please consider a donation to a veteran organization of your choice or the Wisconsin Stars and Stripes Honor Flight ([starsandstripeshonorflight.org](http://starsandstripeshonorflight.org))

Visitation at the Rozga-Walloch Funeral Home Wednesday, May 16, 2018 from 10:30 AM to 11:30 AM followed by the Funeral Service at 11:30 AM. Interment Southern Wisconsin Veterans Memorial Cemetery in Union Grove, WI. PLEASE MEET AT CEMETERY AT 1:00PM FOR MILITARY HONORS.

# Cemetery Details

## Southern Wisconsin Veterans Memorial Cemetery

21731 Spring St  
Union Grove, WI 53182

# Previous Events

## Visitation

**MAY 16.** 10:30 AM - 11:30 AM (CT)

Rozga Funeral & Cremation Services - Rozga-Walloch Chapel  
4309 South 20th Street  
Milwaukee, WI 53221  
(414) 281-7145  
<https://www.rozgafuneral.com/>

## Funeral Service

**MAY 16.** 11:30 AM - 12:00 PM (CT)

Rozga Funeral & Cremation Services - Rozga-Walloch Chapel  
4309 South 20th Street  
Milwaukee, WI 53221  
(414) 281-7145  
<https://www.rozgafuneral.com/>

# Tribute Wall

LC

“ Laurie Rickert Coppernall lit a candle in memory of Arthur A. Rickert



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**laurie rickert coppernall** - May 27, 2018 at 09:42 PM

CO

“ This last year of his life whenever I was leaving or ending a conversation he would tell me to “Be Careful”  
Wherever you are,Be Careful,watch out for coffee cups!

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**collette** - May 16, 2018 at 05:51 AM

SR

“ Some of my best memories involve being with you and grandma. Sitting in the famed chair and playing around with a lamp that hung near the kitchen. I remember sitting there as a child with oil all over my hands lying that I never touched the lamp. 😭 I know you knew better. Eventually it turned to the trains in the basement. I would intentionally derail them to have you come down and reset them just to be able to spend some time with you. Looking back you knew better but never got angry with me and I'll remember that forever!! The best memories came when I spent time trying to take care of your yard. You always offered to pay me at least for gas but I would only settle for a Mt.Dew and a story of your time overseas. I assured you that walking behind a mower was minimal compared to you walking behind tanks in your younger days to provide us with the freedoms we have today. I'll never forget the conversations we had and how proud you were that I took a job that enabled me to drive a semi just like you did. I'll forever cherish spending some time with you during your last few hours with us. I'm so happy I was able to say everything I wanted to say and reassure you that we would all be ok. Thank you a million times over. I love you!!!

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**Sydney Rickert** - May 15, 2018 at 11:33 PM

CM

“ My dear Art. You were always the first to the Wednesday dances, had the most fun and was a good friend to my Mother Lee. You will be greatly missed by the Polka Dance community as well as everyone that knew you. You will be sorely missed by me too!  
Carolee

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**Carolee Miller** - May 15, 2018 at 12:23 PM



“ Art was a gentle soul who loved being with people, music and dancing. I will truly miss seeing and hearing him hoot & holler on the dancefloor not to mention his truck driving stories. He was a thoughtful giving man and a great Meisner fan.  
God bless you Arthur

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**Steve Meisner** - May 15, 2018 at 09:32 AM



“ My favorite memory of Grandpa Rickert was our time spent together during the holidays. I remember he'd send us kids down to his basement where he had set up an awesome trainset along the ceiling and one in the middle of the room. We'd love to watch it go round and round and push the buttons to play with his model trains. There was always great food and yummy cookies. He'd let us drink pop which was always a special treat. When it was time to go him and grandma would always walk us out to say good-bye giving us hugs and standing on the porch waving to us. I'd look back at them from the back seat and I would still see them standing there waving everytime. I grew up and decided that I would carry on this tradition to anybody who visits my home. 💕

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**Genelle Andrea** - May 14, 2018 at 11:50 PM

LT

“ I guess I'd say that he was a classic Grandpa. When we were little he would always bounce on his knees. One kid on each knee until we were too big and then we would have to sit on both knees. He would bounce one knee at a time like a horse and you felt like you would surely fall off. And because little boys never grow up and grandpas like to astound their grandchildren he was always popping his dentures in and out (and getting scolded by grandma). It was amazing and gross at the same time. Of course he would always offer you a cookie from the cookie jar (or cookie goose).

*I remember he was always happy every time we came over. He would whistle and tap and dance and sing. And then of course there was the favorite chair in the whole house the stepstool. The grandchildren always had to take turns on the stepstool.*

*He loved to give people things. For Christmas each year until we were 10 or 13, he'd give each grandchild a small gift. My favorite was the year each of the girls received a silver heart necklace with our initial engraved on it.*

*For birthdays he always sent cards and they almost always had cash in them. I am very sure that someone somewhere was watching over those cards to make sure that no one ever stole them and that they got to the person they were supposed to get to because they knew that a thoughtful, loving man needed them to get to a certain place.*

*As an adult (and far too late in his life) I truly appreciated the person my grandpa was to me and what he meant for our whole family. I was astounded that, even though his mind wasn't always in the place that suited him best, he knew who I was and loved to be teased. I wish he'd known Kean. Those two would have made no end of trouble. But I got to help him in tiny ways over the last year and was with him very close to his last moments and I'm convinced he knew who I was then too even if he couldn't tell me anything.*

*I'm glad you can tap and dance again grandpa. I will truly miss you.*

*"Learn to appreciate what you have before time makes it something you had." - Unknown*

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**Lorri Tucker** - May 14, 2018 at 05:53 PM

KK

“ *I was glad to have the opportunity to know you thru your nephew Dennis kazinski, I have only a few memories of you as i did not know you to long. Just to watch you Polka at the festivals was great, you sure could Polka, Dennis would nudge my arm and say watch uncle Art Polka not to many can keep up with him. Also had the pleasure to talk with you sometimes when you were by Alice's and Dennis's house. Rest In Peace and just know you are going to a beautiful place Southern Wisconsin Vets Cemetary in Union Grove. Dennis worked there up until the day he died, now he also rests in that cemetary. Tell him i miss him. Thankyou for your Service!*

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**karen kazinski** - May 14, 2018 at 05:26 PM

RR

“ As a father goes, my dad was very hard on me growing up. . Sometimes I deserved his mean criticism towards me and sometimes I didn't. I turned 17 and just a few days later I left home to join the Army where I spent 28 years of service to our country. My dad passed away this morning and I was thinking of what I would say to him as he laid in the hospital bed struggling to breath.

*I think I would have said "Dad I couldn't wait to get out of the house when I turned 17 to join the service, I have to give you a huge amount of love, credit and respect for who I am today, all my accomplishments I achieved were because when it came to the military I thought about you and your service during WWII. And I wanted you to be proud of me.*

*I was honored when I had the opportunity to take you to see your newly opened WWII monument in our Nations Capital. It took so long to get it approved and built. So many of your brothers and sisters never got to listen to the winds blow through and around the statues. How proud I was watching you talk to the other vets, I was so proud to sit with you at the War Memorial in Milwaukee, to help you search for your brick at The Vietnam Memorial every Memorial Day. I could tell by then how proud you were of me when you could walk right up to my brick and show me where it was when I couldn't do that.*

*Those are the words I would have said to you. As you left us for the other side. Rest in Peace Dad, our Grateful Nation Salutes You.... I love you Dad Welcome Home .*



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Roger Rickert - May 12, 2018 at 03:42 PM