

Eulogy for Richard Harvey Strode

[Written, and Shared at Rick's Memorial Service, by Allison Rudisel – November 15th, 2025]

Welcome everyone and thank you for being here to celebrate my amazing father,

Today, we gather to honor and celebrate the life of my beloved father, Richard Harvey Strode, or as we all affectionately knew him, Rick or Rich. As I stand before you, my heart is heavy with sorrow for the loss of such a remarkable man, but it is also filled with immense gratitude that I was so fortunate to be his daughter. He lives on in each and every person whose life he touched, he made us better just by knowing him.

Dad was born on April 12, 1953, in Vancouver, Washington, and grew up in Portland. It was there that he developed a deep passion for life and an unwavering faith in God, foundations that shaped him into the incredible person we all loved. His faith wasn't just a part of him; it was the essence of who he was. He had a unique ability to engage anyone in conversation about God, sharing his beliefs and inspiring others with his heartfelt passion.

Dad met the love of his life, my mom, Laura, at Kenton Church, where they bonded over their shared love for singing in the choir. Their marriage on August 25, 1979, marked the beginning of a beautiful journey together; one filled with devotion, laughter, and a love that was palpable to everyone who witnessed it. They were more than just husband and wife; they were best friends, enjoying every moment together, whether on trips, singing in harmony, or simply holding hands while watching their favorite shows.

Dad's career as an architectural photographer was a true reflection of his extraordinary eye for beauty. He captured the world in ways that many of us could not see, sharing his unique perspective through his lens. Together with his fraternity brother Peter Eckert, he founded "Strode Eckert Photographic" in the early 1980s, and later established his own successful venture, "Strode Photographic," which he ran with pride until his retirement.

But my dad was not just a gifted photographer; he was also a man of humor and warmth. He had a knack for dad jokes and puns, always bringing laughter and joy to our family gatherings. Whether it was a spirited trivia contest during Jeopardy or sharing stories from his life, Dad had a way of making everyone feel valued and included.

He was a devoted family man, endlessly cherishing my sister, Elisabeth, and me, along with his grandchildren, Xaeryn, Xander, Danika, Ambriel, and Amara. The love he had for each of us was evident in the way he celebrated our milestones. Dad was always our biggest fan, whether it was a dance recital, play, or sporting event, Dad was always there to cheer us on. He spent his last Saturday on this Earth at Top Golf, joyfully celebrating my son's 16th birthday and giving us tips on our swings, a reminder of how much he loved being present for us.

Dad was also a passionate sports fan, with an unwavering devotion to the Portland Trail Blazers. He taught us to cheer for our team through thick and thin, instilling in us the same love

for the game, even during the less glorious seasons. His enthusiasm for the Blazers and the joy he found in those moments of camaraderie are traditions we will carry forward in his honor.

As we remember my father today, let us not only mourn his passing but also celebrate the incredible legacy he leaves behind; a legacy of faith, love, laughter, and dedication. His life was a testament to the power of kindness and the importance of relationships. Dad's spirit will forever remain with us, guiding us to cherish each moment and love one another as he loved us.

As we say our goodbyes today, let us carry Dad's love in our hearts and honor his memory by living our lives with the same faith, joy, and compassion that he exemplified every day.