

RICK KIRCHNER

PRESQUE ISLE - Richard Ray Kirchner, 71, of Presque Isle, died October 15, 2026, at Eastern Maine Medical Center in Bangor. He was born in Washington, DC, on December 14, 1954, to Sondra Gail née Todd and Louis John Kirchner Jr. He grew up in northern Maine and graduated from Caribou High School in 1973.

Richard, who preferred to go by Rick, had a dry wit; often you wouldn't know he was joking till he broke into a grin. In his younger days, he excelled at tennis and basketball. He made a first career of running restaurants, a good match for his high energy and love of people. Next he worked for the State of Maine, inspecting agricultural products like potatoes and maple syrup. A throughline of his working life was his passion for food.

For much of his retirement, his sidekick was Morgan, an energetic black Lab mix. When he was not doting on Morgan, he was perfecting his coin collection, rewatching the old westerns from his childhood (especially Gunsmoke), and making friends in his apartment building. With those friends and others supporting him, Rick was able to live independently and on his own terms, until his last few months.

Rick was married twice and had three kids, Jesse, Kristen, and Jasmine. He loved them, and their children, Andrew, Lauren, Henry, and Lumen.



Rick will also be remembered by his sisters, Susan Skidgel and Gail Dodd; his nephews and nieces, Donald, Amanda, Christopher, and Casey; and his uncle David Todd.

Over the years, Rick found comfort in faith and church. May he find further comfort with those who died before he did: his parents, other family and dear friends, and of course his beloved Morgan.

Rick's life will be celebrated in spring or summer 2027 in northern Maine, and his remains will be interred next to his mother's at Green Ridge Cemetery in Caribou. (For more details as they become available, see jessekirchner.com/rick.html.)

If you feel called to honor Rick's life, do as he so often did: think of someone you love and give them a call, write them a letter, or send them a card and write so much that you have to use the back of it.