



ISADORE RICHMAN

November 13, 2014

Age 90, of West Bloomfield, died November 11, 2014

An army veteran of World War II, He died on Veteran's Day. Mr. Richman was a retired Pharmacist and a member of B'nai B'rith.

The funeral service will be held at
HEBREW MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

A link will be provided for a webcast of the funeral service.

Family Info:

Beloved husband for 59 years to the late Marian Richman.

Devoted father of Judy (David) Zimmerman, Martin Richman and Melanie Richman.

Loving grandfather of Steven Zimmerman and Amy (Adam) Rodnick.

Adoring great-grandfather of Tori and Ari Zimmerman, Emily and Jillian Rodnick.

Dear son of the late Fannie and the late Jacob Richman.

Cherished brother to the late Jack (late Frieda) Borsand and the late Morris (late Rose) Richman.

Tribute Wall



“ Hebrew Memorial Chapel created a Tribute Video in memory of ISADORE RICHMAN



Hebrew Memorial Chapel - November 13, 2014 at 12:00 AM



“ I worked my way through college working in the drug store/ pharmacy till I finally took a job as a Science Teacher. Izzy was my Boss and a great influence on me. A truly warm and caring person. I am so sorry I did not stay in touch with him. I eventually left Detroit and moved to Florida where I ran several hotels but none of those jobs were as satisfying as my drugstore days. Many a pastrami sandwich were shared and to this day bring back memories. He was good man.

Ben "Red" Altenbrandt July 2023

Ben Altenbrandt - July 31, 2023 at 08:01 PM

AZ

“ I saw Isadore, or issey as my sister and I called him because he is our great-grandfather one last time a few days before he died. It was me, my dad, and my grandmother I think. It is hard to remember considering this was 5 years ago. I was 8 at the time. I saw him on his hospital bed. I talked to him about my life. I didn't understand the fact that he was dying. When we were about to leave, I took one final look at him, said goodbye, and that was the last time I saw him before his funeral. I couldn't help the people with the funeral or do anything besides watch it because I was 8. Then, they closed him in his casket, we drove to the cemetery, and lowered him into the hole next to my great grandmothers grave. I pulled out a rock I had painted in Sunday School and set it on his grave. Now, as a almost 13 year-old boy, I still think about him sometimes, and I know that he is up in heaven, looking down at us.

Ari Zimmerman - June 04, 2019 at 09:36 AM