



Richard A. Moreland

November 11, 1958 - September 20, 2019

Richard A. Moreland, 60, of Sanford, Florida passed away Friday, September 20, 2019. He was born November 11, 1958 in Newport, RI to Herbert A. Moreland, Jr. and Camille (Batton) Moore.

He is survived by his loving wife, Deborah S. Moreland; mother, Camille Moore; brother, Ridge (Shelley) Moreland; sisters: Michelle (Dennis) Champion and Sylvia (Bill) Spivey and many loving family and friends.

Tribute Wall

SL

“ Rick was a great friend, and a lot of fun. We use to hang quite a bit, I even went on vacation with him and the family to NSB for the week.

I always enjoyed Speed and Camille, mom and dad, they loved him dearly. We spent many a Friday and Saturday night together in high school, we could be playing cards or guitar at his house, or cruising fast in one of my hot rods. Later after college, we were always in one of my Corvettes, cruising the town and looking good. A lot of times my younger sister joined us and sat in the middle, on the console, Rick always watched over her.

Rick was solid, he had his friends back!

He was also caring, I saw him demonstrate that on different occasions.

Yes we hit JJ Whispers, Bowties, Raffles, all the hang outs, and we were always laughing. We once talk of GOD, he told me a story about his faith, I still remember.

Once married, we both had new responsibilities to fulfill, and didn't see each other as often.

Thankfully whenever we did see each other, it was if it were just yesterday, and we were hanging out.

Life is short, friendship last.

May peace and comfort be to Debbie and family.

STEVE LASH - October 29, 2019 at 05:19 PM

SC

“ Joe and I were so sad to hear the news following the passing of Rick. Not one time that we go the Breezeway will we not see him there talking to customers and his employees. He was a wonderful man and will be so missed. Our ongoing prayers and thoughts are with you Debbie.

Sue and Joe Carl - October 03, 2019 at 08:01 PM

SL

“ I’m so sorry to hear Rick has passed away. It has made my heart sad since I’ve heard the news.

I’ve know my friend Rick since the early 70’s, what a blessing he has been in my life. We’ve spent a lot of time together playing our music and listening to Jimmy Buffett. I have had so many great memories with Rick which will even be more precious now that he is gone. My wife Kim and I enjoyed seeing Rick at The Breezeway and spending time with him. I’ll miss my brother Rick more than words can say. God bless his wife Debbie and all his family and friends. May God bless you, Kim and Steve Lawson

Steve Lawson - October 01, 2019 at 08:28 PM

AI

I had the privilege of serving as Rick’s First Officer throughout the early 2000’s. My best memory of him took place on a layover in Quito, Equador circa 2008. Quito sits at 9000 feet above sea level, making it extremely difficult for non natives to function physically. Rick invited us, his crew, to visit a famous location right under the equator. The trek consisted of an hour drive up the mountainous terrain, a cable cart ride, and a hike on foot for about an hour. Needles to say we were exhausted upon reaching this magical place. Along our hike, Rick noticed a family of stray cats of various ages. He patiently sat with them until they confided in him enough to allow him to pet them... We returned to the hotel rather late and exhausted, each to his room to rest for our upcoming flight the next day.

Two hours prior to show time, the bellhop handed me a note from Rick, advising me to proceed to the airport without him as he would catch up with us... when he finally showed up at the plane, I found out that he had hired a driver who took him to a nearby supermarket, purchased a 20-lb bag of cat food and retraced our steps from the day before to deliver the food to his newly acquired friends on the mountain top. Yes, he risked delaying the flight just to make sure they didn’t go hungry.

That’s the Rick I know!

Rest in peace brother.

Ahmad

Ahmad Ismail - April 22, 2022 at 06:54 PM

TR

“ I got to know Rick over the last decade, but it wasn't until I was called upon to watch the animals...ducks, chicken, cats, cranes, squirrels, and any other furry baby that entered on to the Moreland compound that I realized how much compassion and dedication it took to run the Moreland household...that would be enough for some..but not Rick...he was particularly fond of an escape artist known as the Wawa kitty..aka Buddy...who was brought home in order to make him a loving house cat...but Buddy had other plans...he broke out of the house and days later was found back at the Wawa. In a battle of wills....Rick met Buddy where he wanted to be....and from that day forward every single night Rick would meet and feed Buddy at the Wawa. The last few months I was honored to take over the feedings of Buddy...I would send Rick pictures every night so that he knew he did not have to worry about his partner in crime Buddy being fed. I hope this gave Rick some comfort!! Buddy is still being taken care of Rick. We will make sure he has a good life!!!

Thank you for showing us what compassion should look like..God speed friend

Tracy

Tracy - September 29, 2019 at 04:24 PM

TF

“ Meeting Richard Moreland some 10 years ago was a life changing event for me in the area of adventure. He had been a pilot for most of his life and had access to a fast little airplane which allowed us many short trips to the northern Abaco Islands, Walkers Cay and Grand Cay, where we hunted fish, scarfed down 1 lb. stone crab claws, and enjoyed island time while being only an 80 minute flight back to Sanford.

Rick loved all animals, especially cats. He once bragged that if he noticed 2 flies inside the truck while on I-4, he would pull over and let them out. All trips to the Abacos included at least 50 lbs. of cat food for the feral population on Walkers.

Fish were not animals in Rick's book and he loved to shoot grouper and hog fish on the shallow gin clear reefs just north of Walkers Cay. Before stepping off the dive platform at the back of the boat, he was fond of saying "Tom, you know what today is don't you?" "No Rick, what is today?" "It's a bad day to be a hog fish!!!!"

Brother Rick flew cargo jets out of Miami to South America many years ago while living here in Sanford. There were huge populations of feral cats around the airport and they stole his heart. He ran an ad in the Miami news paper looking for someone to feed these cats. For several years Rick sent someone a monthly checked for cat food and labor. He never met this person, just communicated by phone and mail. Rick was never sure whether the cats were actually fed but his conscience was clear that he had tried to help and do the right thing.

He was a skilled and safe pilot. One day on an Abaco trip, we were rerouted around some bad weather and wound up running a little light on fuel. Rick wasn't overly concerned, stating he was absolutely positive we had enough fuel to get us to the scene of the crash.

Rick opened a wildly successful restaurant a few years ago, The

Breeze Way. Most of the staff is comprised of younger females and I hope these ladies realize how much he protected them. More than once he escorted patrons from the premises for using foul language or making lewd suggestions to his staff. Rick had everyone's back.

I'm going to miss Rick Moreland more than words could ever describe. He was a dear friend, a true gentleman, and a great adventurer. Rest easy Buddy, I'll see you on the other side.

Tom Fendley

Tom Fendley - September 28, 2019 at 03:26 PM

EW

“ *My buddy Rick.*

Been friends since Emma Spencer tennis days.

I always knew I could count on you and we shared too many memories to remember.

Best cook I knew. I could go into stories about when you were my roommate, but some dead horses are better left alone.

You will be missed, although I talk you everyday.

See you on the other side my dear dear friend.



Ed White - September 28, 2019 at 01:31 PM

JS

“ 1 file added to the album *Memories Album*



John Spolski - September 27, 2019 at 05:38 PM

“ I've only been a friend to Rick for 45 years. I say "only" because I feel that there were 15 years of missed opportunities. I could write a novel on the experiences Rick and I shared , but that would only scratch the surface of the life that Rick was able to live. In his 60 years, he literally traveled around the world through his career in aviation and was able to experience life as most people could only dream of.

After he decided he had flown enough, he embarked on a new career...restaurateur. He asked me if I wanted to be a partner. My response was " You're crazy, I'm too old to work seven days a week".

Shortly before his death, as we talked about his beloved " Breezeway Restaurant", he told me that it was one of his most prized accomplishments in life. Not because of the material gains, but due to the relationships he built with his staff and customers. The fact that he was able to accomplish this in his home town, was greater to him than his travels around the earth, because he was always with friends and family. He was even approached by airlines to return to his former career, and he always turned them down.

I realize that I have faults too great to mention, but Rick made me become so much better of a person through his influence and gentle ways of pointing out my short comings.

My vocabulary isn't expansive enough to express the true love I felt for Rick. But God did give me the time, in his final days on this planet, to give Rick heartfelt hugs, kisses on the cheek, and be able to look him in the eyes and tell him that I loved him.

My life will never be the same without him.

Someday though...we will meet again.

I would say to Rick's friends who are reading this, if you want to honor him, tell someone that you love or admire, how you truly feel about them.

You might not get the opportunity again.

John Spolski - September 26, 2019 at 06:11 PM

JS

“ *My sincere condolences and prayers for Debbie and all of Rick's family. I will truly miss my guitar picking buddy who brought so much joy into my life. All my memories of Rick are filled with music and laughter. From the time he taught me to play "Heart of Gold" on the guitar in 11th grade to many jam sessions (with Steve Lawson) and concerts in our younger days and more recently of convos at Breezeway where his love of music permeated the place.*

I'll always remember his smile and the things he thought was funny like quoting Inspector Clouseau from Pink Panther movies like "I thought you said your dog doesn't bite ... its not my dog". I have other great memories of a times with other friends like when Rick and John Spolski came to visit me in Atlanta during college which turned into a major story and memory that we still tell and laugh at because of the adventure that unfolded when his car broke down in Unadilla Georgia on the way. Rest in Peace my dear friend ... you are loved and will be missed.

Jeff Sanders - September 26, 2019 at 07:33 AM

GM

It's very sad to see that Rick has left us recognize flew together for more than 20 years on the Sabre line or jets he was an excellent person and excellent pilot dear friend I'll never forget you Rick God bless you love gus

gus maestrales - December 07, 2020 at 09:08 AM

GM

Rick and I not recognize and sabreliner jets not Sabre line or jets. Voice typo sorry

gus maestrales - December 07, 2020 at 09:11 AM