



Richard Cosentino

August 17, 1934 - April 11, 2018

Richard Cosentino, 83, of Chicago passed away on April 11th after waging a herculean battle to defeat death. Richard was born August 17, 1934 in Chicago; the son of the late Michael and Concetta (Pistilli) Cosentino. Known by many names -- Richie, Dick, Delicious, the Gum Man --he was a true legend. He proudly wore the Chicago police blue for 44 years. Forced to retire due to an age requirement, he and a few other extremely fit officers took their age discrimination lawsuit all the way to the doors of the United States Supreme Court. Despite still being fit enough to run marathons and do hundreds of push-ups a day (he frequently startled whomever he was with when he would suddenly drop to the ground and do push-ups), he lost his case and had to hang up his badge after 44 of the best years of his life. As an unseasoned officer donning his riot gear during the infamous '68 convention, he made the mistake of leaving his police hat visible in his first brand new car; protestors flipped his car and burned it to the ground (riots apparently weren't covered by his insurance policy). After that, he only took public transportation to work every day, and then ran home up Archer Ave most nights. He was a familiar site to 2 am drivers, jogging along no matter how desperately bad the weather. After one bitterly cold night, he stubbornly shook off concern for the frost bite he suffered, stating "It's nothing. It's just dead meat". Cars would beep in greeting or to offer a ride, and he would swing his arm up without breaking stride to give his famous wave. A true story teller, his eyes would get big as he would recount the madness and mayhem he encountered both at

work and on the run home. Richard was known by all who loved him and most who met him as the crazy guy with the big heart. Whenever anyone asked how he was doing, "Delicious," he'd reply with a smile and shake of his head that indicated he was the luckiest guy around. While walking his beat, he always carried packs of Juicy Fruit for the homeless. When he wasn't running home from work or running around repairing something, he ran countless marathons and countless more 50 milers. Though he always drove her completely crazy, he was devoted to his wife of 57 years, Mary. They met one night long ago at a dance at the Aragon Ballroom, the handsome young Italian athlete and the fiery red headed beauty who was fresh off a plane from Ireland. They were each other's true north. Richard worked ceaselessly, never seemingly able to take a break until he retired. Then he rescued his new best friend, Dick the dog, and Dick taught him to how to relax on long walks, shared meals, and TV broadcasts of any baseball game he could find (though he preferred the Cubs after the Sox tore down Comiskey). As a kid, he played ball from sun up to sun down and was drafted by the Philadelphia Athletics. He hopped on a bus to Corning, NY the day after he graduated from Harrison High School (1952) to be the hard hitting, left-handed first baseman in the Pony League. He learned to hit at a park district clinic run by the legendary Rogers Hornsby. After hanging up his glove, Richard was drafted into the army at the same time Elvis was. They served together in Abilene, Texas, though in different units. Richard was a fighter through and through and normally his crazy stubbornness saw him through. In the end, though, not even his stubborn will to live could prevent him from transitioning to the next adventure. Richard's recently deceased brother, Anthony "Mickey" Cosentino, M.D., will be surprised to see him on the roster in the great ballfield in the sky. His biggest fans will be there in the stands cheering him on: his parents, Michael and Concetta; his favorite uncle Lala, his favorite aunts Helene and Laura, and many more cherished friends and relatives. Meanwhile, back here on earth, his spirit will live on in the memories of all those who knew him and in the tales his kids will pass on to their kids and so on. Richard's generosity,

stubbornness, and gentle lunacy live on in his six children, Kevin (Sue), Yvonne (Brian), Eileen (John), Dawn, Marilyn (Ken), and Mary; and his grandkids, Olivia, George, Ryan, Jake, Jack, Blake, Kate, Mike, Devlin, and Stella. In addition, he leaves behind his broken hearted wife, Mary, and his best friend, Dick, his nephews Fred, Giorgio, and Alex; his nieces Janice and Carla, his cousin Geraldine, all of the Irish relations, and countless friends. To honor Richie's memory, please consider making a donation to your local PAWS animal shelter in his name, rescue a new best friend, help out the homeless, or just drop to the ground and do some pushups whenever the mood strikes. Dad, here's hoping your favorite downtown hangout, Ronnie's Steak House, has a new address in the heavens. Linger at the counter and enjoy a well-deserved cup of coffee.

Cremation rites were accorded by Hurley Funeral Home in Petersburg, inurnment will take place at Camp Butler National Cemetery in Springfield at a later date, also a memorial mass will be held at a future time at the Basilica of Our Lady of Sorrows.

Tribute Wall



“ *Richard Cosentino*

October 12, 2022 at 03:07 PM



“ *My condolences to the family of Richie. I had the pleasure of knowing him in my days in the First District. He always had a smile and a great sense of humor. He was truly one of Chicago's Finest and will be missed by many.*

*Wade Crosson
Chicago.*

Wade Crosson - April 23, 2018 at 10:56 AM



“ *To the Cosentino Family,
I am sorry for your loss, lots of fond memories of your father.
Sending out prayers and positive thoughts.*
John W. Kerr

John W. Kerr - April 17, 2018 at 09:51 PM



“ *I did not know your father , but I am guess he was a good man by the way he raised his daughter. Hoping he is testing in the arms of the Lord.*

becky gwaltney - April 13, 2018 at 12:02 PM

YC

“ He was wonderful father, grandfather, and had the largest heart of anyone I knew. He loved everyone he met and lived a very simple life so that he could share his time and money with any person or animal that needed anything at all. If he thought something needed to be fixed or an animal needed care, he was there to do the job or to make sure he helped with the bill when it required a veterinarian (the only time he couldn't fix it himself). Dad is a legend to all who knew him, but to me he was my hero. He described a meadow and a beautiful brook filled with minnows as he was passing away peacefully. I look forward to the day I can fish on the shore with him!

Yvonne Cosentino-Wayda - April 13, 2018 at 10:33 AM

PR

Loved him, he was always so friendly and always stopped to say hello, on his run to and from work... he's definitely in heaven with friends and family.

Patrick Romcoe - April 16, 2018 at 10:28 PM