



Bryan Scott Gorczynski

October 9, 1977 - December 2, 2024

Bryan's Memorial Story

Bryan Scott Gorczynski was born on October 9, 1977, in Cottage Grove, Oregon to Thomas Robert Gorczynski and Barbara Kay Gorczynski. He was supposed to be born at the Birth Center but as the hours of labor continued, we were rushed to the hospital as he had wedged in the birth canal face up. He later in life blamed his Polish nose. Lol True to his life's experiences throughout his life he had a difficult time with entering the world and Thereafter. Father God, in His mercy, allowed him to pass away without long suffering as Bryan had a massive heart attack on December 2, 2024. The autopsy designated smoking as the cause of death.

He attended most of first grade in Bend, Oregon and then we moved to Butte, Montana when he was 7 as I had married Dan Goles from Butte. He had a teacher named "Miss Beatty" whom was a nightmare (and she eventually could never teach again). His love of his life was Jenn Felland (whom they eventually had their daughter, Nikita in 2003). Jenn verified the monster teacher as she also had had the privilege[?] to be in Miss Beatty's room, after Bryan had passed on to higher grade levels. They met when Jenn was 16. Bryan was always very intelligent and was a joy to have as my son. He did very well in school and was naturally smart. We moved to Whitehall, Montana shortly after the second grade and he had the experience on living on a five

acre "farm" raising dogs, cats, veggies, polish chickens, cows, sheep, African servals, hedgehogs and even emus. He never liked the servals much, but he had a great childhood hunting, fishing, getting firewood, traveling to wonderful exotic Feast of Tabernacles locations with the Church and just being a kid in the country. One of my favorite memories is when he was in the third grade, he got off the school bus in front of our driveway and ran all the way to the creek with me joining him halfway and we had a water fight in the Pipestone creek. We loved being down by the creek both earlier and later in life. During the last few years when we were in town, we would clear the area across the creek and Bryan built a bridge to cross the water safely. Mustafa is buried there and that is where Bryan's ashes will be.

Bryan loved to eat venison and did we ever eat a lot of deer meat in those days. Bryan's first deer that he got was quite a story. We came alongside a group of deer and Bryan was ready to take his first shot. He fired and the deer collapsed instantly. Dan Goles, his stepdad, was with him as they went to investigate the deer. Bryan kept telling his dad that he had made a head shot but Dan would not believe him. Dan kept looking and looking and finally Bryan picked up the deer's head and showed him upon which Dan said some pretty colorful Language as he could not believe the clean shot and kill. Bryan was 12 then. He and I went hunting for antelope (I made him skip some school to go) and when I hit the antelope Bryan wanted nothing to do with dressing out the animal. He held the legs while I cleaned it out and we loaded it into the truck. He was very strong and very helpful to us, most of the time.

Bryan loved WWF and he and I were buddies traveling to see Hulk Hogan and the gang. His stepdad, Dan, was not on board but was definitely useful for Bryan to practice on. I remember Dan coming home from a hard day of work and laying on the carpet in the living room when Bryan came flying across the room and leaped into the air, landing on Dan's mid-section, all the while saying, "Jump start a life!" It was hilarious to me and Bryan but not so much for Dan.

Our family really liked football also, however, Bryan took that to another level.

Bryan's first favorite team was the Raiders and when they came to Butte, Bryan and I went to get their autographs on a football helmet which was his cherished possession until he gave it away to Candi, one of his best friends of his life. Later in life he was crazy about Tom Brady and the Patriots and was loyal to the Patriots all the rest of his life. He loved football and spent a lot of time watching it. He knew every game and every score, and his knowledge and memory of football was amazing. We had so much fun watching football together and yelling for our teams. His college team was the University of Oregon, and he was a huge Duck fan. He looked so good in his team's apparel. He especially loved it when his older brother, Dwayne, bought him special Oregon Duck hoodies, etc. One of our favorite memories was going to a Duck

game at Autzen Stadium in Eugene, Oregon, in our camper and having a handicapped placard we parked really close to the stadium and went out at half time and just got baked. He loved this memory and spoke of it often.

Bryan experienced a miracle from God when he was only 8 years old. Our family was at a church sledding party in Philipsburg, Montana when Bryan was seated in between the legs of Cubby Saylor with his legs sticking out further than Cubby's. When the sled slammed into the hay bales designed to stop the sleds, Bryan's right leg's tibia bone was instantly broken and was sticking up like a teepee about 2 inches tall. He was screaming in pain. The church elders

gathered around him and prayed for healing while someone went to get the station wagon to go to the hospital. Bryan quieted and whimpered on the way to the hospital with all of us praying. When Bryan was x-rayed at the hospital, the radiologist confirmed at that time there was no raise in the bone, nor was it broken, not even a hairline crack! The rest of his life he did have a dip and discolored scar about 4 inches long as proof an injury had occurred, but God had healed him on the way to the hospital 45 minutes away. Many people witnessed this miracle, and I thank God for his healing and intervention. This

strengthened all our faith.

Another favorite memory of Bryan's was when Dwayne, his brother, Bryan and I went by the Deschutes River in Bend, Oregon and the wind blew Dwayne's cap into the river and Dwayne was stretching way, way, way out to retrieve the hat and Bryan pushed him into the cold water. There was 10 years difference in their ages and Bryan really got a kick out of pushing Dwayne off his balance and into the water! He adored his big brother!!!

Bryan had a big heart for animals. Especially dogs from Bushwacker as a little boy to his pit bulls Rage, Mustafa and lastly, Nasia. They were always his best friends and couch potato companions. He was a loner most of the time and dearly loved to cook (and was an excellent cook!) and watch football. Our last phone call was when he was cooking and watching Oregon Duck football. I miss his phone calls, his smile and exciting new ideas.

Bryan deeply loved his family, but he was not very good at showing it or communicating his feelings. He would tell me how he loved his oldest daughter, Euphoria, and Nikita, but he failed to spend the time with them and he regretted that. He leaves Euphoria, her husband, Charlie, grandson Lucian and granddaughter Amethyst; his youngest daughter, Nikita and her boyfriend, Corbin, and their son, Cassidy. He also leaves his son, Cody Campbell whom he never got to know but he would have been amazed at how much they shared in common about sports, especially football and WWF. Bryan never met his adopted-out son, Cody, nor his daughter-in-law, Amanda, or his grandchildren, Taryn and Hank but he would have adored them. I believe God used Bryan to birth a beautiful family tree. Thank you, Lord. He is always faithful, even when we are not, and His plan is perfect.

Bryan had a special love for his stepfather of 40 years, Dan Goles, and often told him, "I f___ing love you, man" Over and over again. We always knew when he was drinking and called with his special message for Dan. We had good laughs over that. Bryan and I had a very special friendship and shared many crazy adventures in Mexico, Canada, Hawaii and everywhere we traveled together. Lots of laughter and pot always seemed to be a common

denominator of our adventures. One highlight was getting our first “bud tender” in Spokane, Washington on a road trip. One of our best memories. Bryan was an excellent finish carpenter and derived most of his later joy in his life from his work. He leaves us his beautiful work in every job he did, from Pipestone, Montana to Hawaii to multiple remodels in Butte, Montana. It made him so proud to figure out a challenging project and make it beautiful and unique. He was an expert on so many remodeling projects, including custom woodworking, flooring, drywall and texturing, especially with rounded corners, which was his favorite finishing touches on his painting jobs. I thank God for his wonderful help throughout the years.

Bryan leaves, in addition to his children and grandchildren, his mother, his fathers, his brother, Dwayne and wife, Liz Dusky, his half-brothers, Tom Gorczynski and Mike Gorczynski (whom he never met) and many friends and other family members including his beloved special Aunt Brenda, Uncle Bob, Uncle Bud, Uncle Bernie and their very special families. Bryan also leaves his step-sister, Darcy Harrington, Terry Harrington, his former brother-in-law, Heather and daughter Vera, Shane and Nathan, Darcy and Terry’s children and Charlotte Harrington. Bryan would want us to remember him and the good times!!!

Let’s gather together on March 14, 2025 at 15 Bluebird Lane, Whitehall, MT 59759 at 4:20 p.m. at the creek to spread his ashes with his beloved dog, Mustafa. R.S.V.P. 808-987-6568 Aloha! R.I.P.

In lieu of flowers, please support Butte Food Bank, Butte, Montana 5970.
Thank you! Shalom