



Richard Duane Christianson

May 23, 1946 - March 13, 2022

Richard Duane Christianson passed March 13, 2022 at Big Sky Senior Living. He was born May 23, 1946 in Fargo, North Dakota to Otis and Gladys (Moe) Christianson. He attended schools in North Dakota including a year at Dickinson State. He served his country in the National Guard and worked as a driller for several companies including the Anaconda Company as an underground driller. He later worked at the Montana Developmental Center in Boulder after the ACM shut down operations in Butte. He retired in 2009. He married Betty Lou (Marchindo) Hollahan in Elko, Nevada on December 6, 1984 and she preceded him in death on October 17, 2009.

Richard was a kind gentle soul who enjoyed hunting fishing and motorcycling. He is survived by his brother, Donald Christianson of Helena, step-daughters, Loretta and Myles Maloney and Charlene Hollahan all of Butte, grandchildren: Carti and Molly Maloney, Yvette Waananen and Joe Miller, Konnie Schneider, Lee and Shauna Waananen, Chris Curwood, Ricky and Natalie Curwood and Doug Curwood as well as eight great-grandchildren.

Cremation has taken place. No services are planned at this time.

Tribute Wall

YW

“ In 2011, he picked me up from the Bozeman airport in his conversion van. He drove like 85 miles per hour, with his cracked windshield, me holding the shit bar the entire time. I felt like I was in the Scooby Doo van, racing on 2 wheels to go solve a crime.



We took the long way home to Butte, so he could show me all the mountains and tell me stories of them all, all while taking his hands off the wheel to point out things. He brought my Nana's urn for the trip, and it was rolling around somewhere in the back lol. It was summertime and hot. No air conditioning in the van. We stopped to get a drink, and he buys me an OJ. I thought OJ?, it's so hot, why not a water? lol. I needed vitamin C, he said. I drank it but needed a stiff drink when we got to Butte. A ride I will never forget.

So many of my wonderful childhood memories are also because of him. They had the most amazing house in Walkerville, with a wrap-around porch and million dollar view of the Highlands. I miss that house. I miss our phone calls. I miss him.

We called him "Uncle Rich" because he was our Nana's second husband. But he WAS our grandfather and in many ways, father. He took such good care of us all. The biggest heart and bigger love!

I am really saddened he's not on earth anymore but he has been suffering the last few years, and I know he is at peace. I love you Uncle Rich!!!!

Yvette Waananen - March 19, 2022 at 03:47 PM