



Ronald Young

January 8, 2022 - December 8, 2022

Surrounded by his family, Ronald Young passed away in Cary, North Carolina on December 8th, 2022. He will be greatly missed by all who knew and loved him.

Preceded in death by his loving wife Janet Young and his parents William and Irma Young. He is survived by his children: Antonia Young Tychansky (Richard), Tracy Young Lowder, Leonard Young (Flavio) and William Young.

Grandchildren: Alexandra Lowder, Jack Lowder, Luke Tychansky, Sara Tychansky, Joaquin Sanchez – Young and Ganix Sanchez-Young.

Mourned by his sisters Beverly Crabtree and Fonnies Young Duron, and brother Larry Young (Kathy), many nieces and nephews, cousins and his lifelong friends Sid Laikin and Joe Angotti.

Ronnie was born January 26th, 1938, in St. Louis Missouri. He had a very colorful childhood, traveling all over the Midwest and South with his family, with many a story to tell, before settling in Gary, Indiana.

He graduated from Indiana University where he met the love of his life Janet Usher. Clearly his childhood wanderlust did not abate as he moved his family to from Gary to Springfield, VA, Montreal and Toronto in Canada and Kenilworth in the UK.

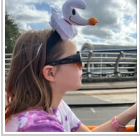
Ronnie spent most of his career as the Director of Industrial Relations for the Canadian Airline Pilots Association. He and Janet traveled extensively but always maintained a close relationship with their families in Indiana. After retiring Ron and Janet moved from Oakville, Ontario to Cary, North Carolina to

be close to their daughters and grandchildren, then after Janet's passing he spent the last several years in California with his sons before moving back to Cary in October 2022.

He was the calm in any storm, a wonderful listener, a generous man, a caring father and husband, a constant and beloved support for his family and friends. We will miss him dearly and his presence will be eternally felt by everyone who knew and loved him.

"Here's looking at You Kid..."

Tribute Wall



“ *Ronnie Young Memories by Joe Angotti and Sid Laikin*

When Ronnie transferred to Horace Mann High School in the 1950's no one knew what to expect. Horace Mann was an all-white school located in an upper middle-class section of the city. Ronnie lived in an all-black section in Gary's inner city. He was a gypsy and his mother told fortunes. He was about as different from us as anyone could be, We assumed we had nothing in common. Turns out, we did. Ronnie quickly became one of the most popular and well-liked students in the school.

The first thing we learned about our common interests was that we liked horseback riding. We discovered a stable in Michigan City on the edge of the dunes that had three of the greatest quarter horses we had ever ridden. We went there whenever we had enough money to ride. We even shot a movie with a sixteen-millimeter camera that was somehow lost. Too bad because it would have won an Oscar. We also loved to gamble on horses. Our favorite gambling pastime was to drive to Maywood Park in Chicago where Sid's father owned a box on the finish line of the Maywood Harness track. It was an elegant activity for high-school kids. We went there a lot.

We also liked to carouse. We would frequent favorite bars and clubs in Gary and Calumet City even though we weren't close to the legal drinking age of twenty-one. Being served in a bar never seemed to be a problem. That's when we learned that Ronnie was terrific dancer and that girls found him an attraction. He was a handsome, dashing young man with thick black hair and a likable personality.

We extended our horse racing interests to thoroughbreds and began a tradition of attending every Kentucky Derby Classic. One of the most memorable was in 1958, just out of high school, when we made some serious bets on a horse named Iron Liege, who won at long odds. We took the money and drove to a casino in Newport

Kentucky where we shot craps and stayed in a suite that was usually reserved for the Governor of Kentucky. No sure why or how we got the suite, but we did.

Another Kentucky Derby was in 1960 when Joe was a reporter for WHAS, a Louisville radio and television station. There were some demonstrations in town that year by hippies protesting the derby.

We decided to cover some the demonstrations that Joe covered for local news to see if the network was interested. It was, and our report was carried on tv stations from coast to coast. Ronnie, Sid, Janet and Judy were staying with us that night, and the last thing I heard before they fell as they fell asleep was "Good Night Chet. Good Night David.

Our families became close and we made dozens of trips together.

One of the most memorable trips was to England with an overnight side trip to the famous horse racing mecca of Newmarket. We almost lost all our money before getting to Newmarket while betting in the casino of the Ritz Hotel where Joe was a member. But Sid was able to take the few pounds we had set aside to get back to London and turn them into enough to have an unforgettable Newmarket weekend. The memories go on and on. Ronnie always made our lives interesting, We will miss him.

Antonia Tychansky - January 05, 2023 at 01:46 PM

BC

“ *The size of the lost is the size of the love,
when I lost my brother I lost part of myself .
80 years of shared memories that no one else has .
My best friend is gone .*

Beverly Young Crabtree - December 18, 2022 at 03:11 PM

BC

“ *There is no love like the love FOR a brother .
There is no love like the love FROM a brother.
We shared childhood memories and were best friends for life .
He is now with our one and only parents , Willie and Irma Young .
He will always be my Bubbie ...
Redhead*

Beverly Young Crabtree - December 17, 2022 at 06:27 PM