



Richard J. Trombetta

April 17, 1931 - May 19, 2010

Richard J. Trombetta, 79, of Old Bridge passed away quietly on Wednesday May 19, 2010. He was a draftsman with Nassau Smelting & Recycling in Staten Island for 30 years retiring in 1986. Richard was a Veteran of the US Marine Corp having served in Korea. He was an avid Mets fan and NY Giants fan. Born in Brooklyn he was raised in Staten Island, before settling in Old Bridge in 1963. He is predeceased by his wife, the late Dorothy Trombetta of 49 years in 2007. Richard is also predeceased by his son the late Robert Trombetta in 2005 and his two brothers Raymond and Robert Trombetta. He is survived by his four daughters, Susan & her husband Michael Strange of Laurel, MD., Nancy & her husband Walter Seber of Aberdeen, NJ., Kathy & her husband Leo Ocampo of Easton, PA., and Amy Trombetta of Old Bridge. Richard also leaves behind his sisters, Marion Frystock of Pocono Lake, PA., & Joan Papparello of Staten Island, and his grandchildren, Jasy Devine, Steven Devine, Walter Seber, Jr., Marissa Ocampo & Nicholas Ocampo along with several nieces and nephews. Friends may call on Friday, May 21, from 4-8pm at the Michael Hegarty Funeral Home, 3377 US Hwy 9, Old Bridge, NJ 08857. The Funeral Service will take place on Saturday, at 10am from Hegarty's. Committal services will follow at Holmdel Cemetery, 900 Holmdel Rd., Holmdel, NJ 07733. Please visit the memorial at www.HegartyFuneralHome.com

Tribute Wall



“ *Richard J. Trombetta*

October 05, 2023 at 11:16 AM

JD

“Originally submitted 21May2010 To the Trombetta family: I apologize for being unable to pay my respects in person but please accept my deepest condolences regarding the loss of your Father and Grandfather. I was lucky enough to have known him for many years and during that time I found him to be a good hearted, generous person who put me at ease from the day we first met and continued to treat me with kindness and affection thereafter. I remember the many times that I would cause him to wake up at oh-dark-30 on a Saturday night as I noisily tumbled into his house, usually in a somewhat less than sober state. However, rather than be annoyed by the intrusion the way other grownups always were, Dick would instead pad his way downstairs in his old bathrobe, happily greet me and offer to make me something to eat. Being an excellent cook, I would eagerly accept his offer and so there we'd be, hanging out at 4 AM, eating, chatting, and watching old black and white movies on the TV until the sun came up and then he'd shuffle back up to bed and I'd wander home with a full belly. It sure beat going to the Glenwood diner for French fries and gravy. Dick was also a generous man, especially with his time. I remember once complaining to him about some noise my car was making and he immediately got right up from his chair (a chair that had the same iconic significance to me that Archie Bunker's chair had to "Meathead" on All In The Family) proceeded to pull out his tool box and began tearing into my engine compartment. A couple hours and a few jerry-rigged reconfigurations later he called me back outside (for I had long since gone inside to watch his TV while he continued working) to proudly point out the problem and explain the solution that he had implemented; meanwhile, back at the service station, my regular mechanic was NOT amused. Of far greater significance I knew (but unfortunately never acknowledged) Dick as a man of great courage, a true American hero who was tested to the very outer limits of human endurance during the Korean War and was never found wanting. I can't count the number of times that he would turn to me (while sitting in his chair) and relate some small detail about his experience as a front line Marine Corps machine gunner (of whom the average life expectancy while in battle was

numbered in minutes) during that terrible and forgotten war. I also can't tell you the number of times I would then try to steer the conversation onto some other topic (... "how about those Mets" ...). I now realize what a mistake that disengaging from him on this topic had been and how important those stories actually were, not only to him but for me and especially for my children for it is these family heritage moments that are the true treasures of life and in that respect alone, Dick was a wealthy man. In conclusion I know you all will miss him and even though I have only seen him once in the past decade, I will also miss him and, if he can in any way discern my words today I'd just like to tell him with the utmost sincerity: Well done Marine, thank you for your service to our country. Stand at rest, we'll take it from here. Again My Condolences on this very sad day: Jeff Devine

J Devine - June 01, 2010 at 12:00 AM

NF

“ *May God bless you and your family in your time of loss. You are in our prayers. Your NOAA/STAR Family*

NOAA STAR Family - May 21, 2010 at 12:00 AM

JT

“ *Susan, Nancy, Kathy and Amy, I am so sorry that Uncle Dicky is not with us any more. May he rest in peace and I will be thinking and praying for him and all of you. Fondly, Your Cousin Jeff*

Jeff Trombetta - May 20, 2010 at 12:00 AM

KI

I just want to say that I just saw this. My dad Al Forman was a friend and they worked together. I remember his name came up a lot. Sorry for your loss. My dad passed on Sept 17 1998 a day before he turned 72. Kira Forman Bradford

Kira - September 10, 2017 at 11:32 PM