



## Christopher Michael Richardson

July 24, 2012

Christopher Michael Richardson, 30, of Lancaster, died unexpectedly on Tuesday morning, July 24, 2012, at Pinnacle Health Harrisburg Hospital. Born in Lancaster, he was the son of Michael J. Richardson and the late Timi Buterbaugh.

Chris, a professional landscaper, earned a black belt in karate and enjoyed playing basketball. He will be remembered for his upbeat, charismatic personality and for being the life of the party.

In addition to his father, Chris is survived by a brother, Curtis Finch, and sisters Melissa Richardson and Daniell Richardson, all of Lancaster.

Private services will be held at the convenience of the family.

# Tribute Wall



“ Christopher Michael Richardson

October 22, 2023 at 11:34 PM



“ apartmenttherapy.com- great ideas, craigslist for futrrnuie, etc (my sister in law just got a Sapien bookshelf on there for cheap) dwr.com for ideas (their stuff can be pricey), housing works for futrrnuie and what they earn goes to help the homeless living with HIV, the street (you never know!) ABC carpet and home (their basement where the carpets are sold is all discount) ikea, which is right near you!, lonnymag.com (by the former editor of domino which is now defunct)the hell's kitchen flea market EVERY Sat and Sun- 39th between 9th and 10th in Manhattan AND the Garage at 112 West 25th St between 6th and 7th- we have gotten the most AMAZING stuff there- you will see many designers and big names trawling around looking for "inspiration" (you might get sidetracked by the vintage clothing!) Oh, and they have a website hkfm.com for the detailsAnd if you figure out what to do with the windows, please let me know! We still have not put shades or curtains up because I can't decide what goes with modern!Best wishes on your new apt!!!

Janodin - December 22, 2015 at 12:02 AM

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“Hunny I love you so much! I think about you all day every day. You will always be my one and only. I carry with me the monkey you gave me for Valentine's Day. In my heart I carry all the good memories we have shared. You are such a great person with a huge heart who always put me first. I hope you hear me every night I talk to you. Please look over me. I'm going to miss the way you looked at me, the way you touched me, the way you kissed me, the way you always longed for my attention. I love you so much! Please let me know you are OK. Rest in peace. You are what consumes this small brain of mine! There's too much of you to fit! Do you hear me every day I talk to you? Every night before I go to bed? I hope so. Boy do I wish you would just talk back. I miss just having simple conversations, I miss the way you look at me, the way your hands feel so comforting when they are wrapped around me. I miss the way your lips feel against mine. I miss cuddling. I miss being able to tell you I love you and being able to hear it back. When will you show me a sign you are with me? When will you show me a sign that you hear me? I wear your clothes and I walk around asking myself would Chris want me to do this. I want to live for you and through you. Until we hold each other again, I love you. Your one true love, Shaunda Marie Yarnell (Richardson)

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Shaunda Yarnell - July 26, 2012 at 10:32 PM