



Richard Neil Kleinberg

April 17, 1949 - February 28, 2026

Richard Neil Kleinberg, 76, passed away in Bushnell, Florida on February 28, 2026. He was born in Manhattan, NY on April 17, 1949 to Morris Kleinberg and Evelyn Schreiber. Richard was a very charming, intelligent, dedicated, and talented man. He enjoyed playing pickleball, watercolor painting, and songwriting. He is survived by his daughter: Jennifer Kleinberg of Tampa, FL; son: Mark (Nattie) Kling of Bangkok, Thailand; brother: Ira (Vierra) Kleinberg of Tom's River, NJ; and cousin: Neil (Sue) Schreiber of Mathews, NC. He is preceded in death by his daughter: Jessica Kleinberg, and his parents: Morris Kleinberg, and Evelyn Orsi. Condolences may be sent to the family at <https://www.beyersfuneralhome.com/> Arrangements have been entrusted to Beyers Funeral Home- Purcell Chapel, Bushnell, Florida.

Tribute Wall

“*My cousin Richard was more than just family; he was my friend, my idol, and a brother from another mother. When I was just a toddler, he and his brother, Ira, were my heroes. They came into our lives as young teenagers during a complicated time for their own family, and in the process, they became like sons to my parents. I, in turn, adored their mother, my Aunt Evelyn.*

Growing up, I watched the two of them with awe, struck by the fascinating contrast between them: Richard was the quintessential child of the sixties—a Woodstock-attending, flower-child counterculturist—while his older brother, Ira, was a decorated Vietnam soldier. To my young eyes, they were both larger than life.

As the years passed, our relationship matured. In my 20s and 30s, my work trips to New York became an excuse to hang out with Richard and find pickup basketball games in Staten Island. We had that rare kind of kinship where we could drift apart for ten years, yet the moment we reconnected, it was as if no time had passed at all. We could sit for hours, laughing and sharing memories of our parents, debating politics, or dissecting life’s great mysteries. Richard had a wonderful sense of humor, but more importantly, he had the rare gift of truly listening when you spoke to him.

We shared a fierce, "crazed" competitive streak. He always thought he was a pretty good basketball player, and I was happy to let him keep thinking that. Later in life, we both stumbled into pickleball at the same time. We loved playing against each other, and trust me, neither of us gave an inch—we savored every single point we won.

Richard’s love for my parents never wavered. When my father passed, Richard spoke via video at the funeral, articulating his gratitude and love with the kind of grace and eloquence only he could muster.

Over the last few years—before, during, and after he got sick—we spoke on the phone often. I am so grateful I was able to spend time

with him in Florida during his final weeks. Though it was difficult to see his health decline, his zest for life was untouched; we could still talk just like we did when we were kids. In those final days, he even managed to surprise me one last time: I discovered he was a gifted artist. Seeing his wonderful watercolors, I couldn't help but tease him: "Who knew you had this much talent?"

I will miss Richard more than I can ever adequately express. I find comfort in knowing he is at peace, and I have no doubt that wherever he is, he's already making the angels laugh.

Neil - March 04 at 09:49 AM