

Colonel Richard “Dick” Guild

USAFA Class of 1963

Memorial Service Remarks

United States Air Force Academy Cemetery — August 31, 2026

Contents:

Eulogy, delivered by son Doug Guild

Remarks by twin sister Jean

These pages are scanned copies of the notes used by Dick's son, Doug, and his twin sister, Jean, when they spoke at his Memorial Service. Preserved here from the summary and photo album compiled by classmate and class photographer Jimmie Butler.

Eulogy at United States Air Force Academy

Richard E. Guild

August 31, 2026

Good Morning - On behalf of our family, thank you for being here today to honor my father, Colonel Richard "Dick" Guild. I am one of his two sons – Doug Guild, along with my brother David.

My dad was born in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, on December 27, 1939. His parents were Hillis E. Guild and Irene Reisinger Guild. He has 3 sisters. Jaqueline who is deceased. Jean – his twin who is here, and Geniel, who is also attending today. He graduated from the United States Air Force Academy with the Class of 1963. He married my mother Alice Glim on graduation day June 1963 at the cadet chapel. I also would like to recognize my mother who is here this morning.

After graduation, he completed pilot training and became a fighter pilot—a career that took him around the world and, most importantly, into combat during the Vietnam War, where he flew multiple combat tours.

He flew the F-105, F-111, and F-4 in combat. These were demanding aircraft, and the missions he flew required skill, courage, discipline, and the ability to perform under extraordinary circumstances.

He was an American Fighter Pilot; An American Warrior; and a proud patriot who served with courage, honor, and unwavering dedication. His Air Force service reflected his deep commitment to duty and to excellence. Many in my family have stated over the years that they always felt safer knowing my dad was defending our country.

Over the course of his military career, he received numerous medals, decorations, and unit citations recognizing his service and accomplishments.

Among his principal decorations (too many to list at this time) were the **Legion of Merit with one Oak Leaf Cluster, Distinguished Flying Cross with one Silver Oak Leaf Cluster, Meritorious Service Medal with one Oak Leaf Cluster, Air Medal with three Silver Oak Leaf Clusters, and Air Force Commendation Medal with one Oak Leaf Cluster.**

As mentioned - The Legion of Merit is given for exceptional meritorious service or conduct in the performance of outstanding services and achievements...The

Distinguished Flying Cross is awarded for heroism or extraordinary achievement while participating in aerial flight. My dad received it twice. The Air Medal recognizes meritorious achievement or single acts of heroism in aerial flight – in a combat zone, and he received multiple awards of that decoration as well.

- Legion of Merit with one Oak Leaf Cluster
- Distinguished Flying Cross with one Silver Oak Leaf Cluster
- Meritorious Service Medal with one Oak Leaf Cluster
- Air Medal with three Silver Oak Leaf Clusters
- Air Force Commendation Medal with one Oak Leaf Cluster
- Presidential Unit Citation with one Oak Leaf Cluster
- Air Force Outstanding Unit Award with Valor and four Oak Leaf Clusters
- Combat Readiness Medal
- National Defense Service Medal
- Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal
- Vietnam Service Medal with four Bronze Service Stars
- Air Force Overseas Short Tour Ribbon with one Oak Leaf Cluster
- Air Force Overseas Long Tour Ribbon
- Air Force Longevity Service Award Ribbon with one Silver Oak Leaf Cluster
- Air Force Training Ribbon
- Republic of Vietnam Gallantry Cross with Palm
- Republic of Vietnam Campaign Medal

What a remarkable record of service to his country – the United States of America...

These decorations represent more than medals and ribbons. They represent years of service, difficult missions, and the responsibility that came with being a fighter pilot in the United States Air Force.

My dad retired as a Colonel from the Air Force in 1987 after 25 years of service.

He continued his career as a consultant in the Washington, D.C., area and most recently served for 14 years on the board of Stavatti Aerospace where he was the Director of Military Aerospace.

My father lived during an extraordinary period in American military history. He graduated from the Air Force Academy during the height of the Cold War, became a fighter pilot, served in Vietnam, and spent a quarter century wearing the uniform of the United States Air Force.

What a remarkable record of service to his country.

He was also a father, grandfather, and great-grandfather. He is survived by his two sons, Doug and David, five grandchildren (four are with us today), and five great-grandchildren.

There is a scripture from 2 Timothy that says:

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

Those words seem particularly appropriate today.

My Dad fought his fight. He flew his missions. He served his country. He finished his course.

And now, he returns to the Air Force Academy, this sacred place where he started his career 67 years ago.... His final remains now forever laid at the institution that was such an important part of his life...

My father was an American fighter pilot.

He was an Air Force officer.

He was a veteran of combat.

And he was an American warrior.

So my brother and I would like to personally thank everyone who came here today to honor and remember Colonel Richard (Dick) Guild,

He leaves behind a legacy of service, integrity, and love of country that will continue to inspire his family for generations.

-AUNT JEAN - twin
GORDON

I would like to Thank everyone for being here to celebrate my twin brother's life.

Dick led a very interesting life. I liked to share a few memories I have of him.

We went to 13 schools in 12 years, we were always moving on account of Dad's jobs. He worked as Paymaster for a large construction company.

We taught Geniel how to walk on the ship when we we moving to Alaska, what fun we had.

While living in Alaska we almost lost our lives playing in the tide pools.

One day a man helped us put our rafts, in the main inlet when the tide was going out. The current took us to the middle of the

*Not a
No good
idea*

inlet and water was up to our calves. Dick thought we would end up on the other side of the inlet and it would be a long walk home, and that we'd be in serious trouble . Thankfully some logging workers saw us and sent the fire boat to rescue us. Dick said" I think we were closer to ~~drawing~~ that we might have realized.

definitely

When we lived in Vancouver B.C.. one Christmas we received beautiful Raleigh bikes, which were the top -of - the line bikes, Dick went out and left his bike where it was stolen and I told him not to ever take mine, welllllll, he took mine when I was not at home and proceeded to get mine stolen Needless to say I was not happy with him. Never got a new one ever again. I reminded him often about it.

We lived in a place called Little Valley , Utah and we called it the dust bowl. As the

wind and dust was always blowing, it was there Dick, decided to dive into the Great Salt Lake off the pier instead of walking or jumping into it. He learned ~~on~~

the water

1. diving into the lake was like diving into concrete.
2. No one ever drowned in Salt Lake they suffocated. He said in a quote I found.

"I could hardly breath, could not open his eyes and while choking to near death He paddle blindly in a seated position, to what *He* thought was the shore and decided to stand up only to find out ~~the was~~ the water was only up to his calf."

Once his eyes got cleared and cleaned up, Geniel had a towel handy. He said it was the worse swim ever.

Dick went to Fresno state and onto to the Air Force Academy where he graduated and went on to a very interesting life in the Air Force becoming a pilot. He flew in the Viet Nam war and flew over 200 missions and when he flew his 100 mission his picture was in the time magazine and he said, And I quote”

“You just develop tunnel vision and simply go right in,
We were very thankful he came home safe.
Some pilots didn’t come home.

After dick’s retirement I saw more and more of him, while he was working for the car dealership I enjoyed him stopping in unannounced or calling when he was a Few miles from our house and he would stop in for an over night sleep or just have time to take who ever was available to go to. Lunch or dinner.

I have enjoyed remembering some my closet memories of Dick with you,

I like to close be reading the 23rd Psalm from the Life application Bible.

Because the Lord is my Shepard, I have everything I need!

He lets me rest in the meadow grass and leads me besides the quiet stream.

He gives me new strength. He helps me do what honours him the most.

Even when walking through the dark valley of death I will not be afraid, for you are close besides me, guarding, guiding me all the way.

You provide delicious food for me in the presence of my enemies. You have welcome me as your guest; Blessings over flow!