



## Glenn Kadrmas

July 1, 1961 - March 28, 2026

Glenn Alan Kadrmas passed away peacefully at home on Saturday March 28th, 2026. He was born on July 1st, 1961, in Buffalo, NY and was the son of Raymond Kadrmas and Darlene Zielke. He married Sue Olynick on December 14th, 1979. They have 4 children Toni, Kristen, Nicole, and Kyle. He was proud to be a truck driver, traveling all over the country for many years with his brother Neil and later becoming a metal fabricator. He enjoyed fishing, fixing cars, and making furniture for his family. On a warm day you could find him tinkering in his garage taking pride in whatever project it was that he was working on. On Sunday, you could find him watching Nascar races or football. He is survived by his ex-wife Sue Kadrmas and Stepmother LaVonne Kadrmas. His children Toni (Fred) McChesney, Kristen (Paul Finney) Kadrmas, Nicole Kadrmas, Kyle Kadrmas. His brother Neil (Rose) Kadrmas, Sister Kelly (Mike) Schmidt, Stepbrothers Paul (Danna) McClelland and John (Annette) McClelland. His grandchildren Brianna Kadrmas, Daeveon Toro, Mason McChesney, and Chloe McChesney. His great grandchildren Kehlani, Karter and Kai'yana Easterling. Many nieces, nephews, cousins and friends. He was preceded in death by his parents, his sister Kim, and grandson Aiden McChesney.

# Tribute Wall

“ Glenn Kadrmas was my brother-in-law, married to my sister Sue, but to me he was more than that. He was like a brother. Even though I grew up with three brothers, I feel like I spent more time with Glenn in that brotherly way than with anyone else.

*What I remember most is how things were between us. As I got older and was growing up through my teenage years, Glenn would take time to sit and talk with me. Sometimes that meant going for rides on his motorcycle, going along with him on a truck-driving trip, sitting in the living room watching football while eating a Jack's Pizza, or sitting in lawn chairs in the garage with the door open just talking about guy stuff. We also spent a lot of time fishing together.*

*I cannot say for sure whether he always saw those moments the same way I did, or whether sometimes I was just there, but either way, it was time we spent together, and it meant something to me. Even when the family was having a hard day, when we were doing those things, we usually did not talk about the problems. It was more like a place of calm, where for a little while things could settle down.*

*Glenn also taught me things while I was growing up, whether it was how to change a tire or how to fix something. I do not know if he always meant to be teaching me, or if I was simply watching and learning from him while he worked, but he never made me feel like I was in the way. Instead, he would ask me to hand him a wrench or help with something, and that meant a lot to me.*

*When it was just the two of us, it felt like we were friends. We would joke around and laugh about things, and I can honestly say that most of the time, he felt like a brother to me. Because I was so close to my sister, I feel like I spent more time with Glenn and Sue than with much of the rest of my family.*

*Looking back, those times taught me something important: that a little time, a little space, and a little peace can help carry you*

*through the hard moments and make room for better ones later.  
That is how I will remember Glenn.*

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**Randy Olynick** - April 13 at 10:18 AM

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*Like all families, we had good times and bad times, but what I remember most is how things were between us. As I got older and was growing up through my teenage years, Glenn would take time to sit and talk with me. Sometimes that meant going for rides on his motorcycle, going along with him on a truck-driving trip, sitting in the living room watching football while eating a Jack's Pizza, or sitting in lawn chairs in the garage with the door open just talking about guy stuff. We also spent a lot of time fishing together.*

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*Glenn had his moments, like we all do, but I tried, when I could, to simply be there with him in the moment. Looking back, those times taught me something important: that a little time, a little space, and a little peace can help carry you through the hard moments and make room for better ones later. That is how I will remember Glenn.*

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**Randy Olynick** - April 12 at 12:11 PM