



Richard Whalen Beaubien, Jr. ("Bo")

November 27, 1952 - March 25, 2026

Richard "Rick" Whalen Beaubien, Jr. ("Bo"), 73, of Franklin, Georgia, passed away peacefully at his home on March 25, 2026. Born in Boston, Massachusetts, to the late Lorraine Fallon Beaubien and Richard Whalen Beaubien, Sr., Rick was a standout athlete at Canton High School, excelling in three sports. He went on to attend Colby College in Waterville, Maine, where he majored in Economics, was a proud member of Kappa Delta Rho fraternity, and started for four years as a defenseman on the Mules' hockey team. Rick built a successful career in sales that took him from Virginia to Florida before he ultimately settled in Georgia for more than 40 years. He was known for his sharp mind, strong relationships, and old school approach; his Rolodex, briefcase, and Rand McNally were never far from reach, even in 2026.

He was an avid outdoorsman, a diehard Boston sports fan, a passionate gardener, and a gifted cook. Friends and family each had their own favorite dish he made from scratch-apple pie, zucchini bread, eggplant parmigiana, stuffed shells-each prepared with care, generosity, and pride, and often accompanied by his unmistakable, booming laugh.

Rick faced his battle with Parkinson's disease with quiet defiance. He met it on his own terms, without complaint, without self-pity, and without allowing it to define him. His resilience, strength, and dignity in the face of that challenge left a lasting impression on everyone who knew him.

He is survived by his sons, Richard "Skip" Beaubien, III (Lauren Rancillio

Beaubien) and Charles "Charlie" Henry Beaubien (Holly Heintschel Beaubien); his beloved grandchildren, Richie, August, Henry, and Hattie; his sister, Michele; and his niece, Chantel Trivett.

Rick wished for no formal services. Instead, honor him by growing something, sharing a meal with people you love, or spending time outside, just as he did.

McKoon Funeral Home & Crematory

Tribute Wall

RO

“ I was diagnosed with Parkinson’s disease four years ago. For over two years, I relied on Levodopa and several other medications, but unfortunately, the symptoms kept getting worse. The tremors became more noticeable, and my balance and mobility started to decline quickly. Last year, out of desperation and hope, I decided to try a herbal treatment program from NaturePath Herbal Clinic. Honestly, I was skeptical at first, but within a few months of starting the treatment, I began to notice real changes. My movements became smoother, the tremors subsided, and I felt steadier on my feet. Incredibly, I also regained much of my energy and confidence. It’s been a life-changing experience I feel more like myself again, better than I’ve felt in years. If you or a loved one is struggling with Parkinson’s disease, I truly recommend looking into their natural approach. You can visit their website at www.naturepathherbalclinic.com.

Roberto - Yesterday at 10:40 PM

LI

“ So many great childhood memories with you. You will be greatly missed...

Lisa - April 28 at 06:42 PM

CT

“ My Uncle Ricky was someone I deeply admired from the time I was a little girl.

Growing up, my mother and grandmother spoke about him with so much pride. I always heard stories about how handsome, athletic, accomplished, and well liked he was. He was captain of his hockey team at Colby College, an excellent student, successful, and often in the newspaper for his achievements. As a little girl, I was incredibly impressed by him and quietly aspired to grow into someone as accomplished, disciplined, and stand up as my Uncle Ricky.

I spent many summers living with my grandmother, and whenever the phone rang and it was Uncle Ricky calling, I was always excited to hear his voice. Even though we lived many miles apart, he always made me feel loved through those phone calls. He would take time to talk to me, tell me he loved me, and make me feel special. That is something I will never forget.

Uncle Ricky was Grandma's pride and joy. When I was very young, there was one visit where I was finally old enough to spend meaningful time with him beyond being a toddler, and my grandmother wanted me to make the very best impression. She prepared me carefully for his arrival. She taught me to say yes sir and no sir, to use my cutlery properly, and to speak only when spoken to. She wanted me to put my best foot forward because, in her eyes, Uncle Ricky was a very important man deserving of the utmost respect.

When I was about 8 years old, I visited him and my cousins in Atlanta and stayed in my cousin Charlie's room. Skip was much older than me, but both of my cousins were incredibly kind to me. During that visit, they bought me a rainbow coloured unicorn toy that I have never forgotten. I remember thinking Uncle Ricky had raised such sweet boys because they were so much older than me, yet they were so warm and kind.

I was so impressed by Uncle Ricky's beautiful home. To me, it felt like the perfect American dream house with a huge backyard and garden. I still remember sitting at Uncle Ricky's kitchen table feeling a sense of awe over how sweet the fresh peas from his garden tasted in the pasta he made. It was in moments like that that I began to understand the magic of Uncle Ricky that everyone always talked about. Everything he touched seemed to be done exceptionally well, including his glorious garden and its Garden of Eden sweetness.

Uncle Ricky always made time to visit my grandmother. He tried to see her twice a year to help with seasonal work around her house. Even with a demanding career working with Fortune 500 clients and high-profile individuals, he always made time for his mother. Every Mother's Day, he also sent her two dozen red roses.

When Uncle Ricky came to visit my grandmother, he worked hard the entire time he was there. He took care of all of her landscaping, heavy lifting, fixing things, and anything else that needed to be done. In the evenings, he would sit at the patio table with her, drink beers while she chain smoked, and they would catch up for hours.

When I was about 13, Uncle Ricky came to visit my grandmother and me at Millers. He spent the entire day cooking the most delicious eggplant parmesan I have ever had in my life! It was an unforgettable work of culinary art. He was a perfectionist, and I always admired that and aspired toward it. My mother often tells me that I resemble Uncle Ricky in the way I conduct myself with my work ethic, and it fills me with pride to be compared to him.

A few years later, my grandmother, my mother, and I visited Uncle Ricky at his new house and he grilled perfectly medium rare tuna steaks with steak seasoning. I felt so fancy being introduced to the world of non canned tuna. It was a level of culinary excellence I had yet to experience.

During the tour of his home, I remember seeing his closet and being

amazed that his shirts were perfectly pressed, his shoes were shined, and everything was organized by colour. His entire home was pristine and in perfect shiny order. It felt like walking through a Martha Stewart magazine spread. Uncle Ricky was meticulous.

He was someone I deeply admired for his accomplishments, genuineness, and discipline.

Even though many miles often separated us, I always knew he was my family and I always knew I was loved by him.

I am proud to say he was my uncle and I will remember him with so much love and admiration always.

Grandma is finally reunited in heaven with her pride and joy.

*With love,
Chantel*

Chantel Trivett - April 25 at 04:27 PM

SH

Beautiful tribute Chantel to your Uncle Ricky. ❤️

Sharon Heffernan - June 17 at 07:05 PM

MB

“ I have many memories of my cousin Ricky, especially sitting around the kitchen table in Millers Falls, Massachusetts hearing about his adventures on the open sales road.

As a young person Richard inspired me to pursue both athletics in school to balance academic pressure, and then to attack the challenges sales...basically to follow his path. He was a natural athlete possessing impressive hand-eye coordination which I lacked. He was also an avid and dedicated sports fan, especially Colby's.

I remember one day in the 1980s visiting our grandmother in Millers Falls when Ricky told the story of how his father (my Uncle Dr Richard Beaubien), upon returning from World War II, one year after his father (our grandfather Arthur) had passed, he discovered a basement full of old telephones from the early 1900s. Ricky's dad, in frustration, in 1947 buried roughly 1000 antique wall-mounted "hand crank party line telephones" in the backyard ... using a bulldozer. We all quickly did the math of the potential value of these antiques and grabbed shovels and started digging randomly and frantically in the backyard as a team together. Alas, time had taken its toll, and we never found a single telephone. Together we figured they would at that time be worth something approaching \$1 million, buried and lost to the dust of time. Our grandfather Arthur had worked for the AT&T company for 30 years as a lineman for the county. as he replaced the obsolete wall crank party line telephones with the Then- new rotary dial technology, he kept the old phones in his basement, thinking they might be worth something someday. What a frugal Yankee, Laughing out loud from Heaven!

I will miss you Ricky, and I thank God you've made it through your prolonged, torturous medical journey. God does not always explain why He puts us through our trials and tribulations but we always seem to benefit in some way from enduring them.

Mark Beaubien - April 25 at 11:34 AM

MB

“ I will always remember Ricky as the hardworking, protective older brother of our childhood. From the cold New England ponds where he patiently tied my skates, to the high energy hockey rinks where I cheered him on, his talent and dedication were unmatched. May he find peace and may those fondest memories remain in our hearts.
Michèle

Michele Beaubien - April 24 at 06:06 PM

SH

Michele, I'm so sorry for the loss of your brother.

Sharon Heffernan - June 17 at 07:06 PM

BC

“ I lost a great friend and teammate. He was brave throughout all his difficult time. He never complained once. Rick is in a better palce now. God bless him.

Bill Callahan

Bill Callahan - April 24 at 03:13 PM