



Richard Burton Elias

May 13, 2026

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June, 1954 - May 13, 2026

Rick Elias has lost his long battle with FTD Alzheimer's disease. He was a life long member of the Butler Community.

He graduated from Butler High School in 1972, then attended Butler County Community College.

He completed his Bachelor of Arts degree at Mansfield State College, then earned his masters degree in Criminal Justice Administration from Shippensburg University.

Rick will be remembered for his proud and long career in law enforcement. He served the County of Butler as director of Juvenile Court services, and as a judge appointed Orphans Court investigator.

Rick was also the owner of the ELIAS Driver Training School, along with his father, Herbert Elias. Together they created a legacy by teaching thousands of Butler area residents to be good and safe drivers in a career spanning over 60 years.

Rick was a devoted father to his children, Logan and Chelsea, and the nurturing of young people in the community was his passion. He loved

knowing all the kids in the neighborhood were at his house doing all the outdoor fun stuff kids should be doing. He was a Sunday school teacher at St. Peter's Episcopal church for many years.

To say Rick enjoyed golf would be an epic understatement. He honed his skill at golf with a passion known to many. Having an ACE at Krendale the day before his wedding was one of his finest moments.

Rick was an expert marksman and enjoyed hunting and shooting. His compound bow was his pride and joy. He was a member of the Butler County Law Enforcement Association and the Butler City Hunting and Fishing Club.

Rick is survived by his wife of 42 years, Carol Coulter Elias, and his children R. Logan Elias, and Chelsea Elias (Eric) Shea and his beloved cat Zorro. He is also survived by two brothers, Doug and David Elias, and 2 sisters, Kathy Rubin and Terri Ronald.

A celebration of Rick's life will be held privately at the site of his favorite tree stand, and his ashes will forever grace the ground where he spent endless hours hunting, and regaling wild stories with his hunting buddies.

Out of the Night that covers me
Black as the Pit from pole to pole
I thank whatever Gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced or cried aloud
Under the bludgeonings of chance

My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate
I am the captain of my soul.
-William Ernest Henley

The family respectfully asks that any donations in Rick's memory be made to
Alzheimer's research.