



Brian Michael Stansberry

March 23, 1966 - March 3, 2026

Brian Michael Stansberry, 59, passed away March 3, 2026 after a courageous battle with cancer. He was the husband of Phil Risinger and the son of Bill and Pat Stansberry.

Brian's years on earth were full of life, and his exceptionally loving nature resulted in a lifetime of being everyone's favorite everything. He was the favorite friend, the favorite uncle, the favorite student, the favorite brother, and, admit it, Mom, the favorite child, deservedly so. During his early childhood in rural Texas, even as a kindergartner he was able to charm his school bus driver into letting him sit on the engine hood, dutifully honking the horn every time Brian asked.

You couldn't be around Brian long without laughing. He had a quick, razor-sharp wit, the kind of humor that effortlessly enlivened every room he was in. His mind was brilliant in so many ways, often exemplified in his endless stream of hilarious, spontaneous one-liners. Allowing him to accompany you to a somber event was risky, because he might whisper something that would make you burst out in uncontrolled laughter. Meanwhile, he would remain stonefaced, or maybe let that one dimple show.

Brian spent almost 40 years together with his loving husband, Phil. They built a successful business together from the ground up, the perfect complements

to each other. Their home was a place filled with love. On the rare occasions when they were apart, Brian's conversations would always eventually come back to Phil, pointing out something Phil would like, or find funny, or hate. Phil was devoted to Brian's happiness, indulging his every whim, or at least most of them. Brian's favorite place to be was on his front porch enjoying the evening breeze with Phil and his favorite dog of all, Aachen.

Brian's legacy will forever be marked by love. He loved people, eclectic art, dogs, especially dogs that were rejected or mistreated by others, his garden, anything funky and offbeat, specialty chocolates, diverse music, RV camping, unconventional t-shirts and shoes, quirky gifts, and traveling, with a particular affinity for Puerto Vallarta and Provincetown.

Everywhere he went, Brian outshone everyone else, not because he ever tried to, but because of his generous, loving heart, his sense of humor, and his genuine compassion and care for others. The world was an infinitely better place when he was in it.

Left to cherish Brian's memory are his beloved husband, Phil Risinger, his mother, Pat Stansberry, his sisters, Michelle Sandwell and Sharla Johnston (Lew), his brothers, Robin Stansberry (Sarah), Tracy Stansberry (Hope), Stuart Stansberry, and Scott Stansberry, his sister-in-law, Penny Conner (Mike), his nieces and nephews, and countless friends who all adored him. He was preceded in death by his brother, Kevin, and his father. Brian's legacy will be carried on through his family and the many friends whose lives he touched.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made on behalf of Brian and Phil to Friends of PV Animals, a stray dog rescue charity in Puerto Vallarta.

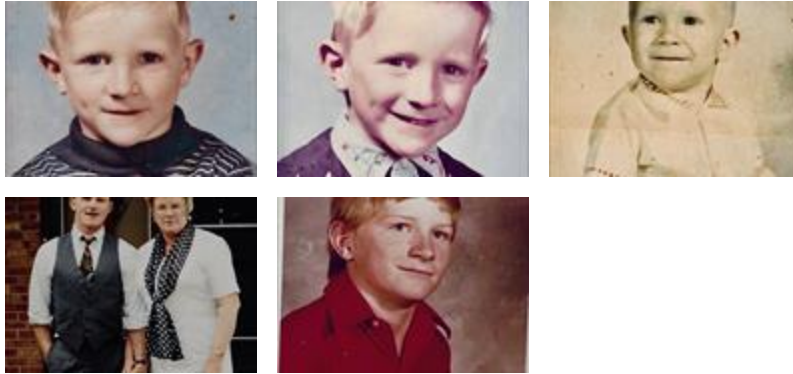
A celebration of Brian's life will be held on Saturday, April 25, at noon, when his prized garden will be in full bloom. It will be held at the home of Brian and

Phil, 1629 Waterston Ave. Austin, Texas 78703. Please send RSVP to prisinger123@yahoo.com.

Tribute Wall

SJ

“ 5 files added to the tribute wall



Sharla Johnston - March 28 at 01:46 PM

TG

“ Brian et al - it is with heavy heart I bear this news (how I hate thee Facebook) - Brian was indeed the best of us, I don't even recall how we met, but I am so grateful that we did - My condolences to all - especially to Phil (who I never had the pleasure to meet), to Kevin, to Michelle, and Tracy and the Stansberry family. May our paths cross again somewhere down the road

Todd A Grissom - March 17 at 01:12 PM

TS

“ Rest at peace brother Brian. Now it seems like I barely knew you. For now we only see a reflection as in a mirror; then we will see face to face. For these 3 remain: faith hope and love and the greatest is love! Thank you for the awesome Christmas memories in Washington DC. Thank you for the wonderful generosity you displayed in providing a home for dad and mom. Dad was so proud of you and he often spoke of how much he loved you. Until we meet again brother I will hold you in my heart! Tracy

Tracy Stansberry - March 15 at 12:25 PM

AS

“*My Uncle Brian (also known as “By Far the Best Uncle”) was a legend. His witty sense of humor and magnetic personality made him an absolute joy to be around. He had the special ability to make you feel interesting and important, and any conversation with him felt like an invitation to be in on an inside joke. He bought the funniest gifts, and had an epic collection of goofy socks.*

I absolutely idolized him growing up, and I have so many fond memories of time spent visiting at beloved house in DC, laughing at stories at crazy family reunions, and camping (kind of) in Massachusetts. I looked forward to every holiday where I knew I would get to see him and get to spend time with him.

As I got older, I loved hearing stories about his life and trading tips while we bonded over our shared love of traveling. While he was one of the funniest people I knew, he was also, more quietly, one of the most generous and considerate people too. He constantly prioritized the people in his life that he loved, and never asked for anything in return.

He was loved by anyone who knew him—it was impossible not to—and I will miss him dearly.



Anna Sandwell - March 12 at 06:41 PM

BM

“ *Brian in his beloved Puerto Vallarta.*



Bob Major - March 10 at 03:39 PM

HS

“ *As an admirer of the entire Stansberry family and their special qualities, I have never quite been able to name what it is about them that I am so drawn to. The best I can do is describe them: they all possess an innate kindness, a depth of empathy for their fellow man, a caring that not all humans possess. There is a sensitive intelligence, and artfully quick wit and humor, punctuated by that deep, resonant, comforting voice (the men in the family) that captivates the hearer. They feel passionately, speak articulately, fight for their family and friends determinedly, incite laughter and love fiercely. And our precious brother Brian had a double dose! It would be hard for me to choose a favorite brother among the 6 of them, and being married to Brian's older brother, Tracy, that is especially tricky! But there can be no doubt that anyone who knew Brian, knew how special he was. He had such a warm, kind heart. He was generous & caring, funny to the max, and oh, how I loved reading the witty things he wrote- from his thoughtful cards to his tribute to his brother, Kevin. Brian was a gifted guy, full of love & life. Words fail to tell how much we will miss him! I cannot even fathom that he is no longer with us. But his love is...and love is eternal! We still have his love with us! Gone far too soon for those of us who love him. Rest in peace our, sweet, precious brother! We love you!*

Hope Stansberry - March 10 at 09:50 AM

DS

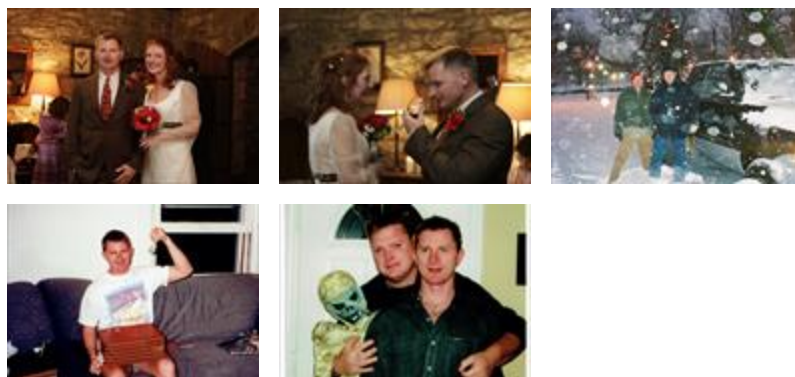
“ Uncle Brian was my favorite uncle ever! From the time I was little, when he offered my mom to buy the naming rights to me, and wanted to call me Angus, he’s always been a presence in my life. I have so many great memories with him, especially of all the times he made me laugh. The last time I was with him I was helping him move furniture, and he had me laughing the whole time. He always made me feel like he was proud of me, and that meant so much to me. I’ll miss you, uncle Brian. Thank you for being the best uncle I could ever ask for.



David Sandwell - March 09 at 03:57 PM

CO

“ 27 files added to the album LEA



Corbin - March 09 at 08:14 AM

“The stars are not wanted now; put out every one. Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun...”

WH Auden perfectly captured the overwhelming grief I feel on the sudden passing of my cherished friend, Brian Stansberry. I've known him for nearly 40 years and he was, through thick and thin, always unwaveringly loving, loyal and supportive. Truly more family than friend. It is rare to meet someone whom you feel is from your exact tribe, someone who truly gets you. Brian had a magical way of making many of those who knew him feel entirely the same way. I, along with his loved ones, feel utterly crushed to the core; no one more so than his eternally devoted husband, Phil. The love they shared is inspirational.

Although it is nearly impossible to see beyond this sorrow, I take comfort in my many cherished memories of him. Back in our college days, more years ago than I'd care to say, Brian looked like Sting and danced like Bono. I actually first met Brian at a Sting concert. At the time, we took in all the shows that we could - The Cure, The Waterboys, Peter Murphy, Echo & the Bunnymen - to name just a few.

Brian could do anything he put his mind to. He had a razor sharp wit, was a gifted author, had an eclectic fashion sense and was often, ever so charmingly irreverent. He would randomly send us quirky, off-beat gifts - intricately beaded Mexican cat statues, neon frogs donning cowboy hats. There was never a note attached, yet there was also never any doubt who had sent them. He was generous and compassionate. One of a kind. A net positive for humanity.

There is a phrase often used in Ireland; “Ní Bheidh a leitheid arís ann”. It originally alluded to a way of life that was lost forever. But it is so fitting here. It can be translated “You will never see the likes of him again”. The veracity of this statement in reference to our tragic loss of Brian is evident. And with his passing, our lives will indeed

never be the same.



Lea Ridgeway - March 08 at 09:39 PM

LJ

“ *Brian and I only got to know each other in the last 3-4 years. His sister Sharla, my wife, shared many stories of Brian's loveable personality, sense of humor and his generous spirit. We spent a week with Brian and Phil in Vegas last year. It was my chance to be around him and see exactly what Sharla had shared about him. What a great guy!!! He will be missed.*

Lew Johnston - March 08 at 02:41 PM

MS

“ Rest in peace, my beloved big brother. You were my very first best friend, my lifelong protector, dragon slayer, partner in crime, confidante, and safe home. My whole life, you’ve been my hero, and even in these past months fighting cancer, you were brave and strong for all the rest of us.

When we were young, living in a little farmhouse in east Texas, you used to take me by the hand and walk me down our dirt road toward the big pond with all the tall willows, where you taught me how to fish. You would put the worm on my hook, because it grossed me out, and because you were worried that I would hurt my finger. In the rare event that I would actually catch something, I was too little to reel it in, so you did it for me. But the whole time, you were cheering me on and making a big deal over what a great fisher I was. You let me believe it was all me, but it was always you. All my life, it’s always been you. Right beside me, cheering me on.

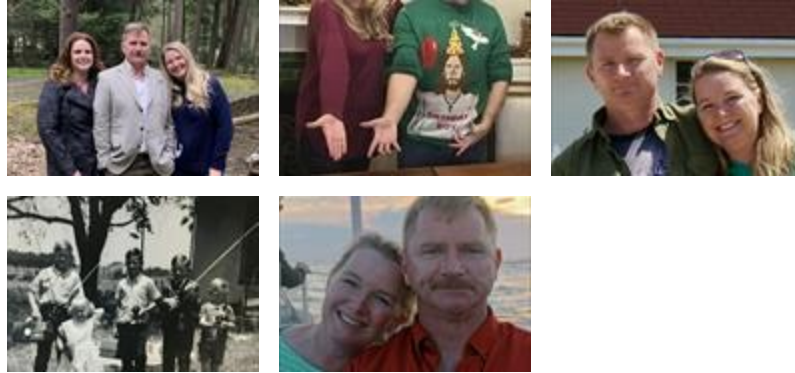
When you were in junior high, but I was still a little fifth grader in elementary school, you used to get off the bus every day and come pick me up in my classroom and walk me to the bus because I told you once that a boy named Tony was being mean to me. Even after Tony mysteriously repented of his ways, you still came and got me every day.

In high school, you were the first person I told all my news to when I got home. You drove me to Taco Bell a million times, took me and my friends to the mall and on countless munchie runs, and comforted me when my Lilt home perm went tragically wrong, telling me (falsely) that I was the prettiest girl in school. You were waiting on the front porch when my first date showed up. I kinda wish you hadn’t brandished that baseball bat, but then again, no one ever disrespected me.

As an adult, there are too many ways to count that you stood by me through thick and thin. I can still hear your laugh, that great, infectious laugh that filled any room with joy and mirth. Always,

wherever you were, there was love. You were the best brother to me, the best uncle to my children, that I could have ever dreamed of.

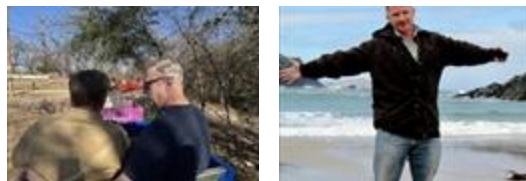
One day, dear brother, we'll meet again. We'll walk down long golden dirt roads toward glorious ponds, with the tallest willows, arm in arm. Until then, rest well.



Michelle Sandwell - March 07 at 08:11 PM

SJ

“ *These two photos say so much about Brian...loving life with arms and heart open to everyone around him, and living life with Phil by his side. Brian was so much more than a brother to me. He was a dearest friend, and he loved me so faithfully my whole life. His huge presence and the love and light he brought into my life will be a loss of enormous magnitude. Though my heart is shattered I will carry his love with always.*



Sharla Johnston - March 07 at 08:08 PM

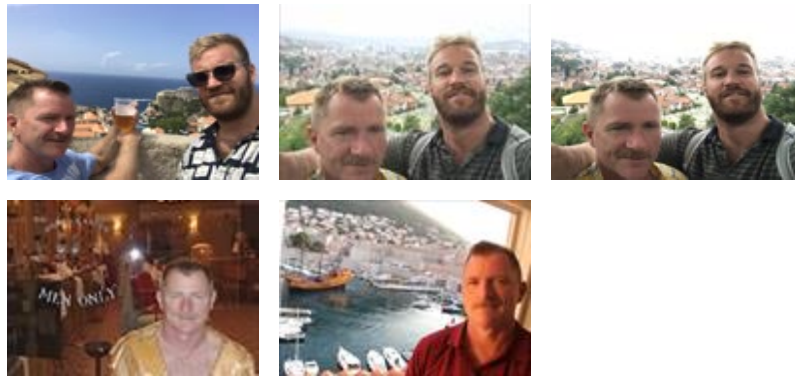
SC

“ I am lucky to have known him. He was a loving, wise, passionate, wry, self effacing, playful and generous soul. This is a heavy, angry grief I'm feeling. But grateful, too. I hope we all find a peace with it, and I'm holding his beloved ones in my heart.

Stephen Culp - March 07 at 06:35 PM

CO

“ 83 files added to the tribute wall



Corbin - March 07 at 06:25 PM