



## Romuald L McBride Jr

January 26, 1929 - February 26, 2018

It is with tremendous joy that the family of Romuald Leo McBride, Jr. announces that he finally traveled to eternal peace with his heavenly Father on Monday, February 26, 2018 at the age of 89 years. His presence was always larger than life and his absence will leave an enormous hole in the lives and hearts of so many people.

Rom was born on January 26, 1929 to Marian (Koewler) McBride and Romuald Leo McBride, Sr. He proudly served in the United State Marine Corps. He married Grace Elizabeth Douglas on May 7, 1949. He spent his career working for the railroad where everyone called him "Big Mac". He was a devoted member of the Church of Christ.

Romuald was preceded in death by both his parents, his eldest son, Thomas Leo McBride, his sister, Janet McBride, his brother, Robert McBride and two grandsons.

He is survived by his Wife, Grace Elizabeth McBride, brothers, Gerald and James McBride, his sister, Sharon Norman and many nieces and nephews. He leaves behind his children, Romuald III and Paula McBride, Marion McBride, Henry and Nell McBride, Theresa McBride and Kevin Case, Elizabeth McBride and Randy Copeland, Catherine and Craig Jefferson and Mary and Greg Topolski. He had 21 grandchildren and 25 great grandchildren. Funeral services will be private.

Friends may visit with the family from 10:00 A.M. until 12:00 P.M. Thursday, March 1, 2018 at Pierre Funeral Home, 2601 West Franklin Street.

Condolences may be left online at [www.pierrefuneralhome.com](http://www.pierrefuneralhome.com).

# Cemetery Details

## St. Philip Church Cemetery

3500 S. St. Philip Road  
Mt. Vernon, IN

# Previous Events

## Visitation

MAR 1. 10:00 AM - 12:00 PM (CT)

Pierre Funeral Home  
2601 West Franklin Street  
Evansville, IN

# Tribute Wall



“ *Romuald L McBride Jr*

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January 16, 2023 at 06:53 PM

MT

“ In the very 1st weekend of the summer of 1967, our entire, enormous family gathered at Burdette Park. All the aunts,uncles cousins and our grandma we're there. We had a "shelter house" upin the high hills. The older kids were running up and down the hills to beat the devil. I was just 3, but I remember this with such clarity. I begged and whined until Elizabeth agreed to hold my hand while I ran down the hill with her. It was a catastrophe! My legs got moving much faster than my tiny body and next thing I remember I was sliding head-first towards a large rock with my tiny summer top pulled up and exposing the tender skin on my tummy. To this day I have the tiny white line of a scar in my hairline where I came to rest with my head at the base of what seems like a very large rock. At the time, I didn't know that my father did almost all of the planning and organizing and I assume much of the financing of these get-togethers as the oldest child most of these things generally did tend to fall to him. He was it seems a father figure to his siblinhe for most of their lives. Once I was cleaned up and sent off to go and nurse my was I kept complaining that everything made my stomach and head hurt even quiet conversation! I sat on the Merry-Go-Round alone all attention had sadly moved on. Then my father seem to appear out of nowhere, standing 10 feet tall above me as I sat there alone on the playground. I realized when my father spoke to me it didn't hurt my head OR my stomach;somehow when my father was there I seemed to feel I fine.Better than fine. He asked me if I wanted to go for a walk. He and and I took off together into the woods and down to the lake where the ducks were swimming and watched while some other picnickers were giving them little pieces of bread. When we finished our walk,he went back to tending to the food and other grown up stuff. I rejoined my cousins and brothers and sisters. I've never forgotten that time. There were so many of us, moments with my father alone for me are very scarce.. He was so kind and calm and comforting. He knew exactly what to do and what to say. I've always held that memory close to my heart,it belonged just to me and my father alone. Now that he's gone, I feel the time is right to share it. My father was not an easy man to know. I would just like to say one more time and hope that he hears me: I

*love you, Father*

**Mary McBride Topolski** - March 03, 2018 at 09:56 AM

TB

“ *Hank, I'm so sorry for your loss. You and all your family are in my thoughts. Haven't seen you in forever but you're a classmate who'll never be forgotten.* ”

**Terri (Graves) Blazier** - February 28, 2018 at 09:16 AM

SL

“ *Henry so sorry for the loss of your Dad. I wish I could see you but I can't get off on Thursday. I wish you and your family the best.* ”

**susan (wildeman) lutz** - February 28, 2018 at 09:09 AM



“ *Medium Dish Garden was purchased for the family of Romuald L McBride Jr.* ”



February 27, 2018 at 09:57 PM



“ *Arrive in Style was purchased for the family of Romuald L McBride Jr.* ”



February 27, 2018 at 07:26 PM