



Toy Russell McDonald

MAY 23, 1930 - AUG 13, 2020



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Toy Russell McDonald

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Toy Russell McDonald, 90, passed away on Thursday, August 13, 2020 in Houston, Texas. He was born to parents, Lillie and Toy McDonald on May 23, 1930 in Houston, Texas.

Preceded in death by wife Maureen, June of 2020.

Left to cherish the memory of their parents' 68 year marriage, are; two sons, Stephen McDonald and wife Barbara, Scott McDonald and wife Carla; daughter, Kelli McDonald; daughter-in law, Debra McDonald and her sister, Kathy; six grandchildren, Joseph McDonald and wife Megan, Jeffrey McDonald and wife Melissa, Brian McDonald and wife Rachel, Caitlin Mandrell, Emily McDonald, Wyatt McDonald; four great grandchildren, Cassidy Munley, Kennedy Obert, Lily McDonald, Stephen Mandrell; two sisters-in law, Shirley Hornsby, JoAnne Willbanks; brother-in law James Hornsby and wife Erika; cousin Terry Ille and wife Rita; as well as a host of friends.

Toy was preceded in death by his parents, Lillie Christina, Toy McDonald, Sr.; two sisters-in-law, Carole Hornsby, Judith Dobos; and brother-in-law Donald Hornsby.

In lieu of flowers donations may be made in his honor to the A*Med Community Hospice, 3535 Briar Park Drive, Suite 220, Houston, Texas 77042.

The family will receive friends for a visitation on Thursday, August 20, 2020 from 5:00 to 7:00 PM at South Avenue Baptist Church, 605 Preston Road, Pasadena, Texas 77503; a funeral service will be held on Friday, August 21, 2020 at 10:00 AM at South Avenue Baptist Church; followed by a burial at South Park Cemetery, 1310 N. Main St., Pearland, Texas 77581.



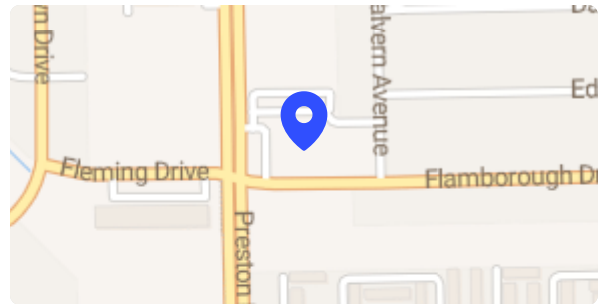
Events

Toy Russell McDonald

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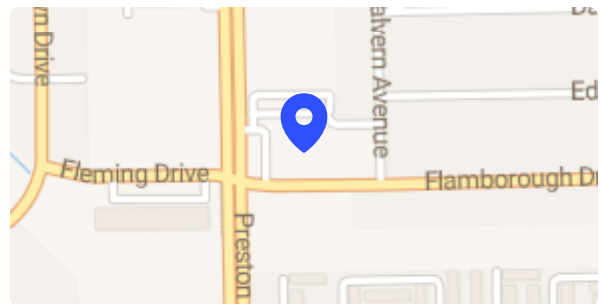
Visitation

- Thursday**, August 20, 2020
- 5:00 PM - 7:00 PM CT
- South Avenue Baptist Church**
605 Preston Road, Pasadena TX 77503



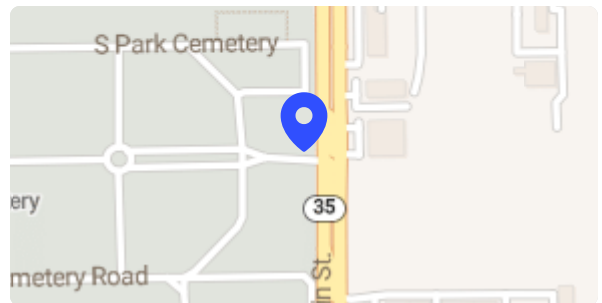
Funeral Service

- Friday**, August 21, 2020
- 10:00 AM CT
- South Avenue Baptist Church**
605 Preston Road, Pasadena TX 77503



Cemetery Details

- South Park Cemetery**
1310 North Main St., Pearland TX 77581





Tribute Wall

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BD

Bob Duzan posted:

What a guy he was for me. I first got to know Toy through the Pasadena runners and for awhile I tried to chase him, but usually he left me in the dust. I remember one race where I was behind him and he turned a corner and I never saw him anymore. I asked him later where did you go? He just smiled and winked. Toy was a great friend as he and Earl taught me how to bike. I remember in later years one day the bike group dropped me and I was struggling. Suddenly Toy shows up, as he turned around noticing I was absent. He then lead me back to the group. He was a great buddy and I miss his wit and wisdom. It's sad that both he and Maureen are gone.... but definitely not forgotten. Bob Duzan

October 29 at 12:10 PM

LM

Lily Mcdonald posted:

"I'm a huge football fan, and one of the factors for that reason is that before I moved up to Pennsylvania, every Sunday my dad and I would go up to Pa's house to watch football. I had zero idea what was going on, but I loved spending time with Pa and watching him analyze the game. He was calm, collected, and caring." Lily

August 20 at 4:55 PM

EC

Earl@1Starnet.Com posted:

We have so many memories of Toy and Maureen that it is difficult to narrow the selection for this space. Most of our memories center around running, cycling, playing dominoes, and eating! Laughter abounded because Toy loved to kid, and there was always someone to tease! Toy and Earl loved to reminisce when they got together about their many, many bicycling and running adventures that got bigger and better as time went on. Lueron recalls all the support he gave after Earl's accident. He also drove to Dallas for Earl's heart surgery. A better friend would be hard to find. He could be crusty, but we knew what a softie he really was. We will miss him and Maureen the rest of our lives.

August 20 at 9:37 AM



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JM

Joseph P. McDonald posted:

This year has taken words from me. One misery after another has left me feeling not numb, but actually quite the opposite: clogged with feeling. Most of them negative. Some days it's all I can do just to get through without cracking. Not talking to anyone. A ghost. Not letting anything out for fear of letting everything out. I have a memory I cling to. It's 2003. I've been bringing Lily over to Nanny Mac and Pa's to watch the Texans play on Sundays. The Texans are horrible, but they're new, just like Lily. Everything feels new, but some things are getting older. Pa is one of those things. Pa falls asleep a lot. The Texans are playing the Browns. It's a dull game. Pa is sitting in his chair with his eyes closed. Lily is asleep. Nanny Mac is at church, I think. It's quiet. The Browns get a first down. "The Browns have two running backs," Pa says suddenly. "One named White, one named Green. They're wearing orange helmets." He chuckles to himself, and drifts back off to sleep smiling. Maybe he thinks he's made a joke, maybe he's just marveling at some quirk of life that gives him joy, maybe he's just talking in his sleep. He's right though. The Browns do have two running backs, one named White, one named Green, and they're wearing orange helmets. Lily sneezes in her sleep. It's quiet. Everything feels new.

August 20 at 8:55 AM

RM

Rachel McDonald posted:

Pa was the best kind of grandpa. He was hilarious, usually had an interesting story to tell or memory to share, could fix all things broken, and really loved his sweets. Last Thanksgiving I had brought a dessert to share, which Pa was ready to dig into right away. He asked Nan what I had brought but before she could tell him he smiled and said "If Rachel made it I should just shut up and eat it!" Hands down my favorite reaction to my baking. What really stands out most to me though is how devoted Pa was to his bride and his family. Pa always looked out for Nan and did whatever he could to make her feel happy, safe, and loved. Seeing Pa's love, care, and respect for Nan over the years was a true gift to his family. He passed these lessons onto his children and grandchildren. Part of the reason Brian is the wonderful husband & man he is, is because of the examples set before him by his father and grandfather. Thank you, Pa. Love, Rachel

August 19 at 9:03 PM



Anonymous sent a Lily and Rose Tribute Spray to the McDonald family.

August 19 at 6:41 PM





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CM

Caitlin Hope Mandrell posted:

I want to start by thanking everyone for coming today to share their love and memories of my grandfather but we aren't here today because of Toy McDonald, we aren't here today because of Pa... we're here today because when two people share 24,822 days together, 69 days without one is just not bearable. I have lived 13,685 days, and for 13,677 of those days I have only known the names Nan and Pa to be spoken as one... Nan and Pa. It's like mac and cheese, peanut butter and jelly, Nan and Pa. They were a team, they were partners, they were soulmates. Nan was of course the good cop. She'd make your favorite meal, she'd bake your favorite cookies, she'd ask about doctors appointments that you forgot you told her about, she'd write you a thank you note for the thank you note you wrote her. Pa, he was the bad cop... he'd fuss at you when you messed up, he'd make you regret ever letting him find out you messed up, he'd loan you the money but charge you interest to teach you what to truly value, he'd steal your cookie right out of your hand if you didn't remember to grab one for him too. But he would also start the hot tub in the middle of August because he knew you would want to go swimming when you came over that day. Pa and Nan, Nan and Pa. They were a team like no other. I remember one year I was signing the birthday card for Pa and I accidentally wrote "To Nan and Pa", let us be honest the gift was really for both. I have lived every day of my life knowing that Nan and Pa go together. They garden together, they watched tv together, they worked together, they raised their kids together, they played together and most importantly they loved together. I'd love to say that on June 12, 2020 when I was standing up here talking about my Nan, that I didn't think I'd be here again so soon, but the truth is, I knew that my Pa needed his wife. You see after 24,822 days together; he still called her his bride. So last Thursday, after 69 days apart, Nan and Pa were back where they belonged. Together. I now get to live the rest of my days with the 13,677 memories I was blessed to receive from the most amazing grandparents I could ever wish to have.

August 15 at 3:23 PM

EM

Emily Mcdonald posted:

Pa shared many stories that were true and embellished. He was a handyman over the years who could fix anything but sometimes overdid it like Tim Allen. Pa was Tim Allen before Tim Allen. Here is an example of a true story about my Pa. One day decided that he would create a high-tech garage door and show it off to his buddies and family. Pa really greased the door up and while he was demonstrating the new garage door, it flew up the tracks, crashed through the back wall of the garage and landed in the backyard. Now on the other hand here is one of his embellished stories. Pa there again new how to fix things, even the hiccups! But this he said was one of his old army tricks. He would have you drink water out of a cup but through a dirty bar rag. Pa was always proud of his grandchildren and their accomplishments. One thing was asking me about my school grades. He called 100's A100 goods but didn't understand how I could receive a 110 so we called those AA 100 goods. Pa this isn't a goodbye but see you later. Take care of Nan and love you both always. Emily

August 19 at 6:07 PM



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Barbara Belbot posted:

Pa was a tough guy but not a bully. He was interesting and funny. He teased me with a sly smile on his face. Pa lived life a good life. He had fun. He built stuff. Pa tried new things. He worked hard. He loved Nanny Mac with all his heart. He gave to his family in so many ways. I am truly blessed to have had him as my father-in-law. I will miss him.

August 19 at 5:46 PM



Rita Ille posted:

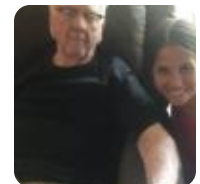
The first recollection of my cousin Toy was when I was seven years of age. Aunt Lily sent him to our farm in Lexington, Oklahoma to spend the summer with our family. Even then he was "larger than life". He was fearless. Of all the shenanigans boys tend to do in wide open spaces on a warm summer day, Toy decided to knock down a large nest of Yellow Jackets from an apple tree. My two older brothers stood far away knowing this battle was not going to end well and they were correct. He was covered with several stings on his shoulders, back and arms. Aunt Jackie applied her secret potion of "blue dye" used in washing jeans and denim shirts. From that day on, he had a huge respect for those flying, stinging Yellow Jackets. Our families would get together once or twice a year until marriage, raising kids and jobs took precedent, but regardless of all life's journeys, we managed to stay in touch. I will always remember the two months I spent with Toy and Maureen when I was undergoing Proton treatments at M. D. Anderson. Rita and I both agree that my cancer was a "gift from God" because it brought our families back together. He was a phenomenal athlete who "took no prisoners". He refused to lose and he especially enjoyed beating someone younger. Toy McDonald was and always will be my HERO. Love you Lots Cousin. Give a kiss to Aunt Lilly, Mom Jackie, Maureen, Darrell and Warren.

August 19 at 4:21 PM



Emily shared a photo to the **Tribute Wall** album.

You will be missed by all but happy you are back with nanny :) love you Pa and thanks for demonstrating how hard work pays off. See you later and now you have all the vanilla bluebell with the top off just like you like it:)



August 19 at 1:03 PM



Jerry And Veronica Martinez sent a Divine Peace Bouquet to the McDonald family.



August 19 at 12:22 PM



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Brian McDonald posted:

My favorite memory with Pa was getting to take him and Nan to see Ray Price in 2013. Ray Price was doing an 87th birthday concert and I was able to get tickets from work. Pa had seen Ray Price in concert before, but it ended up being the final show he did before passing later that year. Pa was always there for his family. He was at your baseball game. He was there to help fix something. He was at the hospital when you had surgery. Pa gave and gave and gave, so I cherish that memory of being able to give him a special moment. Love you Pa, RIP. Tell Nanny Mac I love and miss her!

August 19 at 3:17 AM



Debra McDonald sent a Country Basket Blooms to the McDonald family.



August 18 at 2:49 PM



Kennedy Obert posted:

My favorite memory of Pa would have to be from this past July 25th, just weeks ago. A neighbor came over to drop Pa off some cookies that just so happened to be peanut butter cookie with M&Ms. The neighbor asked if anyone was allergic to peanuts and Pa immediately said he had a grandson with a peanut allergy, but he'd make sure these cookies would be eaten before anyone could come around. These cookies were absolutely delicious, and Pa thought so too: figuring he kept going back for more. Well Pa was ready to go to bed, so I walked him to his bed tucked him in, turned the lamp out, and told him goodnight. After about an hour had past, I hear "KENNEDY! KENNEDY!" I speed walk to the room because usually Pa never calls me in the night. I get to the bedroom and Pa goes "I was just making sure you weren't eating those cookies without me" we both started to laugh but then I assured him that I wasn't going to be touching the cookies while he was asleep. You can only imagine how good those cookies were for him to be calling me in the room to ask about them!

August 18 at 2:46 AM



Debra McDonald August 18 at 2:41 PM

Thank you for sharing this sweet memory Kennedy



Tribute Wall

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The Belbot Family sent a Lily and Rose Tribute Spray to the McDonald family.

August 17 at 3:54 PM



Anonymous sent a Sweetest Sunrise Bouquet to the McDonald family.

August 16 at 1:59 PM



Anonymous sent a Beautiful in Blue to the McDonald family.

August 15 at 3:23 PM





Media

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Emily shared a photo to the **Tribute Wall** album.

August 19 at 1:03 PM





Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Toy by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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