



Harold M. Borgus

June 14, 2023

Wednesday, June 14, 2023 at age 90. Predeceased by his parents, Harold and Ethel; and beloved son, Stephen. Survived by his loving wife of 70 years, Dorothy; children, Jacqueline (Gary) Easton, Elaine (John) Parnell and Donna Borgus (David Killius); daughter-in-law, Ann Borgus; 9 grandchildren; 10 great-grandchildren; brother-in-law, David (Caroline) Bierbrauer; sister-in-law, Patricia (David) Scholl; and several nieces, nephews and dear friends. Melvin was a devoted family man and a loyal employee of Suburban Propane for 37 years.

Family and friends may call Monday 4-7pm at the Leo M. Bean and Sons Funeral Home. Funeral Service Tuesday 10am at the funeral home.

Interment, Riga Cemetery. In lieu of flowers, memorials may be made to RRH-Sands-Constellation Heart Institute Fund, 330 Monroe Ave. Suite 400 Rochester, NY 14607 or www.rrhgive.org.

Cemetery Details

Riga Cemetery

Riga, NY

Previous Events

Calling Hours

JUN **19**. 4:00 PM - 7:00 PM (ET)

Leo M Bean and Sons Funeral Home
2771 Chili Avenue
Rochester, NY 14624
(585) 426-7830
beanfuneralhome@rochester.rr.com
<http://www.beanandsonsfuneralhome.com/>

Funeral Service

JUN **20**. 10:00 AM (ET)

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Tribute Wall



“ 74 files added to the album *Life Tributes* ”



Leo M. Bean and Sons Funeral Home - June 19, 2023 at 09:15 AM

CD

“ My grandpa was a kind, funny and selfless man who was always there when you needed him. He enjoyed even the little things in life. As a kid growing up, he taught me many things, many funny sayings, and I learned a great deal about tractors and baling hay from him. You had to wait until the hay was "drier than a popcorn fart" to bale it. And don't forget to grease every point in the baler every time before you use it!

He was always at every family get together. You never had to ask if he would be there. He would. He joined in on games with his great grandchildren, painting and playing bingo. Always smiling.

I remember one day I was in the house talking on the phone (back before cell phones...) and I noticed that a snake had made its way up the basement stairs and someone had shut the basement door on it. Its head was sticking out in the upstairs hallway, and its tail was on the basement stairway. It was not a small thing! I screamed, and my Grandma, who I was on the phone with, screamed too. Looking back, it was funny, but at the time, it was not. My mom came running over to see what was happening, and immediately she got on the phone to call Grandpa. He said he would be right there. Five minutes later he was pulling in the driveway in his pickup truck with a grabber in hand. He came in the house, grabbed the snake with the grabber, then took it outside and took care of it with a shovel. Grandpa to the rescue! He was always viewed as a hero!

We are all going to miss him dearly, but may our wonderful memories and thoughts of him at home with the Lord bring us peace.

Carrie

Carrie DeGeorge - June 18, 2023 at 12:53 PM

“ My brother, who has been deceased for 3 years now, had a very close friend named Chip. He called me and we were reminiscing about dad's blue pickup truck he drove around. This truck one day got decorated by Carrol hamburger flower stickers that were about 5 inches in diameter of very bright yellow, pink, blue and green. It was around the 1969: hippie era. Why we had so many stickers was beyond me because we never ate there that I remember. Well, one day Chip and my brother decorated his truck on the sides, hood and trunk. We must have put 30 stickers on it. The truck received its name, "power tower" by Chip. My parents were not very happy. Those stickers never were taken off. I don't think they would have without removing the paint.



Every chance Chip and Steve, my brother, had they would take that truck and drove it around on the hay field next to our house. That truck was definitely a teenager dream.

Chip was telling me the story that one day my dad came home for lunch when he was working at Suburban. The two of them decided that the radiator needed flushing. They could not get the hood up, so they took a crowbar to it and was draining the radiator with a hose when my father came out to the house to go back to work. He was not happy Chip said and when they tried to repair the damage, my father's shirt got rust sprayed all over it. Dad was late going back to work that day. I think the two of them were in trouble for that one.

The two of them would hot rod that truck every time they could, he said. He does not remember what happened to their "dream truck" but they definitely helped put it in its grave. The irony is dad used the truck for transportation when these two would be doing their sanegans.

Chip now lives in Maryland but he called tonight. I just had to share these stories with you.

Jackie

Jackie Easton - June 16, 2023 at 10:24 PM



“ *I have a lot of great memories of my grandpa. He was caring and selfless. He didn't swim but if he knew someone wanted to go swimming, he would clean the pool just for them. He took care of our horses and cat whenever we went on vacation. You could always tell he spent a lot of time in the barn when we got back because he really cared. If one of his grandchildren wanted a little extra cash, he would have a job for them to do. He always had time to help if anyone called him. If someone did something nice for him, he thanked them at least twice. Everything was appreciated. The best gift anyone could give him was sitting under the maple tree with him to talk. And he loved homemade sugar cookies. I'm very fortunate I had such a wonderful grandpa. He will be greatly missed.*

Lisa Ann - June 16, 2023 at 07:23 PM



“ *The Hornig, Goyette and Parnell families planted a [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) in honor of Harold M. Borgus.*

The Hornig, Goyette and Parnell families - June 16, 2023 at 12:39 PM

TF

“ *The Hornig, Goyette and Parnell families purchased the Sweet Tranquility Basket for the family of Harold M. Borgus.*



The Hornig, Goyette and Parnell families - June 16, 2023 at
12:39 PM

JE

“ In the last few weeks, I have had a great deal of time to reflect on the relationship I had with my dad. It was special. There was not a day very often that we did not talk on the phone. He was always interested in what you had to say and what you did. He always found time for you.

I have a fond memory after he retired, he would call me up in the morning and ask if I had time to go to McDonald's with him. He would arrive around 9 am and we would often come home after 11:30am. He always drove and paid. The order was always 2 senior coffee's and 2 egg McMuffins. We just read the newspaper, talked and had quality time. After arriving back home, I would begin my day home or get ready for work.

He loved to do help us with our hay!! Well, this one day, for some reason dad and I bailed the hay field next to our house. It sure was hot. He went really slow, and I would stand on the wagon and stack the hay bales as they came off the bailer. When we got done that day, he said to me as we were getting out of the sun leaning against a tree "How about an ice cream?" We got into his truck and off to North Chili to the ice cream stand we went. The air conditioning was on full blast!! We both had a huge chocolate soft ice cream cone.

I would take dad for a walk in the driveway the last few years spring, summer and fall. I would call and ask if he was ready, and he very rarely could not make it. I would follow him with a wheelchair, so he had a place to sit when he got tired. He pushed a rolling seated walker. He would go 20 feet and have to sit to rest. "Have a seat" he would say. We would talk, he would rest and then off for another 20 feet we would go. These walks could take an hour. We talked a great deal about everything and anything. I am going to miss these walks. Winters were always long for him because he did not go out in the cold.

I miss my dad already and it has not even been 24 hours.

Jackie

Jackie

Jackie Easton - June 15, 2023 at 07:25 PM

JE

“ *When I was growing up, I had to cook supper for when my parents came home from work supper was ready. My dad always loved hamburgers. However, I must have thought meatloaf was easier. It has been reported to me in later years that I often burnt it. One day my dad said, "Why do you always wreck good ground beef?" I had to write a note and he kept it in his wallet that that I would stop making meatloaf. About a month ago, I asked if he still had that note and he said it was in his nightstand upstairs. What a treasure!!!! To this day, all of his children still remember that note being written.*

Jackie

Jackie Easton - June 15, 2023 at 06:40 PM