



Harold R Domingue (Lebanon)

May 4, 1944 - September 11, 2020

Harold Ralph Domingue, son of Harold L. and Anne Rose Canova Domingue, was born May 4, 1944, in Marlborough, Massachusetts. He departed this life Friday, September 11, 2020, in Mercy Hospital, in Springfield, Missouri, at the age of seventy-six years, four months, and seven days.

On March 24, 1974, he was united to ChunHa Yi and to this union one daughter and one son were born.

He was preceded in death by his parents; and two sisters, Beverly Sauri and Janice McCracken.

Harold is survived by his loving wife, ChunHa, of the home; a daughter, Danielle Domingue, of Lebanon, Missouri; a son, Chris Domingue, of Bolivar, Missouri; two grandchildren, Julianne Burwell, and Ian Domingue; a sister, Suzanne Stoddard, of Port Orchard, Washington; several nieces and nephews; as well as a host of other relatives. He was born and raised in Marlborough, Massachusetts where he graduated from high school. As a young man, he began a career of service by enlisting in the United States Navy, and finished his distinguished twenty-five years, retiring from the United States Army. After retirement, he went to work as a civilian contractor passing his knowledge of engineering, drafting, surveying and soils to soldiers all over the world. He did this so well that he was awarded numerous accolades and honors including Instructor of the Year several times.

Ever the adventurer, he jumped out of perfectly good airplanes, was a helicopter pilot and became a great marksman. He traveled the world while in the military, including stops in France, Germany, and Italy; all fueling his love for fine wine, good beer, and rich foods. During his travels, he landed in Seoul, South Korea where he met his future wife, ChanHa. He won her over with his homemade spaghetti and meatballs. At their wedding reception he attempted to cut the cake with a huge axe, much to his new bride's dismay.

Harold was a member of St. Francis DeSales Catholic Church in Lebanon.

You could take the boy out of New England, but can never take New England out of the boy. He loved the New England Patriots and Boston Red Sox. He wore his team's logo proudly on his T-shirts and put their magnets all over his vehicles. He would gladly tell you how his teams were highly superior to yours.

He was definitely a collector at heart. He collected coins, both foreign and domestic, stamps, Case knives, and EVERY “As seen on TV” product ever made (we don’t know how many sham-WOW’s one person actually needs, but we know how many he was gonna use.)

He enjoyed hunting; be it in the woods searching for deer that no one in the family wanted to eat or the snack and soda aisle at the our local grocery store; fishing-trout at Bennett Spring to fishing out a great bargain at the Thursday night auctions; he was game for it all. He visited civil war battlefields all across the United States, dragging his family along for every single one. As of late, he’d been preparing for a zombie squirrel apocalypse. He strongly disliked, well seriously hated cauliflower (unless it was pickled), zucchini, squirrels, English composition, and “stupid women drivers”.

He loved his role as grandpa, a.k.a. Pa or BaBaLouie; passing on his love for hot dogs to his grandson, Ian, he made sure they went to every customer appreciation day in town so they could get free hot dogs. He passed on his love for pickled eggs and oysters to his granddaughter, Julianne, making sure to ALWAYS send her home with jars and jars and jars of pickled eggs.

Harold was a loving husband, father, grandfather, brother, uncle, and was a caring neighbor and friend. We celebrate his life and know that his family and friends will hold tight to the wonderful memories he made for them during his lifetime.

Events

SEP **Service** 10:00AM

25

St. Francis de Sales Catholic Church
345 Grand Ave., Lebanon, MO, US, 65536

Comments



“ Praying for comfort for your family, Chunha, Danielle, and Chris

Jenny Wilson-Barker - September 16 at 03:02 PM



“ Harold was my second dad growing up. Since my dad was always working, I am pretty sure I spent more time with Harold. I always loved his boisterousness and his larger than life personality. When my son came along, he dubbed Harold “the car guy” because he let my son pick out a Hot Wheels collectible every time we went to visit. His heart was as big as his personality. Danielle, Chris, Julianne, Ian, and Chunha, my heart breaks for all of you. We all love you very much, and will be praying for you.

Jena Haymes - September 13 at 12:32 AM



“ My condolences, peace and prayer to the family.

Rita Cline - September 14 at 07:50 PM



“ Life long friend. Started when we were in the forth grade. We became alter boy together. We traveled Europe, hunted,skied and drank a wee bit of beer. I called him Pucky and he was one of my usher at my wedding. Rest in peace my friend. Bill Callahan San Jose,Ca.

bill callahan - September 19 at 06:30 PM