



J Russell Melocik

June 15, 1943 - March 2, 2024

J. Russell Melocik, of Baltimore, Md., and most recently of Oxford, Fl., passed away on Saturday, March 2, 2024, with his lifelong love Cynthia R. (Burnett) Melocik keeping vigil by him as always.

Russell was born in Baltimore to Mildred (Russell) Melocik and John H. Melocik on June 15, 1943. He grew up in the Parkville neighborhood of Baltimore and was a student at St. Ursula's School before attending Loyola Blakefield school in Towson. His parents worked hard to be able to send him there for the finest Jesuit education, which only enhanced Russell's already immense intelligence, kindness, and tremendous sense of humor. He was the first generation in his family to be able to attend college, and he did so at Boston College, where he met the love of his life and best friend Cynthia at a school dance in 1962. Mom remembers seeing a handsome man walk across the room to her and, in his Baltimore accent, ask her for a dance. It was a true case of love at first site for them both.

Russell and Cynthia graduated in 1965 and settled in Concord, N.H., after marrying in August of that year. Their daughter Catherine was born the following year, and daughter Christine soon after that. Russell began his career with Aetna and moved on to a decades-long stint with GMAC before finishing his work in finance at several area banks. And to provide for his family and send his girls to college, he—in addition to Cynthia's work in real

estate and finance—worked a wide variety of side gigs, including driving big rigs and other vehicles back to New England from Michigan and Ohio.

Russell also believed in giving back to his communities and in the importance of one's civic duty. He served as a member of his local Selective Service board, was elected school-board member and later selectboard member in Rutland Town, Vt., and, upon retirement in The Villages, Fl., with Cynthia and the purchase of their dreamed-for Airstream trailer for traveling, served most recently as region 1 president of the Wally Byam Caravan Club International. He also served as a lector at the Catholic parishes to which he belonged and as a lifetime member of the Knights of Columbus, where he served as district deputy before becoming grand knight.

Russell loved his family more than anyone could imagine. He leaves behind Cynthia, Catherine, Christine and her children—Russell and Cynthia's grandchildren Cynthia, Charlotte, and Edward. Russell also leaves behind several cousins and the legions of friends he made everywhere, especially in Vermont and Florida and including his most recent clutch of truly wonderful friends in The Villages, Fl.

The family is celebrating his life privately, and Russell will rest in peace alongside his parents and family at the Most Holy Redeemer Cemetery in Baltimore. If you knew Dad, you knew he was highly allergic to pretty much every flower he ever came across; should you wish to do something in his memory and to let Cynthia know how highly you thought of Dad and that you're thinking of her, please send a prayer out to thank God for putting Dad on this wonderful planet. If you'd be more comfortable making a gift in his honor to an organization, we would suggest contributing to the Michael J. Fox Foundation for Parkinson's Research at www.michaeljfox.org or to the National Film Preservation Foundation at www.filmpreservation.org/support. Dad suffered from both Parkinson's and Lewy body dementia, but he loved

Michael's movies and was thrilled to know that Michael also lived for a time in Dad's beloved adopted home of Vermont. And if you knew Dad, you knew how much he loved watching movies; his encyclopedic knowledge of them began from his childhood (when he would hide between the theatre seats between showings to avoid having to pay again for a second viewing) to his passing, when he last watched "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" with Mom. We will miss him tremendously and are so thankful for the long time we were blessed to share with him.

Tribute Wall

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“ I never knew my Grand Dad all that well as I grew up in New England while he and my Nanny enjoyed their retirement in Florida (lucky them - as I'm writing this it's 31° outside.) A core moment I shared with Grand Dad was my first birthday. I don't remember it, but when my mother recounts it she always points to when he let me play with his glasses. Nobody got to touch his glasses except for me 😊. I even gave him glasses cleaner as a gift. RIP Grand Dad, I'm happy you're now in heaven.

Cynthia LaBoursoliere - March 24, 2024 at 11:37 PM