



## Edward Paul McDonald

March 10, 1941 - February 29, 2020

Edward Paul “Fast Eddie” McDonald, 78, of Toledo, passed away February 29, 2020, at Ebeid Hospice. He was born March 10, 1941, in Cincinnati, OH, to Edward Earl and Dorothy (Lauman) McDonald. Eddie worked at Powertrain for 42 years, before retiring. He enjoyed golfing and bowling. We will all miss his great sense of humor.

Survivors include his wife of 58 years, Alice (Duszynski) McDonald; children, Vicky McDonald Schroder, Tom (Kelly) McDonald, Patrick (Cheryl) McDonald, Ryan (Rose) McDonald and Rick (Beatriz) McDonald; 14 grandchildren; 4 great-grandchildren; sister, Peg (Joe) Jaros; brothers, John (Maureen) McDonald and Bill (Marybeth) McDonald and step-sister, Joan (Tom) Howe. He was preceded on death by his parents and step-mother, Lucy McDonald.

Family and friends are invited to gather on Saturday, March 14th, from 1 p.m. until the memorial service at 2:30 p.m., at the Ansberg-West Funeral Home, 3000 Sylvania Avenue, (between Secor and Douglas Roads). The family would like to thank the nurses at Toledo Hospital and the staff at Ebeid Hospice, for their wonderful care.

# Events

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**MAR** **Visitation** 01:00PM - 02:30PM

**14**

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Ansberg-West Funeral Home

3000 W. Sylvania Ave, Toledo, OH, US, 43613

**MAR** **Service** 02:30PM

**14**

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Ansberg-West Funeral Home

3000 W. Sylvania Ave, Toledo, OH, US, 43613

# Comments

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“ This is a test, 1,2,3

**Bradley Ansberg** - March 26, 2020 at 10:36 AM

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“ Oh man, where to begin. What a great man and great family. I would not change one thing from my childhood growing up next to the "McDonald's" Ed was a man of few words, but you definitely knew when he was around. Whether you heard his deep voice call out one of his kids names and thought "oh crap, we're in trouble" - cause we usually were - or he would just stand there and stare at you and not say a word - but you were waiting for him to crack some dry kind of joke, I could only imagine what was going through his head, or the conversations my dad and him would have about all of us kids while standing in the middle of the driveway...priceless I'm sure...whether it was tearing down the garage or ripping out the fence that divided our yards, those were good days, days you don't forget. People in your lives that you just don't forget, especially when its close to 18 years of your life...your Dad will truly be missed as most great men are - and I was blessed to have known him and all of you.

Amy Merritt Wilkins

**Amy Wilkins** - March 12, 2020 at 10:50 AM

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“ My Dad was definitely one of a kind and, I mean that in a great way! He had an excellent work ethic and taught all 5 of his kids to go to work and get the job done no matter what, even if you are sick or in pain. Being his oldest child and only daughter he taught me to play "hard to get" when it came to boys that I liked. Not saying I was good at that but, I tried for him! He was the best provider of a roof over our head, food on the table, clothes we needed and great discipline. We also had many fun times going to Houghton Lake every summer for a week, Cedar Point for a whole day and the Zoo. But also fun things like fireworks, Pearson Park, Drive-in movies, Putt-Putt, etc. I loved his dry sense of humor and have used that myself but not as effectively. Dad I'm glad you are now in Heaven out of pain and misery. Love Vicky Lynn

**Vicky Lynn Schroder** - March 11, 2020 at 09:48 PM

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“ Small on words, BIG on action.

**Rick McDonald** - March 11, 2020 at 11:41 AM

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“ My Dad taught me many things throughout his life.

- Have a sense of humor. Laugh at life. Laugh at yourself. One liners, give em if ya got em. Be serious when necessary.
- Work ethic. Perform you job with gratitude, pride, and to the best of your abilities.
- Hospitality. Treat others with dignity and respect.
- Provide for your family and be generous with what you have.
- Commitment to marriage. Through the good and bad, Ups n Downs, my Dad was faithful to his Bride, my Mom Alice, til death did they part. Grateful that he was able to hold my Mom's hand in the end letting her know she has always been his Angel. Finally, a deep voiced "Hey PJ" will always resonate in my heart and mind spoken from a Dad who loved me and I loved him.

Grateful, Honored, and Proud that you are my Dad.  
Love, Patrick/PJ

**Patrick McDonald** - March 11, 2020 at 11:20 AM

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“ Ed was a great man. I basically lived at his house for most of high school and beyond. For as much as I was there he never once asked if I had a home of my own. He never made me feel uncomfortable for being there so much; eating his food, swimming in his pool, working on my car, and of course making sure I was there every Friday for "Pizza Friday". Heck, he never even put me on the "chore list". Not that it was much of list his four sons had to do....."Tom, put away the top rack of the dishwasher, Rick, empty the bottom of the dishwasher, Ryan, take out garbage, Pat, run the sweeper, Sasha, get in the kitchen". I remember on multiple occasions Ed looking for the TV remote, not once did I have the heart to tell him it was in his back pocket, he'd figure it out eventually. I remember when we dropped Rick off at Ferris State College and I lost the gas cap to the blue station wagon, he just laughed it off. Ed, from the bottom of my heart...thank you for your kindness. It sucks that you're gone, but it's great to know you will be missed.

Mark McDole

**Mark McDole** - March 10, 2020 at 10:40 AM

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“ Praying for God's comfort during this time -

Your brothers & sisters in Christ,  
Answers in Genesis/HR



**Kristi Sullivan** - March 10, 2020 at 10:22 AM

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“ Back when we lived in Utah when my dad (Pat) was stationed there in the Air Force, Grandma and Grandpa came out to visit us for a few days. I was maybe 8 years old and we went out near Salt Lake to walk around. The water was really far in and I wanted to walk to it, and insisted grandpa come out with me. The ground was like a hard layer of mud with thick, soft mud underneath for a distance before the water. I remember grandpa was walking behind me and one of his feet sunk into the mud and when he pulled it out his shoe was gone! The mud was so thick he couldn't get it out, haha. We had to go to a store and grandpa walked in barefoot so he could buy a new pairs of shoes. One of my favorite memories of him.

-Derek

**Derek McDonald** - March 08, 2020 at 06:44 PM