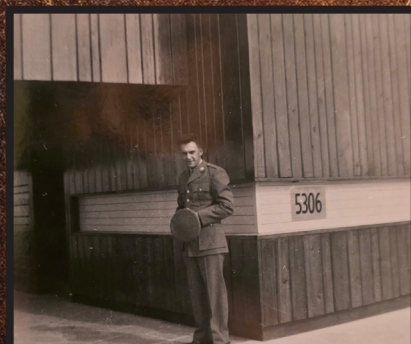
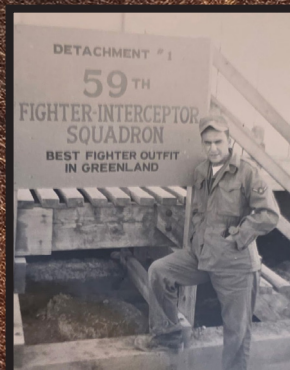




Funeral Mass

10:30 a.m., Monday, October 12, 2026

St. Mary's Catholic Church

Highmore, South Dakota

Celebrant: Father Tyler Mattson

Placing of the Pall:

Jill, Leslie, Troy, Heidi, Trevor,

Jesse, Ashley, Danielle, Nick

Pallbearers:

Landon Card - Nolan Washegesic

Trevor Forgey - Ashley Washegesic

Jesse Bruce - Heidi Forgery

Reader:

Doe Volek

Musical Selections:

"May the Angels Lead You Home" #688

"On Eagle's Wings" #441

"How Great Thou Art" #431

"Song of Farewell"

"Amazing Grace" #447

Organist:

Bridget Zilverberg

Burial:

St. Mary's Catholic Cemetery

Highmore, South Dakota

*The family warmly invites you to lunch
and continued fellowship following the funeral
in the East Wing of the Hyde Memorial Auditorium.*



In Memory Of
Albert W. Bruce
February 14, 1933 - September 30, 2026



Albert was born in Belcourt, North Dakota, on February 14, 1933, to Alfred and Elizabeth (Smith) Bruce. He was one of seven children and a member of the Turtle Mountain Chippewa Tribe. In 1941, his father passed away from tuberculosis. After, Albert recalled, he replaced the roof for his mother at the age of eight. That was only the beginning of Albert's wide range of skills. Over his lifetime, he built houses, remodeled homes, and constructed a variety of buildings, learning electrical and plumbing along the way. He enjoyed working with his hands, whether it be designing and constructing furniture, creating sculptures and carvings, or general construction. You name it, he did it!

While in high school, he met the love of his life, Beverly Ann Pawlovich, whom he married on April 27, 1953. To this union, six children were born: Liana, Brad, Leslie, Troy, Jill, and Corey. Albert dedicated his life to serving others. After high school, he joined the United States Air Force, serving four years, perfecting oxygen generation. In the early 1970's he joined the South Dakota National Guard, serving another sixteen years, bringing his years of service to twenty years.

In 1977, he and Beverly moved their family to Highmore, SD, and he continued to work maintenance for the Catholic Missionaries in Stephen. From there, he took the maintenance position at the Crow Creek Tribal School before getting a job at the Highmore Nursing Home in the year 2000. There, he was head of the maintenance department until he retired at the age of eighty-five. Albert took pride in his family and enjoyed passing along his wisdom. You could often find him sharing that wisdom with his children, and later, any of his twelve grandchildren. Through the years, he and Beverly would also welcome ten great-grandchildren.

Albert was also known for getting into mischief; stories you were often blessed to hear while sitting at the dinner table. Like the time he and Beverly made a flying trip to Sioux Falls, SD, to get a part for the Crow Creek School's broiler amidst a chilly August day. While on the way home, with Beverly riding shotgun, he cracked open a beer. Apparently, he got to driving a little too fast, or so the patrolman who pulled him over thought. As they were getting pulled over, Albert quickly slid the beer over to Beverly, who tucked it between the car seat and the passenger door, unaware it was not fully upright. Once Albert explained he was in a hurry to get a part back to the school, so the children could have heat, the trooper suggested he slow it down and let him off with a warning. Albert would say he was always grateful that, as they pulled away, the trooper didn't notice the beer leaking out from under the passenger side door.

In another incident, he would recall being on his way back to Stephan from Pierre when he got a flat tire just as he came upon DeGrey Hill. In good Albert fashion, he began making quick work of the situation; however, as he pulled the spare tire out of the trunk, it hit the pavement and bounced. He ended up losing control of the tire, and it rolled down the side of DeGrey Hill, Albert chasing after it, straight through rattlesnake territory to retrieve it.

Then there was the time he purchased his very first car, a Rambler, while stationed in Washington, D.C. On his way back to South Dakota, he fell asleep behind the wheel and rolled the car, landing it on its top in a ditch. Thankfully, back then they still had roll bars. Albert was able to crawl out of the car and walk away without injury, and after getting the car looked at, he was able to take it the rest of the way home.

One August afternoon, while the grandkids played outside, he discovered leftover fireworks in the garage from the previous month's Fourth of July celebrations. He grabbed a tin coffee can and rigged up a longer fuse in hopes of hiding the fact he was involved. Then he proceeded to set the entire strip of fireworks off underneath the coffee can. The loud "BANGS!" that followed did not go unnoticed by Beverly, who was inside the house. Beverly stormed outside, and Albert was thoroughly chewed out in front of his grandchildren.

Oh, and let's not forget the time he was practicing quick draw and accidentally shot himself in the leg. Mind you, the closest hospital was fifty miles away. Those are just a few of the antics he would get up to in his lifetime.

Grateful to have shared in his life are his children: Leslie, Troy, Jill, and Corey; grandchildren: Talya, Gabriel, Demelza, Nicholas, Danielle, Ashley, Cameron, Heidi (Trevor), Jesse (Savannah), Brittany, Aarik, and Mocchi; great grandchildren: M'aliegh, Torrence, Natalie, Allison, Trevor, Ryanna, Sarai, Thea, Landon, Nolan, and River.

Preceding him in death are his wife, Beverly, of 63 years; his son, Brad; his daughter, Liana; and granddaughter, Rachel.



Highmore, South Dakota
www.lucelutzereck.com