



Bruce Charles Purcell

July 11, 1951 - December 28, 2025

Bruce was born July 11, 1951 in Philadelphia, PA, to Violet Isaacson and Thomas Purcell. He was raised in Jacksonville, FL, where his love for music and performance started to bloom. After high school he enlisted in the U.S. Navy. He called many places home including the mountains of Colorado where he met the love of his life, Jodi. He spent his life working in the arts as a musician, an actor, a camera man, a producer, and set dresser. He was a true renaissance man.

Bruce passed away peacefully at home, meditating in his favorite chair, on the morning of December 28, 2025. He is survived by his best friend and wife Jodi, his daughter Megan, his son-in-law Nathan, his brother-in-law Mark, his mother and father-in-law Kris & Dave, his daughter Katie, and his son's Juan and Phil. He is also survived by his amazing grandsons Rylan, Clayton and Landon.

Bruce will be remembered for his sense of humor, his quick wit and his unwavering sense of adventure. He was always up for a last minute road trip to find Bigfoot tracks or abandoned buildings with his family. One of his favorite things to do while he was out and about was to help people by taking their family pictures. If you ever happen to have a kind stranger offer to take your family picture, smile a little bit bigger and think of Bruce.

Bruce walked a spiritual path of love and adventure and will be missed tremendously by those who loved him. But he will also be missed by those who didn't know his name, those who he smiled and waved to during his frequent trips to Costco and Hy-Vee, those he chatted with daily at the dog park, and those strangers who didn't know they needed a shoulder to cry on until they came across a kind and gentle stranger who was there just to listen.

Upcoming Events

Celebration of Life for Bruce Purcell

JUL 11. 1:00 PM - 4:00 PM (CT)

Home of Susan Tigner
130 Wildwood Bay Drive
Mahtomedi, MN 55115

July 11th would have been Bruce's 75th birthday, making it the perfect day to gather, share stories, and celebrate the love, laughter, and legacy he leaves behind. Throughout the afternoon, we will share family photos and videos, along with some of Bruce's favorite music—a reflection of the creativity, joy, and spirit that defined his life. will begin at 2:15 p.m.

Tribute Wall

WC

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An informal program and time of remembrance will begin at 2:15 p.m. Light snacks and beverages will be provided. Casual attire is encouraged.

We hope you’ll join us as we honor Bruce and celebrate the many lives he touched.

Washburn-McReavy Funeral Chapel - June 01 at 10:51 AM

“ ---CONTINUATION FROM PREVIOUS POST

Since Colorado in the early 70's was SO LAID BACK, the entrance to Caribou Ranch had a big sign over the entrance, but no "gated community" stuff, nor even a security guard. You could just drive on in, and meander up the dirt roads past cabins and meadows, to the big barn itself. We stopped at each cabin, and placed a pair of pumpkins on each front porch, continuing until we reached the studio itself. There we left another half-dozen or so by the doorways and on the covered porch. As there was no session currently booked, the studio was unoccupied - allowing us to peer into the windows to see the engineer's console, and The Great Room, with its 9-foot Steinway piano and other fabulous instruments ready to grab at a moment's notice. The place was SO RELAXED that, had we turned a doorknob, it might have been unlocked. A truly amazing day!

Perhaps BECAUSE of the VW Hippie Van, no one ever stopped us or asked what we were doing - we had free rein over the whole ranch. We saved a few pumpkins to take home to Golden, and left the property -- never knowing if someone like Stephen Stills, Joe Walsh, Dan Fogelberg, or Elton John had been amused to find our pumpkins on their porch that afternoon. To this day, that adventure with Bruce remains one of the MOST FUN DAYS IN MY LIFE.

There were many others - too many to itemize here. But another that stands out occurred during a friend's winter birthday party one night at an old green cabin by a lake. After a proper amount of beer and incense in the cabin, several of us went out by the lake for fresh air and frivolity. We found the lake half-covered in ice just barely freezing. We threw some skipping stones across the surface, only to discover that instead of the expected "clattering" sound, the ice let out a musical "Chirp!" sound with each impact as the rocks slid along. In the still, crisp air, the sound was magical. We ran back to the cabin to alert the others, and within moments, the entire bunch of party-goers stood on the shore, flinging pebbles into the chirping

darkness. Thus it came to pass that Singing Rocks National Park was created on the spot, and we all appointed ourselves official Park Rangers. And of course, we all elected Bruce to be Head Ranger of Singing Rocks National Park, a title that he held for the rest of his life.

I have only encountered the rare conditions that made the ice "sing" on two occasions in the past fifty-three years. Another amazing adventure shared with Bruce!

In the years after my College Daze, Bruce and I saw each other frequently when he was still in Colorado - then less frequently after California called him to The Hollywood Scene From the West Coast to Minnesota, we still stayed in touch, and remained lifetime friends.

I only wish I had more photos to share from our madcap adventures together - though they might be considered "evidence" rather than "memorabilia" ;-)

I wish Bruce a safe and sacred journey in The Other World, and offer one last. . .

Ointment!

*With love,
Tom Haver*

Tom Haver - March 13 at 07:26 PM

TH

“Wow. How the decades have flown by.

I first met Bruce in Golden, Colorado, while I was a student at the Colorado School of Mines in 1972. I believe Bruce had come to visit a fellow Mines student, Ms. Tobi Allen, who was also from Bruce's home town of Jacksonville FL.

Instead of "just passing through", Bruce ended up staying in the area for several years, and we became friends, then eventually, roommates. Being musicians, we played a lot of guitar together, and enjoyed many aspects of the bustling Colorado music scene of the mid-70's. Great concerts, hemp-enhanced adventures to the Denver Planetarium laser shows, and countless mischievous adventures in Golden and Boulder.

Those of us in the "inner circle of cool dudes on campus" somehow developed a universal greeting (most likely created by Bruce) that we would use whenever we encountered one another - on campus, in downtown Golden, or wherever... Each would raise their right hand, and say "Ointment!". This was the sign that you had met a fellow hip-person among the thousands of up-tight, hyper-nerdy Mines students otherwise burying their noses in calculus books. We were special. Many decades later, my long-term friends from those days STILL use the "Ointment!" greeting. Including Bruce.

One early memory of our time together, was Bruce's acquisition of a German-made "Borg Ward Isabella" sedan. I don't remember where he found it, but it appeared to be an old German police car that had somehow found its way to Denver. I have uploaded a photo of a similar model, showing the black & white paint job, and spotlight on the side.

Bruce would often drive this bizarre tank out to Stapleton Airport, and offer free rides to arriving passengers, just for his own amusement. He met many interesting people from all over the world. He eventually sold Isabella to a mutual friend, and purchased

a good ol' VW Hippy Van, which took us on may great adventures. More than once, we were pulled over by local police, simply because the vehicle LOOKED LIKE the standard "stoner-mobile" of the time. Never busted, however.

Once, we took a joy ride out onto the plains (aka "farm country" east of the Front Range / Metro areas), just driving the backroads on a warm late-October afternoon. We came across a truck farm that had already harvested their pumpkin crop for Halloween sales, and the pumpkins too small to pick for market were left on the vine. While the rest of the crop headed to stores a few weeks earlier, those left behind continued to grow, and were now quite sizable. A hand-painted plywood sign on the edge of the field said "FREE PUMPKINS - HELP YOURSELF!". And we did.

We loaded that poor VW with about four dozen pumpkins, then figured "Now what??". The answer was clear (once again, perhaps thanks to recently burned vegetation influencing our thoughts) - "We must share them with cool people!".

So we drove back across the prairies to Boulder Canyon, and onward into the mountains toward Nederland and The Great Mothership of Colorado Music - Caribou Ranch!

From the early 1970's into the 80's, Caribou Ranch was a mecca for recording artists from all over the world. The two-thousand-acre mountain retreat featured a giant barn studio equipped with state-of-the-art recording equipment and instruments. Scattered throughout the property were quite a few old log cabins, where guests and artists would stay while working on some of the most epic album projects of the time. (Look up Caribou Ranch if you're interested in the history and legends of the place).

*---CHARACTER LIMIT ENCOUNTERED - STORY CONTINUES
---ON NEXT POST . . .*





Tom Haver - March 13 at 07:24 PM

GR

“ Bruce and I have worked on multiple projects together...some examples:passengers for an airplane, daughter and father at the Doctor, Vikings, and the last was a commercial for Arrowhead Transit in which I cast him...and he ended up with the only line :) ... through the many years of seeing each other on set, we became quite good friends...Like minded in politics and the arts, we were able to have lengthy conversations... We both knew he was more intelligent and profound than I but he never made me feel lesser. Thanks to social media, we could share videos we thought each other might be interested in. We laughed... we got angry together... man, I'll miss him. I'm truly saddened I won't have that anymore. Sending Love, hugs, and positive light☐

Gwen Ruhoff - February 16 at 09:25 PM

HS

“ I just found out about this heartbreaking loss and very saddened. Bruce was one of the most incredibly talented fun and kind person I have met, known, and worked with. His sense of humor always made challenging time easy on film sets. I can't believe he is gone. My prayers and healing energy with you and your family.



Haleh Saberi - February 14 at 11:38 PM

GR

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Gwen Ruhoff - February 16 at 09:22 PM

GR

Sorry... posted twice...

Gwen Ruhoff - February 16 at 09:26 PM

EW

“ I met Bruce on the set of a short film, and over the years, he helped me by reading scripts and sharing his insight. He was a wonderful actor with invaluable advice to offer. Bruce was a kind and gracious man. He will be deeply missed.

Elise White - February 14 at 10:09 PM

JT

“ Such an inspiration since he joined the acting community of Minnesota. Our paths crossed so many times on so many projects. Always the professional. Loved reading about his interaction with family, especially the grandkids. Keep the memories strong.

Joel Thingvall - February 12 at 08:53 PM



He was a consummate professional on set and was a pleasure to direct

Ryan Gilmer - February 14 at 10:17 PM

CE

“ *I'm so sorry to read this. He was one of my favorite "husbands".
Love and peace to all.*

Chari Ileen Eckmann - February 03 at 03:12 PM



“ *I met Bruce in the early 1980s (which anyone above a certain age will say was 20 years ago). We worked together in Los Angeles at KSCI TV. Bruce was a TM'er = Transcendental Meditation. Once I committed to learning Bruce told me "not to share my mantra. I had never even heard of meditation.*

*Bruce kept meditating; and it showed in his integrity, humor and lawmakers of humor. I'll miss Bruce in my instagram feed sharing inspiring insights, favorite vocalists and the ever present PRO DEMOCRACY posts.
RIP dear one.*

Lisa Adkins - January 24 at 07:39 AM

JV

“ Jodi and I worked together in corporate video production and I was at their house in Van Nuys painting flats when I heard this voice above me. Bruce had rigged up a fire suppression system made of PVC and was attaching it to the roof. OK. I think I like this guy. Outside the box thinker.

They added us to their circle of card playing friends for some memorable New Years Eve games. I've got GUTS!

And, of course, the one that makes me smile every time...caravaning out to the most remote part of the Antelope Valley with our homemade rocket launchers and shooting bottle rockets at each other.

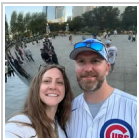
Childish? Sure. But Bruce and Jodi, like Cathy and I, kept adding on the years while never quite growing up. We cherish our times together and send our most heartfelt hugs during this time.

John Vandewege - January 05 at 01:31 PM

JW

“ We only just met him at the paynesville reunion but he seemed a nice man. Am sorry for your loss

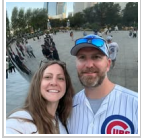
john r weis - January 04 at 11:24 PM



“ 39 files added to the tribute wall



Megan Pingry - January 01 at 10:30 AM



“ 30 files added to the tribute wall



Megan Pingry - January 01 at 10:27 AM



“ 77 files added to the album Bruce Charles Purcell



Info - December 31, 2025 at 10:44 PM