



Ernest Fraser Munroe

July 27, 1957 - February 26, 2026

It is with deep sorrow that we announce the passing of Ernest “Ernie” Munroe, beloved father, brother, son, uncle, and friend, who passed away at the age of 68 on February 26, 2026, in Halifax, Nova Scotia. Ernie, the son of Ernest and Esther Munroe, was born in New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, and raised in Stellarton, NS.

He spent the majority of his adult life in Ottawa, Ontario, where he built his career and raised his family. In his final chapter, he returned home to the East Coast, spending his last years in Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Ernie was a man deeply rooted in his passions and, above all, in the people he loved. He often spoke of the “ride of life” as being like a train journey — a path with many stops along the way — and at each stop, he gathered stories, memories, and relationships he was always eager to share. He had a knack for storytelling and a wicked sense of humour; his sister would often tell him he could be a writer. With rich context, keen attention to detail, and perfectly timed wit, he could describe any situation in a way that had people in stitches long before the story finally reached its end.

If you were to picture Dad’s train, it would surely be orange and black — proudly decorated with every piece of Philadelphia Flyers memorabilia imaginable. His loyalty to his team was unwavering, and he carried a special love for the legendary 1974 and 1975 Broad Street Bullies. He made sure his family knew every player and every statistic from those glory years — it was just one of the many things that made him unmistakably Ernie.

Ernie's ride began in Stellarton, where he spent his youth surrounded by family — especially his beloved siblings, Claire (Alida) and Ian Munroe — along with neighbours and a core group of lifelong friends who affectionately nicknamed him “Esther.” Growing up, he could often be found at Leo's Pool Hall or diving into a Sam's Pizza, his days filled with sports, laughter, and the easy comfort of small-town life. He played hockey with the Stellarton Royals and took great pride in serving as a Cadet in the Stellarton Cadet Corps, earning several honours, including the Master Cadet Award for Best Cadet. He later joined the militia, spending many summers in Gagetown mentoring young recruits. Though his journey would take him many places, he had already found his happy place — Melmerby Beach. Ernie loved beaches everywhere, but he would always insist there was no better beach than the “Merby,” day or night. The roots he planted in Stellarton ran deep and stayed with him throughout his life.

Ernie's journey eventually brought him to Ottawa, where he worked proudly as a Union Brother with the IBEW. Still, Ernie was always clear about his priorities — “he worked to live, never lived to work.” Living life fully and spending time with family and friends were what mattered most to him, and those moments were always the richest part of his story.

It was in Ottawa that he raised his two daughters, Hailey and Jade — his greatest pride and the true heart of his ride. Some of his happiest stops could be found on a baseball diamond, at a hockey rink, at the park, or sitting on a beach, simply soaking in time with his girls. His days and nights were often set to the soundtrack of rock and roll, with Bruce Springsteen, Bob Dylan, and Queen playing loud and proud — music that matched his spirit and stayed with him throughout his life. And when the guitars quieted, you could often find him settled in for Hockey Night in Canada, faithfully watching the game — and you always knew when the Philadelphia Flyers were playing based on the volume in the room.

As Dad's ride began to slow, he welcomed a son-in-law, Jon Graves, whom he trusted deeply. He also cherished the time he continued to spend with his

close family, especially his nephew Luke, whom he loved dearly.

Ernie was blessed with his grandchildren: Avery, Blake, Hanan, Umar, Abdullah, AbuBakr, Uthman and a beautiful new grandson Ali, on the way. They brought him immense happiness and pride, adding meaningful and treasured stops along his journey.

Along the ride, Ernie faced his share of hardships and bumps. In the later years of his life, he struggled with his mental health, which shaped some of the stops he was making. Ernie was as tough as they come. He fought many of his battles with strength and determination, though some of his hardest struggles were the quiet ones he carried within until the final stop on his ride. Ernie was a devoted father, a loving son, a steadfast and loyal brother, and a fun-loving friend.

Dad, you will be deeply missed by all who love you. So many memories along the ride of life will bring thoughts of you, because the passion you carried for the people and the things you loved ran deep and left a lasting mark on all of us.

As the great Fred Shero, head coach of the 1974 Philadelphia Flyers, once wrote, "Win today and we walk together forever."

Dad, you will forever be in our hearts — and we will always walk together.

A celebration of Ernie's life will be held in the warmer months. Details will be shared with family and friends once they are finalized.

In lieu of flowers, donations in Ernie's memory may be made to Jumpstart, a foundation that works to ensure children have access to sport and play.

Tribute Wall

RM

“ *My belated Condolences to Ernie's Family I am sorry for your loss .
I rode the same train with Ernie literally quite a few times was
always fun to be around*

Robert MacFarlane - March 23 at 03:30 PM

ER

“ *Your siblings are your first best friends.
You are bound forever by DNA and history.
All the love a heart can contain
Unimaginable loss in a series of losses
I'm so sorry Claire
Love, Erni*

Erni - March 05 at 04:25 AM

HM

“ *I am sorry to. Read Ernie's obituary. We were next door neighbors
and I remember him as a happy young man. Sending condolences
to his family, Claire and Ian. Helene (Madden)*

Helene Marchand - March 04 at 07:15 PM

FG

“ *Sorry to hear of your loss.
Ian, Claire and Ernie's family, many memories and laughs along
some of Esther's stops.
Fraser Green*

Fraser Green - March 04 at 11:59 AM

JF

“ Sorry to hear I was in Alberta I think .he was around there too at the time

Jasper Fraser - March 04 at 04:58 AM

GS

“ I worked with Ernie on several occasions and we often spent our coffee and lunch breaks talking about this and that. He loved Dire Straits as I did. He treated me like a" brother". I am grateful to have known him.

Glenn Suggitt - March 03 at 03:49 PM

LM

“ Cousins Ian and Claire, and Haley and Jade, so sorry to hear of Ernie's passing. Sincere condolences and thoughts are with you at this difficult time.



Lawrence Munroe - March 03 at 08:47 AM

WA

“ Sorry to hear loss. Thinking of you all and take care. Wayne

Wayne - March 03 at 08:12 AM

RC

“ Our sincere condolences. Hopefully fond memories will help you through this difficult time.
Red & Cheryl

Red & Cheryl - March 03 at 07:16 AM

CD

“ Claire, Ian & family,
I am so sorry to read about Ernie's passing. Thinking of you all at
this sad time. Sending our love , Carole& Sonny

Carole Mac Donald - March 02 at 08:45 PM

DM

“ Claire, Ian and family. I am so sorry to hear of Ernie's passing. My
thoughts are with you and your family at this difficult time.

Dan R Munroe - March 02 at 07:46 PM

“ Claire (and family) it is so forlorn knowing my cousin won't “pick-up.” My deepest condolences, sympathy and loss are shared with all of you.

We used to laugh until we were in tears—after Cousin Linda's funeral—a few years ago; we so luckily managed to get that chance again, and to truly reconnect for many enjoyable hours. (Linda was not the subject, I hasten to add!)

I thought of Ernie as my contemporary. I took for granted that he would always be there; a visit “someday soon” or a phone call. Sometimes life just gets in the way of living it.

I thought the world of my cousin Ernie—as we all did—from the time I could walk, his legend loomed large in my eyes. I recall fondly those trips to Stellarton, when he would take me on a stroll down to The Canteen, or on a drive down to the diary bar on Bridge St. I would be about six, and he would be about seventeen, despite the age differential. he was relatable then (and always through a laugh) and you knew he would be tomorrow...

Esther the Second would floor that yellow Pontiac down Foord St. for my benefit, whenever the opportunity arose, and I would LMAO at the adventure. Our parents would be holed up, up on Belmont Avenue, all none the wiser, but they could now talk freely, with Ernie, Geoffrey, Ian, Claire, and Brother Steven, all off somewhere, too.

Dad thought the world of Ernie—always—until his last breath, and Neil would have smiled at the Foord Street antics. He always looked forward to Ernie stopping by, after another Supertramp concert, in Moncton. Mom would innocently ask him, “Why the red eyes,” and suggest that he was quite tired from the trip. Ernie and mom enjoyed a very special bond from the beginning; I well recall him, tear in eye, sharing it was she who had taught him how to skate in his infant years at the little local rink in her cherished Stellarton.

I will miss laughing with Ernie over scenes from “The Sopranos” episodes, or our favorite Jack Nicholson lines. We always shared in a sensibility. I would walk into a room, and just like his Dad (who was like a father to me) we would immediately laugh to the point of it becoming a spectacle, whether at a wedding, funeral, or in a bar. He just got things, intrinsically. He had the best Uncle John stories ever... He had his father’s dry humor and his mother’s wit (as much as could be obtained). Nothing got by both Esthers, at least, if it meant anything worth a damn.

I could listen to his Broad Street Bullies history lessons all night long! No one could spin a good yarn like Ernie could; he not only lit up a room, but he could also captivate those inside it. Broadcasters already in our family aside, Ernie truly missed his calling – he was the sportscaster never officially heard – and he would have made a true-to-form, exceptional rock-jock. His love and taste of music were solidly contagious. He tweaked my younger ears to great artists back in the day – so thanks Ernie!

As our years on this earth accumulate, one looks back over the valleys and mountains climbed or descended in life, and like many, we lose touch over that course, but as The Beatles wrote, “You and I have memories, longer than the road that stretches out ahead...”

Sunny ways, and summer days, from Melmurby to “Mayberry.” Thank you, Ernie, for the laughs and very truly, for my fondest childhood memories. Now rest easy, my dear cousin, now home. May the good bands be in town! And Sam’s afterwards! Just say hi to everyone: It would make our day, right about now!

Geoffrey Campbell - March 02 at 04:11 PM

KU

“ Sorry to hear about Ernie's passing .Always a good guy and had lots of laughs at Leo's pool hall .In 1973 we saw the doobie Brothers at the Metro center in Halifax.This was our first big concert .God bless Ester and his family and loved ones

Ken Uhren - March 02 at 04:05 PM

WF

“ Claire, Ian, Haley and Jade. Mary and I and I know the rest of the family share your loss. In the months ahead Ernie will bring us all together and we will cherish that and his memory.

Whit Fraser - March 02 at 04:04 PM

DO

Claire and Ian, so very sorry to hear about Ernie. Know that I am thinking of all of you. I remember well when Ernie was a cute little boy. I was visiting and he wouldn't relinquish a plastic ketchup bottle....it went everywhere. I can still see your father wiping down the cupboards!
Cousin Dianne

Dianne Reid O'Neil - March 03 at 06:47 PM

CM

Claire and Ian and family .. we were deeply saddened to hear of Ernie's passing .. Allister has many memories of the year he spent with your family while going to vocational school in Stellarton.. our love and sympathy are with you all .

Carol Macleod - March 04 at 08:15 AM

JF

Claire and Ian soo sorry for your big brother's passing, he was funny and cool. Friend, Spyros, Jenny.

Jenny Fraser - March 05 at 03:15 PM