



## Ronald P. Pugnet

March 22, 1957 - August 19, 2018

Ronald Paul Pugnet, age 61, passed away on Sunday, August 19, 2018, at Florida Hospital South. He was born March 22, 1957, in Newark NJ, to Albert and Jean M. (Del Guercio) Pugnet. Ronald was a veteran of the USAF having served from 1975 to 1979 as a minuteman missileer. He was a 1983 graduate of University of North Dakota with a BS degree in Commercial Aviation and Business Administration. He married Joanne Tese Pugnet on June 1, 1991, in Wilkes-Barre Pennsylvania. He worked as a Commercial Airline Pilot with Allegiant Airlines. Ronald truly had a love for history and adventure. He made that dream a reality through traveling the world and seeing historical sites first hand. He is survived by his wife, Joanne; sons, Alex Nicholas Pugnet and Eric Thomas Pugnet of Lake Mary. Four brothers, Alan (Cindy) Pugnet, Albert Jr. (Patricia) Pugnet and Ralph (Josephine) Pugnet all from NJ; Robert (Linda) Pugnet from West Palm, FL and many nieces, nephews, and cousins. Family, friends, and others whose lives Ronald touched are invited to Annunciation Catholic Church, 1020 Montgomery Rd, Altamonte Springs, FL 32714 funeral Mass celebrated at 9:30 a.m. on Friday, August 31, 2018, to reminisce, grieve, support each other and, of course, just chat.

# Events

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**AUG** **Memorial Mass** 09:30AM - 10:30AM

**31**

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Annunciation Catholic Church

1020 Montgomery Rd., Altamonte Springs, FL, US, 32714

# Comments

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“ Ron was always smiling and good-natured, he seemed like a man very happy with his life. I will miss his friendly demeanor and professionalism. My thoughts and prayers go out his family.



**Krista Garces** - August 28, 2018 at 07:50 AM

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“ Full Of Love Bouquet was purchased for the family of Ronald P. Pugnet.



August 27, 2018 at 03:14 PM

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“ Arrive in Style was purchased for the family of Ronald P. Pugnet.



August 27, 2018 at 08:32 AM

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“ My sincere condolences to Ron 's family.  
It was a pleasure working with you Ron.  
Your such a great person. I will miss seeing you at the Shrine service as well  
Our thoughts and prayer for you and your family circle.  
Liz and Paul Fishburn

**Liz Fishburn** - August 27, 2018 at 02:14 AM

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“ Condolences to the family. I knew Ron in the Air Force. Smart man.

Jose Quiles - August 26, 2018 at 09:36 PM

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“ Thoughts and prayers for the Pugno family....Ron will definitely be missed. He was always such a happy and talkative man.  
Suzie

suzie - August 25, 2018 at 09:47 PM

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“ I can't believe Ron is gone. He was always so upbeat and always smiling. I loved flying with him and I worked quite a bit with him over the last several years. We would always laugh at stupid stuff. He was a very kind man. He will be sorely missed at Allegiant. My deepest condolences to the Pugno family and friends.

Julie Testerman - August 25, 2018 at 07:33 AM

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“ Our deepest sympathies for the Pugno's. Ron and I served together at Grand Forks AFB ND in the mid to late 70s. He was an outstanding ICBM Combat Targeting technician and assistant team chief, but he left the Air Force to pursue his dream of flying. As with everything he excelled as a pilot. I'd like to dedicate the poem High Flight to Ron and his love of life and flying. High Flight was written by John Gillespie Magee Jr, an American pilot serving with the Royal Canadian Air Force during WWII.

### High Flight

"Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,  
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;  
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth of sun-split clouds -  
and done a hundred things You have not dreamed of -  
wheeled and soared and swung high in the sunlit silence.  
Hovering there I've chased the shouting wind along  
and flung my eager craft through footless halls of air.  
"Up, up the long delirious burning blue  
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace,  
where never lark, or even eagle, flew;  
and, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod  
the high untrespassed sanctity of space,  
put out my hand and touched the face of God."

Bob Mansfield

**Bob Mansfield** - August 25, 2018 at 12:56 AM

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“ Our deepest sympathies to the beautiful Pignet family. You are in our hearts and prayers. Mike and Mary Iaccarino

**Mary Iaccarino** - August 24, 2018 at 01:44 PM

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“ Ron was always positive and so nice. He loved Allegiant and will be greatly missed.

**Nancy Polston** - August 23, 2018 at 04:16 PM

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“ My deepest condolences to the Pignet Family.  
FO Ron will be missed and was a pleasure to work with. Thoughts and Prayers are with you all in this difficult time.

**Nadine** - August 23, 2018 at 01:42 PM

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“ Sorry to hear of Ron's passing. I remember him, as well as others, on this post from my days in GF. Recall with Ron it was flying flying flying. I figured some day he would be an airline pilot and it was good to see that his dreams and desires came true. God speed and safe travels into the arms of the Lord.

**Jim Bowen** - August 22, 2018 at 05:14 PM

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“ Capt Pignet was a proud Comair Pilot. While I was his Chief Pilot, we had disagreements from time to time, but he never compromised the safety of his aircraft or it's passengers. Wishing you Fair Skies and Tailwinds Always Ron. Best Steve Briner

**Steve Briner** - August 21, 2018 at 08:58 PM

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“ Another fellow on Facebook reminded me of this story, which I'll relate.

Ron's circle of friends included those he'd been stationed at Grand Forks AFB, North Dakota, almost all of which worked with him on the Minuteman Intercontinental Ballistic Missile. In the mid-70's, many of those "stuck" at GF AFB were displaced

Vietnam-stationed aircraft mechanics that'd been halfway through their enlistment when the war ended shortly before; the Air Force found work for them in the Arctic conditions up north. Among the bad habits they brought back from 'Nam was an often well-developed taste for weed. And, to their delight, it was learned there were stretches of roadside ditches around North Dakota that had a low-grade form of Marijuana called "hemp" that'd been planted years before to produce rope and subsequently got out-of-hand. Enough of the free, very harsh hemp was around that, armed with grocery sacks, a fair amount of partying could be obtained for free. Our first exposure to these veterans was in the form of a warning to stay away from them because they were mostly crazy. In the summer, they could be found in the evening on a remote porch of a next-door barracks surrounded by grocery sacks and using newspapers to roll some extraordinary joints with. Through the clouds of smoke you could hear coughing and laughing, but you didn't dare approach...we were warned these guys could be dangerous.

At that time, drugs were considered a high priority for the Security Police (SP's) and they implemented a program to eradicate the evil from the base. They could drop into any living quarters on the installation, but often (it seemed) found barracks a convenient place to take their drug-sniffing dogs up and down the hallways to see if they could catch the scent of anything oozing from behind room doors. It was on one such evening we found ourselves sequestered in the barracks day room while the dogs went about their task. Shortly, an SP came into our holding area looking for a "Ron Pugno." Ron, like the rest of us, knew a request like that meant they wanted you to open your room for a closer look--the dog had alerted on his room. Ron disappeared with them, giving us a terrified glance back and telling the SP's something to the effect there must be some sort of mistake. The rest of us quietly waited, fearing for Ron in that sort of way a flock of sheep might feel when the wolves drag off one of their number...we wondered who might be next and how good these dogs really were.

After an eternity of self-examination and speculation regarding Ron's fate (lookouts on the windows had seen nothing of him being dragged to the SP vehicles outside), he re-appeared in the room slightly shaken, but with a visible smile on his face. Upon unlocking his door, the dog went straight to the room fridge. When they pulled open the fridge, the SP's were annoyed to learn the dog had alerted on some pastrami. No drugs could be found. After an under-the-breath apology, they let Ron return triumphant to his peers.

This is among many memories of Ron we've enjoyed recalling across the years. He was one of those guys who spiced up the life experience and I'm glad to have called him a friend. Through his kind, gentle manner, honesty and ready sense of humor, he befriended many, many folks across the decades. He surely was the essence of this quote by Saint Basil, also known as Basil of Caesarea: "A tree is known by its fruit; a man by his deeds. A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love."