



Brian A. Madsen

March 15, 1963 - August 28, 2014

Brian A. Madsen, 52, of Bourbonnais passed away Thursday, August 28, 2014 at Edward Hines VA Hospital. He was born on March 15, 1962 in Kankakee to Glen and Evelyn (Ragains) Madsen. Brian was a veteran of the United States Army where he received a Good Conduct Medal and an Army Service Ribbon.

He is survived by his father, Glen Madsen of Bourbonnais; and two daughters, Rachel Madsen and Angela Madsen, both of Chebanse. He is preceded in death by his mother.

Visitation will be at 3:00p.m. Sunday, August 31, 2014 until the funeral service at 4:00p.m. at Clancy-Gernon Funeral Home, Bourbonnais. Cremation rites will be accorded following services. Private burial will be held at Mound Grove Cemetery at a later date. Memorials may be made to the family wishes.

Cemetery Details

Mound Grove Gardens Cemetery

1000 N. Greenwood
Kankakee, IL 60901
(815) 933-6726

Previous Events

Visitation

AUG 31. 3:00 PM - 4:00 PM (CT)

Bourbonnais - Clancy-Gernon Funeral Homes, Inc.
295 Main St., NW
Bourbonnais, IL 60914
(815) 932-1214
cgfuneral@gmail.com

Funeral Service

AUG 31. 4:00 PM (CT)

Bourbonnais - Clancy-Gernon Funeral Homes, Inc.
295 Main St., NW
Bourbonnais, IL 60914
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Tribute Wall

GS

“ I was reading C. J. Box's book *Force of Nature*. One of the lead protagonists name is Nate Romanowski, ex-Special Forces, outdoorsman and falconer. The character rides the line between lawful and lawless, the kind of man Brian was when I met him, first in the Guard, later at KCC. When I got to know Brian, at first, he was the most dangerous man I'd ever met. As I got to know him, I saw the well spring of emotions he kept bottled up behind a wall of anger. Without conscious thought, I began breaking down that wall. OH, there were times he CUSSED me out for making him a a feeling human being again. All those emotions, sharp and raw caused him a great amount of pain. And it hurt him when I'd say that he got my goodness and I got that dangerous anger from him. My friend, I don't think of you all the time, as usual, I'm too caught up in my own s**t. But, when I do, I remember so many glorious times we had, especially the last when you introduced your wife to me. A belated Happy b-day, my friend, I'll drink a toast to you. I know you're up there standing so the riffraff don't get through.

Gary

Gary Shreffler - March 24, 2018 at 02:33 AM



“ *When we were best friends back in the 80s, I thought he was indestructible. I was having a nostalgia moment today and came looking...only to find he's been gone for two years. One of the last conversations we had was about the deal he made with God if his wife could get pregnant (doctors said it couldn't happen). When the miracle happened, he kept his word (as he did about all things) and became a church going, faith believing man. No one could have asked for a better friend and i hated leaving him behind when I moved to AZ. He even took me the airport. I am so sorry, my friend, that I couldn't be there at the end.*

Gary Shreffler - October 01, 2016 at 03:49 AM