



Russell "Toby" J. Hebert

September 5, 1937 - December 31, 2021

Memorial Services will be held on Thursday, January 6, 2022 at 1:00 PM in Martin & Castille's La Fleur de Lis Chapel in Lafayette, for Russell "Toby" J. Hebert, 84, who passed away at Our Lady of Lourdes Regional Medical Center in Lafayette on Friday, December 31, 2021. The Hebert family requests that visitation be observed in Martin & Castille's SOUTHSIDE location on Thursday from 12 Noon until time of services.

Very Rev. William C. Blanda, V.F., Pastor of St. Peter Catholic Church in New Iberia, will conduct the memorial services.

Survivors include his beloved wife of 35 years, Joan Hebert; his stepson, Jeff Hastings; his brother, Charles and his niece, Pam.

He was preceded in death by his parents, August and Louise Hebert.

Toby was born and raised in Gueydan, Louisiana. In 1955, he joined the US Marine Corps and became part of a Tank Battalion serving in both Korea and Okinawa. He would later serve in Washington, DC where he was the aide to a 3 Star General. While in the Marines, Toby was a division boxing champion.

Toby received his Bachelor of Criminal Justice from LSU and became a Captain in the Louisiana State Police. He was the first undercover narcotics agent for the state of Louisiana and went on to create the first undercover narcotics team known as the "Original Dirty Dozen". Toby wrote several articles on the achievements of Louisiana's enforcement of narcotics laws that were featured in national publications in the early 1970s.

After he retired from State Police, Toby went on to become a rancher in Comanche, Texas. After nine years in Texas, he returned to Louisiana and married his wife, Joan. They would eventually buy a ranch in Pagosa Springs, Colorado where Toby ranched once again, and also served as the Undersheriff at the Archuleta County Sheriff

Department.

After fourteen years in Colorado, Toby returned to Louisiana and joined the New Iberia Sheriff's Department where he was Chief Deputy and oversaw Internal Affairs.

Toby loved Louisiana, Acadiana and his Cajun heritage. Fluent in 4 languages, Toby was able to have a conversation just about anywhere. He loved LSU, speaking French with his buddies, playing Bourré, and he made an amazing Gumbo, too. Toby was a loving husband, friend and stepfather--a True Legend who will be missed.

Memorial contributions can be made in Russell J. Hebert's name to either the Louisiana Trooper Foundation (<https://louisianatrooperfoundation.org/get-involved/donate/>) OR the Tunnel to Towers Foundation (<https://t2t.org/donate/>)

A heartfelt appreciation is extended by the Hebert family to the staff of Our Lady of Lourdes Regional Medical Center.

View the obituary and guestbook online at www.mourning.com

Martin & Castille SOUTHSIDE, 600 E. Farrel Road, Lafayette, Louisiana, 70508. 337-984-2811

Events

JAN **Visitation** 12:00PM - 01:00PM

6
Martin & Castille Funeral Home - Southside Location
600 E Farrel Rd, Lafayette, LA, US, 70508

JAN **Memorial Service** 01:00PM - 02:00PM

6
Martin & Castille's La Fleur de Lis Chapel
600 E. Farrel Road, Lafayette, LA, US, 70508

Comments



“ A tribute video has been added.



Martin & Castille Funeral Home - January 04 at 04:23 PM



“ Toby was my dad's first cousin. Please know that his Uncle Andrus and Aunt Diana Hebert thought a lot of him...as did all his younger cousins. Rest in Peace, Toby...and prayers for the family left behind to grieve the loss of this fine man.

Lori (Hebert) Leger

Lori Hebert Leger - January 06 at 04:53 PM



“ My condolences to his family and especially Joan. I worked in Dispatch when Russell was our Undersheriff in Pagosa Springs, Archuleta County Colorado. He was a character and I enjoyed hearing about his past experiences in Louisiana. He could tell some stories that would keep you in stitches. I know he will be missed by all who knew and loved him. Rest in Peace my friend.

Rosemary Bollig

Canon City, Colorado

Rosemary Bollig - January 13 at 10:39 AM



“ Russell was known in the Archuleta County Sheriffs Office as our Coon Ass. He was a great person to work with and a friend to me. We shared stories involving work. He and I did lots of rides together. He will always be in our hearts and minds. Sorry for your loss Joan. We loved him too. Richard Richmond.

R. Richmond - January 11 at 10:17 AM



“ Russell was the Undersheriff in Pagosa Springs, Colorado when I was the administrative assistant at the Sheriff's office, working with Sheriff Tom Richards. He brought lots of laughter to our office and was a very intelligent man.

Joan, you may remember me... Prayers and thoughts - Marcella in Pagosa Springs, Colorado.

Marcella Sutton - January 07 at 04:46 PM



“ Miss Joan and Jeffery, I am saddened to hear this news. Mr. Russell was a great man and I am a better person for knowing him. He was a great friend to my father. Even after Mr. Russell left Pagosa Springs, my father talked of him often. Heaven has gained another angel.
Mary (Richards) Garcia

Mary Garcia - January 06 at 11:30 AM



“ Terry, Elizabeth, and Carson. purchased the Peaceful White Lilies Basket for the family of Russell "Toby" J. Hebert.



Terry, Elizabeth, and Carson. - January 05 at 06:29 PM



“ Simply Elegant Spathiphyllum was purchased for the family of Russell "Toby" J. Hebert.



January 05 at 05:16 PM



“ 50 files added to the album LifeTributes



Martin & Castille Funeral Home - January 04 at 04:19 PM



“ Toby was probably the most interesting person Paul and I have ever met. We are going to miss him terribly and all his wonderful stories. Rest In peace dear friend.
All our love, Elaine and Paul

Elaine Landes - January 04 at 01:54 PM



“ For many years, it was a given between Toby and me that whoever survived the other would eulogize him at his funeral. Alas, now somewhat debilitated, I can no longer travel far from my home in Fort Myers.

If Toby preceded me in death, I had plans to use excerpts about him from my autobiography, to which Toby has written a hilarious—yet profoundly perceptive—Foreword. Thus, I’m left with no other option except this tribute wall to keep my promise to him. So, I herein present some of what I had planned to say in that event, and I weep as I inscribe this.

I can imagine Toby saying, “When I die, I’m not going to be able to smell the flowers you place at my gravestone, so please don’t bring them to me. Don’t give a speech saying how much you loved me and miss me. Don’t post Facebook messages saying things like, “We have a new angel in heaven.” I won’t need any of that....

“You should bring me flowers while I am still alive. Bring them to me while I can still smell the delicious scent of lilacs. Bring them to me while I can still look at them sitting on a vase on the kitchen table and smile every time I walk past them. Do call me when you think about me to tell me that you love and appreciate me and that you miss me. Then actually make an effort to see me.” (Anonymous)

Except for me saying, “I love you,” I have taken that advice. And my “lilacs” to him were my calls, visits, and these and other “Toby” stories I wrote and provided him in 2012.

Instant Obedience. While working on the LSP/NOPD concurrent jurisdiction project, I invited Toby to dine with my wife, Nancy, and me at our home. I was awed by Toby, and I was desperate to impress him. I probably drove Nancy to the point of being unhinged, for I beleaguered her to ensure that every detail was attended to and that everything should be perfect for his visit. We even went to the prestigious Martin Wine Cellar to purchase fine wines for the occasion.

It was a fabulous visit! Toby was the perfect gentleman (as he so facilely can be when he is so inclined). He regaled us with captivating chronicles about the State Police and, of course, juicy tidbits of clothesline blather.

Although I believe we made a good impression on him, I’m certain that our children carried the day. It was obvious Toby liked them (they told him children’s “dirty” jokes), and they simply adored him—children truly do have finely tuned instincts, for they discerned the inherent goodness within him.

We drank several bottles of wine, and eventually, we were in our cups. At one point, we were playing the dozens and supporting different views on a subject, whereat Toby forcefully slammed his wine glass on the table and said to me, “I demand instant obedience!”

I heard the stem crack and knew what had happened, but I just laughed and said, “Toby, I don’t give my Daddy instant obedience.” (My parents loved him too,) I mentioned nothing about the glass.

Defying imagination, Toby held his glass in an upright position for ten full minutes before picking it up, whereupon the bowl separated from the stem. Always clever, he shrewdly said, “Cheap glass.” (And no, Toby, I didn’t serve wine glasses to withstand a ranting Koonass.)

Although it appeared his obedience comment had been directed at me, he wavered a bit and said something to the effect that was not his intention, but he was speaking about the other troopers at Troop B, where he was then the interim commander.

To this day, with fond memories, we're still laughing about the entire incident.

I believe—I hope—I have captured Toby's essence in these tales of our camaraderie from days gone by. And I also hope they will provoke other mourners to remember him as the beautiful human being he was.

John Rigol - January 04 at 01:21 PM



“ Our sweet Joan and Jeffrey, heartfelt condolences to you both. We are with you in your bereavement and praying for solace.

To our big friend, Russell, thank you for sharing your big personality, large treasury of experiences and people you met along life's highway, and your unabashed boldness that filled the room. Some may not know, but you loved big too, especially Joan and Jeffrey, and actually, you had a quiet soft side. To truly know you is to love you. Thank you for considering Leon & I as friends and welcoming us into your home, your life and your heart. We wish we could have said goodbye and we will miss you dearly. Farewell big friend. Keeping you in our prayers. *Te connaissant, je ne serais pas surpris si tu entrais au paradis par la porte de derrière.*



Karin Broussard - January 04 at 10:23 AM



“ A true, honest friend who stood by my side of daily life. Giving advise and encouragement. He will be truly missed. Until we meet again....Rest in God's Peace

J. Edward Fremin - January 04 at 07:33 AM



“Of credit infinite, highly beloved, second to none lives here.”
Toby was a master of deductive and inductive reasoning. He was direct and outspoken, straightforward and honest, and did not suffer fools. I will dearly miss our weekly sessions over a bottle of good zinfandel.
"Fair winds and following seas Captain Hebert, we have the watch."
Captain Roy Frusha,
USMCR

roy frusha - January 03 at 08:24 PM



“Toby was a legend in his own time. He gave of his time to give sage advice to young people. One such talk was in 1962 at Gueydan High School when he talked “straight” to each and everyone of us in attendance on the perils of drug use. You could have heard a pin drop on the carpet, so spellbinding was his delivery! And all in attendance truly bought into his advice.

It was in 2015 before I saw him again at the Kitchen in Gueydan on a slow day. We had breakfast to find not much had changed. For the next four hours, he held us with his spellbinding story telling, as we hung on his every word. And laughed and laughed.

Rest well Son if Gueydan. Your job well done, an example for all to follow. May you Rest In Peace.

Milton 'Mickey' Reese - January 03 at 08:16 PM



“A good man and a better friend I enjoyed our discussions about life and his stories about when he was with state police and other law enforcement agencies at our weekly bouree games u will be missed Mr Toby ur friend Eric Matthieu

ERIC MATTHIEU - January 03 at 11:30 AM



“No memories, other than me being awed by him when he'd come to visit when I was just a small child and later, a teenager. My dad's first cousin and everyone respected him. Prayers for Joan, his stepson, his brother, Charlie and Pam.

Lori Hebert Leger - January 03 at 11:13 AM



“ I will miss our talks, I wished you could have reunited with you son also. I enjoyed learning about our family and getting to know you. I will see you on the other side Pop. All my love your daughter Danielle.

Danielle Saltzman - January 03 at 10:26 AM



“ Dear Joan, Gena and I grieve for you, and we grieve for us too. From my autobiography, written in 2012: Of all his accomplishments, Toby's crowning achievement was marrying Joan. Joan is lovely beyond belief, both inside and out. She is intelligent, charming, witty, personable, and fun. In short, Joan is a class act of the highest order. She is good for—and good to—Toby. Toby is wise enough to realize that, in Joan, he has a precious gem, and as he should, he idolizes her. My life has been aggrandized because of Toby. I am appreciative to the winds of fate that I've had the opportunity to know him. Other than my father and Ernie Barrow, he taught me more than any other person who has been in my life. Thank you, Toby, I couldn't love you more if you were my biological brother.

John Rigol - January 03 at 02:38 AM



“ Au revoir mon ami. Repose en paix. A l'autre bord!!.....Leon
Leon - January 03 at 12:22 PM



“ Dear Joan and Jeffrey,
So much love and so many wonderful memories! We are so fortunate to have had you and Toby grace our table at every Easter, Thanksgiving, and Christmas celebration for many many years. You supplied such wit and merriment and cheerful spirit to our gatherings. Terry and Toby would hole up with total abandon while they talked of old times, old faces, and old places.
Terry loved taking to the road with Toby, exploring Acadiana and swapping tall tales. Two total peas in a pod!! We will miss his mighty presence and the scores of jokes he always had at the ready. Rest In Peace with Our Father, dear friend, until we are all together again. Joan and Jeffrey, you will remain in our hearts and prayers. Much love to all of you Terry and Elizabeth
Terry & Elizabeth Fontenot - January 03 at 03:23 PM



“ Last time I spoke to him he told me my dad was the best friend he had ever had. I always loved hearing his stories. I've known him and loved him since I was born and always looked forward to his visits when I was growing up....RIP Toby. You were so loved and will be missed!
val leblanc - January 03 at 03:25 PM



“ Written in 2012: Jousting with Toby. Toby and I have always had a sense of competition between us...and it's wonderful! Best friends play the dozens, and they enjoy it. It's like playing chess—one should want an able opponent; jousting with an inferior is boring and pedestrian. And Toby is a brilliant and ultra-formidable opponent. His style is cleverly gruff and crushing; mine is deviously insidious and needling.
Thrice, I had the good fortune to visit Toby and Joan at their beautiful home in Colorado. Both were magnificent—and munificent—hosts, for I was treated like royalty. While I was there, Toby prepared some of the best gazpacho I have ever eaten; in fact, all their culinary offerings were exquisite.
On one visit, Toby and Joan brought me in their Bronco to Durango. Somehow or another, Toby and I began talking about the Spanish word, alma. Toby said it meant “spirit” in English; I said that the best definition was “soul.” Not unlike siblings, both of us, hardheaded and arrogant, we foolishly let the discussion escalate into an argument. (But I

can't deny my responsibility for that episode, because I had used the perverted Johnny Rigol forte of hectoring to goad him on.)

The next thing I knew, Toby drove the Bronco to the shoulder of the road, and I was alighting the vehicle even before it came to a full stop. What can I say? A crazy Koonass and a crazy Cuban make for a volatile combination. I can, however, definitively state that the Cuban was even crazier than the Koonass, because without even working up a sweat, Toby could have trounced me—he was bigger, more skilled, and in better shape than I was. But in the heat of the moment, I injudiciously failed to weigh those considerations.

We both went to the front of the vehicle, whereupon Toby obviously felt sorry for me. He cooled down, and awakening to the realization of how precariously close I had come to a serious ass whipping, I did too. We proceeded on our way, and ten minutes thereafter, we were glissading along,

the passion and the anger of the moment a distant—and pleasant! —memory.

Lo. How much I shall miss you, my soul brother!

John Rigol - January 04 at 03:34 AM