



Vincent F. Merkley

January 22, 1963 - May 3, 2020

Close the Gate for dad

For this one farmer the worries are over, lie down and rest your head,
Your time has been and struggles enough, put the tractor in the shed.

Years were not easy, many downright hard, but your faith in God transcended,
Put away your tools and sleep in peace. The fences have all been mended.

You raised a fine family, worked the land well and always
Hang up your shovel inside of the barn; your work here on earth is done.

A faith few possess led your journey through life, often a jagged and stony
way,
The sun is setting, the cattle are all bedded, and here now is the end of your
day.

Your love of God's soil has passed on to your kin; the stories flow like fine
wine,
Wash off your work boots in the puddle left by blessed rain one final time.

You always believed that the good Lord would provide and He always had
somehow,

Take off your gloves and put them down, no more sweat and worry for you now.

Your labor is done, your home now is heaven; no more must you wait,
Your legacy lives on, your love of the land, and we will close the gate.

By Nancy Kraayenhof

Cemetery Details

Paskenta Cemetery

3400 Paskenta Rd
Paskenta, CA 96074

Previous Events

Graveside Service

MAY 30. 1:00 PM - 1:30 PM (PT)

Paskenta Cemetery
3400 Paskenta Rd
Paskenta, CA 96074

Celebration of Life

MAY 30. 2:00 PM - 3:00 PM (PT)

Paskenta Community Hall
13140 Toomes Camp Rd
Paskenta, CA 96074

Tribute Wall

BM

“ *My dad was funny.
He was really funny.
He was so full of life.
My dad was an expert at helping me smuggle my summer pets
through TSA back to Montana.
He once put my beta fish in my water bottle so I could bring it home
:)
He was extremely strong
And could swing a sledge hammer and drive a stake into the ground
with incredible force and precision.
Milk shakes
Steaks
Green tobasco
Disgusting food combinations involving spam
Road trips
Sage brush
Wranglers
Sunburns
Cows
Horses
Leather
and cowboy hats
Rodeos
Bull riding belt buckles
Blood
Stitches
Dirt
Laughter
Rocks crunching under cowboy boots
Pickup trucks
Spurs
Ropes
Calluses
Galloping through dewy morning fields and hot summer days
Fights
Giant hugs*

Kisses goodnight
Blockbuster
Action movies
Roller coasters
Adrenaline
Cotton candy
Highly competitive foot races across parking lots
Speeding tickets, lots of speeding tickets
Country music
My dads big belly laughs
And prank jokes
Lots of lessons
My dad loved to teach
He taught me how to drive a stick.
how to saddle and ride a horse.
How to shoot a gun.
How to negotiate.
How to stand my ground.
He taught me how to ride a bike.
How to throw a punch.
Taught me how to kill black widows and snakes and dodge
scorpions in the desert.
So dad, thanks for teaching me how to be a man, even though I'm
your daughter.

He taught me about business.
Politics.
Religion.
Economics.
I didn't always agree.
He also gave Dating advice... he always said:
To pay attention to a mans actions not his words. Still single lol
And also not to date any wimps.
still single lol
Life advice:
He always said the first person to lose his cool loses the argument.
And self care advice:

*He said "the better you look, the better you feel, the better you do."
My dad taught me how to work hard and how to work with huge
groups of people.*

He showed me how to produce and manage events.

*He taught me to always befriend security and to know everyone's
job.*

*My dad knew how to run a show while making everyone fear him
and love him at the same time.*

He was stubborn as hell.

*Authority never intimidated my dad, nobody was going to tell him
what he didn't want to hear.*

*Even at the end of his life my dad was cussing out the doctors
giving him bad news the same way he would cuss out police officers
who told him he couldn't park at the airport and walk his daughters
to TSA.*

I loved that about him.

*Jessica and I spent the summers with our dad. I have a collage of
memories at the airport with him greeting him at the beginning and
then saying goodbye to him after an adventure filled summer,
always with tears and smiles.*

*it's a heavy feeling of goodbye I felt at the end of every summer with
my dad as he waited and waived at us until we turned a corner and
could no longer see him. He would always wait for us to lose sight
and then pop up in some side window standing on a chair or
something to make us laugh with one last waive.*

That's how I imagine him now.

*Waiving from silly places all around us with that funny laugh and big
smile.*

My dad is a legend... and the best part is he always knew it.

He loved his family and his friends.

*He made everyone smile and he loved to spread laughter and
knowledge.*

He made a dent on everyone who came across his path.

*He told me he believed god was taking him away from us so he
could cross over to heaven...to help fight for the good in this world...*

and I truly believe he is doing that exactly.

We couldn't ask for a stronger angel than my dad, Vince Merkley.

Love you dad.

Brin Merkley - September 10, 2020 at 02:09 AM