

MEMORIAL SERVICE

4:00 p.m., Saturday

May 23, 2026

Moorcroft Town Center

Moorcroft, Wyoming

OFFICIANT

Pastor Doug Baker

HONORARY PALLBEARERS

All of Harold's friends and family

MILITARY HONORS

American Legion

Crook County Post #45

Honor Guard

THE FAMILY EXTENDS AN INVITATION
TO A RECEPTION AND TIME
OF FELLOWSHIP AT DEWEY'S PLACE IN
MOORCROFT AFTER THE SERVICE.



Rita Mashak | Tara Aanonson
Tara Cowger
Funeral Service - Monuments -
Advance Planning - Cremation -
Lending Library, Learning to say
goodbye; children's tour.

PLEASE SCAN THE QR
CODE TO SHARE
A LOVING MEMORY OR
TRIBUTE.



Harold F. (aka Rick/Mac) McKinney Jr. was born September 4, 1946, in Bozeman, Montana to Allowayne (Rymer) and Harold F McKinney Sr.. He left this world May 6, 2026, at the age of 79, with his daughter and son-in-law by his side. Harold's family moved to Gillette, WY in 1957. Harold graduated from Campbell County High School in 1966. Harold enlisted in the United States Marine Corp. following his graduation. After boot camp Harold was sent to Vietnam. After being discharged Harold stayed in California and in 1971 married Judy Richardson, which she brought 3 boys into this union. Together in 1972, they had Harold's first-born Sean Michael McKinney. In 1973, they divorced and Harold moved home to Wyoming. In 1976 Harold married Patricia (Patti) Kelley and she brought a daughter and a son into this union. Together in 1980, they had a daughter, Kari Louise McKinney. Harold and Patricia moved to Crook County in 1984, and they ran the M&M Bait Shop by Keyhole Reservoir. Harold helped Crook County start the Crook County Search and Rescue, where Harold was the president until the Search and Rescue was absorbed by the Crook County Sheriff's department. Harold and Patricia were married until her untimely death in 1999.

In 2000, Harold reconnected with his high school sweetheart Louise Kaus (Gawronski). Harold and Louise married in 2002, in which she brought 3 adult sons into this union and were together until the end. Harold worked in the oil field in Wyoming, in all different capacities until his health forced him to retire. Harold enjoyed his work in the oilfield and prided himself on the knowledge he had. Harold had many hobbies; he enjoyed fishing, hunting, reloading ammunition, working with wood, barbecuing, camping and spending time with his family and friends. He loved to tell stories of his "Glory Days", when he was younger and ornerier. His favorite time of year was Moorcroft Jubilee where he could see old friends and when his granddaughter

Morgan Chavez always tried to be home for some of Grandpa's Pancakes. When Harold's health started to diminish and he needed more help you could always see him with his grandson Donald Donner or granddaughter Patricia Donner. They were his right hands and always there to help him with anything. Harold was preceded in death by his parents, his grandparents, one brother (Lee), wife Patricia, 4 step-children; (Donny and David Parrish; Diana Taylor and Michael Perkins) and one daughter-in law (Terry McKinney) Harold is survived by wife Louise McKinney, son Sean McKinney, daughter Kari (Robert) Anderson, 4 step-sons and wives (Jerry Parrish, Tim (Sarah) Kaus, Chris (Angela) Kaus and Nathan (Emily) Kaus), 3 brothers (Mike McKinney, Charlie McKinney, and Bob McKinney), 3 sister-in laws (Lavonda McKinney, Zana McKinney, and Trish McKinney), 15 grandchildren, several great-grandchildren, many nieces and nephews and many friends.



IN LOVING MEMORY



Harold Fredrick McKinney Jr.

SEPTEMBER 4, 1946

MAY 6, 2026





I MADE IT HOME

I just wanted to let you know that I made it home. The journey wasn't an easy one, but it didn't take too long. Everything is so pretty here,

so white, so fresh, so new,

I wish that you could close your eyes so you could see it too.

Please try not to be sad for me.

Try to understand.

God is taking care of me...

I'm in the shelter of His hands. Here there is no sadness, and no sorrow, and no pain. Here there is

no crying, and I'll never hurt again. Here it is so peaceful, when all the angels sing.

I really have to go for now...

I've just got to try my wings.

