

Roy James Barentine, Dad, Grandpa, Uncle, friend, was born February 4, 1942, in Silver City, NM, and died peacefully July 31, 2025, at his home in Gila, NM, at the age of 83.

Dad and Mom each had one living sibling. Dad had wanted two children and Mom (Judie) had wanted four, but the Lord multiplied their blessings into eight. Dad loved each of his children and their families fiercely. While looking through picture albums, we noticed most pictures of him were on the floor playing with children or with his horses, cattle, dogs, or cats.

Dad started school at 5 years old at the 6th Street School in Silver City and lived on Little Walnut Road. As a little boy he walked to and from school daily, which was about 2 ½ miles each way.

Dad was tender footed. His older sister Del, when she did not want him to follow her, would hide his boots. He was thus confined to indoors. I don't think, in hindsight, that he resented this later in life. It gave him a laugh to tell about it.

His only career goal was to be a cowboy, which he accomplished. Growing up in Silver City he had numerous jobs: he was a newspaper boy when young, delivered bottled milk to homes before school, hauled and sold topsoil and manure, and had his first ranch job with Bill and Pauline McMillen. His main task on the ranch was building fence. One day a cow was trying to deliver a calf. The older cowboy's hands were too big... they saw Dad and had him reach in, grab the feet, and straighten them so they could pull the calf. This job with the McMillens started a lifetime of joy.

Dad played Little League ball and then baseball and continued through high school. One of the little league coaches hired him to pitch during practices (\$1.00 per day) because he was left-handed. Dad joked that because he was being paid as a "South Paw" pitcher for a little league team, he was a professional. The coach paid him privately and told Roy not to say anything to anyone or he would be considered a "pro" and would no longer be able to play in the little league or in high school baseball. Dad also loved football and became close, lifetime friends with the team

members. Their team was small but were undefeated nearly all his senior year.

Other than attending Grants High School one semester, Dad attended Western High School, which was affiliated with New Mexico Western College. There was no Silver High School at that time. Mom often told him they had to close his school after he had left, as Western High closed in 1960.

He graduated from high school in 1959 and married Judie Shelley (Mom) June 6, 1959. They were married at the same home from which he left this earth. Dad and Mom had been given enough money from Tom Shelley, Mom's brother, to go to Disneyland or somewhere nice for a honeymoon; but instead, they opted for a cabin in Alpine. They went to Springerville, AZ, to the only theater there, and watched High Noon with Gary Cooper and ate at the Sportman's Café. They drove around a lot looking at the beautiful scenery, then with nothing else to do, went back home to Silver City – early.

Dad got a job with the telephone company in Silver City – until they required a birth certificate. He had lied about his age, was too young, and was let go from that job. He also worked as a lineman for the electric company, for which he was also too young, and when they finally checked, he lost that job as well.

Dad and Mom's first apartment was a tiny studio apartment on Cooper Street, south of the county courthouse. They moved a lot, all in Silver City, including to two different houses on Cottage San Road. They also lived in most of Idah Shelley's (Nanny's) apartments, on Virginia Street, at one time or another. Their first child, Jim, was born June 9, 1960.

While Dad and Mom were living at 1800 Virginia Street, to where they brought me home from Hillcrest Hospital, I was hungry and crying. Mom and Nanny were trying to sterilize the bottles and make formula, and I suddenly became quiet when dad came home from work. Mom discovered he had put his dirty thumb in my mouth for me to suck on. I'm still here, so clearly it did not poison me.

When I was about 6 months old the family moved to Tucson. They visited a lot of open houses for entertainment since that was free to do. They also loved going to Old Tucson. We returned to Silver City because dad was only able to find two weeks of work the whole month that we were there. Dad could always find work in Silver City because people knew his and Mom's families. He worked at Foxworth Galbraith after returning.

We moved into the old Cliff Confectionary building and were planning to paint it and fix it up when, during our first night there, a rattlesnake crawled up through a hole in the floor. Dad and Mom were trapped in the bedroom with nothing useful with which to kill it, but it gradually crawled back under the floor. We could hear it rattling as it traveled. Dad boarded the hole up, then we went to visit Aunt Aileen Shelley. When we returned, the snake was again stretched out across the same doorway. So, Mom took me and moved in with Nanny, in Silver City. Dad and his dog Rusty stayed in Cliff for the night.

Dad and Mom moved to Las Cruces and bought their first trailer in a trailer court on Espina Street, which at the time was a dirt street. While there, they discovered Billy and Nan Burns from Reserve, NM, were living in the same court. They had lots of visits with Billy and Nan. Two big events happened while living in this single wide trailer. Their second child Debbie was born on April 9, 1962, and President Kennedy was shot in November 1963. Dad delivered bread for Holsum Bakery.

Dad and Mom sold the trailer and bought their first house for \$9,000 on Foster Street in Las Cruces when Debbie was about one. Joyce was born July 4, 1964, while we were living on Foster Street. When Joyce was still tiny, they returned "home," moving into the little pink house in Cliff, which was located uphill from the old confectionary site. They soon moved into the farmhouse in Gila which Edwin Shelley had built. Dad went to work for Kennecott Copper Corporation in Hurley, NM, working in the smelter during his earliest years there. During a long strike at the mine, they moved back to Las Cruces. Dad had bought a franchise to sell Archway Cookies. He had a warehouse in Old Mesilla, and they lived at Radium Springs, which is north of Las Cruces. It was an area where he was able to have his

horse. He always wanted to live away from “town.” He worked hard delivering cookies in and around Las Cruces.

While living at Radium Springs, their daughter Cathy was born on October 5, 1968. Nanny put Debbie, Joyce, and me in the back of the station wagon on blankets and parked on the hospital parking lot so she and Dad could take turns going up to be with Mom until Cathy was born, while the other three of us slept.

While in Las Cruces, Dad enjoyed a bowling league and bowled a lot with his dad, Chester, who managed the bowling alley on Picacho Street.

After Grandpa Barentine died in August 1969, Dad, Mom, Debbie, Joyce, Cathy, and I moved back to Silver City, living for a few months in Nanny’s house at 1810 Virginia Street. We three oldest children attended Silver City schools. My 4th Grade met in the old Western High School building.

In about March 1970, we moved back to the farm in Gila, where we lived when Toni was born on September 10, 1970. Dad worked for a while for Pacific Land & Cattle Company as a full-time cowboy. Dad and Mom also became quite active in Farm Bureau’s local chapter.

In 1972, Dad and Mom sold the property at Radium Springs, bought a double-wide 47’ trailer, and moved to the ranch at Mogollon Creek. This was Dad’s favorite place to live. He drove one and a half hours each way daily to Hurley to work. He missed work only once due to muddy roads keeping him home. One day his horse got sick, and he drove to Aunt Viola Shelley’s and son Garland Eakin’s house in Cliff to call off work. His supervisor asked why, and Dad said he had a sick horse. The supervisor said, “You can come up with something better than that!” and wrote it down as a family emergency.

We all had a lot of family time while living at the ranch, helping with the cattle, chickens, and goats, and playing family games together at night. We had a small generator that we turned on to wash clothes or use for a while some nights. Having a small gas tank, it would only run for about

three hours; so, if company came, the lights went off in 3 hours, the party was over, and they had to go home.

Dad had a blue collie named Sarge that followed him everywhere when he was horseback. One time Dad broke his foot, and Mom and I were going to check a water supply in Wild Cow Canyon. Dad tried to get Sarge to go with us, but he wouldn't leave Dad. Mom and I had always followed Dad's horse when riding and had not paid attention to the trails. We ended up taking a trail one ridge too soon, and she and I had to get off and lead our horses up a steep hillside covered with loose shale. We never found the right canyon to check the trough, and Dad thought that was pretty funny.

Living in isolation, Dad and Mom would make us kids stay at the house while they walked across a canyon to the Bowker Section windmill and water tank for their "date."

Tip and Todd were born November 20, 1976 (Dad and Mom's spirits of '76) while living at the ranch. The doctors didn't know Todd was coming. What an amazing and wonderful surprise he was! We had a large blue Ford van. Dad and Mom would put Tip and Todd in their seats on the floor between the two bucket seats when traveling. Often, Dad would have his finger in one of their fists while driving. He loved his children so much. When he had gone to buy this van, the salesman had asked if he was a "Mormon" or Catholic. Dad's reply was, "Neither, but my wife is Mormon." He always thought that was really funny.

Our family (Nanny, Uncle Tom and Roberta Shelley, and Dad and Mom) bought the ranch at Mangus Springs when the twins were about a year old. They had Don Berry build a new home there, in which they lived for several years.

Dad always seemed to have two jobs. Now, it was ranching and Kennecott. He worked hard to support his family. He would rather have just ranched or worked as a cowboy, but he had a family to support. After moving to the new home, they had their last child, Michelle, born June 3,

1979. They began as the youngest parents they knew and ended up as some of the oldest.

Dad and Mom moved to Buckhorn when Michelle was very young, and they soon became grandparents when Dad was 39. What a fun and loving grandpa he has always been. He was always so excited when each grandchild came along. He told a great grandson, Reuben, to hurry and get home from his mission because he was ready for a great, great grandchild. No pressure there!

Dad was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on December 20, 1997, at the Gila chapel, and later received the Melchizedek Priesthood and was ordained an Elder on January 28, 2001. He was sealed in the Mesa Arizona temple to his parents, to Mom, and to some of his now adult children, for time and all eternity on March 3, 2001. Dad had various church callings, among his favorite were Sunday School President and Ward Financial Clerk.

Their next (and last) move was back to the farmhouse at Gila – Dad loved it! He always said, “My next move is to the Mesa (where the cemetery is).”

Dad drove a bus for Chuck Dinwiddie for quite a few years. He loved the children on the bus and often call them “his kids.” He quit at about age 70 because he thought his reflexes were too slow to be driving a bus full of children. He had one kid he remained close to through the years who visited him often, even the week before he died. He loved Halloween and even celebrated by dressing up as a clown to drive the bus one year.

Also after retiring from the mine, he hauled gravel and installed septic tanks with his lifelong friend Tip Ward. Dad loved being able to be close again after Tip moved back to Silver City.

Whenever his children were in drama plays at school, athletics, music performances, etc., and when they played music as adults, he always wanted to be there. He always asked the twins to play “Painted Black” when at their dances. They would play it before Dad and Mom left the

dance, even if they had to squeeze it in early. Both he and Mom love that song.

He LOVED, so easily. He will be missed so much but leaves us with so many wonderful memories of which it is impossible to tell even a small number. But I'm going to try. Each of the core family members has contributed a memory to share.

Mom shares: After working around the boilers at the Power Plant in Hurley, Roy became very jumpy from noises. We were at a rodeo when the twins were little. Roy had bought them snow cones. The clown set off a firecracker, and Roy slapped the snowcones out of their hands. They were crying, so he had to buy them new ones.

Another time, I was going to scare him and had forgotten his jumpiness. I went up to him in the hall and pulled the trigger on a pop gun. He reacted by slapping me across the hall. I didn't do that again. His jumpy reactions sometimes made him feel bad, but we family members often thought it hilarious.

Jim shares: Dad felt bad for having missed so many camping opportunities with me due to his shift work. I had very often adopted surrogate dads for the annual fathers' and sons' campouts in May. So Dad, when I was in my 20s, invited me to go camping and fishing. Just the two of us took 2-3 days. First, we drove to Wall Lake and found it incredibly infested with vegetation. So, we continued our trip to Snow Lake, where we set up camp. In the late afternoon, we were both tired, so we took naps. We awoke in time to have dinner before calling it a night. We had incredible conversation about anything and everything, with me acquiring so many life hacks from Dad's experiences. We philosophized and logisticized so much that I don't think we even dropped a line into the water – neither of us were terribly interested in fishing. It was an amazing father and son time. And Dad proved to be quite the camp cook!

Years later, when I was setting up a new homeplace in Cotton City, I decided I would build an enclosure for the wellhead and pressure tank, making it large enough to serve as a storage building. I was talking over my

plans with Dad, and he volunteered to help me build the rafters. He and I, with Mom's helping hand, built the wall frames and rafter pieces, then they stayed on the next day to be part of the community party that erected the building. Once the walls were up, the party started dropping away. Dad made sure he and Mom stayed so he could help put up the rafters, and he taught me how to claw them into the upper walls with diagonally placed nails. The final roof piece was a hatch and cover to allow the well to be pulled. We talked about multiple designs, and the one we landed on together worked like a charm. That building is likely going to outlast all the other homes in the area. I found that Dad had knowledge he had never spoken of, and he shared it to my benefit as his son.

Debbie shares: Many years ago, Debbie and her four children temporarily moved in with Dad and Mom. At the time, Deb was going through a deep personal heartbreak. Shortly after arriving, she sank into one of the recliners beside her father and broke down in tears. Without saying a word, he simply reached over and took her hand, holding it gently for several minutes as she cried. His quiet presence spoke more than words ever could.

During that same period, Dad continued to show the same quiet strength and compassion. One night, after Deb had put all the kids to bed, her two-year-old daughter Cori couldn't sleep. Deb had applied a bitter-tasting substance to Cori's thumb to help break her habit of thumb-sucking, and the little girl was distraught and inconsolable without her thumb. Deb, exhausted and needing to wake early for her shift at the Tumbleweed Café, was at her limit. That's when Dad quietly stepped in. "Give her to me and go to sleep," he said gently. He took Cori in his arms and rocked her for hours, patiently comforting her as she cried until she finally drifted off to sleep.

Dad's selfless acts of kindness and unwavering compassion were never flashy, but they were always there, steady and strong when they were needed most.

Joyce shares: When we lived up at the Mogollon Creek ranch, our kitchen table sat next to a large window. If you looked out the window, you

could look straight up at Mount Baldy. Mom would tell us about how her dad would work up there when he worked for the Forest Service and how he built a cabin up next to the lookout tower. Every time we sat at that table or looked at that mountain, I couldn't help but wish I could go up there. I believe I was around 13 or 14 years old when my dad asked me what I wanted for my birthday. I told him I wanted him to take me up to the top of that mountain so I could see my Grandpa Shelley's cabin. My dad only had 3 days off at a time, I believe, but he made it work. He invited a friend from work who had a daughter my age, and we packed up the horses and a pack horse and off we went. The trail was rugged but beautiful, and we had a really amazing time! At one point, a humongous tree had fallen across the trail, and we had to figure out how to get around it or over it. It was such a big tree that it took us a while to get around it on the steep slopes. We got to the cabin and explored all around the area, but the cabin was locked, so we just looked at it and touched it. Next, we climbed up the lookout tower. What a beautiful and amazing sight! The ride back down off the mountain was much steeper as we were coming down a different part of it, but again, beautiful! There were a couple of things I learned on this trip. One was that my dad must have really loved me a lot to spend his entire days off just taking me up that mountain and back. Secondly, when you don't do hard riding every day of your life, and then you decide to do it, it does take almost 3 days for the saddle soreness to go away. I believe my body stopped hurting about when we got to our house at the end of our trip. Best birthday ever!

Cathy shares: Some of you may have been the victim of Dad's hit from being poked in the ribs. Well...you may also think that he is undeserving of such torture. I can tell you that he is NOT!

Dad loved pulling pranks, Halloween and when we finally got a TV at the Mangus Springs, watching horror movies. He probably brought on his own PTSD as well as helping us kids acquire some form of anxiety. In fact, at the ranch on Mogollon Creek, I was elementary age and can remember playing a game called Murder (no weapons were used and no children were harmed during the making of those memories). So, maybe that explains some of our uncivil, sick humor.

The first year we lived in the new house that Dad and Mom had built on the Mangus, I had a slumber party. There were about 5 of us young girls. We were just having a great time, camping out in the front living room (we actually stuffed ourselves into the clean fireplace that had never been used). It was late in the night when we heard tapping on the front window. We got a good look at a couple faces that were not recognizable. Dad and Joyce put stockings on their faces and went around the house tapping on windows for a bit. Yes... we were scared! I'm sure Mom had to cut in and end our misery. I can truly say though, that was a birthday that I'll never forget!

So... when I jabbed him in his ribs... at church, school functions, etc. And he about jumped out of his skin and usually hit someone in the process. He did deserve every jab!

I do apologize to anyone who may have been hurt by my revenge on my dad!

Toni shares: After a day of building fence with Dad and Mom, they climbed onto the tractor to go back to the house. I was going to walk until Dad told me to jump into the bucket and ride because it was so hot out. I did, and clearly instructed him to NOT DUMP ME OUT! His innocent, "I wouldn't do that," was not very convincing. His laughter might have expressed his intentions; he had a very mischievous chuckle. After I sat down on the edge of the bucket, Dad put the tractor in gear and took off. He tilted the bucket forward and back, lifted and lowered it, this way and that all the way back to the house. With every move, I yelled, "Dad!" He laughed infectiously each time. I even heard Mom join in with her own laughter. I threatened to pay him back, but he was smart enough to stay out of the tractor bucket.

Countless times, he helped me fix or create things, and advised me in life matters. We spent too few hours on the porch, talking about anything and everything. He was an amazing listener! There were several instances when he shared his unwavering testimony of the law of tithing, which encouraged me to live that law.

During our last private conversation, he said, "I'm so proud of you." He was strong enough to refrain from crying as he spoke. Of course, he followed those words with a joke. He will always be my hero.

Tip shares: When Todd and I were about 9 and Michelle about 7 we used to put on some pretty loud and obnoxious air band concerts for Mom and Dad, at least once a week during Family Home Evening. Thanks to some of our older siblings, and not to name names, but mostly Toni, we knew music from rock bands Dad didn't care too much for, like Whitesnake, Night Ranger, Poison and many others. Todd and I would grab a couple of fly swatters to use as guitars and we would set up pots and pans, so Michelle could bang away as our drummer. Mom had, at that time, let Todd and I grow our hair out, and we thought we'd be cool by putting it in ponytails. After our first song, Dad, being very conservative like he was, made it clear he wasn't too thrilled about our new hair styles, saying, "if you ever put your hair in ponytails again, I'll cut it off." Todd and I both decided we wanted to keep our long hair, so we never again put it in ponytails.

Those loud, obnoxious shows continued for years and even into adulthood, and I could probably count the number of times Dad missed a music gig or even school sporting events we participated in on one hand, some of those few misses happening recently when Dad just wasn't physically well enough to attend. I'm so thankful for the everlasting love and support of our number one fan, our dad, and I will never forget it.

Todd shares: I don't have one instance that really stands out. Dad and I were able to do a lot together, and most of it was work, but I enjoyed it more than anything. There was one time that I went to help him trim the hooves on one of the minis (Gman), and we were about to find out how strong the horse really was. I proceeded to throw my arms around his neck and guide him to our work area (a couple of fence panels we could use as a squeeze). Before I knew it, the horse was flinging me around the corral like I was nothing. He even managed to knock me into the awning so hard that I was seeing stars afterward. The whole time that this was going on, Dad was standing over to the side, getting a great laugh out of it. I found

out later that the same thing had happened to him. It was then my turn to laugh...

Michelle shares: Dear Papasawn,

In an attempt to honor you I was asked to share a favorite memory or story.

But how do I choose a favorite memory?... One moment in a million collected over the span of my entire life?... It's an impossible request.

Do I tell them about the 25 cent pack of gum you brought home every single day after work just to make me feel special and thought of? Or the time you stretched a thick rope from corner post to corner post an obscene number of times without so much as one complaint, because I became obsessed with the idea of joining the circus and needed a tight rope to practice on...

Or the time me and some of the grands were watching you work with your mini stud, Gman, and when you weren't sure what was gonna happen, you told us to go inside to be safe. Instead, we ran and observed from the holes in the side of the corral with raw wood planks, as that stout little horse took off across the dirt and drug you along behind him. Remember, you said after that you looked up and saw a bunch of little eyes staring at you through the fence?

You LOVED Halloween and were, without a doubt, a true OG when it came to good hearted pranking and costumes. Since we always had microphones and amplifiers around, you made excellent use of them and I remember often hearing a deep dark "Muuaahahahahaaaaa....." out of nowhere - Often accompanied with the appearance of you in a very specific old man face mask - Einstein style hair and empty holes for eyes. It was terrifying in the best way. I'm not sure where that mask ended up after all those years, but it's a staple of my childhood. Thank you for always being willing to play.

How can I not mention that you were the source of so much strength and support for not just me, but also my babies... that you were quite literally willing to put your life on the line to protect us, and had a hand injury that never quite healed right, to prove it.

Of all the memories I have with such an incredible human being that raised and loved me and mine, the thing I can say is you lived for and loved your tribe with a fierce loyalty and an enormous heart. You had an indelible gift for creating space during my life's most challenging moments, and showed grace and compassion when you could have chosen differently. You believed in dreaming BIG, always standing by your word, and I will continue to work building onto your legacy.

You showed up, every single time, without fail, and I'm so lucky to have been loved by a Father like that. Thank you for living a life that makes it impossible to choose one moment out of so many WONDERFUL ones.

Until next time... I will be watching for those shooting stars. I love you, Dad. I'm so proud of you.

Always and forever,
Mich

So, Dad was unique to each of us. Yet the composite Roy Barentine is someone we'll love and cherish forever. We appreciate all of you joining us in this celebration of his life. And Dad, we look forward to seeing you again beyond the veil.