



John Lee McCoy

May 13, 1928 - April 22, 2019

90 year old Weed resident, John McCoy, passed away on Monday, April 22, 2019 at Grenada Gardens Senior Living.

John was a lifelong resident of Siskiyou County, born in Gazelle on May 13, 1928 to Charles and Ruth McCoy. John lived in Gazelle and Edgewood throughout his life, but served time in the U.S. Army during the Korean War. After, he spent 36 years as a teller-turned-manager at banks in Weed. John belonged to the Siskiyou Masonic Lodge No. 297 for many years, and was in the Lions Club for as long as anybody can remember. He served on the Siskiyou County Planning Commission for years, and loved giving back to his community.

When not involved in clubs and organizations or at the office, John enjoyed spending his time hunting, fishing, or doing anything outdoors.

John is survived by his wife, Margaret; his children: Ellen McCoy of Elk Grove, Neil (Tammy) McCoy of Shingletown, and Coleen (Bruce) Lewis of Star Valley, Wyoming; a sister, Peggy Lema of Cottonwood, California; 9 grandchildren, and 19 great-grandchildren.

At John's request, a celebration of life will be held in the near future on a date yet to be announced.

Tribute Wall

TS

“ *Knowing John my entire adult life, I can truly say that he was the most wonderful fellow to be around. He always had a kind word to say to anyone who knew him. He loved his family with a passion like know other. We will miss him and one day we will see him again in the almighty. God bless you John. Tony and Teresa Spada*

Tony Spada - May 02, 2019 at 06:58 PM

NM

Thank you Tony. Your kind words are much appreciated.

neil mccoey - May 06, 2019 at 06:58 PM

CL

“ *Memories of my Daddy include so many feelings and emotions...cutting wood, hunting, fishing , and lessons learned along the way...feelings abound, including sorrow, emptiness, and heartbreak at the passing of my Daddy. When I get past the emotions of this last week I realize there is so much to be thankful for. These feelings include gratefulness, love and respect. I am grateful that I am blessed to have such a kind gentle man as an example of what a man should be. I am in awe of the unconditional love he showed in his life. The respect he had for his family and community is a lesson we all should learn from. As he joins my mom, his family and friends, I am full of joy that he is whole again and no longer struggles with confusion from memory loss. Heavens gates are open wide!*

Coleen McCoy Lewis - April 28, 2019 at 03:43 PM

NM

“ I could go on and on with stories of my Pops, but I won't. I am 63 years old and there are many. I wouldn't even know where to begin. The most important thing is that my boys who are in their mid thirties have shared their highlight. Pops was a man who always wanted to be in the mountains. A man who taught that to his son and Grandsons. A man who taught us what it means to be a man and that your word is your name. A man who taught us that there is nothing more important than the respect of your name. I could not be more proud of my Father and my son's for who they were and who they are.

neil mccoey - April 26, 2019 at 07:01 PM

JM

“ There are so many memories. So many laughs and so many unforgettable moments. I am who I am today in large part due to my Grandpa. I know for a fact that i am not the only one who can hang their hat on that statement. All of the hunting, fishing, wood and lessons on being a man. Every opening day of deer season up on center ridge, that steep country loaded with deer and Grandpas stories. When i was 10 years old we were on our annual trek down that ridge chasing deer. Being 10 i wasn't legally allowed to hunt big game yet. Having passed my hunter safety course i was allowed to carry a shotgun for grouse or quail if they happened to be around. Mile after exhausting mile carrying dads old sweet 16 shotgun without seeing anything but sign, we finally see two deer. Everything that happened next was in the blink of an eye. Grandpa raises his gun and fires. Of course he hits his mark as the deer was running down the hill. The shot was a little further back than he intended. The deer was dragging itself down the mountain with what i would say was some serious enthusiasm. In one swift motion Grandpa turned and tossed his rifle at me. Not wanting to drop Grandpas rifle, dads old browning shotgun was the last thing on my mind. I dropped the shotgun and caught the rifle. By the time i looked back for Grandpa he was down the mountain running after that buck. What i witnessed next most people wont believe unless they saw it themselves. I watched in awe as Grandpa jumped on that bucks back and grabbed the front feet, folded them back and tucked them inside the antlers. He reached in his pocket as they were sliding down the hill to pull out his old timer pocket knife. Folded that well used, paper thin blade open and grabbed that deer by the chin to finish it off as they slid to a stop. Keep in mind that all of this took place in about 1 minute. Im 10 years old and i just watched my Grandpa ride a buck down the mountain and kill it with his old timer pocket knife because he didn't want to waste any meat or another bullet by shooting it again. One of numerous memories that have forever solidified Grandpa as my favorite super hero.

-John Lee McCoy

JOHN L McCOY - April 26, 2019 at 04:05 PM

AM

“ Grandpa John, myself and and my brother John had hiked into a small high mountain lake called bull lake to do some trout fishing. We had caught quite a few fish and and my brother and I decided to wonder up the hill to explore. I had lost my footing and slipped down a few feet only to find a rattle snake right at my feet. I had screamed for grandpa John. He came running up the hill to my aid. I told him what happened and his response was " I've been fishing here for 20 years and never seen a snake I think you're mistaken. Come down this way there there is no snakes. So we came down the hill and I started throwing rocks towards where I had seen the snake. To his surprise the snake started rattling and we had pin pointed where he was. Grandpa John said " that son oh a bitch" and proceeded to kill that basterd with a stick just out of spite. I will never forget it.

Austin McCoy - April 26, 2019 at 12:21 AM