



Patrick James McKnight

March 10, 1957 - September 8, 2025

Patrick James McKnight, 68, of Butler, passed away peacefully at his home on Monday, September 8, 2025.

Born March 10, 1957, in Rochester, he was the son of the late Albert R. McKnight Sr. and Glee (Cumberland) McKnight, who survives in Butler.

Patrick was a 1975 graduate of Butler Senior High School. He proudly served his country in the U.S. Air Force for four years, spending much of his service in England. Above all, Patrick was devoted to his family and found great joy in caring for those he loved.

He is survived by his mother; his siblings, Michael McKnight of Butler, Loretta Hershey of Evans City, Catherine (William) McGee of Albion, and Michelle (David) Grooms of Sarver; as well as his many nieces and nephews, Kaila, Albert R. III, Brandon, Richard, Amanda, Sarah, Mitchell, Maggie, Jacob, Rachael, William, John, Matthew, Melissa, Christopher, and Ashley; along with numerous great-nieces and nephews.

In addition to his father, he was preceded in death by his brother, Albert Richard "Rick" McKnight Jr.

A memorial service will be held at 7 p.m. on Thursday, September 11, 2025, at

Young Funeral Home, Ltd., 127 W. Jefferson St., Butler. Military honors will follow the service. Interment will be private.

Previous Events

Memorial Service

SEP 11. 7:00 PM (ET)

Young Funeral Home, Ltd.

127 W. Jefferson St.

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Butler, PA 16003

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<http://www.youngfuneralhomes.com/index.php>

Tribute Wall

RA

“ I received bad news the other day.
It hurts, saddens me greatly.

In my child perspective:

Uncle Pat was my hero growing up. He truly made my childhood better, molded me to be strong, tough and extremely independent.

I was his sidekick for a good portion of my childhood. He took me everywhere even to work. Thinking back to one of my earliest memories is of me sitting in the toter between him and pap delivering a mobile home. I can remember the day I got upgrade from the toolbox on the floor to a upside-down bucket with a seat. I thought and felt like I was 'hot stuff' especially when he would let me drive that big ol' truck for a minute or two, pull the horn and talk into the CB radio.

Before I could drive, I knew all the roads in Butler county and beyond. Where ever we were going he would take a different route to get there. I'd ask, "where we headed today?" His response was always "crazy" accompanying his bellow laugh and shaking the wheel all over the road. I'd laugh and ask again. He respond, "where do you think, slick?". I'd sit there almost half the ride, until I figured it out then his response would be, "you smart little shit" with a big grin on his face. Never thought much of it until I started driving; a road closed, tree down or an accident. Without skipping a beat or using a GPS, I'd know how to get around it. All those trips going crazy, really paid off. To me, it was a tremendous skill to have especially later on in my driving work years around the area.

He especially loved western books and was an avid daily reader. He bought me hundreds of books and magazines over the years which I believe to this day contributes to my love of reading.

His pastime was watching movies especially westerns with John Wayne or Clint Eastwood also action movies with Bruce Lee were among his favorites. I remember him being able to do a roundhouse

kick, right above my head, you could feel your hair move. His control in his swift and precise karate moves were a little intimidating.

He preferred to listen to older country music. When he was driving the rule was you weren't allowed to touch the radio, only the driver.

He was the absolute best at pulling out baby teeth and getting splinters out, quite amazing considering he had bear paw sized hands. Taught me how to tie shoes with his big boots before I started kindergarten. Riding a bike without training wheels, my first crash and making me get back on to try again. How to cut down a tree with a chainsaw and properly stack the wood. I learned how to drive, took my test in his truck and how to properly maintain a vehicle, mower, tractor and a quad. Shooting my first gun and getting the nickname, Hawkeye. Helped quiz me for my 4th grade spelling tests all year. Practiced with me daily after school in 6th grade to get my jump shot and 3 pointer down. Now, I wasn't too keen on the teasing/picking, he would comment that I had a powerful jab and a mean uppercut. Even if he was hurting, he seemed proud knowing I could take care of myself if the chance ever presented itself.

He never gave himself credit but he was extremely knowledgeable. One of the smartest people, I've ever had the pleasure to know.

He often made 'his rounds' as we called it, where he would visit with friends and family. Checking in like a doctor, contractor, mechanic or the bringer of entertainment and goodies - during his stops, he could be seen dropping off the newest movie, book, treats, tools or care packages. Even reminders of your upcoming vehicle inspection, oil change or some type of maintenance.

Always helping to find a way with your problems, if you asked or not.

In my adult perspective:

Unfortunately, I grew up and we started to butt heads. Perhaps, both born with too much stubbornness, made it hard to find common ground. For that, we paid for in distance and time lost. More often than not, this man, was there for me in a parent form when my own were not. I'm incredibly grateful he was there to help me through those years, even when it wasn't his responsibility. I do appreciate all the time he took to teach me and I'll cherish those childhood memories forever. Rach

Rach - September 13, 2025 at 09:39 PM

KM

“ *Saddened by the loss of Cousin Pat , knew him more when we were kids growing up and vacationing at Grandma McKnights, met him again right before Covid where a group of us met for a meal.. Hoped to have spent more time getting to know him as an adult.. Prayers go out to the family.. KIm, Bob, Dan, Mark, Aunt Peg McKnight...*

Kim Mcknight - September 10, 2025 at 02:15 PM

SB

“ My tribute to Uncle Pat.

I may not have been born into this family, but was lucky enough to be an addition (including my mother) at the age of 8. And Uncle Pat was always there to help when needed. He treated me like one of his own blood right away! He may have picked on me occasionally, but that was one of the many ways he showed you he loved you. I will always remember the times when I was younger, him showing up to the door randomly just to check in. He had a laugh that anybody who knew him would recognize. He was a kind soul who left us too early. He was always willing to lend a helping hand.

I will always remember him fondly, for his laughter and selflessness.

*Your great-niece,
Sierra*

Sierra Bahorich - September 09, 2025 at 07:31 PM

BH

“ My tribute to Uncle Pat. He had a corky personality and a laugh you can't forget. He was always a phone call away. He would give his shirt off his back and the last penny in pocket of you needed it. He did his rounds to all the family members with small gifts, he was thoughtful like that. He will surely be missed. Rest easy Uncle Pat.

Brandie Hershey - September 09, 2025 at 11:24 AM

JA

“ A Tribute to My Uncle

Yesterday, we lost my beloved uncle, and my heart aches with the weight of his absence. I loved him dearly, and I will miss him more than words can express. He was a constant presence in my life, always there when I or anyone needed him, he was always ready with a wise crack. It's hard to imagine a world without him in it.

He taught me more than I could have ever hoped to learn. He was the one who taught me how to change a flat, my own oil, and even drive. His wisdom, kindness, and support shaped me in many ways I'll carry forever. Knowing he's no longer here feels like an unbearable void, but his memory will live on in every lesson he shared and every laugh we had together. He will be greatly missed by many. Jake

Jake - September 09, 2025 at 07:34 AM