



Patrick Peter Knoll

May 3, 1952 - November 10, 2024

Patrick Peter Knoll passed away peacefully on November 10, 2024, at the age of 72. He was born on May 3, 1952 in Aberdeen, South Dakota to Cecilia & Peter Knoll of Hague, North Dakota. He was their fourth child, the first boy of the Knoll family that eventually grew to 10 siblings.

Pat was a devoted father to his three loving daughters, who were his greatest source of pride and joy. He was a contractor by trade but spent countless hours coaching basketball throughout their childhood. He was a generous man with a gentle spirit. He loved NSDU Bison football, riding horses and pecan pie. Known for his contagious laugh, he left an indelible mark on everyone fortunate enough to know him. His legacy lives on in the lives of his daughters, close family and the abundance of friends he made throughout his life.

Please join us for a Celebration of Life at his favorite hangout, the Maya Cove in Fort Collins, CO starting at 4pm, Friday November 22nd. Please bring a fun memory of Pat to share. He would love that all his favorite people are together in his favorite place.

Pat will be buried in St. Mary's Cemetery in Hague, ND so he can rest in peace with generations of Knoll family members. He is preceded in death by his parents Peter & Cecila (Keller) Knoll, and his older sister Bernadine Knoll.

He is survived by his three daughters, Taylor (Eric) Baalman of Arvada, CO, Morgan Knoll of Hudson, CO, Haleigh (Brian) Baker of Fort Lupton, CO and grandson Miles Baalman; eight Knoll siblings (Kathy, Audrey, Rodney, Mike, Arnie, Pete, Carleen & Ceci) and several nieces and nephews.

In lieu of flowers, the family asks that donations be made in Pat's name to the non-profit charity, Homes for Our Troops. Their mission is to build and donate specially adapted custom homes nationwide for severely injured post 9/11 Veterans. As a custom contractor most of his life, combined with his unwavering love for our veterans and this country, this is a great way for his legacy to live on in the lives of others.

Previous Events

Celebration of Life

NOV **22**. 4:00 PM - 6:00 PM (MT)

Maya Cove
2100 West Drake Road
Fort Collins, CO 80526

Tribute Wall

AK

“Where does a person begin? Pat was my oldest brother, there are a lifetime of memories, many have resurfaced in the last week or two since Pat's passing. Everything from hauling bales, picking rock, feeding the cattle, milking the cows, normal everyday life on a family farm.

Pat teaching me how to drive our Model "A" tractor at a very young age. Now many if not all of these lessons were on the job training. As a young boy driving the tractor without stalling it or "popping the clutch" was no small feat. The worst was when you popped the clutch when Pat was stacking bales on the hay wagon, and you sent him flying. This usually resulted in some choice words and a good scolding, I deserved both.

Playing basketball in the yard, where we attached a backboard to the electrical pole and played on the dirt court. In the winter we would move the game to the hay loft in the barn, a little cold weather couldn't stop us.

Sampling the chokecherry wine that Mom and Dad had aging in the oak barrel in the shed next to the basketball court.

Letting his little brother hang with him and his friends at the party Pat would throw when Mom and Dad went to visit family in Milwaukee Wisconsin. Memories of Pat and Ron Volk trying to sneak the beer keg into the house and put it in the root cellar the night before Mom and Dad left on vacation only to get busted by Mom.

Later on, Pat and his family move to Fort Collins, Colorado where Rita and I were living and still live to this day. We raised our families together, everything from weekends bar-b-ques, to birthdays and holidays gatherings. A lifetime of memories too numerous to mention.

I was fortunate to have Pat and his family in my life for the last 30 plus years. The reality is starting to set in, I would make several calls throughout the week or just stopping in if I was close by to say hello and check in on him. Other times, Pat would stop by my office on his way to Home Depot to grab some material.

I will cherish all the time we had together; I will remember your laugh and your smirk while telling your stories. I will miss you, Rest

in Peace big brother.

I love you,

Arnie

Arnold Knoll - November 26, 2024 at 01:31 PM

KM

“*Back in 1999, I'd turned 15 and desperately wanted to get a decent computer, but couldn't afford it without a job (which at the time I couldn't get due to my age). Xmas of '98, I'd mentioned it at a family gathering, and Pat had overheard me. That summer, he offered to pay me a decent hourly wage to come help him with his construction projects for a few weeks. I ended up staying in one of the spare rooms, and going out to work with Pat each day, largely just helping him sand logs in a cabin he was building. It was tough work, even for that little bit, and I learned a lot that summer. Pat knew what he was doing, and honestly probably could have done it all himself, but he took the time to teach me the tools of his trade, and how to get things done even when you're not quite sure how it's all going to come together. I made enough that summer to buy my first computer, and that directly taught me the skills I needed to get into my current profession, which I've been in for the last 25 years. Pat was a hard worker, a good boss, and a great uncle. I'll miss him dearly.*”

Kerry Major - November 22, 2024 at 04:25 PM

DF

“ As one of Pat’s “Milwaukee” cousins, our memories are more of vacation time we shared; what fun times they were! When we were young the farm in North Dakota was a yearly visit, if we were lucky maybe more. We’d look forward to “farm” life; helping to bail hay, throw food for the cows, ride the horses, pick field rocks, etc. Even Dad (Gerald Foote) got in on helping construct a silo. Getting hit by a wood plank and a bite from a dog down the road were some of his memorable “on the farm” memories! Pat was always there teaching us how to do things the right and safe way, he always did his best to keep the work momentum going and always provided laughs throughout our workday. As years went by and families disbursed, I continued with occasional vacations to Colorado & ND to visit my cousins and families. Pat had such a strong, loud, contagious laugh that I’d often hear him before I saw him! We’d catch up, sharing stories and laughs. He’d talk of his construction work (my dad worked in heavy construction so that was an easy conversation), his girls, and of course his woes with horses. It seemed there was always one trying to control or one-up him – the fight was real! One of everyone’s favorite German meals was Kasneufel, passed down from generations and a “must have” when we all got together. Everyone took part whether it be rolling dough, working the frying pans, etc. This included Pat who was always more than eager to get his hands in the dough so he could eat! So many great memories. He was loved by many and will truly be missed... but never forgotten. Thanks for the memories Pat. Put your hammer down and take a break. Love ya.

Deb Foote - November 21, 2024 at 01:48 PM

JP

“ Pat helped Jesi and I install some new windows in our house in Denver. It was a lot of fun hanging out with him while learning the proper way to frame a window and laughing together at the decisions people made with the old windows when they put them in long before. Audrey came by with this amazing quiche and my little brother Anthony came by after work to help out too. We sat together, and ate, and Pat being none other than Pat, was joking about in good humor laughing his famous laugh that everyone loves. This was a few years ago and to this day, my little brother would ask "hey do you remember when that guy came to your house working on windows and had that laugh?, that was awesome, it was so hard not to laugh with him! i still think about that all the time."

That was the first and only time my brother Anthony met pat, and he remembers him like it was yesterday. I'm so glad to have known him and I will remember him fondly and often. Just wanted to share this memory, with my love and condolences to the family.

Jason Piccoli - November 20, 2024 at 11:48 PM

PK

“ Reflecting on my time with my oldest brother, Pat, our age difference of ten years didn't give us a lot of time together in our respective formative years, but there are definitely things that left a mark. For example, when I was 8-9 years old, having a brother in college was the coolest thing ever. Pat introduced me to music from bands like Iron Butterfly (*In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida*), James Gang (*Funk 49*) and Led Zeppelin (*Stairway to Heaven*). I attribute my interest in music to Pat sharing this music with me during that time.

As the oldest boy in the family, Pat set the lead for the boys in the family, with what expectations would be with our parents. My understanding was that Kathy, Bernie and Audrey, who are all older than Pat, conformed and really didn't give our parents too much to worry about. Not Pat. If there was a line, he crossed it. I remember him telling us how many drag races he won with the family car, a Ford Galaxy 500, that could beat most anyone out there. Of course, that also meant going through quite a few tires, which didn't sit well with Dad. By the time they got to me, (I'm the ninth child), our parents said, "stay alive and stay out of jail". I owe this to Pat setting the bar and lowering expectations for the other six kids that followed. He epitomized work hard, play hard.

In the last few decades, I didn't spend much time with Pat, but when we did, he would always get a twinkle in his eyes when he would update me on his daughters. What they were doing, who they were dating, or marrying (more serious look now), and most recently, playing with his grandson, Miles. He made sure I knew he bought Miles a Red Rider BB Gun. Proud Grandpa!

I will most especially miss his laugh. It was contagious. You couldn't help but smile and laugh along with him. I miss you, big brother. Enjoying riding those cutting horses and doing some team penning in the sky!

Peter Knoll - November 20, 2024 at 03:19 PM

AM

“ Pat was my younger brother; that he eventually became a man who loved horses is a head-scratcher! An incident evolved in the spring when Pat was about 5 or 6 years old. One of our farm workhorses gave birth to a gangling, long-legged, beautiful bay colt that quickly became Pat's nemesis. The colt was apparently looking for a playmate and zeroed in on a human: Pat! It "playfully" terrorized him by chasing him around the farmyard, nipping at the back of his head, nudging his back, gleefully kicking up its legs, while Pat churned up dust trying to escape. Believe the colt was more mischievous than malicious as it seemed to be smiling the entire time! Living on a farm, kids were outside sunup to sundown. Pat became an amateur sleuth that summer, peeking out windows, doors, and around corners trying to spy the colt. Then he'd mentally map the quickest route to where he was going: barn, chicken coop, walk on the prairie. Sometimes the colt could be seen peeking around the same corners trying to find Pat! This became this game of hide-and-seek. Invariably they'd spy on another, their eyes would meet, and the chase was on! Whenever a churning whirlwind appeared in the farmyard, we knew Pat & his 4-legged friend were having another dust-up! Pat often mentioned this childhood "highlight" at family gatherings, fondly amused, chuckling at memory. You've run and won the amazing final race, dear little brother. RIP.....I will miss you!

Audrey Knoll Major - November 20, 2024 at 08:20 AM

HA

“ I will miss Uncle Pat so very much. When I found out of his passing, I had one strong meme out come to mind of him. About five years ago, he brought a pumpkin cheesecake (I think from Walgreens) to Thanksgiving dinner. Now- I had apiece if this and it was mediocre, at best. But, Uncle Pat came up to me and asked me how it was. I said “it’s actually really good”which was a lie, but the last thing I wanted was to tell him I didn’t like it. Well, every Thanksgiving for the past five or six years, he has looked for the damn pumpkin cheesecake every single time. And he will always come to Thanksgiving dinner, come up to me, and say “I tried to find that pumpkin cheesecake you really like! But I think they stopped making it!” And it always meant so much to me that he did that. And now this Thanksgiving, I need to find the most mediocre pumpkin cheesecake, to celebrate him. Love you, Pat!

Hannah - November 18, 2024 at 09:20 PM

RK



Rita Knoll - November 20, 2024 at 05:49 PM

RK

To my brother-in-law that was more like a brother to me. When we first met 39 years ago, you were a bit of hard read for me at first. You always had the biggest heart and touched so many lives with your caring generosity...including mine! I cannot put into words how much I'll miss seeing you and hearing “Hi Rita Baker”! You were my most reliable and objective taste tester for cooking and baking! You'll always be in my heart! Peace be with you 💖 Rita

Rita Knoll - November 20, 2024 at 06:50 PM

RK

Pat was my older brother and he taught me a lot about life. He taught me how to treat people with respect and dignity and to make the best out of every day. He was just at my place and installed a shower for me, so everytime I take a shower, I will have a memory of him. Take care of yourself brother, you will be missed by everyone that knew you. Rest in Peace- Go Bison, Luv Rodney

Rodney Knoll - November 23, 2024 at 12:01 PM

LJ

Pat and I grew up just a few miles apart as the crow flies. Our families shared many memories. You and your families are close in thought during this sad time. May loving memories strengthen and heal your hearts. Our deepest sympathy, Curt and Linda Jabs

Linda Jabs - November 24, 2024 at 11:14 PM