

# *Celebrating The Life Of Pat O'Leary*

Patricia "Pat" Ann O'Leary passed away peacefully at home on September 29, 2026.

She was born February 20, 1956, in Billings, Montana, to William and Gladys Bernhardt. Pat grew up on her family's farm in Laurel, Montana, where she learned early the value of hard work, responsibility, and family. Farm life brought plenty of chores, but also memories and traditions that remained important throughout her life. She graduated from Laurel High School in 1974.

Pat met Bob O'Leary while the two worked at Fichtner Chevrolet in Laurel. They married on May 20, 1978, and moved to Sheridan that same year, where they built their life and raised three children.

Pat took great pride in her nearly 50-year career as a bookkeeper, helping local businesses keep their books straight and ensuring every dollar was accounted for.

Detail-oriented, dependable, and hardworking, Pat brought to her career the same qualities she learned growing up on the farm.

She was a proud longtime member of Beta Sigma Phi's Xi Epsilon group in Sheridan, where Pat and Bob met many friends who remained an important part of their lives for decades.

Pat loved crafts, from cross-stitch to sewing, including the useful skill of adding zippers to coveralls for the guys on the farm. She was also an avid reader and quite possibly Danielle Steel's most loyal fan. Gifting Pat the newest release was nearly impossible; chances were she had already purchased it and had it half finished.

Music was another constant. Her tastes ranged from Aerosmith and Fleetwood Mac to Dolly Parton, Kenny Rogers, and Neil Diamond. Her musical appreciation was broad, but not unlimited; George Jones rarely earned airtime when Pat controlled the radio.

Despite leaving the farm, Pat never really left farm life behind. For as long as her parents had the farm, she returned for corn harvest, often spending Labor Day weekend behind the wheel of a corn truck. Those weekends with family, hard work, laughter, and occasionally questionable truck brakes, became some of the family's fondest memories.

Above all, Pat was a patient wife, devoted mother, and proud grandmother and great-grandmother. She gave her children a loving, stable home and a foundation they will carry with them always.

Pat is survived by her mother, Gladys Bernhardt; brother, Steve Bernhardt; sister, Kerron (Dave) Route; children, Kristen Burns, Kyle (Julie) O'Leary, and Katelyn (James) Lollar; grandchildren, Ethyn (Ari) Etchechoury, Peyton Etchechoury, Rayna Lollar, and Rayden Lollar; and great-grandson, Liam Etchechoury.

She was preceded in death by her father, William Bernhardt, and husband, Bob O'Leary.

Pat worked hard, loved deeply, collected lifelong friends, and gave her family a foundation that will endure for generations. After a lifetime of caring for everyone around her, she can finally rest.



*February 20, 1956 - September 29, 2026*

## The Lord's Prayer

Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name.

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth,  
as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who  
trespass against us.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil:

For thine is the kingdom, and the power,  
and the glory, for ever and ever.  
Amen

## In Loving Memory Of *Patricia "Pat" Ann O'Leary*

### CELEBRATION OF LIFE

#### Open House - Reception

Saturday October 17, 2026 1:00 - 3:00pm  
Champion Kane Reception Hall

### Gone From My Sight

I am standing upon the seashore. A ship, at my side,  
spreads her white sails to the moving breeze and starts  
for the blue ocean. She is an object  
of beauty and strength.

I stand and watch her until, at length,  
she hangs like a speck  
of white cloud just where the sea  
and sky come to mingle with each other.

Then, someone at my side says, 'There, she is gone'  
Gone where?

Gone from my sight. That is all. She is  
just as large in mast,  
hull and spar as she was when she left my side.  
And, she is just as able to bear her load of  
living freight to her destined port.

Her diminished size is in me - not in her.  
And, just at the moment when someone says,  
'There, she is gone,'  
there are other eyes watching her coming,  
and other voices  
ready to take up the glad shout, 'Here she comes!'  
And that is dying...

Henry Van Dyke



*Together Again ...*



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