

Perry “Paul” Stroud Sr.

June 4, 2020



Perry “Paul” Stroud Sr. (Dad) would like to let you know that his work here is done. He received a call, a sort of an offer you can’t refuse, for an appointment from which he will not be returning. This new assignment comes with a huge sign-on bonus, a reunion with his precious wife, family and friends he has not seen in a long time. Job security is exactly 110 percent. His new mission takes him to a wonderful place where he will be socializing, dancing, and knowing the Bible to his heart’s content with new eyes that see clearer than ever before. Music, laughter and love are guaranteed. Food is delicious and you never gain an ounce.

We want to let him know that he did a great job and wish him a safe journey. We will remember his smile, his warmth, his energy, his love for life, family and friends, but also Bible students, colleagues and clients, many of whom over time also became friends. He worked very hard all of his life, up until the very end when he did struggle with physical disabilities, and the inability to read his beloved Bible causing him to be a bit cantankerous. He made a difference in the lives of many.

Dad's childhood would have been a struggle for most people as he was often homeless without a roof over his head. I remember a story he shared once with great emotion and tears as he told the story of how when he was about 7 years of age, he and his brother Leonard approached a farmhouse in the backwoods of Oklahoma seeking work and to request shelter in the barn. After knocking on the door, a gracious woman appeared and invited them into her warm home. She not only fed them, but she provided a warm bed for the night. This was the time of the "Dust Bowl" in 1930's and during the "Great Depression". The impact this woman of GOD made was deep and everlasting upon him.

That same year Dad, Uncle Leonard and Grandpa (Dee Stroud) walked and hitchhiked to California and found work in the farm fields of the San Joaquin Valley living under an old oak tree in Visalia that is still there today. Sensing the imminent war with Germany, Dad joined the Navy at 17 years of age.

He thought it would be better to sleep in a bed with the Navy rather than sleeping in the mud the army offered. His timing was exciting as it placed him on the USS Ralph Talbot a destroyer stationed in Pearl Harbor.

Dad was not only in the first battle at Pearl Harbor but every major battle in the Pacific as well as the last battle at Okinawa.

After the war, Dad married the love of his life, Bertha May Brickey whom he had met at a restaurant she was working in. He told her on the spot that he would return to marry her and true to his word, he did.

Although Dad was "Born Again" at the age of 8, he, like most of us, had drifted away for many years. Mom was a dominate influence on him and finally, at the age of 60 he returned to the LORD. After retiring from his career as Vice President of Atlantic Oil Company at 62, he took up his mantle and served the LORD for the rest of his productive years.

Dad leaves behind two beautiful daughters Linda and Susan of whom he adored. He also left his son "Paul Jr." grandchildren, great-grandchildren too numerous to count and a brother Jack.

Private services have been held and interment took place at the Del Norte County Veteran's Cemetery.

Arrangements are under the direction of Wier's Mortuary Chapel.

Please sign the family's online guest book at wiersmortuary.com