



Michael Scott McElfish

NOV 8, 1977 - AUG 23, 2020



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Table of Contents

Obituary	Page 3
Events	Page 4
Tribute Wall	Page 5



Michael Scott McElfish

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Michael Scott McElfish November 8, 1977 ~ August 23, 2020
Michael McElfish passed away with family by his side on August 23, 2020.

Michael was born in Sun Valley, California to James (Mike) and Susan McElfish at Serra Memorial Hospital. In January 1978 Michael's parents moved their family to Carson City, Nevada. Michael graduated Carson High School class of 1996. Michael joined the Nevada National Guard in 2007, he attended basic training at Ft. Benning, Georgia, and served one tour in Afghanistan with 422nd Signal Battalion.

Michael learned his love of machining and mechanical trade from his father, and expanded his knowledge as a Wheeled Vehicle Mechanic (91B) with the Nevada National Guard. Michael also enjoyed Hot Rods, dirt bikes, and racing outlaw karts with his father and two brothers, and passed the love of dirt bikes on to his two sons Riley and Gregory. Michael and Della shared the love of cooking together on Sunday mornings.

Michael was a man of love, courage, and family; he is survived by his wife Jessica, and son Gregory, ex-wife Melissa West and children Riley McElfish, Della McElfish, parents James (Mike) and Susan McElfish, his brothers Ryan McElfish (Kellie Karasek) nephew Carter, Matthew McElfish, his sister Lindsey McElfish as well as several Aunts, Uncles, Cousins and large extended family.

Michael is preceded in death by his cousins Joshua Rodgers and David Candia.

A memorial service will be held at 11:00 AM on September 5, 2020 at Eastside Memorial Park in Minden NV.

In lieu of flowers donations should be made to Disabled American Veterans (DAV.org).



Events

Michael Scott McElfish

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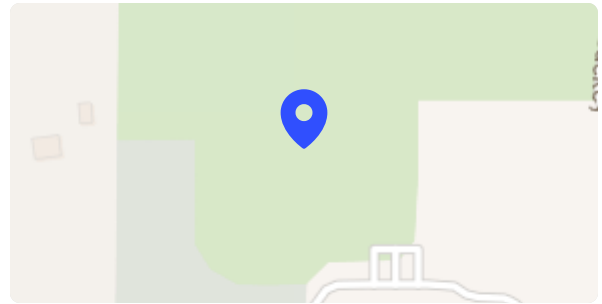
Service

 **Saturday**, September 5, 2020

 11:00 AM PT


 **Eastside Memorial Funeral Home - Park - Cemetery**

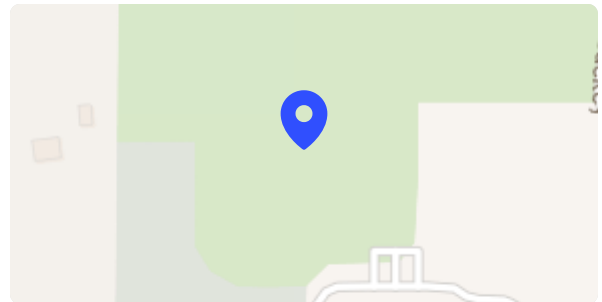
1600 Buckeye Rd, Minden NV 89423-4126



Cemetery Details

 **Eastside Memorial Park**
1600 Buckeye Road, Minden NV 89423

 **775-782-2215**





SR

Steven Rossi posted:

I was close with Mike from about 2008-2011. We worked together in the auto shop at the base in Stead. I remember the first day he started, they brought in a big new toolbox for him, and all new tools still in the packages. Nobody else got a new box and new tools when they started. Usually a new mechanic would get miss-matched old sets with lots of missing items, so this was definitely a memorable occasion. They decided to place him fairly close to where my box was, so we got to know each other fairly quickly. I was always fascinated and amused with his demeanor and wit, especially when something would happen that would make me immensely nervous. In those days I used to worry about everything, so Mike always had lots of material for jokes. I had bought this brand-new car in 2008 and I used to fiddle with it and wash it constantly, and he used to tell me it's not going to grow no matter how much I water it. Or he'd ask me if I'd washed any of the paint off yet. I told him I only liked to shift gears at certain RPMs to be gentle on the engine. He thought that was hilarious. He said his truck didn't even have a tachometer. I asked him how he knew when to shift, he said "When the engine stops pulling then I shift." I didn't know Mike to worry about anything, he always had a sharp comment and a chuckle, and nothing was a big deal. I sometimes think about the way he was, and it helps me let things go that don't really matter. Mike had a strong sense of right and wrong. He didn't believe in letting people get away with things. If you did something he didn't like he'd tell you (mostly in an outdoor voice so everyone could hear), or he'd undo what you did and then leave the debris somewhere obvious for you to find. He wasn't a physical fighter, but he got respect. I remember this time when another employee on the base (not a mechanic) had gained access to the shop one weekend, when no one was around, and used our shop to change an engine in his personal vehicle. This guy left a mess everywhere and he left the old engine on a stand in the middle of the shop. A week went by and the guy didn't come back to address any of his mess. So Mike wheels this engine over to his toolbox and he's examining it and probing around and he turns to me and asks if I've ever taken an engine completely apart before. I said no so he chuckles and says "Well get over here." So Mike nonchalantly pulls out his cordless impact and starts removing bolts. He proceeds to spend the next couple hours pulling every possible thing apart on this engine and explaining to me what everything was and laying each part out on a table. He hands me this partially melted piston and jokes "Here's the problem. Keep that as a souvenir." Mind you, this is during work hours, let alone this was someone else's engine, so I'm pretty nervous but Mike was cool as a cucumber, he wouldn't care if this guy came walking in right at that moment. So he gets this engine fully apart as far as it could be disassembled and he's examining the insides, and he chuckles again, "This thing is like brand new. I can use this." So we get it off the stand and put it on a pallet and Mike takes it home. I still have that partially melted piston. That was Mike, he was unapologetically always Mike. He wasn't afraid of people or what they thought. He was bold, he enjoyed being a smart-ass, but he also earned people's respect, and when he wanted to make a point he was usually right. When it came to a lot of things, he was incredibly sharp, especially if it was about something with a motor. He knew a lot more than most of us, and something wouldn't stay broken for long once he got a hold of it. Unfortunately our time together was just for those couple years. I've thought about him often since those years, I've had a heavy heart since I heard he died. He was a friend any friend would like to have.

September 7 at 9:04 AM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Michael by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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