



## Merton M. Jarboe Jr.

March 24, 1964 - January 28, 2013

Mert Jarboe, Jr., of Preston, MD, passed away unexpectedly in his sleep on January 28, 2013, he was 48.

He was born on March 24, 1964 in Springfield, PA, and grew up in Allentown, PA, Richmond VA, and spent many years in Pittsburgh, PA/ He moved to Preston 10 years ago.

Mert had an audio engineering degree and was very mechanical. He loved experiencing nature, camping, following the Grateful Dead, and spending time with his dog, Buddy. In recent years, he enjoyed remodeling his home in Preston.

He is survived by his mother, Ann Stevens of Bozman; his father, Merton Jarboe of Sherwood; his stepmother Maggie Jarboe; his sisters, Kathy Smedley of West Chester, PA; Karen Rodenheiser of Leland NC; and many nieces and nephews.

A memorial service will be held at the Sherwood United Methodist Church at 11 a.m. on Saturday, February 9, 2013. Private interment will be at Sherwood Cemetery.

In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions may be made in the name of Mert

Jarboe, Jr., to For All Seasons, 300 Talbot St., Easton, MD 21601 or to the Sherwood Cemetery Fund, P.O. Box 24, Sherwood, MD, 21665.

## Cemetery Details

**Private**

## Previous Events

### Service

FEB 9. 11:00 AM (ET)

Sherwood United Methodist Church  
Sherwood, MD

# Tribute Wall



“ *Merton M. Jarboe Jr.*

October 26, 2023 at 06:42 PM



“ *Merton M. Jarboe Jr.*

January 28, 2023 at 12:44 PM



“ *Merton M. Jarboe Jr.*

January 28, 2023 at 08:03 AM



“ *I love you Mert. 💜 I somehow knew this.*

**Rebecca Smyth** - May 28, 2015 at 05:14 PM

“ My brother was a man of few words. He was a gentle kind-hearted soul.

As a child he was, as my father put it, a “Free Spirit”. He was fearless. He marched to his own little drummer and was very much all boy. From catching tadpoles in the drain pipe in Richmond and climbing up 30 foot trees to the top of a tree fort clearly built by the older teens in the neighborhood. He couldn't have been more than 6 at the time. Fearless. He truly didn't want or need anyone to tell him what to do or how. He would figure it out and do it his way.

In Pittsburgh where he spent the better part of his childhood I remember him riding his Big Wheel, down our very steep long street, with his feet up in the air so the pedals didn't hit them, and zooming down on bikes in the summer and sleds in the winter. He was always outside playing, not a TV kind of a kid.

As others have mentioned, Christmas was a favorite time of year for Mert. For many years when we lived in Pittsburgh on Christmas morning Mert would wake me up and ask if it was ok to wake everyone else up...most every year it was way too early like 6am....so we would sit in his room and play battleship and I said when we finished the game it would be time! Not one year do I remember him getting angry or going downstairs by himself? That would ruin the surprise and the tradition. Dad had to go down first and turn the tree on and get the camera ready, and then the screaming would commence. I don't remember him ever being disappointed with what he got, always just happy. Over the years, as an adult, he would always buy everyone in my family a gift. He had to save up for months to do that, but it was that important to him. This past year he sent, (meaning mailed) me and everyone in our immediate family a large tin of cookies that he had baked with at least 5 different kinds. It had to have taken him a couple of weeks to bake all of those. They were all the types my mother baked us as children and tasted as good or better!

One thing that no one can deny is that my brother was a picky eater! But some of his favorites were the 3 P's.... pancakes, pop tarts and pizza! When we were kids there were 3 of us and mom would buy one box of pop tarts a week....we were each supposed

*to get 2 out of the box of 6...my sister and I always saved ours for the weekend so we could savor them and not rush to the school bus. Most weeks Mert would steal one or more of ours and eat them in addition to his 2...I'm not sure who would get madder, my sister or me...!!!! We eventually learned to hide our 2 precious Pop tarts in our rooms to avoid the conflict.*

*Pancakes were often featured when my brother got to decide what was for dinner when Dad wasn't coming home! On nights when Dad did come home, I remember Mert's resolve to stay at the table till morning if he had to, but he was, under no circumstances eating what was on his plate that night. I think he won that fight; because the "eat what's on your plate" rule was short lived.*

*Our family vacations always included a long car trip to visit family or our annual pilgrimage to Ocean City MD each summer. There were no TV's, DVD players, iPods, or ipads, just 5 people in a station wagon trying to get there without killing each other. We would play games like the license plate game or finding all the letters of the alphabet on signs...but inevitably, there would be my brother just annoying the hell out of us and an ensuing "Don't make me stop this car" from the front seat!!! Mert usually climbed in the back of the station wagon with the suitcases and took a nap. (there were no seatbelt laws either) Oddly enough we all looked forward to those trips.*

*Mert developed mental illness at some point in his early 20s. My brother's adult life was a struggle, that no one can deny he was ill. He had Schizophrenia. But my brother at least for the last 10 years of his life had come to terms with it. His relationships with family were at an all time high place. He was caring, helpful, and trustworthy and never once in the past 10 years did I hear him complain or whine about his life.*

*We moved a*

KS

“ Who Mert was to me and what he has meant to me has evolved over the years. My very first memory of him was that he was a great Easter present! Mom and Dad brought him home from the hospital on the morning of Easter Sunday 1964. Along with the stuffed bunnies ...we got a new baby brother to play with, which for a 5-1/2 yr old little girl was better than any doll.

Over the next few years all I can remember about him is that he was so darn cute! He was the cutest little guy – he out-cuted me! And I do remember feeling a little jealous. Mert’s smile was electric. He always had a big wide grin like the Cheshire cat and mischievous eyes. He was a handful and got into everything and out of everything (like Houdini). When he was not even 1, he would stack up his blocks and use them to climb out of his playpen. One time my mother took the playpen out into the yard to give Mert some fresh air because it was a beautiful day. She was sitting out there with him and went inside for a minute. When she came out the playpen was empty. She had one of those panicky moments I’m sure and searched the yard and found him not too far away. She figured out, because she had seen him do it later, that he had pried up one of the halves of the bottom and squeezed under and out. Those were the good old days when playpens were child death traps. Mert was so curious and adventuresome. When he was 2 he scrunched himself up and squeezed into the little cupboard beside the front door of Mom and Pop Pop Jarboe’s house. He shut the door so no one could find him (I think he had a curler that he swiped from someone and he was hiding). It took us a long time to find him, he didn’t come out when we called for him (another moment of panic). There is a picture of this on one of the displays. When Mert was 4 and we lived in Allentown he climbed up the rose trellis, and onto the chimney and then onto the roof of our house. The neighbor called Mom and by the time she got outside he was scampering down. He loved to climb, he was such a little monkey, in fact Aunt Nancy named us the three little monkeys when we were little; I was the chief monkey, Karen was sneaky monkey and Mert was “Little Monk”

*As we got older I am sure that for the most part he was an annoyance to me. I remember him running past the TV if I was watching it and turning it off as he ran by. Since I was the oldest, I am sure I felt it my duty to tell on him – and I remember doing that a lot – there was lots to tell! One time when he was about 4 or 5 he pushed Karen off the dock down here at the farm. It was low tide and she did a face plant in the mud in her nice pretty little Easter dress.*

*As Mert got older, his adventures quite often became misadventures, he seemed accident prone or just plain reckless? I remember a bad sledding accident and one time he climbed a water tower and fell and broke his ankle. He would take trips but fail to tell mom and dad where he was going. When Mert would eventually come home from wherever he was he almost had picked up a stray dog on his way. His all-time favorite dog was Buddy which he got in Vermont or maybe California? Mert was very sensitive and had a soft spot for animals. He loved them and took it hard if something bad happened to any of our pets.*

*Mert also had a good way with his little nieces and nephews. He would get down on the floor and play cars with Josh and let Josh climb all over him. Mert babysat Josh for me when we all lived in Paoli. I had gotten a job and didn't have day care arranged yet. Mert was working all night and would come home and I would leave and Josh would stay with Mert.*

*One thing that is noteworthy about Mert is that he had that "Cat that ate the canary" look about him so that he attracted the unwanted attention of the authorities. If he was with a group of kids goofing around, he would be the one caught. One time when we were both in our 30's I was driving he and Kyle down to visit Mom Gardner in St. Michaels. I was caught speeding and the police officer said, "I will only give you a warning since you have nothing on your record*

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**kathy smedley** - February 11, 2013 at 02:09 PM

JD

“Mert was a wonderful uncle, and I have so many memories of he and I playing board games together as a kid, and I have some very early memories of him babysitting me. He was incredibly thoughtful, especially at Christmas time which he loved. He was always the first one to send us a card. Mert had an infectious laugh and although he probably never saw it, his presence at our family get togethers always made things a little more lively. I wish I could have spent more time with him, because he was truly a thoughtful and intelligent person. Mason was quite taken with him as well after he gave Mason a pack of cars for Christmas. Every time Mason plays with one he asks "Uncle Mert Car?" I will miss him. Rest in Peace Mert, we love you.

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**Josh Decker** - February 07, 2013 at 02:45 PM

SR

“A wonderful man with such a kind heart.

*My younger brother and I will dearly miss the new music he shared with us every year at Christmas time...I will forever think of him when I hear the beautiful sounds of the Beatles, Bob Dylan, James Taylor, Janis Joplin and so many other true artists...I hope you will spend some time rocking out in heaven.*

*"Take care of all your memories. For you cannot relive them." Bob Dylan*

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**Shannon Rodenheiser** - February 04, 2013 at 04:10 PM



“ Perhaps I am the first to write on this tribute wall, if that is the case then I am honored. I admired my brother Mert so much. As his big sister, I always felt a need to take care of him, guide him, protect him, advise....whatever big sisters do to annoy their little brothers, I did it. He had struggles in his life that would have caused lesser men to give up. He was a very strong, persistent man with a good heart. He was sensitive and loved children and animals. He was very innocent in many ways and I loved that about him. Mert, I am missing you but am certain that you are in a better place with your dog "Buddy".

Love you Forever,  
Kathy



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**kathy smedley** - February 03, 2013 at 09:46 AM



When I think of Mert, Jr., I was always remember how much he loved Christmas and will miss the Christmas card he would send at that special time of year. I will also recall the spider plants he had sitting in his kitchen window when I visited his house this past Christmas. Those spider plants were neatly trimmed and lined up in a row. That indicated to me that he loved nature. Mert was very sensitive and was always very thankful for the present I gave him at Christmas. I will miss you Mert, but will always remember you in many special ways.

Love,  
Aunt Nancy

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**Nancy Ruel** - February 05, 2013 at 05:15 PM