Obituaries

Denis Phillips

1938-2024

Denis Ray Phillips, 85, passed away February 21, 2024. Born December 13, 1938, to Marvin and Madeline Phillips, Denis was the oldest of four children and the consummate big brother. Denis attributed his mother with getting him started in art; she mail-ordered drawing instructions and entered him into competitions found on matchbook covers, uncovering his gift of art and ultimately his lifelong passion. He graduated from Olympus High School and in 1957 joined the US Coast Guard the same year, which took him to Alameda Island in the Bay Area of California for 6 months of boot-camp training followed by once yearly 2-week reserve duty for the following 8 years. Denis graduated from the University of Utah with a Bachelor of Arts degree in 1962.

Soon after graduation from art school, Denis opened the Art and Sign Company. Working as a sign-painter, he created attractive window advertisements for Associated Grocers and Albertson's, which remained one of his trademark skills. In addition, he and lifelong friend, Ron Williams, started The Good Sole Sandal Shop in the 9th and 9th neighborhood, creating hand-crafted custom leather sandals. For two years, Denis also taught painting at the University of Utah Fine Arts Department. Although he did consider teaching as a possible career path, he knew that creating art was his true passion and he went on to become one of Utah's most revered and prolific painters.

In 1963 he met his future life partner, Bonnie Gile, where they were each leasing adjacent studio spaces in the same building. Shortly thereafter, in 1965, together they founded Phillips Gallery, Utah's first art gallery bringing contemporary art to the intermountain west. Denis and Bonnie developed to Nevada and were married in the Elko County courthouse on September 11, 1966. They had two sons Benjamin Dooly (1969) and Adam Burke (1971).

In the early days of Phillips Gallery, located on the northwest corner of 9th and 9th, Denis and Bonnie worked alongside their many artist friends, selling their respective works. While holding space for local activism, Phillips Gallery hosted many events promoting anti-war and other important social causes. These gatherings showcased alternative thinking which collectively engaged the local community. Denis and Bonnie were active in the Peace and Freedom Party in Utah. In 1968, Phillips Gallery relocated to its current home at 444 East and 200 South.

Each summer the Gallery would close its doors so the Phillips family could travel around the west, camping and painting. Denis would plein-air paint throughout those late summer travels in Idaho, Utah and Wyoming. Bonnie also painted and produced watercolor landscapes. The children, Ben and Adam, when not shooting BB guns, bicycling or fishing, were also exposed to outdoor landscape painting with watercolors as they would paint alongside their parents. Those summer trips resulted in some of Denis's most iconic works of oil-on-canvas landscapes that became among Denis' best-known art styles from the late 70's through the mid 80's. During one of those summer adventures, Denis and Bonnie bought a house in Paris, Idaho, which provided a summer home enjoyed by both family and friends for years to come.

Denis's art styles ranged from large-scale symmetrical abstract works, plein-air realistic landscapes, colorful abstract landscapes and most recently his splatter series that were both rich in color and experimental in painting surfaces. He dabbled in any medium that caught his fancy, including small playful sculptural pieces often involving dried paint brushes affixed to various surfaces. Denis remained a prolific painter and creator throughout his life. He somehow managed to delight his audience with almost everything he produced. His wife Bonnie and their son Ben continue to own and operate the Gallery.

Denis was also a musician. He played the piano, guitar, ukulele and found time to compose and record new age music. Golf too, was a passion. On beautiful days, he could be found skipping work to go "hit some balls."

Denis was a man of few words, yet once engaged, his discerning opinions were valuable insights that cut to the chase. His advice to artists was always "keep going, make more and don't worry about it too much." Denis did things his own way. He was independent and loving, stubborn and generous, a good friend with a truly beautiful soul.

He is survived by his wife Bonnie; son, Ben; sister, Patricia (Dolly) Larsen grandchildren, Aaron, Rosie, Jonah, Lily, daughter-in-law, Lisa Phillips and Lisa's daughter, Taylor;. He is preceded in death by his son Adam, and his brothers, Terry and Roger. In lieu of flowers, please consider donating to a local charitable and/or educational arts organization. We would like to send our gratitude to our family, friends, gallery employees and artists who have expressed their sympathies and support. A memorial and celebration of life will be announced at a later date at: www.denisrayphillips.com

Photo by Simon Blundell

Larkin

Randy R Cordova

May 1, 1952 ~ May 19, 2024

West Jordan, Utah—Randy R Cordova, our loving son and brother passed away at home on May 19, 2024.

He was born on May 1, 1952, in Brigham Canyon, Utah to Mary M Vasquez and Federico "Fred" Cordova. He was one of 13 siblings (three brothers & nine sisters) in a large loving family.

Randy was an amazing man. He loved fishing, camping, target shooting and being outdoors. His favorite thing and something he had been known for was "Mr. Fix-it." He had a natural ability and talent to fix anything; whether it was vehicles, electrical or plumbing – he could get the job done. He loved being able to work on and improve things around his mother's home.

Randy also enjoyed teasing his siblings and mother, he had a fun sense of humor! He had nicknames for all his siblings.

Randy is proceeded in death by his father Fred Cordova and sisters Margaret P Cordova, Shirley Cordova & Gail (Jorge) Coria.

Randy is survived by his mother, Mary Cordova, partner Barbara Bindley, siblings Kate Cordova, Debbie (Dennis) Magee, Ross (Robyn) Cordova, Donna (Leo) Trujillo, Laura (Peter) Cordova, Tracy (Ted) Vallejos, Kenneth (Teresa) Cordova, Todd (Maria) Cordova, Bobbie Cordova, and many nieces and nephews.

Family and friends are invited to a Funeral Mass at Saint Joseph the Worker Catholic Church, located at 7405 S Redwood Road, West Jordan, Utah 84084 on Friday, May 31, 2024, at 11:00 am.

Evelyn Kalaher

August 1, 1933 ~ March 27, 2024

Evelyn Marie (Fletcher) Kalaher passed peacefully away at her home. She is survived by her daughters, Ann, Sharlene, Patricia and Enid; seven grandchildren; 10 great grandchildren; and one great-great grandchild. She is preceded in death by her husband, Thomas Kalaher.

Graveside services will be held on June 7, 2024, at Utah Veterans Memorial Cemetery, 17111 South Camp Williams Road Bluffdale, at 1 PM with a celebration of life to be held for her at Herriman Park 12101 S Tower Arch Ln Herriman UT 84096 from 4-9 PM.

Ann Starley (Anna Maria Delaura)

1923-2023

Salt Lake City, UT—Its been six months since you left us and we miss you everyday. For 100 years you were a proud second-generation Italian woman, wife and mother. Born in Little Italy and raised in Brooklyn you spent most of your life in Utah after marrying Willis Starley of Fillmore. After his death in 1997, you lived another 26 years with grace and virtue. We pray for your happiness with Jesus through His Sacred Heart and the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Rest in Peace, Mom, your children and family on earth love you.

Adlai Owen

2017 - 2024

Salt Lake City, UT—Adlai Padma Owen, who rode an inborn tide of warmth and humor and a professor's expertise in Godzilla to the sort of acclaim that only a few great figures can capture and keep, died on Saturday. His star is visible from St. George to Salt Lake City and from Brooklyn to the Oregon coast. Just like Calvin, he will always be six years old.

He was an artist and a wordsmith, a casual poet and a stop-motion animator. He was a woodsman and an explorer and, just about, a black-diamond skier. Sometimes, especially back when he was three, he walked among us in disguise, performing heroic acts. But his talents were so varied that he had to assume different identities, even taking them on for long periods of time. His family might think that Adlai had gone away for a few days, to outer space or the climbing gym, only to remember that Spider-Man had showed up right around the time that Adlai left.

"It's an elephant!" he would say to his mom, Naomi. She marveled at the transformation of her modeling clay, even if she never quite recognized an elephant. She kicked off his animation career with a tutorial in flip books, and he added his own sound effects, and pretty soon he was on FaceTime showing her the first Godzilla film of his own making.

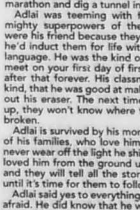
Adlai lived with his dad, Sam, when he was in school at Uintah Elementary, and they ranged far and wide across worlds more and less imagined—worlds made of art paper and Sharpie, worlds navigated on rollerblades or on a mountain bike or in a kayak. They were often joined by Adlai's grandma Becky, who knew all about magical hideaways and took him to one after another. When he was one and a half she taught him the word "intrepid," and he applied it to himself generously. Many of Adlai's expeditions with his family—to the gully, to Snowbird's Hidden Peak, up the "living room" hike into which Adlai negotiated Lego breaks—would end next to his grandma's fireplace, where they'd put back a few gallons of hot chocolate, reading books and reminiscing about old times.

Adlai was the kind of guy who's at home in many places: in St. George with his mom, their pigeons, and his grandpa Dale, where he honed a gift for the Italian armouch. (Word of Mouth was working on a "prank machine" to lengthen his reach.) In Salt Lake City with his dad and their dogs, Mooch and Maggie, and cat, Witch. In his grandpa Dave's garden, where he would eat the new grapes, or pull his uncle Dylan aside for a symposium on which Ninjago is the strongest. He engaged in almost constant debate, on all topics and some of it spirited, with his aunt Hannah. With both his mom and his dad, he loved to leap around the oceanside sand. He had places to visit in the fall he was going to New York City, to watch his uncles Michael and James run the marathon and dig a tunnel into the Statue of Liberty.

Adlai was teeming with friends, most of them armed with mighty superpowers of their own. Some didn't realize they were his friend because they hadn't technically met him yet, but he'd induct them for life with a "hey," or its equivalent in their language. He was the kind of student you hope you're going to meet on your first day of first grade and then talk to every day after that forever. His classmates recall that he was funny and kind, that he was good at making comic books, that he freely lent out his eraser. The next time a question about Godzilla comes up, they won't know where to turn. Their hearts, they said, are broken.

Adlai is survived by his mom and by many other relatives, in all of his families, who love him and miss him and whose lives will never wear off the light he shined. Every last person around Adlai loved him from the ground up, from the moment they met him, and they will tell all the stories about him for years and years, until it's time for them to follow.

Adlai said over to everything, because he didn't know how to be afraid. He did know that he was surrounded by love. "Momma," he would say at bedtime, "thank you for making it so I can always live my dreams."



Richard Armstrong Murray

1948 ~ 2024

Lifelong Utah artist Richard Murray died on May 14, 2024, at his home in Richland, Oregon.

Richard was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, on July 13, 1948, to Norman C. and Kathryn Murray. He is survived by two younger sisters, Mary and Kathryn (Tass). He grew up in Salt Lake City's Avenues neighborhood and attended Wasatch Elementary, Bryant Jr. High, and East High School. At the University of Utah he studied art under famed portrait artist Alvin Gittens.

Richard's artistic talent was evident at a young age and he was fortunate to have a lifetime living his love and passion as an artist. Early in his career, his paintings were inspired by the landscapes of Utah and his travels in India, Egypt, Africa, Mexico, and the British Isles. He found a special niche in his life-size depictions of animals, including birds, which have been a lifelong passion. His success as an artist brought him tremendous satisfaction.

In 2002 he fulfilled his dream when he built a home in Richland, Oregon, where he was able to settle into a quiet rural existence observing the wildlife that constantly moved in and surrounding himself with the books and music he loved. He had a close cadre of friends and organized many adventures with them, including river trips on the Colorado and Green rivers with Holiday River Expeditions.

Of special note and appreciation has been Richard's lifetime association and treasured friendship with Dennis and Polly Potts and their children, Samantha and Jamie.

Known for his sharp wit and extensive and varied knowledge, Richard didn't own a cell phone, wasn't on the Internet, and didn't have network TV. He watched videos and read extensively. Many considered him old-fashioned, but there was a purity about his approach to information.

This poem by his friend, Linda Joy Cordtz, in Richland, Oregon, sums it up beautifully:

The horses knew first and told the snake
That our good friend Richard had passed.
Swans heard it from the iris,
That bore it on the breeze, telling the meerkats.
And soon they gathered under the starry sky,
Monkeys, turkeys, skunks, deer and skunks.
The ostriches, helped him stand and he walked freely among them, holding a hare to his chest.
Chickens and peacocks, guinea hens, cougars and bison.
The eagles brought the wrens, the owls nestled
On the musk ox back, as they celebrated him.
The leaves whispered and the flowers bloomed,
And still they came.
The milk cow, a wood duck, a lynx with a coyote,
A grand moose, with cranes, followed by the raccoons.
The mountain goat, the fox, a black bear and the wolf.
All the dogs barked and ran, as the bighorn sheep
Circled back to see him looking out at the pond.
But the Raven called, and still they all came, to walk him Home.
Thank you all for sharing the journey with him.

Reverend Monsignor Rudolph August Daz, Jr.

1928 - 2024

Reverend Monsignor Rudolph A. Daz, beloved pastor, friend and faithful priest, died on May 18, 2024, at the age of 96 at Saint Joseph Villa, Salt Lake City, where he had been in retirement since 2011, and in recent weeks on hospice care.

Monsignor Daz was born in Ogden, Utah on April 17, 1928, the son of Rudolph August Daz, Sr. and Edith Piersanti. He attended Madison and St. Joseph elementary schools, Saint Joseph High School, and Ogden High School graduating in 1944. He attended college at Saint Mary's, Moraga, California and St. Joseph College, Mt. View, California, and did his theological training at Saint Patrick Seminary, Menlo Park, California. He was ordained to the priesthood by Bishop Joseph Lennox Federal at Saint Joseph Catholic Church, Ogden, on January 24, 1954 for the Diocese of Salt Lake City. (In fact, he received all his sacraments at Saint Joseph Catholic Church, Ogden -- Baptism through Ordination.)

The first ten years of his priestly ministry were spent as Assistant Pastor at St. Marguerite (Tooele), Saint Therese of the Child Jesus (Midvale), Saint Ann (Salt Lake City) and Holy Rosary (Bingham Canyon -- now Immaculate Conception, Copperton) – 1954 to 1964. He then served as Pastor of Saint Patrick Parish, Eureka (1958-1964), Saint Patrick Parish, Salt Lake City, (1964-1966), and then Saint Anthony of Padua Parish, Hyrum, (1966-1977). During his final years as Pastor in Helper, he attended the four-month Vatican II Institute in Oakland, California.

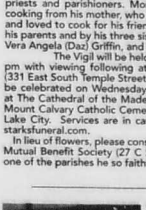
Beginning in February of 1977, Monsignor served for ten years as Pastor of Saint Joseph the Worker Parish, West Jordan (1977 – 1987); and his final assignment for fourteen years was as Pastor of Saint Olaf Parish, Bountiful (1987-2011). During this time, he spent a three-month sabbatical at the Institute for Continuing Theological Education in Padua, Italy (Feb – May, 1993). He was elevated to Prelate of Honor to his Holiness, with the title of Monsignor, on April 30, 2001. During his time in Bountiful, he served as Dean of the Northern Deanery for three consecutive terms (9 years).

During his years as Pastor of Saint Olaf Parish and through his retirement years at Saint Joseph Villa, he was faithfully cared for by Mrs. Jerrie Lou Barrett, who had ministered as Director of Religious Education at the parish for many years. The Diocese of Salt Lake City is especially grateful for all the attention and care Mrs. Barrett provided for him on more than a weekly basis those many years.

Monsignor Daz was a gentle man, a holy man, a faithful servant of the Church, well beloved by both his brother priests and parishioners. Monsignor learned the art of Italian cooking from his mother, who ran an Italian restaurant in Ogden, and loved to cook for his friends. He was preceded in death by his parents and by his three sisters: Gloria Josephine (Daz) Paoli, Vera Angela (Daz) Griffin, and Nancy Catherine (Daz) Payne.

The Vigil will be held on Tuesday, May 28, 2024 at 7:00 pm with viewing following at the Cathedral of the Madeleine (331 East South Temple Street). The Mass of Christian Burial will be celebrated on Wednesday, May 29, 2024 at 11:00 am, also at The Cathedral of the Madeleine. Committal Rite to follow at Mount Calvary Catholic Cemetery, 4th Avenue and "I" St., Salt Lake City. Services are in care of Starks Funeral Parlor, www.starksfuneral.com.

In lieu of flowers, please consider a donation to the The Priests' Mutual Benefit Society (27 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah) or to one of the parishes he so faithfully served.



Vicki Lynne Evans Kolan

1946 ~ 2024

Cottonwood Heights, UT—Vicki passed away on April 15, 2024, at Eisenhower Medical Center, Rancho Mirage, California. She contracted covid and pneumonia and later passed away from a heart attack. She was a truly kind and caring person who now leaves many broken hearts.

She was 77 years old and was born in Murray, Utah to Maurice Warner Evans and Idylle Clarice Jacobson. She married Robert (Bob) Kolan in 1966 and together they have two sons and two grandchildren.

After attending Granite High School, Vicki graduated from the University of Utah, with honors (Cum laude), in 1968 where she earned a Bachelor of Science degree in Nursing. She was an extremely hard worker and practiced nursing for 43 years. She was proud to be one of the guiding forces behind the development of the Cottonwood Hospital's Center for Women's Health, one of the first Women's Centers in the nation. She enjoyed her work as a Labor and Delivery Nurse and cherished the friendships she made from her time at the hospital.

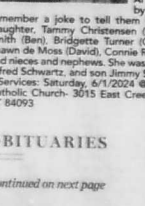
Vicki had many interests including needle work, reading, love of old movies, and a love of cats. She enjoyed playing Mah Jongg, watching the Utah Jazz, Utah Utes, and golf, as well as occasionally playing in a couple's putters golf match. She supported her husband's interest in golf, antique cars, and boats. Her favorite car was the 1952 MG- TD, and she enjoyed some great times in this car.

After retiring, a winter home (Winter Quarters) was purchased in Palm Desert, California. Vicki loved this home, the community, the warm winters, and the many activities offered in the area. She joined the Neighbors 4 Neighbors organization, which offers support to the elderly members living in the community. Vicki was a key member of this organization and was able to provide services even when she was not in California. She loved working with and giving back to the members of her community.

Vicki is survived by her husband: Robert (Bob) Kolan, sons: Doug Kolan (Susan wife) and Michael Kolan, grandchildren: Erich Kolan and Alyssa Kolan, and stepbrother: Robert (Bobby) North (Jaci wife).

A viewing will be held on Wednesday May 29, 2024, at Larkin Sunset Gardens Cemetery, located at 1950 East 10600 South, Sandy, Utah 84092, from 1:00 – 2:00 pm followed by graveside services at 2:30 pm.

Larkin



Barbara K. Schwartz

In Loving Memory

Passed away Monday 4-22-24. Known fondly as Bobbie, Mom, or Granny, was born Dec. 29, 1938, in Bridgeport, Nebraska to Joseph Szydlik and Kathleen Hughes Szydlik. She moved to California in her teens, she later met Alfred Schwartz where she married. She was an amazing waitress and then helped Dad in his business of Big Al Oil Company. She was loved by everyone, and she could never remember a joke to tell them correctly for beans! Survivors: Daughter, Tammy Christensen (Mike), Granddaughters', Katie Smith (Ben), Bridgette Turner (Curtis and Zayne). Her sisters; Shawn de Moss (David), Connie Ragland (Fred), also Helen Davis and nieces and nephews. She was preceded in death by husband, Alfred Schwartz, and son Jimmy Schwartz.

Services: Saturday, 6/1/2024 @ 1:00 PM at St. Thomas More Catholic Church- 3015 East Creek Road, Cottonwood Heights, UT 84093

OBITUARIES

Continued on next page

COPY