

June Farr Anderson

I am honored today to be able to talk about my Grandpa! As I thought and pondered as to what to say today, I was taken back to so many fun times with Grandpa. To me, as a kid, every time I saw Grandpa it meant fun, because when he came to Emery County I got to miss school and go with him. Grandpa always had enough stuff in his truck to get by in any occasion. Grandma would always send the best food ever with (it seemed like) an unlimited amount of yummy homemade treats! And Grandpa had his .22 and enough bullets that we could always get to be better shots by trips end. Just when I would start to get sad that the day was gonna end, Grandpa would surprise us with a special camp site that he knew of. With a tarp tied off the truck and an old cast iron frying pan we had the best camp out ever. To me, Grandpa was everything I ever wanted to be when I grew up. He always had the neatest Ford truck. He was the best shot ever! He could make the best fried potatoes on earth with his specialty black pepper coating. And I swear he knew every neat place on the desert and the mountain! And now matter where we were he gave thank to his Heavenly father for the fun we was having, for the weather we was enjoying, and the great food we had to eat, and the health we had to be able to do so many fun things. Grandpa had a nack for finding the wild horses. If I went to the desert without Grandpa, I could to to the same places he showed me at the same time if day and never see anything but when Grandpa was there he would say, "Right up here there is usually a little band of broomtails and sure enough there they would be.

His abilities didn't end with his shooting skills either. One trip during elk season, above the Muddy, me, Dad and Lee and Grandpa was hunting elk and went out on a point to glass below when a snowshoe rabbit ran out ahead of us. Me and Lee wanted Grandpa to shoot it but he said it would make too much noise and scare all the elk away, so instead Grandpa picked up a rock, I honestly chuckled to myself thinking Grandpa was crazy, but he threw that rock and hit that big ole rabbit right in the head and we got to eat a yummy rabbit lunch that day!

I will always remember Grandpa's driving skills when the roads were muddy or snow covered, you could always count on Grandpa to find a way through to get us where we wanted to be. Even in his old two wheel drive Ford, with a load of wood in the back, he could go where most four wheel drives would turn back.

I will always remember a fun trip Grandpa, Dad and I had on Ferron mountain. We got in some good fishing and toured a whole bunch of the mountain and then went clear to the top Buck Flat. At the top of the canyon, the creek bubbles up out of the ground, Grandpa made camp. It was evening, and I was starving, so we hurried and gathered up some rocks off the edge of the steam and made a nice fire pit and in no time Grandpa had a big pile of fried deer steaks and a huge pan of fried potatoes with onions that was covered in a thick coat of black pepper (mmmmmm) I can still taste them!!! After we ate, we were enjoying the view and watching some deer on the hillside, when those rocks we had gathered from the stream began to explode! And not little explosions either! They were causing damage. Grandpa was quick to get the shovel and throw all the rocks back into the stream. He

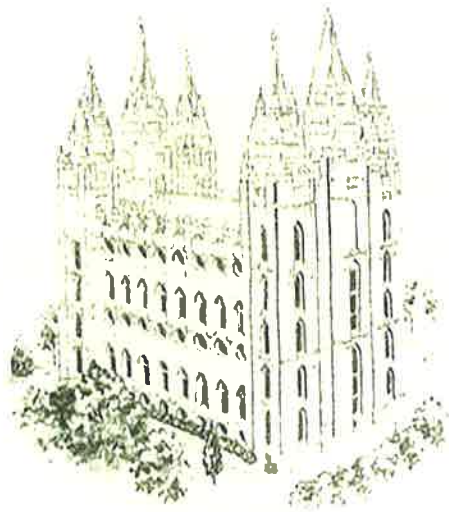
said that the water inside the rocks was expanding and causing them to pop. It made for an exciting evening in camp for sure.

I could go on for hours with stories of fun trips with Grandpa. No matter where we went or what we did, Grandpa made every time the funnest time ever!!

I will always be grateful for the time I was able to spend with my Grandpa Anderson.

I am truly grateful to him for the rock he has been in my life. He has been such a great example to me with his heartfelt prayers in behalf of all his family members and his tenderness in the performing of his Priesthood duties. I know every time Grandpa used his Priesthood there wasn't a dry eye in the room. I am thankful for him teaching me the importance of this great gift. I will always look up to Grandpa for his legacy of hard work. His example and instruction shows through in all of his family members as they are all hard worker and good providers. Grandpa, I love you and will miss you and look forward to seeing you again someday when your health will be restored and we can again go on adventures together. Thank You for all you have been in my life.

Talk written by Troy Anderson for Grandpa's funeral.



Appreciation

On behalf of the family, we wish to express their gratitude for your many kindnesses evidenced in thought and deed, and for your x attendance at the memorial services.



June Farr Anderson

June Farr Anderson

Born: December 10, 1928 – Mohrland, Utah

Died: March 19, 2014 Salt Lake City, Utah
Son of John Leslie Anderson
and Ruth Aida Gardner

Married Fonta Tatton Anderson
August 5, 1950
Solemnized in the Salt Lake Temple

PALLBEARERS

Devin Anderson	Chad Anderson
Tyler Anderson	Les Anderson
Josh Anderson	Dustin Anderson

HONORARY PALLBEARERS

Lee Anderson	Phillip Anderson
Lynn Anderson	Troy Anderson

SERVICES

Bishop Henry Bertoch, Conducting

Family Prayer Lynn Anderson

Prelude/Postlude Music..... Claudia Johnson

Opening Hymn No. 86
"How Great Thou Art"

Invocation..... Eugene Powell

Speaker Troy Anderson - Grandson

Musical Number Grand Children
& Great Grand Children

"I Am a Child of God"

Accompanied by Mauri Galloway

Speaker Scott Anderson -Son

Benediction..... Richard Haight

INTERMENT

Orangeville Cemetery, Orangeville, Utah

Dedication of Grave Scott Anderson