

Barbara Jean (Salmon) Durrant Pinder

January 19, 1928 ~ January 24, 2025

My Aunt Barbara touched my life in so many ways. I am so grateful for her. My love to you Jack, Mike. Bob. JIm and Jeanne my cousins. Thank you for sharing your mom with me and my family.

- Earlene Durrant

The memories that I have off Barbie I'll cherish forever. Staying at her home in St George was the best, she and her husband were the best hosts anyone could have asked for. Barbie will be missed by all that knew her.

- Liz Graham.

In all my years of education, Mrs. Pinder was my favorite teacher. She made coming to school fun and learning easy. She truly cared for each and every one of her students. I am blessed to have had her, not only as my teacher but in my life. This worlds loss is heavens gain.

- Caprice Firth Nutley

My husband, Roger, and I are Garden Park neighbors of Barbara. She is such a gem. We have loved knowing her and admire her friendly, outgoing personality. She makes everyone feel special and has a kind word for all. In addition, we both attended Indian Hills Elementary. We had moved on by the time she started teaching there but we enjoyed talking with her about people we all knew. She was friends with some of our former teachers. It was a fun connection. Our heartfelt condolences go out to the family. Barbara is such a memorable and wonderful person, her passing is a big loss.

- Lani Firmage

We had the privilege of living next door to Barbara since we moved to Daybreak 4 years ago. Barbara was such a sweet neighbor. She spent a lot of time in her garden with her flowers and always had a cheery and upbeat

greeting when we would meet across our back yards. She was always willing to just chat about whatever was on her mind. We loved and appreciate her and her friendly smile. She will be missed.

- Loren and Ann Cullum

When I was in fifth grade at Horace Mann Elementary School in 1967/1968, Mrs. Durrant was my teacher. In February of that school year, my mother became ill and suddenly passed way. At the funeral, Mrs. Durrant walked in the viewing room. I saw her and ran into her arms, burying my face in her wet fur coat (it was pouring rain outside). I cried and cried while she held me. There were many times where she stood by me and supported me as my teacher. She was so beautiful and her smile lite up the room! Now I am 67 yrs old and still I love her. My heart overflows with gratitude for her being my teacher. She was on my mind this morning. I will forever love her! Thank you, for being part of my life story, so many years ago!

- Carma Carlsen Rigley