

Clyde (Skip) L. Messinger “Papa”

April 22, 1950 ~ April 11, 2021

He was such a great man. A lot of fun memories. So sorry that he is gone. Much love amd hugs to all of you.

- Rebecca Baker

I miss you terribly Dad! Love you forever:)

- Melanie Jeffs

Papa- I miss you so so so much. You really are the most generous, selfless person I’ll ever know. I can’t thank you enough for all the love and support you’ve given me. I won’t forget all the fun memories we made. I love you. Anna

- Anna Page

Kathy, Melanie and Andrea; I offer my condolences. I first met Skip when our mothers arranged a play date. Of course many occasions to get together followed. We learned how to get along, walk then run, share a meal, beat on each other, climb trees, ride a bike, enjoy summertime movies at the Villa and South East theaters and other experiences the fifties had to offer. In high school, Skip took a job as a late shift Dee’s fry cook, forth south location and I did similar work at a Dee’s drive-in on 3300 south. Most nights we would meet, eat and otherwise bum around till sunrise. When I arrived on one night, Skip was working his butt off taking orders, cooking and cleaning up after serving members of the Herman Hermits (on contract with Lagoon). Skip loved the fifties depiction of James Bond. One day skiing Park City, Skip spotted a gathering of young women. His plan, ski with grace and wander into the middle of the group and try to capture one or more of the beauties to ski with for the day. All started well but one edge of his ski caught the other and he took flight landing in the middle of the group. After a little settling, Skip promptly stated “ladies, my name is Bond, James Bond”. The girls loved it! I could go on forever… did you know that Mrs. Messinger use to make fantastic spaghetti dinners. On one occasion, Skip talks his mother into offering me the entire dinner to include the appropriate wine. I was in heaven. Or, did you know that approximately six gallons of gas properly ignited will light up a neighborhood? We quickly departed, Skip in his bed and me in mine while neighborhood folks were gathering and speculating. Or, did you know that banshees can be found up

Millcreek Canyon. Skip and I were at Dog Lake, two o’clock on a clear night telling each other ghost stories when the wailing began. We ran! Thank you for choosing me to be Best Man at your weeding. I wish you all the best. God bless!

- Ken Embley

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