

Don Edmund Olsen

September 27, 1934 ~ May 23, 2025

To Sandra and the Olsen family and friends, I am sorry for your loss. I recall a laugh or two with Ed. We seemed to have the same dry sense of humor. He was always kind and open to us when we visited. He lived quite the life and I know he is now resting peacefully.

- Matthew Daniels

My Dearest Sandra, I'm so very sorry for your loss. I'm grateful, however, that we will all see him again, to never lose him ever again! You are such an angel, Sandra! I love you very much!!❤■ Shannon

- Shannon Olsen Bair

I just saw the date of Ted's celebration of life. I am so sorry, we will be visiting our son in Hawaii on that date. Please know that you are in my heart and prayers!❤■■❤■■❤■

- Shannon Olsen Bair

My first memory of Ed was when I joined him and his grandsons to set off fireworks. Ed had the biggest grin (YES - Ed did smile). Ed, I apologize for making you tear-up, when I asked you for your daughter, Stacey's hand in marriage. Thanks for giving your blessings and welcoming me into your family. Another memory I have of Ed was when we went to buy some "Darkest Rum", which was to be used to make a raisin cookie filling. The cashier carded Ed to verify his age. Ed's drivers license had expired. Couldn't they see was of age? So, Ed let me buy the rum for him. I enjoyed our conversations when it was just the two of us. I learned so much about you and your interests and memories. In Ed's last year, he showed me how he was still caring for the little things around the house. Like checking the underside of the dining room table for gum, and checking under the bed to make sure there were no monsters. [I knew there was a reason that Ed was down on the floor. :-)] Ed, you showed me how to age with dignity. Thank You!

- Richard Murphy

Really enjoyed Ed when he and Sandra came to visit their daughter Victoria (our neighbor). He helped lay the pavers for our patio and dubbed it "patio by committee". Went hunting with our son. A really great man. Will always be loved and missed.

- Rock & Connie Huff

It’s very possible that without Uncle Ed I wouldn’t be here. He was my father’s friend long before my parents married. I always loved to sit and listen to the repetition of the hunting lore from that time, especially the story of Tab Hollow. It went so perfectly with the aura of seeing the mounts and bear skin rug at Uncle Ed’s and Aunt Sandra’s house. A few years ago I finally saw the picture that my dad took of Ed at Tab Hollow and it so perfectly captured the character and story—and made me wonder if those stories weren’t actually more true than I thought! If Ed was telling a story or someone was telling a story about Ed, you wanted to listen especially if it would make Ed laugh. I think most of us nieces and nephews were a little scared of Uncle Ed, the stoic hunter. Sandra and Ed would visit us in AZ every February. One year, my sister and I shyly made a breakfast out of our play food. He accepted our offerings with a “smile” and we couldn’t have been more proud. By the time I was about 12, I had reached an age to appreciate Mad Magazine and loved reading Ed’s back issues when we visited. I was even inspired to get my own subscription for a few years. After I let that lapse, catching up on it on trips to Utah while staying at the Olsen Bed and Breakfast and Scandinavian Taco House was a treat to look forward to. (And those venison tacos with Sandra Salsa were also out of this world!) Ed was a good friend to my husband, Matt. They shared an interest in rifles and Ed would take Matt shooting. I’ll never forget Ed’s genuine congratulations when I told him Matt and I were engaged. Our family parlance is full of “Edisms” collected over the years, most frequently “Godfrey Sandra” and various ways to complain about the heat in the Great Basin Desert. He once described I-15 in Lehi as a “snake pit” and Matt and I still call it that to this day. Once I brought my daughter as a baby to visit Sandra and Ed and of course had to bring diaper bag full of things and needed to feed and change her while we were there. Before we gathered everything up to leave, Ed said “you don’t travel light or fast with her.” I repeat that all time—it’s still true at the age of 4! I’m sorry I can’t attend the memorial but I will be watching from Norway and sending all my love to Aunt Sandra, Stan, Stacey, Victoria, and all the family.

- Sarah Reed

I love you all so much. I am blessed to have most of my favorite adventures and memories of my childhood include the Olsens. I have so much love and respect for you all. I am so sorry for the pain that grief will cause as you adjust to Ed's death. But after hearing the beautiful tributes at his Celebration of life, I know the memories and thoughts of him will bring more joy than sorrow. He trully lived an amazing life. What a blessing he was to so many. I am so thankful that I could support you from a Zoom connection. I wish I could have hugged you all. I will keep you in my prayers.

- Stephanie Keddington Clark

My husband, Phil, is one of Ed's grandchildren and I met him at my sister-in-law's (Emily) wedding to her husband (Matt). I spoke with Ed about his guns and the outdoors that day as the celebration was in full swing. He came across as a calm, grounding presence and a safe place. Hearing my husband, in-laws, and others speak of him, I know this to be true. Even though I was unfortunately unable to attend the service for him in person, I'm glad that I watched the livestream and learned about the great man he was, is, and always will be.

- Elyse Riendeau

Ed was a wonderful man. He always called me "Bones" from the time I was little and scrawny. As a youth, I was privileged to go fishing with him on the Bear River once, where the only "take-home catch of the day was a nice bass that I caught. He declared that it was the only time he had ever seen such a fish come out of that river. My father never did fishing and hunting, so Ed was basically a surrogate father to me in a way. The first year I was eligible to have a license, he took me along with Larry to Tab Hollow, where I actually got my first (and only) young buck on the south slope of the hollow. I remember how wonderful was my first taste of snow-bank-cold Pepsi. The second year i recall how hard it was climbing up the north side of the hollow, until he told me to grab the tail of the horse Larry was riding. Sandra, I love you, and send my heartfelt sympathy. Sorry I was unable to come to the service, but I enjoyed and appreciated the opportunity to watch on Zoom.

- Kevin Edwards