

Michael Vernile Hess

August 30, 1960 ~ October 27, 2025

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- Rae Lynne Hicks

I’m going to miss Uncle Mikey and his unforgettable humor and energy so very, very much. Anytime I got the chance to be around Uncle Mike I knew my day was going to be better. If I were to post something on social media, I would secretly hope he would see because his comments would always make me laugh and smile. I will forever and always believe that “Mike is dumb!”. Those who knew Uncle Mike will know that this is one of the most sincere ways he and others could express their love and admiration. Love you and miss you so much Uncle Mikey!

- Kyle Rasmussen

Oh, Loretta, I'm so very sorry. I was down in St. George for my grandsons baptism on Saturday. I just read the obituary this evening and realized I missed the viewing which was the same day. I would have absolutely come and given you hugs. I don't even have your phone number or address. Sending much love and many hugs at this very tender time. Lisa and Joe

- Lisa Pettegrew

I was saddened to hear of Mike's passing. Me and my family send our deepest condolences for the loss. I will miss the talks that me and Mike had. He was a great guy to have as a colleague and friend. He will be missed greatly.

- Jason Whiteley

I remember growing up in West Bountiful! If I wasn't at my home I was at the Hess home ya see Scott Mike's younger brother was my best friend we idolized Mike the orange corvette was awesome we always begged for a ride! He was the big brother I didn't have! Heaven gained a great friend I will think of you often with that big Hess smile and laugh! Our thoughts and prayers are with the whole family Jay Irene Justin Pratt Love ❤■ We love you

- Jay R Pratt

We send our condolences to Mike's family, and friends, on his passing.

- Butch & Elaine Hess

My heart breaks! He will be missed beyond words. I believe the Lord knew him best and has encircled him in His arms. Life has lost some of its luster without Mike. My prayers of comfort and help goes out to all of the lives touched and now grieving for the loss of this amazing father, grandfather and friend.

- Lamont Dorrity

Monday, I found myself in a situation I've seen far too many times over the last 26 years as a police officer. Except this time, it was someone close to me. I sat there surrounded by family who were crying and grieving the loss of their husband, father, brother and son. And then there was me, feeling absolutely nothing. It bothered me that I didn't have any emotions at all. I was just there. I was reminded of some lyrics from a song by Five Finger Death Punch, "I had to say goodbye today to someone that I love. I couldn't even cry today, I think my heart is finally broken." And so, the night went. I came home, relaxed with some TV and waited for sleep to overtake me. But sleep never came. I found myself thinking about my brother. And then I started thinking about all the "firsts". You see Mike and I are more than a few years apart and I didn't necessarily "grow up with him" around. In fact, my first real memory of my brother was trading insults and name calling over the phone during one of his call's homes from his mission. The more I thought, the more the firsts came. The first time I hit a homerun, it was Mike who was on the sideline cheering. It was Mike that bought me a drink from the concession stand, with a promise to repeat the reward for each future dinger. The first time I went to a live sporting event, it was Mike who initiated a male family member trip to see the Harlem Globetrotters. The first time I ever jumped off a diving board, it was Mike that forced me off, even though I didn't yet know how to swim. The first time I ever flew in an airplane, it was Mike that was the pilot. The first, and only time, I ever shot an elk, it was Mike who was by my side coaching me through the shot. The first time I ever pulled a trailer, it was Mike sending me for supplies with an absolute confidence that I would be just fine, "just make wide turns". The first immediate family member who has ever died, was my brother Mike. And as I remembered all those firsts, my brother did what he has done many times before, he became my hero again. He broke the emotional damn, and mended my broken heart. I began to feel again. And then I cried, and sobbed, like him, because he was a giant baby. It's not unusual or unique for a younger brother to idealize and put an older brother on a pedestal. It's also not uncommon for a younger brother to want to spend time with and be involved with their older brother. However, it is usually the younger brother who pesters, pleads and has to "tag along" in order to facilitate that relationship. With me and my brother Mike, that was NOT the case. You see all those firsts I just mentioned, it was Mike's initiative on all of them. He did, and always has, brought the relationship to me. And I will be forever grateful and thankful to him for that. I never got a chance to say good bye to my brother. The last time I saw my brother, was several weeks ago on the golf course. It was a summer, Sunday, morning. Before I knew it, we were in the cart on the first tee. Out of the blue came a red solo cup, a giant round ice cube, and a thermos that was all too large, full of bloody Mary's. He poured us both a drink like he was some kind of tee box bartender and off we went. Nothing earth shattering happened that day. We chatted, laughed, and sweated way too much for riding around in a golf cart and swinging a golf club a few times. As I sit here writing this, I can't help but think that was the perfect way for me to say goodbye to my brother. Just he and I riding around in a golf cart, sharing a drink,

and laughing at one another because, although we both knew and understood we were not very good golfers, we each became increasingly frustrated with ourselves as we sprayed golf balls all over the course. And that was us. Laughing, chatting, and just enjoying being with each other. Thank You big brother! Thank you for everything you've done for me! I will miss you immensely. I will remember you often, and I will think about all the good times we shared. You were the best big brother I could have ever hoped for and I am lucky to have had you by my side for some many of life's firsts. I LOVE YOU!!! Cory

- Cory Hess

I'm so sorry. Sending love.

- Tabra

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