

Owen Jones Lunt

September 11, 1931 ~ June 11, 2025

I am sorry to hear about Uncle Owen’s passing. I hope you are feeling comforted at this tender time. Thinking of you and wishing I could be there to give you a hug in person. Love and prayers to you and all the family.

- Janet Lunt Tanner

Dear Deanna, Troy, Greg, Mark, Drew and Andrea - We are both saddened by and grateful for Owen’s getting transferred Home. He is such a bright light and surely Heaven is now brighter with him there. He is a stellar man of great faith, devotion to his family and thoroughly loving and beloved. May each of you feel comfort and peace as you celebrate his amazing life and all of the ways he made everyone around him feel important. We are all blessed and better for his influence for good in our lives. God bless - Love to each you and your entire family. Clark & Stacy

- Clark & Stacy Lybbert

Sending all our love to you all..Wish we could be there but know we are there in our ♥■.

- Joyce Corbridge

My dear and Beautiful friend, I am sorry for your loss I am so very glad for our knowledge of where he is at at this time. I am sure he will be building a beautiful home for you . I loved his beautiful smile his infectious laugh and his loving way he had with Gary and I as your friends. He had such a loving and welcoming way about him that made everyone care about and love him. I send my Love. A good friend Beverly Dye

- Beverly Dye

Owen and his brother Tim were wonderful friends, youth leaders, and mentors as I grew up in the 50's and 60's. About 1960 our ward put on a production of the musical play Showboat. The stage was was built over the pond that was part of the beautiful grounds of the Garden Park Ward. At a point of high drama Owen attired in a tuxedo

walked off the stage and into the pond. It is a sixty year old memory that still brings a smile to my face and heart. Owen used to take me camping in his white economy car nick named Otto. When we reached our campsite he would pat the car on the dashboard and say " good job Otto ". Tim was our softball coach. He called us bow legged Honyocks. We had no idea what he meant. The mystery of the meaning of the phrase only heightened it's power as a term of endearment. Priesthood lessons, camping trips, and baseball games, wonderful memories from two men whose mantle was kindness.

- Bruce L Ashton

Dear DeAnna and family, we wish to extend our sincere sympathies and plaudits to you and Owen for the great lives and examples you provided for us and others in the ward. To us, Owen was a very kind, gracious person whose opinions were solidly grounded, someone who radiated goodness in so many ways. He will be missed. God bless you on your continuing journey.

- Nick and Sabine Gold

I just heard of Owen’s passing and I am heartbroken! I have nothing but the best memories of him and am truly grateful to have known him. Deanna, I just adore you, and I am thinking of you all. Your family is so wonderful, and was such a huge part of my childhood. I was so lucky to get to spend some time with you both and chat when you’d come get bread at the bakery. Sending all of my love to you and your family.

- Kim Smith

I am so sorry that I didn’t see this obituary or know if Owen’s passing. Ginny and I have loved Owen and Deanna since we were first married over 50 years ago. I don’t think I’ve met two people more kind and gentile than the two of them. They were there to support us when we were young, even taking care of our infant son so we could go to school. We remained friends and we always loved being with them. We will always be grateful that we were privileged to experience some of life with them. May God give you wonderful memories and peace as you think of your life with him, Deanna. Love you. Jesse and Ginny

- Jesse Fox