Richard John Bullock

March 28, 1939 ~ September 16, 2019

Our Cowboy has saddled up his faithful steed, headed West towards the fading Sunset for his final rodeo. Richard John Bullock passed through the veil on 9/16/19 after enduring a long and sometime painful illness. He was stubborn and strong willed and he fought to stay with us to the very end.

Dad was born 3/28/39 to Algene and Vera Bullock. Brothers Donald-deceased (Carol-deceased), LaGrand (Lucy) and Neldon (Jewel) He married his Sweetheart of 61 years, Patricia Kay Arrington on August 22, 1958. They were later sealed for time and all Eternity on August 29, 1980. Dad was a rock and hero to Nola (Don-deceased) Roberts and Edward (Robyn). His 5 Grandchildren and 7 Great Grandchildren were the light of his life. When they came to visit, his eyes would light up and a smile the size of Grand Canyon would appear. Sometimes they were the only ones that could make him smile that big. He was employed with UPS as a Feeder Driver for over 30 years. He had a work ethic compared to none and he passed this down to his children.

Dad was born in Bingham Canyon and when he was 3 years old, they moved to West Jordan until 1948. In 1948 Grandpa Bullock (his Dad) bought his Fathers farm in Lehi. He built a garage where they lived until he finished the house. Dad graduated from High School and Seminary in 1958. He loved Agriculture and Farm Shop. During that time, he won a calf sponsored by the Ut Farmers Magazine. He had to go with the Salesman from the magazine and introduce him to people he knew. He had to sell 200 subscriptions to the magazine before he could claim his calf. Dad loved that calf! He talked about how there were many larger ones to choose from but the one he chose seemed to have a personality of its own. Every time his Dad would walk around the barn, WHAM! The calf would kick him. It took a lot of work and effort, but Dad was able to do just about anything with that calf.

Dad also told the story of when his Dad told him and his brother Donald that he was bringing home a Shetland pony for them. They traveled to Bingham to pick up the pony and the only way to get her home was to remove the rear seat of the car. Sugar was so stubborn. The only way you could get her to do anything was to lead her to the top of the field, hurry and jump on. She would run all the way back to the barn.

Mom and Dad met through a mutual friend. Dad was working at a fruit stand in Bountiful and Mom was riding her horse with some friends. She took one look at him and asked, "Who the twerpy guy was." They didn't like each other at first. Mom said they later got to know he each other better and were like good friends for quite some time. One day she asked Dad to come and look at her sick horse. Dad finally got the nerve to ask her to the show. A year later they were married in 1958. It must have been true love; Dad would travel back and forth to Bountiful from Lehi several times a week. They shared the love of horses, but Mom wasn't so gung-ho on camping and boating but she did it for him because it brought such joy to his life. They shared a beautiful life and everlasting love for 61 years. Dad wrote in a memoir, "Kay has been the best partner any man could hope for. But most of all, she has been the

best friend I will ever know, and with her strength and support we can beat anything that may confront us in our remaining days." How true those words would come to be.

Dad or "Pops" loved the mountains and being surrounded by pine trees and whispering Aspens. He loved to tell us about how he used to pack up his gear, saddle his horse and take off for days to spend time alone in some of his favorite hideaways (as young as 11 years old.) He knew every inch of "them there hills." We have often said that if we were ever stranded anywhere, we would want him there because we knew we would survive. Dad was a Mountain Man at heart and was born 100 years too late. He loved his horse Dolly and shared his love of horses with his Sweetheart Kay and daughter Nola. Together we would take off up Corner Canyon and ride for hours.

Later in life, boat fever caught him! The faster they went, the happier he was. He was bound and determined to rub his love of boats off on Eddie. One day, much to Moms horror, he put an 8 year old Eddie behind the wheel and tuned him loose. Mom protested rather loudly and Dad said, "He's gotta learn some time." From that day forward they shared that bond and passion. Years later, he tried the same thing with his Grandson Brandon at an early age. Brandon loved the times they were scootin across the lake.

The day he got his Daytona Eliminator was one of the happiest days of his life. The day he had to give up that passion (due to health) was one of the saddest days of his life. But he was a resilient man. He replaced the things that required strength and agility with a desire to create beautiful, handcrafted works of art. He loved to work with leather and Indian beading. He made beautiful knives, guns and gun cases for family members and several people he thought the world of. Each Masterpiece was created with a labor of love. When pain started taking its toll on his hands and it hurt to the point that it wasn't easy for him to work on his projects, he would not quit. He made a commitment to someone and that was his word. When the day came, that he didn't go downstairs, that's the day we knew he was getting tired and he wouldn't be able to finish his own projects he was working on.

Services will be held at Larkin Sunset Gardens 1950 E. Dimple Dell Road (10600 S) in Sandy, UT 84092 on Saturday September, 21, 2019 at 11AM. A viewing will held prior to services beginning at 9AM. Interment will follow at Memorial Lakeview Cemetery, 1640 E. Lakeview Drive in Bountiful. A horse drawn carriage will take this Cowboy to his final resting place. He will be close to the Mountains he loved and surrounded by beautiful pine trees. We know he is now riding in those mountains, the wind in his face, forever happy and free of pain.