Vern Hopkinson

June 21, 1953 ~ June 18, 2017

My unbelievably good almost 64 year run of life has now come to an end. I awoke most every morning being thankful for my existence. Born here in the Promised Valley on the Summer Solstice in 1953 (delivered by my grandfather) and then immediately moved to Las Vegas. I escaped Vegas to get both a bachelor\s and a law degree (1978) at the "U". Go Utes. Died near the 2017 Summer Solstice after a short illness with a rare cancer.

I\m survived by my fiance Liza Rose Loveridge and her great children, Tommy and Josie, and by my extraordinary children Aaron, Jacqueline, and Kelsey (Mike). The love and devotion of my siblings, Rodney and Melanie, also must be heralded. Life has been so enjoyable because of the quality of my family and friends. Hopefully I will be able to rejoin in the hereafter with my quasi-adopted brother, John.

Been lucky enough to have traveled all over the World. From Antarctica to near the North Pole; from Tierra del Fuego to Machu Picchu; from the Great Barrier Reef to Tahiti; from Dell (NBNBC) to Montello; from the DMZ to Istanbul.

I would like to thank my law partner of almost 35 years, Roger Segal, whose integrity made the often dismal practice of law tolerable. The bankruptcy case I am most proud of was the successful trusteeship of Bonneville Pacific Corporation where the Trustee returned to creditors and shareholders hundreds of millions of dollars.

To me the only things in life to take seriously were the raising of my family and the professional duties of my practice. All else was more or less divine comedy; being able to laugh at life, especially one\s self, is essential and in today\s political climate, absolutely essential.

As for that political climate, please remember the words of Edmund Burke, "The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing." Please resist the current forms of hate and totalitarianism now threatening to sweep across this Country.

As for you filthy rich people living in your mansions looking literally down your noses at the middle, working and poor classes toiling below, know that everyone, by your own choosing, knows exactly where you live. Your Faustian deal with your shameless shills, the Republican Party, to make yourselves even yet richer on the backs of the middle and working classes by cutting their healthcare, benefits, education, and your embarrassing regressive taxation system, is about to be finally understood by the voters.

The metaphoric pitchforks and torches are being located. Your fate, both here on Earth and hopefully also in the hereafter (remember the camel and eye of a needle), has been sealed. Marley\s chains, once forged, cannot be easily undone.

At my request my family will be holding only a small, private memorial service. I am to be cremated and I would love for anyone interested to scatter my cremains in exotic locations around the World.

Anyone who would like to donate money in memory of my crazy life, please consider the international Sea Shepherd Australia group, seashepherd.org.au, to combat the illegal hunting of whales in Antarctica.

Adieu all my good friends and family. Hop.