

Arthol Bob Hunter

October 29, 1929 ~ March 24, 2023

Arthol Bob Hunter was born on October 29, 1929, in Provo, Utah to Alvera Thomas Hunter and Ebenezer John Hunter.

He served in the Southern States Mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints from 1949 - 1951. Upon completing his mission service, Artie met the girl of his dreams Norma Lou White. They dated for a time, but with the conflict in Korea, Artie joined the National Guard. During his service to his country, he married that girl of his dreams in the Salt Lake Temple on January 10, 1952. Shortly after their marriage, Artie was called up and stationed in Germany near Heidelberg.

After returning home and graduating from BYU, the family moved to Southern California where he taught math and science for 25 years. In 1985 he and Norma moved to Utah where he taught at Joel P. Jensen, Butler, and Eastmont Middle Schools for 17 years. In 1998, he was the Teacher of the Year for Jordan School District.

Over the years, he participated in Boy Scouts, and had callings in California that included Stake President. In Utah he served in primary, home teaching, Sunday school, and as a high councilor. He spent many years indexing church records, being any place where he could share his talents and his time, both with and for others.

The wonderful neighborhood called home is blessed with wide streets, a panoramic sky view, and until recently, an Artie. Artie Hunter graced his home, family, and neighborhood with an unbridled eagerness for life and lending a hand. There was not a day when he could not be seen tending to his garden, helping a neighbor, or being with his family.

Armed with either a rake or a shovel and a “Come on,” he would beckon his neighbors to join him in whatever task needed doing or whatever neighbor needed assisting. From the first broken sprinkler head in the spring to last sidewalk that had to be shoveled in winter, Artie, well into his 90's, was energetically and happily on the job.

His progress while on a brisk walk, no matter the season, could be measured by the car horns honking in a distance to greet him. From his welcoming of new arrivals to our street or being attentive to old friends, Artie was the soul of our neighborhood.

Seeing Artie carefree and joyful in daily encounters, it is not easy to discern the complex and dedicated life of experiences that made him the man we all had the good fortune to know.

Even when he had to do without, he ensured others would have what they needed whether it was wooden stove he had to carry over miles to deliver himself or building benches from donated lumber for church services. He had times when food was not plentiful, but he was grateful for the offerings that were at hand including eating green pears, squirrel meat and drinking “lumpy poison milk with a second helping” while on a country tracking mission.

He learned throughout his life that the Lord answered prayers, and he was able to overcome illness and childhood difficulties because of this connection and positive attitude. Rather than focus on the chilly temperatures in his home as a child, he had an appreciation for ephemeral offerings. On some days, when he was young, it would get so cold that the windows would freeze the water vapor inside of the windows. Artie wrote, “I loved to look at the beautiful pictures that Jack Frost painted for us each morning.”

Artie, who had a fun sense of humor, was also a bit of a rascal and rebel rouser in his early days. His creativity as a prankster included making rotten egg gas, lifting the back end of their car, and putting a brick under the axle so that the back wheels were not touching the ground and their tires would spin; he also used whiz-bangs for enthusiastic entertainment.

He came by his warm-heartedness from his parents. The hands-on lessons from his father on gardening and his mother’s charitable acts of kindness influenced him throughout his life. His own garden was remarkable, and he followed his mother’s generous spirit through sharing what he grew.

Whether he was building furniture for church services, picking cotton, serving in the National Guard and the Army, teaching, or raising a family, he put his faith in the Lord and fulfilled commitment with dedication, belief, and competence. He was an exceptional man.

Artie is preceded in death by his parents, his two sisters, Virginia (Ken) Harbaugh , Leah (Ruel) Crandall and his wife Norma. Norma and Artie were married January 10, 1952. They were blessed with two children Randal Bob (Chrystel) and Karen (Vernal) Della-Piana, and five grandchildren and 14 great-grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held at 12:00 noon on Friday, March 31, 2023 at the Eastridge 7th Ward, 1020 East Sunburn Lane, Sandy, UT. A viewing will be held that morning from 10:30 - 11:30 am prior to the services at the church. Interment Larkin Sunset Gardens.

If you would like to watch the services online, please click on the blue "Watch Services" button above. You will be prompted to sign into your personal Zoom account. To sign up for your own free account, visit the Zoom sign-up page and enter your email address. You will receive an email from Zoom (no-reply@zoom.us). In this email, click Activate Account.