

# Diane Joyce Winters

*September 7, 1933 ~ December 18, 2023*

Diane Joyce Winters (Pyle) died Monday, December 18, 2023, in Utah Valley Hospital in Provo, Utah after a brief and sudden illness. Diane was 90 years old. Diane was the daughter of John Earl Winters and Virginia Mae Reid Winters and was born in the District of Columbia on September 7, 1933.

Diane grew up in Washington DC and attended Bunker Hill Elementary School, Taft Junior High School and graduated from McKinley Technical High School in 1951. She enjoyed science and chemistry. She had a lovely soprano voice and sang on stage in both duets with her sister, Connie (Constance) Winters (McGlynn), and in the Tech Concert Choir. Her father would become the Deputy Chief of Police in the DC Metropolitan Police Department, and in that capacity, Diane had the opportunity to meet many famous people, from the stage to foreign dignitaries. Growing up in the Nation’s Capital she was a firsthand witness to many of the major events in this country’s history.

Diane had a long and interesting life. Diane was married to Wayne C. Pyle for more than 20 years. She was the mother of 9 children: Gail L. Pyle Robson, Glenn A. Pyle, John C. Pyle, James Matthew and Mark Joseph Pyle (twins), Christian W. Pyle, Laure J. Pyle Call, Brett S. Pyle, and Janine C. Pyle Stouse. She was preceded in death by her son, Mark J. Pyle. Diane was also a grandmother, great grandmother, and great-great grandmother and these descendants number 45.

There will be a brief service and burial at 1:00pm on Friday, January 5, 2024 at Larkin Sunset Gardens, 1950 East Dimple Dell Road (10600 South), Sandy, UT.

"Do not stand by my grave and weep. I am not there, I do not sleep.
I am the thousand winds that blow, I am the diamond glints in snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle, autumn rain.
As you awake with morning’s hush,
I am the swift, up-flinging rush of quiet birds in circling flight,
I am the day transcending night.
Do not stand by my grave, and cry— I am not there, I did not die."
— Clare Harner,
The Gypsy, December 1934