

Donna Rae Wagner Powell

January 19, 1942 ~ December 1, 2024

Donna Powell passed away peacefully in her sleep on December 1, 2024 in Santaquin, Utah. She was a woman who lived with her whole heart and had a gift for making people feel special. Whether it was through the perfectly timed birthday or get-well card, or spending time with family, she always let those who were closest to her know how much they were loved.

Born in Independence, Kansas, she eventually moved to Rangely, Colorado, where she met and married Albert Eugene Powell, they had two children, Helen and Greg Powell. Eventually, they moved their family to Salt Lake City, Utah, where Donna taught at a Beauty College for several years. As her family grew, she loved a good road trip, especially if she was able to explore the country with her four grandkids in tow. Later in life she became a big Kansas City Chiefs fan and never let a game go unwatched.

Donna had an adventurous streak and was not afraid to bend the rules when she could get away with it. She believed life was funnier that way. She was a child at heart and loved playing with her great-grandson every chance she got. Donna enjoyed a good laugh, a great story, and any excuse to be with family and friends.

She is survived by her children Helen Erickson (Ron) and Gregory Allen Powell (Jill), four beloved grandchildren, and a great-grandson. She is preceded in death by her husband Albert Eugene Powell, her parents Ray Edward Wagner and Nellie Lucille Frye Wagner, and her older sister Deidre JoAnne Wagner Kenyon.

Donna’s legacy is one of love, and a reminder to always take the trip, and maybe break a rule or two. She’ll be deeply missed by everyone who knew her.

The family would like to thank all the support staff at Seasons of Santaquin for the loving care they gave Donna as well as the other residents for their friendship with her.

The funeral will be held at Larkin Sunset Gardens, 1950 E 10600 S, Sandy, UT, on Friday, December 6, 2024. There will a viewing at 11:00 a.m. followed by a graveside service at 12:00 noon.

When I come to the end of the road

And the sun has set for me

I want no rites in a gloom-filled room.

Why cry for a soul set free?

Miss me a little-but not too long

And not with your head bowed low.

Remember the love that we once shared,

Miss me-but let me go.

For this is a journey that we all must take
And each one must go alone.
It’s all part of the Master’s plan,
A step on the road to home.
When you are lonely and sick at heart
Go to the friends we know
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds.
Miss me-but let me go.

By Christina Georgina Rossetti