

Hiram Lopez Dominguez

February 8, 1949 ~ June 2, 2021

Hiram Lopez Dominguez
Son, Brother, Husband, Father, Friend

Hiram was born in Veracruz, Mexico on February 8, 1949. He passed from this earth on June 2, 2021.

He will always be in our hearts and with us in every moment as he was too big a part of us to ever really be gone.

Hiram met the love of his life, Sydna June Beasley in the summer of 1970 when she traveled to Mexico for her Spanish minor in college but came back with her Mrs. Degree. They took care of each other every single one of their fifty (50) years of marriage with a love that transcended all.

Rom, you were the absolute love of my life. I love you forever, for always, and no matter what. I miss you so, so much. – Yours, Sydna

Hiram was father to two stunningly beautiful, and incredibly smart daughters, Laura June Lopez (Summers) and Monica Joy Lopez (Roberts) to whom he imparted so much of his life experience and loving wisdom.
Dad, we have, and will always -because of your example, succeed at every challenge we encounter. Your love and your voice are our constant companion.

Dad, I have your gift of words, and your romantic view of the world which I capture with your eye for photography. Thank you for the special gift (and curse) of expensive taste for the best. I can pick THE MOST EXPENSIVE *anything* in any store upon entry. A piece of my heart has gone with you. I am so grateful to have been able to see you last week. Our last conversation was so special, and like always, you told me – together, we can conquer anything. I'm holding you to that. My world is much smaller without you. I miss you "OH SO MUCH!" - Lali

Dad, I share your joy and passion for sports (except basketball), and I am the same kind of picture-taking historian as you have always been, documenting all the momentous and spontaneous moments of my children's lives. Thank you for teaching me to love making Christmas special – the way you loved to – creating memories to cherish for a lifetime. Thank you for teaching me all I need to know about electronics, tools, and cars. It was my honor to spend your last few days with you. The loving wink you gave me as I left your side for the last time will forever be my sweetest memory. Just as I did that day, I'm winking back, and blowing you a kiss – I hope you catch it. I love you and will forever miss you. - Joy

Together, we are all the best parts of you.

Hiram's greatest joys were his grandchildren, Justin Blake Summers, Brynn Marie Roberts, and Chase Dalton Roberts. They lovingly call him "Papi". Each of them an athlete in their own right, taking every bit of coaching from their Papi as he swelled with pride to be in attendance at each of their sports activities. Justin, a college quarterback, Brynn, a high school softball star, and Chase, his young soccer protégé.

Papi, I once wrote a school paper about my hero. They told us to choose someone we wanted to be like when we got older. Other kids chose Kobe, MLK, and other public figures. I chose you. You made the life you wanted with intention and with love. You unlocked my curiosity and my identity. You gave me the confidence to go anywhere, talk to anyone, and to be myself, always – and unapologetically. I'm so proud of you. I love you. I miss you. You'll always be with me. – Justy

Papi, I look up to you in so many ways. Thank you for showing me how strong and resilient a person can be. I will always remember your positive words and hugs after a tough game. Just like you are proud of me for everything, I am proud to call you my Papi. Your love will always be with me. I miss you Papi, and I love you very much. - Brynnie

Papi, Thank you for always being there and teaching me to play soccer from your experiences and for telling me how proud you are of me – thank you for giving me the best gifts. I love you. - Chaser

Hiram was a romantic, a dancer, and a lover of *most* genres of music – which he always listened to at top volume. He taught his kids and his grandkids the same love of music. Together, we can name just about any tune, with title, lyrics, and artist – and we won't hesitate to challenge you. We hope he's proud of the legacy he leaves with us.

In fact, Hiram had an incredible artistic talent. Hiram was not a classically trained artist, but rather, like the man himself – self-taught, with dedication, desire, drive and ALL of his heart. Each of his paintings were masterful strokes of his soul, not just oil on canvas. If you by chance have one of his pieces in your collection, please know – it was his greatest honor to have painted something beautiful JUST for you.

Hiram always gave gifts on days other than birthdays and holidays because he truly believed every day was a special occasion. He wasn't going to wait for the calendar to tell him when he was supposed to do something. In fact, he always did EXACTLY what he wanted to do – and didn't give a damn what others thought. Thank you for teaching us confidence in ourselves, and the personal pride to do our best – and then some – at everything we do.

Papi liked to surprise Grandma with "engañito's", especially at Christmas. He loved to adorn her with the best of the best, but especially jewelry. He enjoyed blasting Christmas music and searching for Santa's sleigh with his grandchildren. His yard was the best-looking yard in the neighborhood, and he was very proud of it. He took pride in everything he had and took THE BEST care of everything he loved – especially all of us.

Hiram was a die-hard Jazz and Major League Soccer fan. We take special comfort in the fact that in his last days, he was able to watch his Jazz in the playoffs.

Hiram would give you the shirt off his back, the money in his wallet, with the grace of a man who knew what it was like to grow up in hard times. He was always quick with a joke, quick with a smile, and quick with a pat on the back. He made friends everywhere he went, because – it's hard not to like a man of his caliber.

Peace be with you Papi, and with all of us.
Forever and ever in our hearts,
Your loving family

In lieu of flowers, donations can be made in Hiram's name to CNS Home Health & Hospice.
https://www.cns-cares.org/donate
By Mail
Community Nursing Service
2830 South Redwood Road, Suite A
Salt Lake City, UT 84119
(Make check out to Community Nursing Services)

By Phone
Call (801) 233-6100.
All major credit cards accepted.