

LaRae Johnson DeYoung

October 10, 1973 ~ April 20, 2026

LaRae Ann Johnson DeYoung passed away unexpectedly on April 20, 2026, in Riverton, Utah, slipping away in the night in her own quiet and unassuming way.

LaRae was born on October 10, 1973, on the eighth birthday of her older sister, Laurie - a birthday they shared and enjoyed together for many years. She was born to parents Darrell Lorin Johnson and Anna Laura Jensen Johnson and was raised in Murray, Utah, where she spent nearly her entire life, living within the same square acre until she was in her forties. From an early age, she was known for her gentle, friendly spirit. She attended Arlington Elementary, Hillcrest Jr. High, and graduated from Murray High School in May 1991.

After High School, LaRae pursued training at Salt Lake Community College and became POST-certified as a dispatcher. She worked for several agencies, including Salt Lake Police, Valley Emergency Communications Center, IHC, UTA, and others. She also served as a court reporter for Judge Burton in the Murray Courts. She was known as a dedicated and dependable employee. One employer shared, “LaRae was truly special [and was] one of the hardest working and sweetest people… bringing kindness, dedication, and light into the workplace.”

Her compassion extended far beyond her work. While at the Murray Boys and Girls Club, LaRae formed a meaningful connection with a young boy named Chad. Coming from a difficult home, he found in LaRae someone who believed in him. Through her steady friendship and example, his life took a different path—one of faith, stability, and purpose. This was who LaRae was: someone who quietly changed lives by seeing the good in people.

LaRae longed for an eternal companion, and that hope was fulfilled when she met Henry Allen DeYoung on LDS Singles. After several years of dating, they were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple on June 21, 2014. She found deep happiness in their marriage. They shared a love of western culture and spent many evenings simply enjoying favorite movies or cop shows together. Recently, they discovered ham radio and used their newfound talent in Murray and Riverton parades and marathons. Their relationship was steady and a great example of how partners can support each other through their trials and challenges. With their marriage, they formed a fiercely loyal union that was deeply rooted in love.

Family was at the very heart of LaRae’s life. Before her marriage, her parents were her world. She spent hours talking with them, seeking their counsel on everything from finances to faith to family ties. As the youngest of seven, she was part of the cherished trio known as “the three little girls”—LeeAnn, Lisa, and LaRae—a label that followed the three of them into adulthood.

Though she had no children of her own, she poured her love into her 20 nieces and nephews. When a new baby was born in the family, she would sit for hours simply holding them, gently rocking them to sleep. But her connection didn’t stop in infancy; she made a deliberate effort to build relationships with each child as they grew.

She took them on one-on-one “dates,” where they would shop, go to movies, sing in the car, and simply talk. Those moments made each child feel seen and deeply valued.

Her nieces and nephews remember her in vivid and personal ways. They remember sitting in her Ford Ranger truck, being asked sincere questions about their lives, feeling grown-up and important. They remember her laughter—like the time she and a niece couldn’t stop laughing at something absurd LaRae had said. They remember sleepovers, “girl movies,” and the excitement of being chosen for a special outing. One remembered how LaRae proudly kept a simple bracelet they had made for her, mentioning it years later, preserving that child’s sense of accomplishment. Another remembered working alongside LaRae in “The Field” while she taught him how to mow lawns at an early age of 10 years old. A niece cherishes the moments they spent at horse shows and watching Hocus Pocus for the first time. LaRae always said she wanted to be a good example – and she was.

LaRae had a way of making people feel safe, important, and unjudged. She listened without interrupting, asked thoughtful questions, and helped others find their own answers. She remembered small things—nicknames like “Lucky Lucy, Louey, Daniello-Jello”, favorite activities, personal struggles—and followed up with genuine care. Her presence was calm, steady, and deeply comforting. She sought peace in any conflict, was deeply compassionate, and quietly loyal to those she devoted herself to. She listened more than she spoke and offered support without seeking recognition. As a child, she was known for her thoughtful notes, each one ending with her signature phrase: “I love you very very very very and so on much!”

When she married Henry, she embraced her role as a stepmother to Clara, Mathias, David, and Michael. Though stepping into an established family came with challenges, she worked to create a home that offered structure, care, and space for relationships to grow.

LaRae had many simple joys. She loved thrift shopping at the D.I., often bringing home small treasures for her home. She also had a fascination with old-time western cowboy culture—leather crafting, Roper boots, decorating with cowboy themes, watching western movies, and listening to country music. She even volunteered at This Is the Place Heritage Park during Candlelight Christmas for several years alongside nieces and nephews, dressing in pioneer clothing and sharing her warmth with visitors. On one occasion, she was affectionately nicknamed “Blue Bonnet” by President Gordon B Hinckley.

She loved photography and had a natural eye for capturing meaningful moments or authentic landscapes, often photographing family weddings and rustic scenes of country roads in Utah. She crocheted blankets for loved ones, kept her vehicle immaculate, and took pride in small details like her neatly done nails and her carefully organized purse—always to be held upright. She collected planners with the intention of staying organized and found comfort in routine and simplicity. She loved ramen noodles for their ease and familiarity and could happily eat them every day, all day.

She was a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and one of her favorite callings was working in the Primary – a calling she served in many times in her life. She appreciated the simple, childlike way the gospel was taught to the younger children, finding meaning in its clarity, purity, and the way it gently invited faith through basic truths and sincere love.

Certainly, she was welcomed home through the veil by a large family gathering made up of her many beloved aunts and uncles, as well as grandparents she never really knew. There is no doubt that there, in front of the crowd, with outstretched arms were her parents, Darrell and Anna Laura Johnson, thrilled to be united with her once again, especially so soon after her mother’s passing on Mother’s Day less than a year ago.

She is survived by her siblings: Lorin (Annette) Johnson, Layne (Kim) Johnson, Lynne (Mark) Maxfield, Laurie (Kevin) Maxfield, LeeAnn Johnson, and Lisa Johnson, along with her many beloved nieces and nephews – Anni (Brad) Ford, Holli (Brad) Carter, Tyler (Monique) Johnson, Michael (Brittany) Johnson, Matthew (Jenna) Johnson, Lyndsay (Kevin) Sessions, Cody (Michelle) Johnson, Christian (Susan) Maxfield, Andrew Maxfield, Sarah (Jeremy) Rosenvall, Aaron Maxfield, Deborah Maxfield, Eli (Kayli) Maxfield, Danielle (Nick) Mason, Ivana (Mario) Garcia, Orion Maxfield, Laura (Nathan) Bushman, Russell (Natalie) Maxfield, Jacob (Kaitlyn) Maxfield and Tanner Maxfield.

Funeral services will be held on May 4 at 12:00 p.m at LDS Ward House,5750 S Nena Way, Murray, Utah.With the viewing prior at 11:00 a.m at the same location. Interment will take place at Murray City Cemetery. Services will be

available via Zoom; you may click "watch services" above to attend.

LaRae led a simple and quiet life, and her influence reached far beyond herself. Her legacy lives on in the countless lives she touched through simple acts of love, kindness, and unwavering compassion. She will be missed dearly but profoundly mourned by her one true love, Henry. We miss you, LaRae.