Lynn Anderson Thompson

June 10, 1940 ~ October 5, 2021

HAP...Lynn Anderson Thompson entered this life on June 10, 1940, as the handsome redheaded baby of the family. His thick straight hair changed naturally from red to blond to brown to black to gray to silver. He closed his eyes on October 5, 2021, with a full head of white hair. ...PY BIRTHDAY DAD!!!!

He had a difficult childhood and only knew his father, William John Worth Kilgrow, for a short time in his early years, and didn't even know all of his other siblings. But he adored and honored his mother, Mary Viola Anderson Thompson Allred, whom he protected from a very early age. Legally, he had his name changed to Lynn Anderson Thompson in her honor. He had several close brushes with death--including surviving drowning as a toddler and being nearly scalped by a bucket of cement as an adult--but was preserved miraculously (sometimes by angelic intervention) for the Lord's purposes.

Dad grew to be a storyteller, fisherman, hunter, athlete, avid reader, and an excellent waltzer. He loved the outdoors and catching trout for a fish fry. He was always up for a good long drive to somewhere. . .anywhere his fancy or a calling took him.

Our dad never did anything half-heartedly and had several sayings that helped us remember to do the same. "Always remember to measure twice and cut once!", and, if you were having trouble with anything, he would say, "You've just got to be smarter than_____" (fill in the blank--the thing that was your problem). Dad loved puns; his wry wit was contagious: If Dad laughed, everybody laughed. He wasn't above a good water fight, singing little ditties to you, whistling while he worked (or, if he was really concentrating, his tongue would hang out), dumb jokes, being buried in the sand, or (before his back problems prevented it) wrestling with his sons. He loved letting us walk on his back at night or letting us ride around on him like he was a horse.

His mind was as curious as a cat and his hands were as strong as steel. It seemed he could build or fix almost anything. He was a general contractor, architect/designer (he spent years of his life in the service of the Lord in this field), inventor, framer, carpenter, welder, cabinet maker, plumber, handyman, librarian, people-organizer, gospel teacher (he had an extremely vast knowledge of the fulness of the gospel), intense studier, counselor, servant, true believer, and -- finally -- a reserved leader. Even in his last moments, he still was on the Lord's mission and knew there was much to do. This husband, father, grandfather, great-grandfather leaves behind countless progeny (natural and grafted-in), his sweethearts, loved ones, congregation, and his close Brethren.

Dad's iron will, immovable decisions, sharp reprimands, reluctance to take advice, and difficulty navigating relationships could make him unapproachable. He was often a lonely man in spite of being surrounded by people. Still, his nature and upbringing forged in him a lifelong determination and independent resiliency; until his final breath, he remained committed to conquering.

Despite his set ideas, he could sometimes melt the hard things away by showing a protective and compassionate side in moments of deep humility. Committed and unpretentious, he never sought recognition for service. In all his Priesthood callings he was unfailingly loyal and trustworthy: He got it done. . . and never went where he wasn't sent.

He played a key role in religious communities in Utah, Montana, Wyoming, and especially years of service in Arizona and Mexico. As a Seventy, he brought many to the feet of Christ. He became a stalwart Apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ. Although very much just a man with human frailties, he had the gifts of healing and prophecy when moved upon by the Spirit, as witnessed and testified by many. He has secured endless priesthood through the testimony and fruits of his life.

In his final years, Dad faced adversity and conflict that tried his patience and his hope, but he is now safe in the beloved arms of his older brother LaMoine, his uncle Owen, his father Rulon, his hero Joseph, and his pillar Christ.

Funeral Services:

Viewings: Sunday, October 10th, 5:00-8:00 p.m. and Monday, October 11th 9:00-11:00 a.m. @ the RCA Building in Bluffdale, UT

Funeral: Monday, October 11th, 11:00 a.m.- 12:30 p.m. @ the RCA Building in Bluffdale, UT

Interment: Rocky Ridge Cemetery 2:00 p.m.