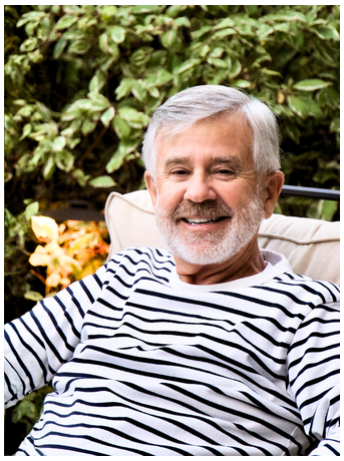


Richard Bruce McMullin

September 23, 1949 ~ March 2, 2026

Richard Bruce McMullin left his earthly home in the wee hours of March 2nd, 2026, at the age of 76. He was surrounded by the people he loved most in a room full of great love and peace. He has left a giant heart-shaped hole for the rest of us to fill. Although he generally went by his middle name, Bruce, he much preferred the many nicknames he seemed to acquire through life: Muc, Yogi, Bish, Boduwewe, G-pa, Poppie. Whenever introduced to a child, he would say, “Call me Uncle Bruce”. Therefore, he was known to hundreds of people by that moniker whether related or not. It was one way to connect on a deeply caring and personal level. If Bruce had one defining characteristic, it would be that he was a true people person. He was generous with his love and affection, and had a gift for making people feel seen, valued, and capable. And also, for making them laugh! His sense of humor was legendary

Uncle Bruce was born on September 23rd, 1949, to Robert L. and Phyllis B. McMullin into a lively family of eight. His early life was full of sports, camping, fishing, working in the family construction business, and scouting. From this loving and hard-working family culture, he developed an entrepreneurial spirit and experience in home building. He graduated from the University of Utah with a business finance degree and spent most of his career-life as the owner of McMullin Homes, building houses, condominiums, and even whole neighborhoods in areas around the Wasatch Front. Later in life, a change of interest and career lead him to the founding of SIBU, a health and beauty business utilizing an obscure orange berry from the Himalayas.

Bruce’s enthusiasm, charisma, and athleticism followed him to Highland High School where he participated in track, football, and school government. He loved serving as student body president, attending Boy’s State, and forming lifelong relationships with students and teachers alike. His education beyond high school was postponed, first by his training and service in the National Guard, and then by an LDS mission to the Netherlands. While there he gained a passion for chocolate, tulips, gouda cheese, patat friet, Van Gogh, and speaking Dutch. He continued his entire life enthusiastically chatting in Dutch with any willing participant.

After his return from the Netherlands, Bruce married his childhood sweetheart and best friend, Jean Macfarlane. As a young couple, they lived a life built on love, service, adventure, and faith. Over the years, seven beautiful children became part of their fantastic life journey. As a family, they travelled the planet doing humanitarian projects in Africa and South America, searching for sea buckthorn berries in India, scuba diving in various oceans, and climbing mountains everywhere. Their wanderlust took them to nearly 70 different countries, but their favorite destination remained the Red Rock country in their own back yard. Their beloved home in Springdale, Utah, which was acquired only weeks before Bruce’s first cancer diagnosis, served as a place of togetherness, healing, inspiration and hope.

If you needed a fan, Bruce was your guy. He loved his kids with a passion, attended uncountable soccer games, mountain bike races, dance concerts, and recitals. He was a cheer squad of one, clapping wildly and yelling “Eat their lunch!” from the sidelines. Sometimes, he was even the coach but yelling the same thing. After raising his own brood, he started all over with the grandkids whom he adored with his whole heart. Win or lose, he was always proud of their efforts. He and Jean began the tradition of taking each one to Europe upon high school graduation. Many unforgettable memories were made on these bonding adventures.

As a man of contrasts, Bruce loved flowers, babies, dogs, great art, and classical music, but also mountain biking, hiking, skiing and boating. He had a passion for Mother Nature and the great outdoors, although once, after being on the receiving end of a blast of buckshot, he nearly changed his mind. Still, he hiked and biked his way through the Wasatch Mountains, the Alps, the Utah National Parks, and even Kilimanjaro.

As a man of humble faith, Bruce served in many bishoprics and stake callings. His years as bishop of the Union 2nd Ward were some of the most satisfying of his life. He especially loved the youth and the elderly, and they loved him. He was a big fan of the gospel of Jesus Christ, taught it with a passion, and exemplified it wherever he went.

His cancer journey lasted 14 years and gained him many friends and advocates in three different Utah hospitals. If you ever had the pleasure of accompanying him to one of these places, you would find him gabbing happily with nurses and doctors, but also technicians, aides, and cleaning staff. He acknowledged everyone as equally valuable and was genuinely curious about their lives and troubles. He considered them friends and remembered the details of their lives. His home care family was especially dear to him. No doubt, he would love to have given one more hug of thanks to the many professionals who tried valiantly to prolong the life he loved so much.

Bruce is preceded in death by his son, Eliot McMullin, his parents, Bob and Phyllis McMullin, and his sister Lynnie McMullin. He is survived by his loving wife, Jean, and six of their children: Peter McMullin (Meagan), Dustin McMullin (Rachelle), Annie Lewis (Ryan), Mason McMullin, Minda Waltman (Scott), Samuel McMullin (Javiera), 13 amazing grandchildren, and his siblings, Margie Thomas, Bob McMullin, Diane Tanner, and Nancy McMullin. Also, countless friends whose lives were better because he was part of them.

A visitation will be held on Sunday, March 8th, from 6:00 to 8:00 PM at the Cottonwood Creek Stake Center, 1535 E Creek Road, Cottonwood Heights, Utah 84093. Funeral services will be held at the same location on Monday, March 9th, at 12:00 PM preceded by a visitation from 10:00 to 11:30 AM. A celebration of life will follow.