

Richard Leslie Turnbow

April 21, 1960 ~ February 4, 2026

Husband, Father, Grandfather, Brother, Friend, Coach

A game was played. Not in a stadium with bright lights and roaring crowds, but in backyards, living rooms, ballfields, and quiet hospital rooms.

He grew up a few blocks from State Street in South Salt Lake City. His first ballfield was complicated, gritty and tough, but always surrounded by the love of his first team: his mom, friends, and siblings. Those early years taught him loyalty, determination, and the value of working hard. The odds were against him to achieve the life he wanted, but for Rich, quitting simply wasn't an option when things got hard.

When he met the love of his life, he knew she was his ultimate co-captain. They were young, but ready to build something of their own. They stepped onto the field of life together, side by side, calling plays, covering bases, and trusting the other would always be there. They managed their own team of six by creating a home field built with unconditional love. They filled the dugout with laughter, life-lessons, and a support system that makes a team believe it can win.

Coaching his kids and grandkids was his absolute favorite pastime. Rich was supportive, reminding his team to keep moving forward, to control what you can, and to not be bothered about what you cannot. He wasn't flashy; he didn't need to be. He played small ball, always advancing runners, doing the unseen work, and showing up every inning. He was the first one to arrive and the last to leave. He was the pinch hitter, always ready to give you a lift. When the score was tight, he stayed calm and ready to pounce in the batter's box. He was patient, he rooted for you, and he wanted everyone to win. He was consistently there, a true captain of any team of which he was a part.

When the late innings came and the game turned uncertain, the bullpen was cleared. Rich's bravery and strength were unwavering. Every pitch was thrown with hope, will, courage, and resilience. His co-captain remained by his side for all one hundred and three days of his relentless battle. His team fought hard, and while he chose to walk off the mound his own way, they continue on, heartbroken, into extra innings.

What matters isn't the final out; it's how you played, who you stood beside, who you coached, and who you loved from the dugout and from the field. The strength of the team Rich created will continue for many innings to come. We will carry his number long after the field lights go out because this is The House That Rich and Kath Built.

To celebrate how well Rich played the game of life, please join us on March 7, 2026 at 4pm.

The Ballpark at America First Square

Terrace Club

11111 Ballpark Dr.

South Jordan, UT

84009

For his grandkids:

Konner: Work hard and don’t give up.

Karlie: Slow down and change the world.

Ricky: Go all in, you were built for this.

Ryann: I love you too, bye-bye.