Jan Leah Tapia

June 9, 1956 ~ August 21, 2014

Jan Leah Tapia, age 58, passed away peacefully in her sleep on Thursday, August 21, 2014 at her home in Salt Lake City, Utah surrounded by family who loved her. She was born in Salt Lake on June 9th, 1956 to Robert H. and Luise P. Johnson. She was an artist who excelled in watercolors, sewing, crochet, classic guitar, pottery and photography. She was able to capture and communicate beautiful things with her talent. She had a green thumb and an immense knowledge of plants and flowers. Her favorites were roses and columbines. She was always sweet, willing to try her very best, and a great listener. She was one of those people whom everyone loved and had the gift of bringing out compassion in all who knew her. Her mother said that she wanted two things in life: to go to Europe and to have a baby. She accomplished both and led a life doing her very best to be a great mom. Jan made her daughters special, each in their own way. She will be missed very much.

She is survived by her two daughters, Julia G. Tillen and husband Eric J. Tillen, and Ann J. Parris and her husband Scott A. Parris; three grandsons, Dylan, Dexter, and Eric Jr.; mother Luise P. Johnson; brother Robert H. Johnson; and three sisters, Luise R. Poulton, Stephanie N. Niketic and Jennifer A. Robyn.

In lieu of flowers the family has asked that a donation be made to the National Alliance on Mental Illness, Utah in the name of Jan Tapia. For additional information and condolences please visit www.larkinmortuary.com.

\"The most beautiful people we have known are those who have known defeat, known suffering, known struggle, known loss, and have found their way out of the depths. These persons have an appreciation, a sensitivity, and an understanding of life that fills them with compassion, gentleness, and a deep loving concern. Beautiful people do not just happen.\"

- Elizabeth Kubler Ross

Master, with anguish of spirit

I bow in my grief today;

The depths of my sad heart are troubled

Oh, waken and save, I pray!

Torrents of sin and of anguish

Sweep o'er my sinking soul;

And I perish! I perish! dear Master

Oh, hasten, and take control.

Master, the terror is over,

The elements sweetly rest;

Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored,

And heaven's within my breast;

Linger, O bless√®d Redeemer!

Leave me alone no more;

And with joy I shall make the blest harbor,

And rest on the blissful shore.

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