

William Clark Gibbs

March 2, 1958 ~ October 22, 2025

 William Clark “Willy” Gibbs — beloved husband, father, brother, grandfather (“Poppy”), and friend — passed away peacefully on October 22, 2025. Born on March 2, 1958, in Salt Lake City, Utah, Willy lived life to its fullest, a creator of fun and adventure, in every sense. Willy spent his life with purpose, guided by vision and meaning. He lived efficiently and effectively, but always with heart and a quick wit. He possessed a brilliant mind, one that could see beyond the noise of life to the greater picture. He was not distracted by the small or the trivial — instead, he sought clarity, truth, and light. He was a student of life in the truest sense, with an unending thirst for knowledge. Always reading, always learning, always thinking. Willy earned degrees in Economics and Law from the University of Utah, doing some of his coursework at Magdalen College, Oxford. He went on to receive his LLM from Georgetown University. His career took him around the world, his intellect and integrity leaving his mark wherever he went. But it was never titles or accolades that defined him. His greatest accomplishments were measured in love — the family he built, the friendships he nurtured, the laughter he inspired, and the memories he created. Willy married the love of his life, Elizabeth Dowell Gibbs, and for 45 years they shared a partnership of deep devotion, joy, and adventure. Together they built a life rich with meaning, purpose, and play. He was a devoted father to their five children: Whitney Elizabeth Butler (Brad), Lauren Reber (Lars), William Richard Gibbs, Madeline Eliza Goldhardt (Nathan), and Graham Godbe Gibbs (Mary). He was the proud and playful “Poppy” to his grandchildren: Evelyn, Stella, Vivienne, Shepard, Rune, Poppy, Lucy, Jonah, and Sam. He is also survived by his brother Brigham Gibbs, sister Wendy Keeler<span style="background-color: transparent; color: rgb(0,

0, 0);">, and countless loved ones and friends whose lives he enhanced. Willy loved the outdoors in all its forms. He was most alive in motion — skiing through deep powder or flying down a groomer, mountain biking down trails, riding motorcycles in the desert, catching a green wave, and more recently playing pickleball. He loved to go fast — the rush of wind, the rhythm of life lived fully. But what made it most beautiful was the way he brought others with him — his wife, his children, his friends — inviting everyone to experience the world's wonder right alongside him. He lived life as an exquisite adventure — through its highest peaks and deepest valleys — with intensity, purpose, and joy. He had a vision for what he wanted his life to be and he lived it that way: he worked to play. Those who knew him said it best — It was always "Willy's Will" and "Willy's Way." A man of deep faith, Willy was unwavering in his belief in Jesus Christ. He was grounded in truth and devoted to living a life he felt to be worthy of that truth. Willy's favorite church calling was serving at Huntsman Cancer Institute alongside his wife, a gift that allowed them to witness people of all walks of life, looking to their Savior for light, peace, and hope. Willy worked hard, showed up, and always put his family first. In a household with very different personalities, Willy managed to make each individual feel seen and loved, allowing each to excel in whatever their interests were. For those who knew him, Willy was a mentor and a guide, inspiring others to reach their full potential. He was a kid at heart – always the first to tease and to encourage his children (or anyone else with him) to try new and adventurous things. Forever grateful for the extraordinary life they shared, Elizabeth honors the love of her life — her best friend, confidant, and eternal companion. He is, and always will be, a force for good — an inspiration for fun and happiness. His family and friends will forever remember him in all things playful, fast, and adrenaline filled. Before his passing, Willy's family gathered for a celebration of life, honoring the joy and gratitude that defined his days. A private graveside gathering followed his passing, surrounded by his immediate family. Willy lives on — in the mountains he loved, in the laughter of his grandchildren, in the warmth of his home, and in the hearts of all who were blessed to know him. His mantra was simple yet profound: "the proper function of man is to live, not to exist" — Jack London. And oh, how he lived!
