

Memorial Service for Lloyd M Rasmussen
Remarks by Sandi Gentry
December 8, 2010

LLOYD M RASMUSSEN – THE EARLY YEARS

Lloyd M. Rasmussen was born in Monroe, Utah on February 6, 1934 to Floral and Rulon Rasmussen. He had two brothers. His elder brother, Rulon Eugene, whom I call Uncle Gene, is here with us today. He also had a younger brother, Ronald who passed away at the age of five months. His parents were wonderful, hard working people. If there is one thing I know, it is that my Grandparents were committed disciples of Jesus Christ and had impeccable faith. Lloyd was born into a rich heritage of ancestors who lived and testified of the truthfulness of the Gospel.

Floral described her son Lloyd as being a most serious boy. Mature beyond his years. As if he were born an old soul.

My Uncle James used to love to tell us that “one day when Lloyd was a little baby he laid in his crib, kicking and cooing like any other little baby... and then he rolled over and planned the rest of his life.”

But somehow he managed to find some time to play as well. He loved playing marbles and from what he told us he was awfully good. I can imagine those games were pretty competitive.

Dad worked hard in the fields with his brother and friends. He liked friendly competition, and made his work in the fields enjoyable by striving to collect more than the others.

When he was a boy my Grandpa Rasmussen put up a backboard and net. This was the beginning of my father's basketball career. He spent many hours perfecting his shot. He found he had a real talent at playing basketball and excelled at it. My Grandmother Rasmussen would tell me how exciting it was to watch her son play. During his Junior year of High School his team won the Utah State Championship. Grandma Rasmussen wrote in her history that half of Monroe traveled to watch the championship game at the University of Utah. It was a happy, happy day when they won. Upon traveling back to Monroe there was a huge caravan of cars trailing the bus. The other half of Monroe came out to meet them at the city line. Cars and fire trucks lined the roads. They were welcomed home by a joyous crowd.

Many of you may not know that my father went on to play basketball for BYU; and you can see his picture hanging today in the Athletic Complex there.

Although basketball brought many successes in his High School Career, there is no doubt his biggest accomplishment was winning the heart of a certain girl. I loved to hear my father tell the story of first seeing my Mother.

It was a night during Christmas time. People from Monroe and Elsinore were gathered for a Christmas Program and he saw the most beautiful girl

dressed in white. My Father told me how he went home that night and asked his brother Gene, “who is that girl in the white dress with the long blond hair?”

And Gene answered, “Why that’s Pee Wee Lott’s Cousin.”

It took some further sleuthing to find out her name was Sharon Lott. They met at South Sevier High School a few years later. And by his junior year, they were high school sweethearts. My Dad writes, “We had common goals and aspirations, we made sacrifices to be together.”

Lloyd and Sharon were married June 26, 1953 in the Manti Temple. Lloyd finished his college at BYU. Both Sharon and Lloyd worked hard to pay their way. After graduating, Lloyd was recruited by Bank of America. He accepted the job and that brought them out to California. They were only here a short time before Lloyd was drafted to the Army. Off they went to El Paso, Texas. Lloyd and Sharon learn many life lessons during those years.

You might assume by seeing their large posterity that they were blessed right away with children. That was not the case. There were six years filled with miscarriages and heartache. But those years also fostered their faith in God. My Grandmother shared with me a beautiful experience they had in the Manti Temple that meant so much to her. One night in the temple Lloyd’s father Rulon offered a most beautiful prayer for them. Floral remembered it as being a most spiritual moment.

Soon after, Sharon and Lloyd were blessed with a sweet boy they called Danny. But the challenges didn't end there. After Danny, Mother had another complicated pregnancy ending in miscarriage, and Doctors told her to go home and enjoy the one boy they had. They were told they would not be able to have any other children.

I am the sixth child naturally born to Lloyd and Sharon Rasmussen. I would not be standing here today if it were not for the unshakable faith of my parents and grandparents. My father believed that through faith, miracles are possible. My father's life was filled with miracles. And his posterity is evidence of it.

I always knew that my father knew that the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints was true. I know that he knew that through faith in the Atonement of Christ anything was possible. But what I am most thankful for is that he taught me this too. So that I too may testify of the truthfulness of the gospel and reap the blessings that Heaven pours down upon us.

I say these things in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.