

The Funeral of Wendell Don Roundy

10 July 1940 to 22 January 2007

Shad Don Roundy, son:

“We would like to thank everybody for being here it means a lot to us as a family. We are pretty much going to follow the program. I will say a few words that my brother and sister have prepared then I’ll say a few thoughts and we will go from there. Wendell Don Roundy was born in Mapleton, Utah to Iris E. and Don A. Roundy July 10, 1940. He was the oldest of 6 children, four brothers and one sister. He was raised in a small country town at the mouth of Maple Mountain where he grew up hunting, camping and fishing. Growing up he worked for a couple of orchards picking apples, cherries and working for local farmers putting up hay for the winter. He graduated from Springville High School in 1958 with straight A’s as well as LDS Seminary. He attended Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah and Utah Trade Technical College where he learned to become a machinist and did some boxing.

He worked as a Fuller Brush salesman, a machinist, a real estate agent, general building contractor, a logger, a truck driver and a general jack of all trades.

He was a member of the NRA and the GPAA which is the Gold Prospecting Association of America and served as the President of the Salt Lake Valley Thoroughbred Association in the 70’s.

He was an endowed member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. He was married for a time to Zina Bramall, they had two children, Dan and Kim Roundy. He later married my mother, Nancy Leigh Conley and was married to JoAnne Knight for a short time. In total he has eight grandchildren, one of whom is serving in the Army stationed in Baghdad, Iraq. He also has four great grandchildren and one more on the way.

He enjoyed anything to do with horses, hunting, fishing and the great outdoors and teasing anyone. Especially those that he knew well. He enjoyed helping people and expected nothing in return and often times would not take anything in return. He was a great man and will be sorely missed.

As a small child I remember some of the things he taught me, and my mom wasn’t too happy about. But there are some things I’ve taken throughout my life that mean a lot to me that he is a part of who I am today. His work ethic has taught me a lot. I remember especially as a little boy he always made sure I had more fun than I deserved. He made sure that anything and everything that I wanted to do and anything and anywhere I wanted to be he would make sure I got there. If not today, then as soon as possible. He was always very giving. He always wanted the best for everybody around him. I am particularly fond of the times that I got to spend working with him. As odd as that may sound his passion was work and outdoors and he taught me a love and respect for that. I will always carry that.”

Kim Roundy Holmes, daughter:

“Well my dad always taught me that you don’t cry, so my motto has become ‘it’s laugh or cry’ and we don’t cry, so we laugh. I wanted to share some (so now I’m going to get weepy...) so I wanted to share some memories and stories. I guess everybody here probably knew my dad pretty well and he had a way with word, well one of his first words was ‘ort dort day’. So when he was a little boy, he would tell his mom that and it took them awhile to figure that out, but that meant that he wanted a drink of water. Now he doesn’t know, and we don’t know and I guess it will remain a mystery forever how that came to be, but he has a way with words. A nickname or a funny word for everybody.

Now my Dad would never drink alcohol and he told us the story of maybe the reason why he chose not to, or one of the reasons he chose not to. When he was a little boy he saw his uncles and his dad drinking and he would want to drink with them, ‘oh, I want a drink, let me have a drink of that’ and his dad would say no, you know you’re a little boy, you can’t have that, it’s bad for you. Well one day, his dad went off to do something else and he was standing there with his uncles and they were all drinking and he had asked for a drink, so after his dad left they said ‘come here, come here’ so they gave him a beer and told him ‘hurry, hurry, your dad’s coming back!’ so he chugged this bottle or can or whatever it was of beer, well he got sick! Cause he was trying to hurry before his Daddy got back and he got really really sick. And I think that might have been one of the reasons that he later decided that wasn’t an option for him.

He shared a lot of stories with us about his growing up and one of our favorite ones that I’m sure we can never forget is the day him and his friends were playing, I guess tag, and there was an open septic tank in the yard. Well all of the kids apparently, but one, knew that there was an open septic tank in this yard and they went running around and they either jumped over it or went around it. Except, and I don’t know the name of the boy that fell in the septic tank, but my Dad can remember him coming up gasping and gagging and that was one of his favorite childhood memories, probably because it wasn’t him that fell in.

Another one is, I guess one of his best friends growing up was Ray Daybell, I do remember that name, thanks to my Mom, because I wasn’t there. He had a car and it had a problem with the transmission and it would only go in reverse. So the little town he lived in they would drive this car everywhere, I guess maybe at the time he was the only one with a car, I’m not sure the reason they were always in that car, but it would go in reverse and they would drive it around in reverse all over town. Said Ray became the best backward driver anywhere and that’s what they did as teenagers.

Now, I guess everybody knows my dad loved horses. Loved horses and I think lived to have more horses and have horses and share his horses and anything to do with them. I know when he was a teenager he had a horse named Merle, I think it was black, right? I think that’s right. So that was probably one of his first ones, cause he was, they weren’t too rich when he was growing up, they were just trying to survive like everybody else at that time I guess. So as soon as he was old enough to work, that was one of the, well, probably a car and then a horse. And he loved that old Merle horse, he told us about that one.

I can remember some of the horses we had, and we spent growing up you know, the first few years of our lives we were at the race track. Cause he was going to have, now you have to think about Utah, they think a little bit different than some of the other states and they didn't have para-mutual betting on the horses, and that really bothered him. So that was one of the reasons that he was the President of the Thoroughbred Association, because he, that was a goal, he was going to get para-mutual betting in Utah, which didn't happen but not because he didn't try. He really really tried to do that. But that's what we spent a lot of time doing, going around to surrounding states and racing horses. And it was his dream to have a triple crown winner, and maybe a lot of peoples, but that was one of his as well.

He also liked to hunt on his horses. And we had this little horse that belonged to my brother Dan, that we called Chocolate, his little horse. It was a wild little horse it was quite a spirited thing, and Dan could handle it just fine, because you know he was taught to ride from day one. And then we had another horse, that was a big old clumsy Palomino horse, named Blondie, I'm not sure why we named, I guess because she was Palomino. Well they hobbled these two horses up hunting and they went to sleep. And when they got up the horses were gone. Of course they started immediately to track the horses trying to find them. Chocolate was part Arabian and part Quarter horse, so it had a little tiny step and it could just go right along in these hobbles like nothing. And it did, it just took off. Well Blondie this big old thick, I guess you would call her a Quarter horse, and clumsy tried to follow. And they had also tied a log behind. So they found them on the next mountain over, where we're from in Utah there's a lot of mountains and that's where they found them, on the next mountain over. And here's this little Chocolate still just going, and poor Blondie just had really messed up her legs bad. The back where the log kept coming up and hitting her... that was another one of his favorite hunting stories, of the horses escaping.

He had a lot of strange events like that.... Like we always say at our house, 'never a dull moment' that was the same if you were around him. And that was the same horse, that Blondie horse, that he was horse shoeing and had to go in the house, you know before cell phones and all that, to get a phone call. And when he came back, she had drug the horse trailer sideways all the way across our pasture. So she was a, she had problems.

But I remember as a kid we would go riding in the foothills (on the horses) that were behind our house and wherever we could whenever we could. And I told this story to somebody over at the funeral home about the day, that we think and we're not sure, that one of our horses got the better of him. We all woke up early in the morning, and he was sitting on the couch, and maybe I don't know if Dan remembers this or not, he had a big cut on his head, he had ice, he'd put it up there for a minute, and then he'd sit there and he wouldn't talk and he wasn't going to tell anybody what happened and he just sat there, 'what happened?' you know and me and Dan, of course we were little kids you know, we were worried about him! I mean, he got a cut on his head, and it's not very often that something gets the best of our dad so we were really worried about him. He never would tell us, but we decided in our own minds that this little colt we had, this little Thoroughbred colt that he was trying to train, he called him Mr. Shorty and he kicked everyone. Or tried to kick everyone, we decided that Mr. Shorty must have got the best of him. And we'll never know, but that's what we decided.

He also always loved the German Short Hair dogs. We had the bird dogs when we were little, we had one, Cody that just wreaked havoc on everything we owned, chewed up the seats in his Jeep, which did not make him happy, because you know he liked things to be just the right way. So he was not happy about it. Chewed up the sleeping bags, which I think my mom might still have one of those, I'm not sure. And we still used them. But that dog Cody he use to hook him up to a sled and he used to let it pull us around in the winter time.

And like I said, he loved hunting, camping and fishing, we could stay here all day and talk about all the memories from that, but a couple of the, our favorite things were the Tote-Gots, we had two Tote-Gots, a red and a blue Tote-Got, he took us all over everywhere on the Tote-Gots. I have an Aunt, you think six kids that I have is a lot, I have an Aunt that has nine. That's a lot more, well, even though it's only three, it seems like a lot more. And one of her boys told me one time, that he was always grateful to my dad, because he would take the time to give the kids rides.

Another memory, I hope I don't mess this up, I hope it's not something Dan wanted to share, is deer hunting. He had this big Buck knife, he was pretty proud of that, it was one of his favorite possessions. Well he lost it while they were deer hunting, and they bent a Pepsi can in half and they gutted the deer with a bent in half Pepsi can. You know, he was a jack of all trades and very resourceful.

And I can remember going to Cherry Creek, and to tell you the truth, I don't know where Cherry Creek is, I can only remember the name. But I know it was on Easter, at least one time we went, with the horses, after he was married to Nancy, and I guess Shad probably wasn't born yet, and we took the horses up. We went on Easter and we must have gone on Easter morning, because he let all the kids out, some of us rode the horses and some of us rode the motorcycles up, they went up in the truck, set up camp and hid all the eggs. So by the time we got up there, maybe I remember wrong, but that's the way I remember it anyway. (Nancy said 'in the snow')... Oh, I forgot the snow, but that would be right, that would be my dad, very adventurous.

I remember fun trips like that. As a matter of fact I think I remember me and Shad's sister Tandy, we went riding in our short pants on the horses and we came back with scratched up legs, that was a bad idea.

He also took us to the Uintahs which if you don't know is a mountain range in Utah/Nevada, big beautiful gorgeous place, and we hiked in 29 miles. The youngest one of the kids, and this was before Shad was born as well, you missed some good stuff Shad, Tarah I believe was four at the time. And we hiked in 29 miles. And this was a monumental trip in my mind, I will never forget this trip! For many reasons, maybe everyone has their own reasons. But we went and we hiked in there and we stayed by a lake that was covered with ice, and I remember some of us girls 'had' to wash our hair, we were there a week and washed it in the most freezing cold water I've ever felt in my life. It probably wasn't worth it. I also remember the first day we went there, My dad and Dan had the gargantuan packs because here we had five or six, however many kids there were, there were a bunch of us! And hiking into there, we needed a lot of things to stay a week, so we had the tents and we had the sleeping bags and poor Dan and my dad had, we

weighed them, 75 pound packs on their backs. So we only made it about half way, and we did this in a day, the 29 miles. So we only made it about half way before those two were about give out, so they said we're going to drop the tents and the bags and go the rest of the way, we'll come back and get these and come back. So that was the plan. So we got up there and all we really had to set up camp with was, the only thing I remember besides the little knap sack each of us kids had was vinyl table clothes. So we built a fire and off they went to get our tents and our sleeping bags. Well, they never came back and all night long we spent putting rocks by the fire, and putting them in the with the kids to keep them warm because it was freezing! The lake was still iced over that's how, it was cold, really cold, this is tropical right here compared to what it was there. Anyway, in the morning I'll never forget the fire coming out of Nancy's eyes when she made us hot chocolate and she told us she was going to find our dad, and if he wasn't dead, she was going to kill him! That was the only excuse he could have given her at that moment to be forgiven for that. And just on his behalf, the flashlights, we had the batteries for the flash lights and they went half way back up the trail, and there was all the trees in the mountains, it was so black they couldn't see their hands in front of their face, and they had no choice but to just lay down and go to sleep on the trail until daylight. So it wasn't for lack of trying that they didn't make it back, and I think that was forgiven eventually and that was a fun memory.

Anyway, I just have to say in celebration, in celebration? In reward for the 75 pound pack, as we came out of the Uintahs we stopped at this little Mom and Pops burger shop and Dan got a half pound hamburger, which we had never seen at that time, that was back when everybody, you know, ate a Happy Meal sized hamburger. I knew it was big, it took up the whole plate and I think he might have eaten it all... did ya? (Dan said 'you're telling me a lot of things I have forgotten') I love memories, I'm a memory girl.

One other hunting thing I wanted to share with you was when we went to Flaming Gorge. Now my dad made his own roads. He didn't believe in driving on the roads that were well traveled. He wanted his own road, on his way, where nobody else was going to come bother him. We went to Flaming Gorge, and he tried to find all these spots he had been to, Flaming Gorge is a big reservoir, sorry, I know all these things, I just think everyone else does too, but it's a great big reservoir and all these spots he had previously made, were now, everybody was using them, so he had to find another spot to camp. Well he drove off a cliff, I think he made us all get out, except Dan, who refused to, and he drove off this cliff, because if you drove down the cliff there was this big flat overlooking the whole reservoir which was beautiful. And that was where we camped. I don't know how long we were there, but it was a little while. And we had fun there. Well when it was time to go back, of course all the kids had to climb up the cliff to the top. And I say cliff, and you know it probably, well it kind of was a cliff wasn't it? It was pretty straight up and down. It wasn't straight up and down, but it was... I think it was a cliff! So him and Dan got in the truck, the rest of us climbed to the top to watch and they got back as far back as they could and they got a run for the hill and they went up there, and luckily survived the guns bouncing out of the gun rack and almost knocking them both out, and got up there and we went home, we all had survived that road making.

He was, you know, he could be forgiving, because one time when we went hunting, him and Dan and I, and I think it was just a day trip... I got tired of walking and I stayed in the truck and I put the seat backwards and listened to the radio all day. And we were up on the mountain, and of course when they got back the battery was dead. And they had to walk a ways and it was a 4 wheel drive truck and I think that was the same day that once we got the battery jump started by somebody that came along, we got stuck. All four wheels in the mud! And so, he could be patient when he needed to be, because as you can see, I am still standing before you.

One of the things he loved to do was tickle the kids. And we called it 'tickle torture' because sometimes it got to the point where we thought it was torture. But he would hold your, tickling your feet was probably his favorite, so if you never had 'tickle torture' from him, you did miss out on that, because he loved to tickle and tease and hide around the corner to scare you. And he liked to do that with people he worked with as well. When he worked in a machine shop, and I forget the name of it, and it's in Utah, so none of you would probably know it anyway, he use to walk by the guys working on the machines, and light a fire cracker, and as he walked by he'd just drop it, and it would go off and it would scare them half to death. So he had people trying to get him back all the time, and never could. You could never get the best of him. Except for one day, he took pride in the food he created, and he had this big hoagie sandwich and he was in the lunch room at the machine shop, and he piled it high and had it all big, and he's sitting on a stool and he was completely thinking about his hoagie sandwich he was about to eat. And I think it was more than one, I think it was a little bundle of fire crackers somebody just kind of reached around the corner and threw them right as he went to take a bite of that sandwich, and they got him and he was showered with all the fixins for a hoagie sandwich.

There was one guy he had a problem with in the machine shop because he kept changing the radio station off his country to rock and roll. That is a big no no if you know my dad well, there will be no rock and roll on the radio where he is. So to pay that guy back, he placed limburger cheese in various places where he couldn't see it in his tool box. And it took him about a week to find all that limburger cheese and get it out of there. But that was the way he handled the radio.

They say that charity is the pure love Christ and that was one of the traits that my father had, was charity. He taught by example, I have to say, as odd as this sounds, my dad taught me how to curl my hair. He really did, he taught me how to do that, he taught me how to cook and clean and do the dishes, in the right order. Because if you didn't know, there is an order to doing dishes, and he taught me that. And he taught me how to ride horses of course, which I love. And he taught me the value of education, I remember being really little, maybe eight, and I wanted to type on his type writer, and I was down there clunk, clunk, clunk and he came in and he said 'oh, no,no,no,no that is not how you type, you need to put your hands on these keys and then he said, look up' so I did, and he said 'now type your name.' And I was like 'how do I type it?' He wouldn't let me look down, and we found a better way, I did learn how to type, but he was like 'if you're going to do something, you do it right.' He taught me the value of education, that was important and to be responsible, because there were consequences. If the horses weren't fed, you didn't get fed, you know.

One of the things, I'm sure everyone here knows how he was always giving and helping and doing for others. But one of the things that I remembered as a kid, I don't know why, I thought it was a pretty cool thing, was, Dan was on a baseball team when he was a kid. And they started out the season pretty good, and they won their first game and they won their second game and he wanted to encourage them to keep going. So he went in there to the dugout and he told those boys, 'if you win every game this season, I will take you all to LaGoon' which is an amusement park. And so that's what they went on that whole year, they were undefeated. And I remember going to LaGoon and I remember standing there with him, all these little baseball players going in and getting their tickets and let me tell you what, it cost him over \$100, which in the 70's was a lot! But I remember that, him being generous with the kids, he loved the kids.

I didn't get to see him much in the last part of his life. But I told him that I know he loved me and he always will. And I love him too. And now that I made my brother cry, it's his turn."

Dan W Roundy, son:

"Thanks Kim! I'm glad Kim had so much to say, because a lot of those things she had to say, I had forgotten a lot of those things, and they really are special to me.

I miss my dad. I didn't get to see him a lot, on a regular basis. But I always knew he was a phone call away. Anytime that I wanted to talk to him, I was so glad when he finally started carrying a cell phone, so I could get a hold of him when I wanted to. When I found out that he'd passed away, when I got ready, I couldn't pick up that phone and call... this is a lot harder than I thought it was going to be.

I don't remember my dad going to church on a regular basis, but he had a lot of Christ like virtues that he lived in his life. One that Kim mentioned was charity. He couldn't hardly pass somebody up on the road without asking them if they needed something. When we were kids, in Utah, we'd have icy roads a lot and there was always someone that'd get off the road and he couldn't hardly pass them up. A few times, he himself got stuck getting someone else out, and I remember there was a time that they went ahead, they were in a hurry so they had to go and left him there. He just had that kind of heart. He was kind and compassionate.

When you were a kid, you better not ever tell a lie, because you would pay for that. That one time and you would never think about a lie again. Honesty and being truthful in dealing with your fellow man, was something he made sure he instilled in us. And like Shad said, he had a great work ethic. Every job I've ever had, and any income I've ever made is mostly because of the things he taught me. And they say that you can give a man a fish and feed him for a day or you can teach a man to fish and feed him for a lifetime. He taught me to fish, and I will never forget him for that. He was a dreamer, he was a dreamer, he had dreams and plans and goals, always. And he would drive and push to accomplish those. I don't see how he accomplished some of the things he did in his life. He didn't accomplish near all that he wanted to.

There is one story I would like to tell. When I graduated high school I came here to Louisiana where he was living at the time. And we went to work together logging. And we went out to the woods and I said 'Alright, what do we do?' and he said 'well, there's the chain saw and

there's the trees over there, we need to go cut them' and I said 'ok, how do you do it?' and he said 'I don't know, I've never cut a tree before.' And I said 'Alright, well show me how to start the saw', and he said 'I don't know, I've never run a chain saw before.' So he wasn't afraid to tear into anything like that, and he taught me not to let things in life intimidate you. Just push through them and learn as you go. Make mistakes, believe me, we made a lot in the logging business. We made a lot of mistakes, and we learned to do it right before we were through.

I believe that my father is not gone from us, he is just in a different place right now. He has moved on to the spirit world, waiting for the resurrection that is made possible by Jesus Christ through the atonement. And I feel like I will see my father again. I'm glad that Kim shared all those stories with us, because I was pretty much drawing a blank.

I'm sure that a lot of you who knew him had different memories that you shared and things that happened. We would like to invite you at this time if anyone would want to share memories or stories."

Unknown friend...

"I met Wendell I guess around three years ago. Bought some property from him and we went into the pallet business for awhile. And we built a building. I got to know him pretty well. I heard all about ya'll. We'd sit out there in the wood for about a year and we got to know each other pretty well. I had some of the same experiences that he had, so we kind of related to each other. We prayed together, he definitely had characteristics of Christ, for sure. He was funny, he was witty. We'd go to Dairy Queen every day, if you can imagine that. And the lady would ask, what do you want to drink? And he would say 'I want whiskey.' But he would always make them laugh like that. He would just mess with people. He made the mundane fun. A very smart man, very analytical, he could build anything. When we built the building, it was funny, because I'm from Houston, I'm a city boy. I moved up here about three years ago, my wife is from East Texas and she won, so we're here. But, I had always been in an office job, in accounting and I came up here and I decided to do a construction. And he would make fun of me because I was always scared to get up on these 20 foot ladders, but Wendell would always make fun of me for that. But he taught me a lot about building. A lot about building, he knew a lot about building.

One time I was sitting at the truck and he had the back hoe, and he had concocted a strange contraption where were lifting ourselves up in the air through a front end loader, I guess it was a walkway that he had made and I was standing on the ladder and putting on a truss and I was hammering and he came forward to me and I got scared and I dove off. And he always said that he had knocked me over, but I jumped off, and I never told him that. But anyway, that was good. I miss Wendell, he was a real good friend, for sure.

Unknown friend...

We had an ? working in the vet clinic for Dr. Henderson, she was a four year vet student. One of the things we had done was scheduled a castration on one of his colts that he was working with. And we set it up so that she could do that. The day after we did that, he called up to the

clinic and said 'I need to speak to who castrated my horse' and so the poor girl gets on the phone, and she didn't know Wendell, and she gets on the phone 'sir, how can I help you?' and he said 'well you castrated the wrong colt' and she said 'I'm sorry?' and he said 'ya, you castrated the wrong colt! You castrated my million dollar colt!' and so she got all in a panic and she started shaking and she said 'Dr. Henderson, you need to handle this.' And he did that to us a lot at the clinic. He could do a million different voices, and he one time he called and said he had a new Philly on the ground and he had a problem that she was a white Philly, and she was born with two tails and the reason I'm upset is that one of them is black and I need you to take this second tail off because he couldn't handle to look at it. He always had some great trick.

Musical Number, by Melanie Roundy:

Dan: "We're going to have a musical number by my daughter Melanie, who has been interested in singing for many years, and in the school choir. And when my dad was made aware of that he offered to pay for some voice lessons, and he said 'as long as you sing me a country song, that's all I want in return.' She wasn't able to do that while he was alive

'Go Rest High On That Mountain'

I know your life
On earth was troubled
And only you could know the pain
You weren't afraid to face the devil
You were no stranger to the rain

Go rest high on that mountain
'Cause, Son, your work on earth is done
Go to Heaven a shoutin'
Love for the Father and the Son

Oh, how we cried the day you left us
And gathered round your grave to grieve
Wish I could see the angels' faces
When they hear your sweet voice sing

Go rest high on that mountain
'Cause, Son, your work on earth is done
Go to Heaven a shoutin'
Love for the Father and the Son

Go rest high on that mountain
'Cause, Son, your work on earth is done
Go to Heaven a shoutin'
Love for the Father and the Son.