



## Don Wood

December 11, 1954 - June 12, 2014

Donald Joseph Wood after a long battle with Pulmonary Fibrosis returned to his Heavenly Father early on the morning of June 12, 2014. He was born to Valden and Joan Wood on December 11, 1954. He was the second of 5 children.

He is survived by his wife LeAnn; and children Jessica (Tom) Boyce, Shane (Courtney) Smith, Lindsay Harrop, Shannon Harrop, and 5 grandchildren: Britney, Riley, Joey, Ethan and Colton, his mother Joan Wood, siblings, Jim (Talamar) Wood, Debbie (Joe) Lummus, Kenny (Loni) Wood, Valerie Walker.

He was preceded in death by: Jeremy William Wood (son), Valden Jay Wood (Father), Patricia Lou Cooper (formally married to).

He had many hobbies which include: chess, map making, camping, fishing, hiking, gardening, history, four-wheeling and genealogy. He also dedicated 35 years to the forest service. He also served a two year LDS mission to Japan and continued to serve as Ward and Stake Sunday School President. Don will truly be missed by many.

Funeral services will start at 10:30-12:00 for a viewing and funeral starting at 12:30 on Saturday June 14, 2014 at the LDS Chapel, 507 West 700 North American Fork, Utah. Interment will be at the American Fork City Cemetery, 26 West 600 North American Fork, Utah.

Funeral Directors: Utah Valley Mortuary.

# Cemetery

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## American Fork City Cemetery

600 North 100 East  
American Fork, UT, 84003

# Events

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**JUN 14**   **Viewing**   10:30AM - 12:00PM

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Pacific Drive 2nd Ward  
507 West 700 North, American Fork, UT, US,  
84003

**JUN 14**   **Funeral Service**   12:30PM - 01:30PM

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Pacific Drive 2nd Ward  
507 West 700 North, American Fork, UT, US,  
84003

# Comments

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“ 1 file added to the album New Album Name



**Linda Whitmore** - June 14, 2014 at 09:32 AM



“ I love this picture

**Courtney** - June 14, 2014 at 07:49 PM



“ Don is wearing a shirt that I also own in this photo. It is from Dodge City, KS. That's funny.

Don's Cousin, Barry.

**Barak Geertsen** - July 19, 2014 at 09:33 AM

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“ Don was just a few years older than I. So I always looked up to him as a leader and friend. As kids we played run sheepy run in the dark in the sand dunes one year. He was the team captain and we were the champs. We never tired of the game and would play what seemed like all night. I loved having him on my team we I loved our singing and talks at family reunions around the camp fires. This is the reason we have those reunions and we go. I have so many great memories and gained great relationships through spending time together at our Wood reunions. Family is important to get to know. Don is actually my Grandmothers brothers son. I knew and loved Don well. Thank you for the good memories and fun camping reunions. Say Hi to my Grandma Reva I miss her.  
To Dons family may you truly feel his presence and guidance in your lives. He will be there when you need him.

Linda Whitmore

**Linda Whitmore** - June 14, 2014 at 09:30 AM

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“ Don was and is a great cousin. I have so many good memories of him. We went to cousins' parties at his brother Jim's apartment. We played basketball at the Deseret Gym. We went hiking several times and he, my brothers and I went on a trip to the Grand Tetons and had a memorable time up there. We also had many good gospel discussions It was a better world for having him in it.. My condolences to Aunt Joan, to Don's wife, children and grandchildren and to the rest of the family. Attached is a link to my video tribute to him.

<http://youtu.be/uYUMv2DF0qA>

Barry Geertsen  
Cousin and Friend

Barry Geertsen - June 14, 2014 at 05:55 AM

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“ My condolences to the family. I would like to share some memories I have of Don. He was the son of my dear brother Valden and Joan. I felt I was very close to Don. We had a bond. One time he came out to take some training in Alabama and convinced his boss to let him fly into Nashville. We had a nice visit for several days before I drove him on to Alabama. I knew Don spoke Japanese, so before dropping him off, I took him to dinner at a Japanese restaurant. When our food came, we didn't get any chopsticks with which to eat. I wanted to show off and ask for chopsticks in Japanese. The waitress said she didn't understand, so after repeating it a few more times I asked her if she was Japanese. She said no she was Korean. So much for impressing Don with my language skills.

That visit and our trip down the Grand Canyon were two things that made a lasting impression on me. I got to know him quite well, he was a good man. It was an honor to know you Don, you were more than a nephew to me, you were my friend. My dear brother would be proud. Say hello to your Dad for me.

Your Uncle Ronnie

Ronald R Wood - June 13, 2014 at 10:05 PM

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“ About 5 years ago or so, Don was diagnosed with a formidable challenge that was robbing him of his ability to simply breathe. I remember many of us at work discussing his condition, first in terms of bewilderment at what this was, then in terms of horror as we learned more. I also remember my own day of realization that “no cure” had a meaning that should be cursed and denied, with lots of whys attached to it, and with a possibly tragic end result. The options for Don at that time sounded less than hopeful at what his quality of life might become. I remember thinking that he might not be able to survive this eventually. Don was living with it every day and minute. I can’t imagine what he was thinking or feeling then.

A few months into the challenge, Don approached me and asked if I would consider going on a hike with him. We had never done such a thing together and didn’t really have a relationship that would suggest we would ever go hiking together – it wasn’t bad, it just didn’t exist. Don LOVED the outdoors, the mountains, the beauty, feeling, and connection of putting oneself in the middle of it all. He knew I did too, and he knew I liked to hike. Don asked me if I would go on a hike in the Wasatch at the end of Millcreek Canyon and help carry his oxygen bottles for him. After this Don jokingly referred to me as his Sherpa, someone who does the heavy lifting for others on a mountain climb. He wanted to see what he could still do while exerting himself on a mountain trail while monitoring his blood oxygen levels. It was the beginning of fall, the trees were beautiful, a bluebird sky, and peaceful. We hiked and began to get to know each other away from the work environment. I often saw a twinkle in his eye that day, and since, as he described his family, work stories and professional relationships (some of which were hilarious), and how he loved taking care of his yard. I was a bit nervous at first on the trail as he would check his pulse-oxygen levels. They kept going down as we hiked while they needed to remain constant and at high levels. They would return to decent levels when we took breaks. But they kept going down. It was becoming clear that things were not improving in the big scheme of things.

I was frustrated and fearful for him. I knew that if I was him on the trail that day that I would be handling things much differently than him, and not admirably. I figured I would be angry and probably asking “why me?” Most of us, I bet, would be feeling cheated and in despair. Not Don. NEVER did I see, hear, or feel any inclination from Don on that trail, in the office, or in the hospital that indicated any such pity. He was doing the heavy lifting for me, and probably never knew it. The man was beautiful in his incredible struggle. His attitude toward this thing was pure inspiration, and that was just because of who he was, the faith he had, and inability to place blame or make excuses. I will always be deeply grateful for the lessons my Sherpa gave me these past few years. He became such a good friend and very real inspiration. Please remember Don as a person who always fought for the right thing, maintained an incredible attitude, and never complained about anything. Thank you, Don Wood, my dear friend.



“ Stu, before I got through this, I knew it was you. Don was so happy you would help him do that--it meant everything to him! He told me all about it and his Sherpa!

**Cynthia Stott** - June 13, 2014 at 06:47 PM



“ We only met Don twice, once at a visit to Utah from Connecticut to meet his daughter, Jessica and visit my son Tom. The next visit was when they were married. Don gave his most cherished daughter to our family and for that we are grateful. You were a special person rest in peace.

Our condolences to the family

Angelle and Bob

**angelle morton** - June 14, 2014 at 08:59 AM