



Garrett Lawrence Garfield

February 7, 1992 - November 19, 2020

Garrett Lawrence Garfield was born on 7 Feb 1992 at American Fork hospital in Utah. He spent his entire childhood in Orem. He played most every sport throughout his youth, excelling in all of them but most notably golf and baseball, both of which he played in High School. This despite a tendency to not quite get the cleat laces cinched tight before games. He climbed trees and goofed around in the fields behind his house with his neighborhood buddies. As a toddler, he took walks in the stroller with his folks to see the nearby horses and feed them apples, then went home to happily pound down some disgusting-looking strained green swill baby food before watching 'The Snowman' for the umpteenth time.

He loved/tolerated/ignored/adored his three younger brothers and at times drove them nuts with his domineering demands of my way or MY WAY. Ditto for his folks. He made fun and funny noises and imitations as a kid that he amplified in more inventive ways into adulthood. He was a gifted artist. He shared his dad's love of the Denver Broncos and accompanied him to an every-now-and-then game. He swore up a storm (not always under his breath), and/or had commentary surrounding nearly every play when their games were televised. He struggled to take the trash out. His mom describes him as perfect and hilarious, loving, real, argumentative, anti-authoritarian, fierce, explosive, vibrant, authentic. Yep.

He was feared by fish. He developed that love as a kid from his Grandpa Don and Grandpa Larry. He made it his own and pursued and caught everything from crappie to trout to bigger-than-him sturgeon. He was really good at it and it was an area for him of laser focus. Likely having its roots in his hours-long quests to find lizards at scout camps. Oh, and he was an Eagle Scout. I'm not even kidding. His project consisted of creating activity kits for those with Alzheimer's, influenced by the agony of that disease he saw first-hand through his grandma Leanne.

His arc toward music began early. He did a sick cover of Nsync's 'Bye Bye Bye' one year for his dad's Father's Day gift. He sought out guitar lessons from a talented neighbor. His

folks knew he was serious when they watched him perform Augustana's 'Boston' at a junior high talent show. He captured the crowd. Everybody loves a front man. He got many car rides, pre-license, to friends' homes to rehearse, record, and refine his craft. And probably hit on a young cutie or two. His first real band, Just For The Record, began in high school and performed at the local music clubs. Who knew a coordinated spit take during the Cade-inspired, nonsensically titled song 'Phanny Packs Are Coming Back!' would yield such a boisterous crowd response? But it did. Heady stuff for anyone, let alone a high school kid. Garrett was hooked.

After graduating from Mountain View High School in 2010, he bumped around letting jobs like call center rep and struggling addict facility staffer help pay the bills as he pushed his career as a musician. He saw more states by his early twenties than most RVers do by their seventies, hitting small clubs and venues throughout the country with various iterations of his bands and ever-morphing genres. This was punctuated by a long, crushing, solo bus ride home from Vegas, mid-tour, after a rock-n-roll bio-pic worthy, um, 'disagreement' that would make Spinal Tap or Oasis blush.

Many who looked on from afar, and probably some who saw it up close, may have thought he was merely chasing fame. Or wasn't serious about it. They didn't see the sweat equity that he drenched into his songwriting. Attested in part by the countless cell phone audio clip exchanges between him and various bandmates, as he'd produce his perfect version of lyric combos to a riff he'd been shared. Or his hours-long recording sessions to come up with one verse, sometimes Frankenstein-ing together takes A through X with various inflection and emphasis and tone so he could then complete the run and satisfy his desire for his voice to sound perfect to the mood, instrumentals, and message of the song.

His music, whether solo or band aided, reflected who he was, how he thought, sometimes warts-and-all, and sometimes his best self. But it was his true self. It meant a lot to him. It meant EVERYTHING to him. And he worked painstakingly hard to share it with those who would listen, and to make an occupation out of it. A crafted life.

He landed a gig with Metro Music Club. This wasn't just some schmoozy wedding band. They are a top-tier act, known throughout the Rocky Mountain region, doing gigs from Vegas to Minneapolis. Garrett grabbed the moment when their paths crossed. He wasn't looking to be in a cover band. But it helped springboard his ability to pursue his own stuff. Plus, his silky high baritone, and artistry at belting out 'Sweet Caroline' just as easily as 'September' or 'Fireball' (he HATED that song), and own the crowd, cemented his fit with MMC. He was so fun to watch with them. Grandmas adored him. Young hotties swooned. Dudes wished they had the talent and huevos to BE him. Except for the stage makeup.

Which Garrett also loved. Along with the always-ready snakeskin jacket, no shirt, dangly earring, and lime green pants. A style all his own.

And yet there were his demons. Genetic precursor, chemical imbalance, giving audience to and then embracing the lies of how he saw himself, insert-your-too-easily-explained-reason-here. Or pick another poison. His mental cancer was stage 4. It just wasn't as visible. No balding, no weight loss, no throwing up, no gaunt physique. The kid could go yard twice (hit 2 home runs) in his softball league game and possibly walk off the field convinced, somewhere in the reaches of his cerebellum, that he was a complete screw-up. And always had been. And always would be. THAT'S the pain he dealt with. The pain that, at its worst, he convinced himself he couldn't overcome. The pain that he wanted to end at the expense of everything else.

We're crushed beyond words that he's gone on ahead. We're glad that he's safe. We know he's at peace. But man, oh man, the void. Left in his wake are a grandma, cousins, uncles, aunts, friends, the occasional softball opponent he was so good at needling, fellow musicians, fans, a groupie or two, and finally, his fiancé, his brothers, and his dad and mom. All now cripplingly understanding what it means to be broken-hearted.

By name: his grandma Jennie Mae (Jan) Rasmussen Wentz, his cousins Nick, Whitney, Allie, Marshall, Mitchell, Mattie, Ali, Jake, Katie, Diedre, and Mary. Aunts Keri (Rod) and Kami (Rusty), uncles Brad (Heather), Jim (Danita), and Tony. Death And All His Friends bandmates River and Danny. MMC musicians Joslyn and Craig, Hush, Joe, Adam, Brady, Chris, Evan and David. Many former mates and collaborators. His absolutely beloved fiancé Hailey Arnold. His brothers Ethan, Terrell, and Casey. And his loving parents Adam and Julie.

Preceded in death by his grandpa Don, for whom Garrett selflessly cared during his final days (and wrote a very raw and poignant post about that experience), his grandpa Larry, and his grandma Leanne, with whom Garrett often spent time during her last few weeks.

Viewing will be held Friday, 27 Nov 2020 from 5:00 to 7:00 pm, at the Castle Park Events venue, 110 South Main, Lindon Utah. A second viewing will take place on Saturday morning, 28 Nov from 10:00-11:30 am, with the funeral to follow at noon. Masks are required. The funeral will be live-streamed: <https://my.gather.app/remember/garrett-garfield>

Burial will follow at the Orem City Cemetery. All are welcome.

If you're suffering from mental illness – you have options! Seek them. Trust people, medications, and resources in your life that are all trying to render aid. If you know someone – never ever ever ever ever give up. Try try try and try again.

Funeral Directors: Utah Valley Mortuary

Cemetery Details

Orem City Cemetery

1520 North 800 East
Orem, UT 84097

Previous Events

Live Funeral Service Broadcast

NOV 28. 12:00 PM - 1:00 PM.

Live Funeral Service Broadcast

Tribute Wall



“ *Utah Valley Mortuary created a Webcast in memory of Garrett Lawrence Garfield*



Utah Valley Mortuary - November 25, 2020 at 01:42 PM

JN

“ *I did a tour in 2017 that The New Low was on and I was hooked the first night I heard them. I think that tour together lasted a week. Garrett was a beautiful, kind soul with an insanely versatile voice, and listening to him sing with that band was something I looked forward to every night on that tour. I am honored to have known him, even if just for a short time. Condolences to his friends and family.*

Jeff Nations - December 01, 2020 at 02:34 PM

BP

“ *I want to start by saying what an inspiration Garrett was in so many things.. He was such a special part of my son's life (Jesse).. so many great memories with Garrett, so many fun times, so many pictures and videos of those memories.. that I know Jesse will carry with him forever.. So, thank you Garrett for that gift.. Next, your music.. Oh my, your music.. I used to tease him every time I saw him, to please go on The Voice so I could watch him sing.. I knew he would win!! You inspired so many with your voice an your words in your songs!! Rest In Peace Garrett.. Spread Your Wings & Fly!! You will never be forgotten!!*

Beckie Price - November 29, 2020 at 02:35 PM



“ *I never knew Garret, but I knew his voice and his music. His voice was truly amazing, and I very much enjoyed his band, The New Low. I'm sorry for your loss. Know that his music is being cherished right now, and will be especially from now on. Thanks for your talent, Garret. Much love.*

Nic Naylor - November 28, 2020 at 09:47 PM

HT

“ I only knew Garrett for a short time, but he made a huge impact on me and my life. I have struggled with depression my whole life and a few years ago I was in a very dark place. In one of my darkest hours a cover Garrett did of the song Drown by Bring me the Horizon came on. Not only was he talented but the emotion and soul he poured into that song, like all of his music, moved me. Hearing that song made me want to seek help and hes the reason I'm still here today. Two years ago I reached out to him and shared my story and was fortunate to have developed a friendship with him. I will forever be grateful for his life and the small part of it I was included in. He changed so many lives, including mine, but I hope that seeing the stories people have about this amazing person will bring some healing to all who are grieving. Sending love and prayers to Garrett's family and friends. ❤️

Heather Tucker - November 28, 2020 at 02:22 PM



“ We were never super close but we went to Jr. High and High School together. Garrett was a great talent with music. It was an honor to know him and to remember. Rest In Peace cousin. Until we meet again.

McKay Hatch - November 28, 2020 at 01:54 PM

SR

“ I don't know your son. The written tribute to him is so beautiful and makes me wish I did know him and your family. My heart aches for all of you.

SR - November 28, 2020 at 12:28 PM

J(

“ Man I don't know where to start. Hanging out with you when we were younger every summer was one the biggest things that I looked forward to every year when I would visit. Playing baseball, climbing around the biggest tree house I have ever seen behind your house, and getting my butt whooped in smash brothers on N64 in your basement. We kept it touch a little bit but definitely not enough as my visits stopped and we grew up went different paths. I wish I would have reached more. I have all of your music. Starting with JFTR. I was really looking forward to seeing where music would take you. I hope you are up there catching the biggest fish and writing dope lyrics. Until we meet again my dude.

Josh Goodrich (Leetham) - November 27, 2020 at 10:49 PM

JT

“ I remember Garrett as a little boy, playing at Grandma Jan's house and in the neighborhood. He loved his grandparents! A nice little boy, with a great smile and great hair. I love you, Julie, and send my prayers your way. Love, Janice Thomas

Janice Thomas - November 26, 2020 at 01:33 PM

PC

Dear Julie, Words are not at all sufficient at times like these. All I can say is I'm so very very sorry. Times are crazy right now and he was just too beautiful to stay in them. This is Pat Carter, Rob's mom. You and I were always good friends. Our Heavenly Father is near you right now. He will send comfort to you. The Holy Ghost will wrap you in a bubble for a time. Go inside that bubble until you are strong enough to come back out. He will be there for you as long as it takes. I have you and your family in my heart and prayers. Love to you, Pat Carter

Pat Carter - November 27, 2020 at 11:41 PM

TS

“ Tara Smith lit a candle in memory of Garrett Lawrence Garfield



Tara Smith - November 26, 2020 at 07:58 AM