



Patrick Foran

January 8, 1937 - July 25, 2017

Kenneth "Patrick" Foran Jr. (80) of Mapleton, passed away peacefully at home on July 25, 2017. He was born January 8, 1937 in Fresno, California to Kenneth Patrick Foran Sr. and Elizabeth Jane Gray. He was the oldest of two children. Patrick's formative years were spent on a farm in Fresno where he learned the value of hard work. While living in California he enjoyed deep sea diving and skiing. He was very proud of his Irish roots and an old Irish tune never failed to bring a tear to his eye or a smile to his face.

Patrick loved working with his hands. You would often find him under the hood of a car or trying to fix something around the house. He always had projects he was working on and he loved to be tinkering all the time. His hobbies included: cooking, baking, playing the guitar (he loved classical guitar), hunting, fishing, enjoying nature, and telling "punny" jokes.

As a young man he worked at a car dealership as an auto mechanic. Later he owned a quilting business in Spanish Fork. Most of his professional career he worked as a mechanic for industrial sewing machines. He retired from Beehive Clothing where he worked for nearly a decade.

A convert to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints he worked with the children in the Primary as well as with the boy scouts. His favorite church calling was that of assistant scout leader. He enjoyed mentoring those young men, teaching them useful skills and instilling confidence in them. He loved his Savior and when he bore his testimony would testify about the atonement of Jesus Christ and bare witness that the Savior truly lives.

He was a very independent thinker, who always had a head full of dreams and ideas. He had a tender heart and giving hands to those around him. He is now enjoying the company of his mother who passed in 2011 and his father who died when Patrick was still a young man. The death of his father caused him heartache throughout his life and we know that theirs was a joyous reunion. We will miss him greatly until we meet again.

Patrick is survived by Dixie Dybas Foran, his loving wife of twenty-four years, his sister Kathy, his four children: Sean Foran, Cory Foran, Kristy Foran Kunz and Ryan Michael Foran; as well as seven step children: Wayne Arballo, Julie Arballo Wamsley, Allen Arballo Sr., Elisa Arballo Joyce, Alfred Arballo Jr., Katherine Arballo Robinson and Ryan Joseph Arballo. He also leaves behind twenty-two grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

Funeral Services will be held Saturday, August 5th at 12:00 Noon at the Mapleton 22nd Ward, 1068 South 1600 West, Mapleton, Utah, where a Viewing will be held prior to services from 10:00 to 11:30 a.m. Interment in Salem City Cemetery, 150 East 1000 South, Salem, Utah.

Funeral Directors: Utah Valley Mortuary.

Cemetery

Salem City Cemetery

150 East 1000 South
Salem, UT, 84653

Events

AUG **Viewing** 10:00AM - 11:30AM

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Mapleton 22nd Ward

1068 South 1600 West, Mapleton, UT, US, 84664

AUG **Funeral Service** 12:00PM - 01:00PM

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Mapleton 22nd Ward

1068 South 1600 West, Mapleton, UT, US, 84664

Comments



“ I loved working with Pat at Fritzi. He was able to fix almost any machine that my seamstresses could damage. Glad to have him be my cousin and the father to all you great kids. He will be missed.

Sharon Creer - August 04, 2017 at 04:17 PM



“ One thing I'll always remember fondly about Pat was his warm smile and his great laugh. He always seemed so happy to greet me whenever our paths crossed and made me feel so very welcome in his home. When I think of Pat I can't help but picture a smile creeping up the side of his mouth, a firm hand-shake, and a chuckle at a joke or comment he just made! It didn't seem to matter when or where we met, he always treated me like he was really happy to see me.

My favorite memory of Pat was from a Thanksgiving years ago. I believe it was the first Thanksgiving that I attended with the family after marrying Katherine. I woke up that morning feeling terrible; I was really sick, feverish, and generally miserable. Katherine convinced me that I could tough it out to spend the day with everyone. We thought I might get better throughout the day and be glad I'd made the trip after all.

As soon as we arrived at Pat and Dixie's I felt horrible and as the day progressed so did my sickness. I must've run to the bathroom 30 times or so when people started to notice that I was not doing so good. Ultimately, Pat became aware that I wasn't feeling well and wanted to help. Katherine gave me a smile and sort of chuckled to herself as she set Pat loose on me. As many are aware, Pat was an advocate of using natural, herbal remedies whenever possible to cure all kinds of ailments. To be honest, I don't remember all the different things Pat got me to try that day (colloidal silver was one, maybe a garlic clove?), and I know that as much as we tried I never felt any better physically...but, the genuine concern, warmth and kindness he showed in trying to help me get better did help me quite a bit.

And that's how he ALWAYS was with me, so friendly, so warm, so kind.

God bless you Patrick! I sincerely hope you are at peace now and are enjoying reuniting with your departed loved ones. I'm glad that you can be somewhere without the pain and sickness that makes up a lot of this world. I hope you can look down on us as we gather to celebrate your life, honor your memory and pay our respects for the difference you made in each of our lives.

A man may drink and not be drunk
A man may fight and not be slain
A man may court a pretty girl
And perhaps be welcomed back again
But since it has so ought to be
By a time to rise and a time to fall
Come fill to me the parting glass
Good night and joy be with you all
Good night and joy be with you all



“ My step-dad spent many hours teaching me about cars. When I was young with a husband in college who also worked full time and a couple babies to care for our old car would frequently break down. Pat taught me how to change my oil, change out my spark plugs, fix my breaks, install a new alternator (or an old one we found at Pick-n-Pull)...I could go on and on. My favorite memory of him is this one time he drove me to an auto parts store to buy a new timing belt. The man behind the counter took one look at us and said to Pat "So you're going to change out your daughter's timing belt." It wasn't a question but a statement. Pat responded "No, she's going to do it herself". The man looked incredulous and responded with "Really?" I guess he couldn't believe a young woman with a baby on her hip could do it. But, before I even had time to feel offended for all woman kind Pat said "Last year she installed a new camshaft in her car." The man's mouth dropped open, he said "wow". It is my favorite memory not because that ignorant man learned something that day, but because I could hear the sound of pride in my step-father's voice when he spoke about what I had accomplished. He help me grow into the confident woman I am today and for that I will always be grateful. I will miss him.

Elisa Joyce - August 01, 2017 at 05:11 PM



“ So beautiful.

Trisha - August 02, 2017 at 06:39 PM



“ I never heard that story. I love it.

Katherine - August 02, 2017 at 10:01 PM



“ That was a great story, thanks for sharing!

John - August 03, 2017 at 01:35 PM



“ Still love this story

Emily Joyce - August 14, 2017 at 10:34 PM



“ Pat had a fun side to him. One of my favorite memories was how much he loved being Irish. Every Saint Patrick's Day when I was growing up he'd dress in a full green leisure suit and wear it all day. He must have had this suit from the 70's! All green! All day! He looked like a leprechaun, and that was the point. He loved to cook and he'd make corned beef and cabbage. In fact, I actually grew a taste for it over the years thanks to him. I tried making it one year myself, but it tasted terrible. I don't know what he put in it, but he made it really good. Also, he loved chocolate. He had such a sweet tooth! Always had to have dessert after his supper. Now that I'm talking about food, let's just acknowledge his absolute love of Chinese food and his leftover Chinese food omelettes that he'd make (which were not good). But he loved them and now I wish I could have one, one last time. Between his "creative" cooking, dressing like a leprechaun, playing his classical guitar and singing with his very deep baritone voice (and so much more), I guess you could say that he was a one-of-a-kind. To me, he was my step-dad and all those things made him endearing. I loved him and I'm glad he is no longer in pain. I'm grateful I got to visit with him last year. He was so sweet with my little daughter and it reminded me of what a tender heart he's always had. One final memory, he gave really great hugs. Really, really great hugs. You will be missed, Patrick.



Katherine Robinson - July 31, 2017 at 06:29 PM



“ I never knew any of this. The green suit sounds so funny!
Andria

Andria - August 01, 2017 at 01:32 PM



“ Oh it was. At the time my teenage self was MORTIFIED that he'd go out like that, but now it's one of my favorite memories of him. Perspective changes everything.

Katherine - August 02, 2017 at 10:01 PM



“ I love'd this, such fun memories!

John - August 03, 2017 at 01:35 PM



“It was an honor to have met such an influential and accomplished man. Patrick was a man filled with great knowledge about many things; it was a joy just to listen to him talk about his experiences and things he had learned throughout his adventurous life. He also had many great talents to speak of - notably, his ability to play the classical guitar. He played it so well - it was as though it was somehow connected to him! I didn't know him long, but I have been very impressed by him - a great man - a loving husband and family man. Our prayers go out to all of his family. Patrick will be sorely missed. All our love, the Vargas Family of Hawaii.”

David Vargas - July 31, 2017 at 11:57 AM



“I'm so sorry to hear about Pats passing. I just hope he went peacefully and the Lord welcomes him home. He'll be watching over your family during this difficult time. Sending Peace, Love and Prayers.”

Corey Riding-Stoner - July 29, 2017 at 07:48 PM