



## E Keith Dexter

May 11, 1922 - November 29, 2014

### Obituary for E. Keith Dexter

E. Keith Dexter, 92 passed away on November 29, 2014 at home in Orem, Utah. He was born May 11, 1922 in Salt Lake City, Utah to Leo Franklin and Thelma Pace Dexter. He married Emma Broadbent in the Mesa AZ Temple on December 21, 1953.

Keith served in the Navy/Marines in World War II as a medical corpsman ending with the rank of Staff Sargent. He served a mission as a young man in Uruguay, arriving with the first 10 to open that mission after the war. He returned to graduate from BYU in 1953 in the field of education. He taught in Fontana, California School District for 15 years. He served in the Fontana Ward as a counselor in the bishopric and then as bishop. Many fond memories and life long friendships resulted from the time spent in Fontana. He and his family moved to Salt Lake City in 1969 where he began employment with the LDS Church Welfare Department. He worked in various capacities at Deseret Industries and Bishop's Storehouse Management until retirement.

Keith and his wife served 4 missions: Proselyting missionaries in Santiago, Chile South, Temple missionaries in the Mexico City Temple, Area Welfare Agents in Central America, and Area Welfare Agents in South America South. He also served to local missions and 3 terms as Transient Bishop.

Keith was a people person. He could relate to people wherever he met them, he was loved by everyone. He was a punster from beginning to end, including the Spanish language, and also bilingual puns.

He is survived by his wife, Emma, children, Cherilyn Moses (Joel), Lorana Dexter (Kerry), Alan K. Dexter (Verlene), Dean F. Dexter (Meredith), E. Neil Dexter (Terry), and Kevin A. Dexter (Vanessa). He leaves behind 28 grandchildren and 22 great grandchildren, a brother, Vernon Dexter, and numerous nieces and nephews.

Viewing will be in the Suncrest Stake Center, 600 W 120 N, Orem, Utah on Friday, December 5, 2014 from 7:00 – 9:00 p.m. and on Saturday December 6th from 9:30 -10:30 a.m. Funeral will follow at 11:00 a. m. Burial will be at the Orem City Cemetery.

The family would like to thank the kind personnel and doctors of the UVRMC Wound Clinic and the Horizon Home Health staff for their kindness and diligence in his behalf.

# Cemetery

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## Orem City Cemetery

1520 N 800 E

Orem, UT,

# Events

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**DEC 5** **Viewing** 07:00PM - 09:00PM

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**5**

Suncrest Stake Center

90 North 600 West, Orem, UT, US

**DEC 6** **Viewing** 09:30AM - 10:30AM

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**6**

Suncrest Stake Center

90 North 600 West, Orem, UT, US

**DEC 6** **Funeral Service** 11:00AM - 12:00PM

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**6**

Suncrest Stake Center

90 North 600 West, Orem, UT, US

# Comments

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“ Dad's Eulogy and Life Sketch  
PART FOUR

I am grateful for the many things Dad taught me, to be caring and compassionate, to have a sense of humor when things get tough, to always do what is asked for and more, to care for people more than things, to be generous even when you have very little. Most of all I am grateful for his testimony of the restored gospel of Jesus Christ, which he passed on to me in both word and deed. I am grateful that he not only made sacred covenants with the Lord, but he kept them. Because of these things, I know we will be together as a family again, and know that the joy and happiness we have had with him here on earth will be ours again in the life to come.

**LORANA DEXTER** - December 27, 2014 at 08:10 PM

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## “ Dad's Eulogy and Life Sketch PART THREE

After 15 years in California, the family pulled up stakes and moved to Salt Lake City. We went through some difficult years financially. Again, it is a testimony to the love Dad and Mom had for each other and for us as children that instead of pulling apart in difficulty, the hard times pulled us together. Our family was blessed with the 6th child, Kevin, and the hard times were still happy times. Dad began working for the Church Welfare Department, eventually was transferred to Orem, UT and retired in 1987. Before my marriage, I briefly worked as a cashier at the Deseret Industries store where Dad was the assistant manager. It was a revelation to me to see how loved he was by the people who worked there. Again, his kindness and compassion for people and his patience with their quirks and disabilities was a life lesson for me in how to treat other people.

Through Dad's careers and many church callings, his ability to relate to people, his kindness and compassion for others were always evident. He was a genuinely kind man. I remember one time when I was in high school and went along with Dad for some errand in the car. A man pulled out of a parking lot and broadsided our car. There was not a lot of damage done, but Dad sent me into a nearby store to call Mom and let her know what had happened. I remember very clearly her telling me to call the police and to make sure Dad got the man's contact and insurance information because the guy would probably tell Dad some hard luck story and Dad would tell him not to worry about any damages and let him off the hook. All of which was necessary and true, because it had happened before!

Dad was a good man and a generous one. After most of us older children left home, there always seemed to be someone living in Dad and Mom's home, whether it was a foreign exchange student, or grandchild attending school, or someone down on their luck who needed a place to stay until they could get back on their feet. Everyone who ever lived at their house were treated like family, whether they were or not. I remember as a girl watching new General Authorities being called at General Conference. I remember looking at my Dad and feeling somewhat indignant that HE hadn't been called--I thought Dad was that good a man--and he was.

After retirement Dad and Mom began filling missions. In fact, they could be the poster children for senior missionary couples. They served four missions, all Spanish speaking. They went to Chile on a proselyting mission, to Mexico City on a temple mission, and served as Welfare missionaries in the Central America area and the South America South area. Dad celebrated his 80th birthday on that last mission. After a bout with cancer that forced them to come home, Dad also served five local missions including caring for the indigent homeless population in Utah Valley. Other than being a Father, Dad considered his missions to be the crowning achievement of his life. Dad was also an ordinance worker in both the Provo and Mt. Timpanogos temple. Truly, Dad wore out his life in the service of the Lord.

The last lines in Dad's personal history read, "We have a great debt to the Lord we can never repay. We can never serve enough." That philosophy motivated Dad's

entire life. I know he has been called onward to serve yet another mission, as he said himself in an additional verse he added to the Primary Song 'I Hope They Call Me On A Mission.'....I hope they call me on a mission when I've been dead a week or two, I just can't stand this darn condition of not having anything to do...  
...continued in PART FOUR

**LORANA DEXTER** - December 27, 2014 at 08:09 PM

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## “ Dad's Eulogy and Life Sketch PART TWO

After his discharge, at age 24, Dad filled the first of the many missions he would go on to serve for the Church. Despite his initial inclination to go on with his schooling and his life, through the influence of good friends, his desire to fill a mission grew and came to fruition. He was among the first group of 10 missionaries to serve in the newly opened Uruguayan mission, only the second mission area in South America. On his mission he served in the mission office, as a branch president, and preached and proselyted. It was at this time that he went from being able to read music and merely pick out a one fingered tune on the piano to being able to accompany choral groups and be the organist for church meetings. This is an example of one of the many fine character traits Dad has--to always do what was needed and more. If his mission president wanted him to learn to play, then he would. It must have taken hours and hours of hard practice! But he did it because he was asked, and because it was needed. Dad's mission was a wonderful experience with blessings and associations that lasted his entire life. It was there, on his mission, that his testimony of the Gospel solidified. If he had to preach it he had to know for himself. Once he did know for himself, his testimony never wavered.

Dad's mission lasted nearly three years. Upon his return home, Dad went to BYU to major in secondary education with an emphasis in English and History. During his senior year at BYU, he was introduced to one Emma Broadbent, the cousin of Dad's roommate and former mission companion Terry Smith, and as they say, the rest is history. Keith and Emma were engaged by August and Dad left for Fontana, California to begin his teaching career where he would teach for 15 years.

Mom and Dad were married on Dec 21, 1953 in the Arizona Temple and began married life in Fontana. There they made many lifelong friends. Cherilyn, I, Alan, Dean and Neal were all born there. Dad continued to fulfill his promise he had made to serve the Lord all those years earlier, serving as Elder's Quorum President, as a counselor to the Bishop, and then as Bishop. Dad was a good Bishop. He had solid common sense tempered by great compassion for others--traits he would show throughout his life.

It has been said that the greatest gift a man can give his children is to love their mother, and that gift was given over and over by our Father. Every year without fail, Dad would give Mom something with red roses and white carnations on their anniversary. Those were the flowers in her bridal bouquet. The first thing he would do on coming home from work was to go find Mom and give her a hug and a kiss. I remember many group hugs forming as we kids tried to get in on the action too. Dad and Mom provided a very secure and loving childhood for us, for which I am very, very grateful.

Dad was known for his sense of humor, his love of a good joke and particularly his love of puns. I remember many back and forth sessions between my Dad and I as we went through all the vegetable puns we could think of...don't you need to be working for your celery? I would if I could carrot all...if you knew my Dad, or even if

you were simply ringing up his groceries, you heard his puns and jokes. It was one of the charming things about him, and I learned how much happier life could be when you lived it with a sense of humor.

...continued in PART THREE

**LORANA DEXTER** - December 27, 2014 at 08:05 PM

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“ My Mother, Emma B. Dexter asked me to post the Eulogy and Life Sketch which I gave at Dad's funeral.

## PART ONE

Our Father, Edward Keith Dexter, was born on May 11, 1922 to Leo Franklin and Thelma Dexter. He was raised in a humble home on the west side outskirts of Salt Lake City. A child of the depression, he didn't miss what he didn't have. Instead, he and his brothers and sister made their own fun--playing games, using their imagination, swimming in the Jordan River and the Wasatch Plunge, hiking, fishing and camping, and even occasionally swinging the wires that the streetcars ran on causing them to disconnect and come to a screeching halt. In my father's own words, "It may have been somewhat mischievous, but it provided us with lots of cheap entertainment!"

Dad's father and mother left it up to their children to decide whether or not they would attend church. While Dad said that he went to church because most of his friends went, he also later said that he went to church because he wanted to be there. It says a lot about his character that he chose to attend, and this seemingly small decision would greatly effect his entire life. As he learned those early gospel lessons, they became a part of him and his testimony began to grow.

When Dad was a senior in high school preparing for graduation, he became very ill. He ended up being hospitalized and diagnosed with endocarditis--an inflammation and enlarging of the heart. He was not expected to live. Dad wrote that at that perilous time, he promised the Lord that if He allowed him to live, he would serve Him in whatever way he could. Dad spent the rest of his life doing just that.

Dad had a long recuperation to go through after his illness. He took up cooking just to have something to do and it became his hobby throughout his life. Many of us here have been the beneficiaries of his gift for making delicious meals. Along with his wonderful rolls and pies and cakes, he was cooking pizza and enchiladas and curry when the rest of the world was cooking meatloaf and mashed potatoes. He was a great cook, and I believe that one of his ways of saying I love you was through his cooking. But all this cooking was still way off in the future.

World War 2 had begun, both his brothers had enlisted in the fight, and Dad tried to. But because of a lingering heart murmur from his endocarditis, he was classified as 4F. This became a real trial for him as he had to endure sometimes cruel remarks from people who thought he was shirking his duty. But 2 years later, the government became desperate enough to take him. He enlisted in the Navy and was sent to Northern Idaho for training. He was assigned to the Hospital Corp, and sent to California as an ear, nose and throat specialist and surgical assistant. I have to tell you, how the government thought it fit to make my Dad a Hospital Corpman is something I will never understand. The only times I ever saw my Dad become seriously discombobulated was when one of us kids came in bruised and bloody from some minor accident and my Mom wasn't around to take care of it, or if something happened to Mom. But he did the job faithfully until he was released in

1946.

...continued in part 2

**LORANA DEXTER** - December 27, 2014 at 08:01 PM

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“ Remembering the special experiences in the Mexico City Temple, which were so dear to us. We remember the special love we had for Keith, what a special personality. We pray for you, Emma and know the Lord will be with you and your family. We move very slow these days and don't travel much. Remember we love you. Love Art & Helen Done

**Arthur A. Done** - December 05, 2014 at 06:01 PM

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“ Dear Emma,

You and your husband Keith are like family, which began with Keith's service as a missionary in Uruguay under my parents, President and Sister Fred S. Williams. There he became one of my older brothers that I looked up to and enjoyed being around for his constancy and his humor.

I had further contact with him when Carol and I moved to Utah from California. He was the caring bishop for the transient members down on their luck in Orem when I was at the MTC. You and he served as directors of welfare missions in South America (even Paraguay) teaching basic food storage and other essentials, while Carol and I served at the volunteer Care Clinic.

The most recent and delightful experience was meeting in your home with other returned Uruguayan missionaries to plan the 60th reunion. Invariably, Keith would prepare some delicious pie for us to eat after our meeting. The reunion came off beautifully, even though members of the committee kept passing away. Perhaps it will be reconstituted in Heaven to plan for future milestone Uruguayan reunions.

Words that Keith Dexter lived by included "love" for his wife and family, "faithfulness" to the gospel of Jesus Christ, and "charity" for all mankind. He lived those precepts and shared his godly attributes as a gentleman, with a marvelous wit and sense of humor, and as a gourmet cook.

Love,

Frederick G. and Carol Y. Williams

**Frederick G. Williams** - December 05, 2014 at 11:43 AM



“ Dear Emma,

I was so sorry to hear about Keith's passing. I am thankful, however, he did not have to suffer any longer. You were both so fun to get to know and so kind to both Don and myself when we first moved to Fontana years ago. It was so nice to see you at church and participate in all the activities together. We enjoyed them so much and they made wonderful memories for us to remember through the years. This first years will be so hard for you without Keith. The saving grace is that you will be together for eternity. I will be thinking about you and praying for you and your family this coming year.

Joan Shurtliff (801 426-5028, 220 E Ridge Road, Orem, Utah 84057)

**Joan Shurtliff** - December 04, 2014 at 07:10 PM