



Elon Reford Griffin

June 22, 1919 - August 1, 2013

Elon Redford Griffin

94 passed away at home, August 1, 2013

Nibley – Elon was born in Richmond, Utah on June 22, 1919 to Ute Elon & Millie Redford Griffin. He was a member of the LDS Church & served in many callings. He lettered in basketball & football at Logan High & was President of the boys Athletic Club. He attended USU before going to Los Angeles. There he met & was sealed in the Salt Lake Temple March 14, 1942 to his wife, Hester McMurray. Elon served in the Army Air Corps during World War II. He has 7 Children, 15 Grandchildren, and 28 Great Grandchildren. He was an avid fisherman, loved music & sports. Elon was proceeded in death by his Parents, 7 siblings, and one Son, Dennis McMurray Griffin.

He is survived by his Wife, Hester, 3 Sons & 3 Daughters, Elon (Lon) McMurray Griffin, Susan, Bradley Spencer Griffin, Lance Spencer Griffin, Hilary Spencer Griffin, Cynthia McMurray Kenney & Kathryn McMurray Kenny. Elon's Request: no viewing & no Funeral. He will be buried with his Wife in the Millville Cemetery at the time of her death.

Condolences may be extended to the family online by visiting <http://www.serenicarefuneralhome.com>

Newspaper Article in the "Herald Journal"

Cache memories: Close encounters of the boyhood kind

Thursday, July 18, 2013 8:54 am

By Elon 'Lon' Griffin

These sagas qualify to be told prior to my exit from this elongated life (94) and cover the period from Scouting years to young adulthood. The primary players were friends, neighbors, classmates and later, after a major geographic move, housemates in Los Angeles.

Early on (Scout-Explorer arena) my close friend and neighbor, Wayne, lived just around the northeast corner. However, our lean properties were adjacent. Wayne was the eldest of five children and his dad was to become principal of the Logan High School. When Wayne and I attended Logan High (1936-37), Wayne was one year my senior. His father was an e

efficient, no nonsense fellow, but a fair person. During the deer hunt he furnished Wayne and me with two 30.06 rifles from the school ROTC program. Two shots, no meat and Bear Lake in view.

Now to resume an earlier stage in our lives — the “Scout- Explorer” period. The extreme south end of the neighbors’ lot contained their large chicken enclosure. I recall, regrettably, that late one day Wayne and I entered the “hen house” with small hunting knives looking for action. Above the roosting chickens was a row of pigeons ready for sleep. At this point the devil took control and from about 10 feet distance we practiced our knife-throwing skills and eliminated several birds by the “blade.”

At this point in time I doubt that we were Scouts yet. Therefore we exhibited little conscience.

On another occasion, same location and same period, Wayne’s older neighbor, a young man named Tillman, was on Wayne’s property — don’t recall why. Wayne had a BB gun and threatened to shoot Tillman, which he did from maybe 35 feet away; the dust radiated from Till’s pants. Till went after Wayne but never caught him. I was an interested observer from my backyard, behind a fence.

Let’s accelerate a few years to approximately 1935 when we were expected to be “kinder and smarter.” Wayne’s family had purchased a new 1936 Plymouth, and on this particular Saturday Wayne was permitted to borrow the car. He decided on a ride to Howell (Blue Creek) for an inspection of the bass fishing in the Howell Reservoir. The road of this location was slightly downhill into Howell, therefore I was shocked when Wayne indicated he was curious as to how fast the Plymouth would go.

This was one occasion when my curiosity did not coincide with his. When the speedometer indicated 75 mph, I became a little nervous and suggested a “back-off.” However, Wayne was determined to see 100 on the speedometer. The road was still clear and downgrade. As the speed indicator increased, so did my heartbeat. As the speed approached 100, all hell broke loose with a slam, bang, clatter, and the car started weaving and tipping. How he managed to keep the car under control considering the broken drive train, flat tire, etc. was miraculous and semi-professional.

While I recall little of the resulting aftermath of the negative experience, I didn’t see my friend for days. Not long after the auto episode in Howell, repainted and regenerated, trust had been restored in the family hierarchy. Wayne was again operating the repaired and repainted car — lesson learned.

What?

It was a pleasant Saturday afternoon. Wayne’s father had, I am guessing, reluctantly entrusted his son with the “like new” car. Wayne chose Logan Canyon for an enjoyable, picturesque drive. When we arrived at the “Dugway,” Wayne stopped the car. I could read his decision-making hesitation to continue up the new road (three years since completion) or satisfy his curiosity and chance the old longer “follow the river” road. At this point I attempted to

dissuade Wayne from his choice of the old road and reminded him of the 100 mph disaster, but to no avail! By the time we emerged at the juncture of the new and old roads, the condition of the car was devastating to behold — not mechanically but externally: paint, dents, glass, etc.

Well, it was a long ride home, especially for my friend Wayne. He did survive, however. Approximately three years later we were housemates in Los Angeles, but that's another story.

Pertaining to the old Dugway road, my older brother Clark was returning on that road with a long trailer loaded with trees for firewood. Somehow, while avoiding trees, he tipped both car and trailer into the river. Very little of the two were salvageable. "Good-bye" ancient Studebaker; "hello" new (used) car.

Comments



“ 2 files added to the album New Album Name



Hester Griffin - August 17, 2013 at 08:46 PM



“ Newspaper Article in “The Herald Journal” - Logan Utah, July 21, 2013

Editor's corner: Office phone call results in profound encounter

Death is a tough topic

No matter what someone might believe about an afterlife, most people approach the subject with a grim countenance. Of course, it's not death itself that troubles us so much as the process of dying.

I guess this is why I found myself filled with dread when I got a phone call Wednesday from hospice provider Pat Sadoski asking if I wanted to pay a visit to a long-time Herald Journal reader and occasional contributing writer who is under her care.

As it happened, I had a column submission on my desk written by that very individual, Nibley resident Lon Griffin. The way Lon started the piece had given me pause when I'd first picked it up a couple days earlier, but it wasn't until the phone call came that I realized the significance of his words.

Lon had written an essay about his boyhood adventures with a risk-taking pal named Wayne, and he launched into the series of short tales with the opening line, “These sagas qualify to be told prior to my exit from this elongated life (94) and cover the period from Scouting years to young adulthood.”

If you read this page daily, your eyes ran over that same sentence, and maybe it struck a chord for you like it did for me — an A minor perhaps.

Although his writing sometimes lacked professional polish, Lon's submissions to the newspaper never wanted for frankness or vivid imagery.

I really didn't know Lon except through his writing — we'd talked only briefly a few times — but Pat said my visit to see him might be meaningful because he'd shown her his newspaper writing clips and they seemed to hold a special place in his life. That's something I can relate to.

I'm usually reluctant to get involved with anything. Don't know if this is shyness or an antisocial streak. But who would decline such an invitation? You'd have to be a pretty big heel. Plus, I've been thinking a lot lately about the seemingly random things that crop up in our lives and how they might all be a lot more significant than we suspect. I told Pat I could go the next morning, but she indicated sooner might be better. How about that evening? Coming from a hospice veteran, this could only mean one thing, so I said yes and steeled myself for what I thought would be a very difficult experience.

I've never been so happily wrong.

Lon was obviously weak physically, but his mind and sense of humor were still firmly intact. We hit it off immediately and had a very pleasant hour-long conversation punctuated by a few comments from his wife, Hester.

He told me about his days as a youth in Cache Valley, about catching a record brown trout in the Blacksmith Fork River, about a hitchhiking excursion to the Northwest with a buddy and only four bucks between them. And we looked at his 1938 Logan High yearbook, where he was featured in a group portrait of the varsity basketball team — 6-footers all, which was apparently quite a tall squad in those days.

The conversation wasn't all about him, however. He also wanted to know about me, and when I offered a yarn from my own life, he listened with genuine interest.

Looking back, the thing that impressed me most about being in Lon's presence at such a trying time was the light in his eyes. Despite circumstances, this man

apparently near the end of his “elongated life” still had a hell of a lot of spirit. As Pat and I said goodbye in the driveway of the Griffins’ rustic Hollow Road home, she confirmed as much. “He’s definitely gotten under my skin,” she said. It appears inevitable that we’ll soon see Elon “Lon” Griffin’s obituary in the same newspaper where he regaled readers with colorful anecdotes and where he loved to see his writings in print, and I don’t think he would even blink at me saying that. I will also say this: The trip over to Hollow Road last Wednesday was probably a lot more meaningful for me than it was for him. Thanks, Lon.

Hester Griffin - August 17, 2013 at 08:20 PM



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Hester Griffin - August 17, 2013 at 08:17 PM



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Lon,

You were the best! My time spent fishing with you and visiting in your home with your sweet wife will always be cherished memories to me and I'm sure Nordeen Blau your other home teacher certainly feels the same about our visits with you.

You friend always,

Don Loosli

P S I told you I would see you someday on the other side.

Don Loosli - August 17, 2013 at 01:26 PM



“ 1 file added to the album Memories Album



Serenity Funeral Home - August 16, 2013 at 05:51 PM



“ Pullman Washington, Army Air Corps, 1943

Hester Griffin - August 17, 2013 at 08:59 PM



“ A wonderful father in law. I have missed you & am so sorry we did not visit for all these years. I loved you dearly and appreciated your loving nature to me and my family. We spent so many happy times together & I cherish those memories, for more that 30 years which is the length of time Dennis and I were together. I found out that you passed by accident about your passing, unfortunately, no one let me know you were even ill.

Thank you for being a wonderful example of kindness and love.

L. Griffin

LANNA GRIFFIN - October 14, 2013 at 06:52 PM