



Phillip Martin Randquist

September 5, 1941 - February 4, 2022

Phillip Martin Randquist, 80, returned to his Heavenly Father on February 4, 2022, in Orem, Utah. He was born September 5th, 1941, in Clinton Oklahoma.

Survived by his wife Virginia Lee Randquist, brother Allen (Debbie) Heinonen, sister Kathy (Richard) Tolleson, 4 children, Ron (Jane), Coby (Kim), Cindy (James), and Stephanie (Cody). 14 grandchildren, and one great grandson. He is preceded in death by his father Royal Fredrick Randquist, Mother Bernice Loraine Rector, brothers Richard, Dale Eugene, and Donald Lee Randquist, wife Myrna Lee Randquist, and great grandson Everett Zeke Heiner.

Viewings will be on Friday February 11th, from 6:00-8:00pm and Saturday February 12th, from 1:30-2:30pm, at the Granite Ridge Ward – 9575 S. 3100 E, Sandy, Utah. Funeral Service will be held at 3:00pm. Interment will follow at 4:30pm at the Granite Cemetery – 2969 E. 9800 S., Sandy, Utah.

Thank you to all the Doctors, Nurses, CNAs, and Therapists, from Orem Rehab, that provided wonderful care for Dad.

All who met Phil, knew him best by his respect, concern, and genuine caring for their well-being. He taught the gift of acceptance, devotion, always helping others, and unconditional love to all who knew him.

1941 began the life of Phillip Martin Randquist. At the young age of five, one of his earliest memories was being dragged down a courtroom aisle towards a woman he didn't know. She was trying to take him away from their family, is what he was told by his father. This unknown woman was actually his mother, who later told Phil his father had kidnapped him and taken him away from her to live with his family. There are multiple sides to this story, and this was one that he had always said, "We won't know the truth until we are on the other side."

After graduating from High School, he began to look for answers to questions he wanted to know. He started to attend many different denominations of religious church services. His Mother, who had recently converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, asked him to give their Sunday meeting a try, and so he did. The feeling was different there, he was intrigued and began taking the discussions from the missionaries. Phil was 19 when he joined the church and he himself was called to serve as a Missionary for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints in the Stockholm Sweden Mission for two and half years. Phil had a deep love for the Swedes, as his Grandfather Carl Fredrick Randquist was a full blood Swede. He had discovered the roots of his ancestors which planted the seed to his lifelong devotion to Family History.

Returning from his mission to Sweden on May 13th, 1963, his younger sister Kathy insisted he go out with the Beehive leader in her ward. In June he began dating Myrna Lee Peterson. Never one to delay, just a month later he proposed to Myrna on her 20th birthday at Crown Point by Multnomah Falls, in Oregon. They were married a few months later on October 2nd and two weeks after their civil marriage, on October 18th, they were sealed for time and all eternity in the Idaho Falls temple.

They moved to Soda Springs, Idaho. There he began working for Monsanto Mining Plant and later Becker Industries as a Purchase Agent. Phil and Myrna had four children, Ron, Coby, Cindy, and Stephanie. The company was going through rounds of layoffs and Phil knew that his turn was coming. His position lasted until shortly after the birth of their youngest before the official lay off. During this time, he was offered a position with MSA, Mine Safety Appliances. This moved the young family to Price, Utah during the Spring of 1976.

For 31 years, he traveled his territory of Colorado, Idaho, New Mexico, Nevada, and Utah to the different coal mines selling mining equipment and supplies. It was during his many travels, where he had picked up hitchhikers, or couples abandoned on the side of a road from car troubles. He was always the one to extend a helping hand.

Friends of his children often found themselves at the Randquist home growing up. It was a safe place, a happy place, an accepting place. Phil was a "Father" to many. He would never pass up the opportunity to empty his shirt pocket of his pens, and papers, and his pant pockets of Wrigley's Spearmint gum, Cert's cinnamon candy, keys, a wallet, and lots of loose change to jump on the trampoline with his children and their friends. You could always count on a double bounce that would send you sailing through the sky.

Working as a Scout Leader, or participating in other Super Activity Outings, the youth and

leaders of the ward were graced with his Dutch Oven Cooking. He loved to go camping, and loved being outdoors. Myrna had called Phil her “City Dude” and he always tried so hard to show her he could be just as much of a Rancher as she thought she would marry. One time when he went out shooting early in their marriage, he shot a rock chuck, it was huge, and he wanted to take it home and show Myrna. He threw it into the back of the car and drove home. By the time he got there the rock chuck was covered in maggots. How did he not know, you always left the rock chucks where you shot them?

He taught all his children to shoot rifles, and handguns. There was no warning to plug your ears, so we had many ringing ear episodes. Coby even held a 22 handgun so close to his face that when he shot it for the first time the recoil from the gun hit the bridge of his nose and ripped the skin all the way up between his eyes. One of the many lessons learned growing up.

It was always a good day to ride motorcycles at the Randquist home. Ron’s first lesson, Dad had bought a brand new 100cc Kawasaki, forever known as the “the blue cycle” he sat on the little bike, gave it too much gas, and it popped straight up into a wheelie and left dad holding the handlebars half running half being dragged behind the bike across the street until he crashed. Breaking the throttle cable and putting the first of many dents in the gas tank.

We were fortunate enough to have the “Volcano” right behind our house, with a huge empty field to ride on. He taught each of us kids to ride “the blue cycle” as soon as both feet could touch the ground when on the bike, and you could pick it up from the ground to stand it back upright.

The next adventure in his life came with the wind blowing through his comb over as he drove his brown baby, a 1973 Oldsmobile Delta 88 soft top convertible. He loved showing off his Old’s. Cindy and her friends would go swimming in the hot summer months, and Phil would come and pick them up from the pool with the top down. All the friends jumped in the back seat of the convertible with big smiles, because they knew he would take them to Sheryl’s Burger Bar and get them all an ice cream cone with a plastic animal on the top. He took every opportunity he could to be in the parades, with someone sitting high on the back seat to wave to the crowds on the street. When he retired, he bought a brand new bright red 2007 Pontiac G6 hardtop convertible. Known only as “Baby”. He loved his convertibles.

In 1983 Phil found a hobby, or should we say a lifelong calling, Genealogy. There was a small Family History building in Price, where he would take us as kids, to go and look

through the microfiche films of old Swedish parish records in order to find a name he had given us and how proud we were when we found it for Dad. Now we realize he was setting us up, to try and get us as excited as he was about his new passion. Phil helped many people around the world find their ancestors and prepare their names for their temple work to be done. If anyone needed a name to go to the temple for, they could count on Phil Randquist to provide them some. When Stephanie went for her first-time doing baptisms for the dead, she had 118 names to do. The temple workers had a difficult time pronouncing the Swedish names. Many times, when the person doing the baptism, or the confirmation came to the name they simply showed dad the card and he would pronounce "Gretta Hansdotter" for them. When he retired, this was what he wanted to do full-time, and help as many people as he could on the other side.

Phil often would speak of his glorious work, and how he looked forward to the day when he could cross over the veil and greet all the ancestors he was able to have temple work done for. I hope his reunion was as wonderful as he ever hoped it would be.

In retirement, Phil and Myrna never missed the chance to be with the Grandkids, and see them perform at concerts, play basketball, softball, compete in karate tournaments, and be in plays. He was always there in the background. There when you needed him. Always letting others be the center of attention. When it suited him, in standard Phil fashion he would sneak out the door. He didn't want to be in emotional sharing times.

When Myrna passed from Alzheimer's on January 30th, 2017, he found himself alone. Although he would still be in the background with the family gatherings, he longed for someone to live out his life with. He found that person in Virginia Reece Smith. When they first started seeing each other, he asked us kids if we thought she would cut her hair so it would not get messy in the convertible. We told him that is not something he could ask someone to do. When he took Virginia out for her first ride with the top down, he asked if she had a scarf to tie around her hair so it wouldn't get messy.

He married Virginia on June 3rd, 2017, and on July 14th, 2018, they were sealed in the Draper Temple for time and all Eternity. Virginia brought him back to life and was able to get dad to come out of his shell. They attended Cowboy Poetry, and Cowboy Church in Heber. She even had him going to parades and watching them, instead of being in them. She helped him to slow down and look at life. Virginia got dad to do things we rarely saw him do, like helping to do the dishes and saying, "thank you". The last five years of being with Virginia have been a wonderful change, to see him happy, and more self-reliant. She also taught him the life lesson, of being present, and not just being present. He would still

sit quietly in the background and leave when it suited him, without saying goodbye. He stayed true to this even in his passing. Sneaking out when no one was looking.

Dad, we love you and will miss you more than you know.

Events

FEB 11 **Viewing** 06:00PM - 08:00PM
Granite Ridge Ward
9575 S 3100 E, Sandy, UT, US

FEB 12 **Viewing** 01:30PM - 02:30PM
Granite Ridge Ward
9575 S 3100 E, Sandy, UT, US

FEB 12 **Funeral Service** 03:00PM - 04:00PM
Granite Ridge Ward
9575 S 3100 E, Sandy, UT, US

FEB 12 **Burial** 04:30PM - 05:00PM
Granite Cemetery
2969 E 9800 S,, Sandy, UT, US, 84092

Comments



“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Cindy Randquist Backman - February 10 at 09:47 PM



“ 2 files added to the tribute wall



Cindy Randquist Backman - February 10 at 09:43 PM



“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Cindy Randquist Backman - February 10 at 09:38 PM



“ 10 files added to the tribute wall



Stephanie Smith - February 10 at 01:31 AM