



## George Randell Hoopiaina

January 21, 1953 - September 16, 2017

Most are sure that they have never met anyone like him before...a man as rare as the blue moon...the last old-school man of the world...that man who is certainly a favorite memory of all, George Randell Hoopiaina (known as Randy to most) said to tell everyone that he will meet us all on the flip side. The legendary ancestral bus with his dad and uncles on it, arrived earlier than expected for him on September 16, 2017. A fantastically epic journey began on January 21, 1953, when the Great White Dolphin delivered a son to the original Pineapple Kid Clifford Lincoln Hoopiaina and his beautiful bride Hazel Ann Sanders Hoopiaina. Randy was an obvious favorite of fate as he was afforded numerous once in a lifetime opportunities and experiences. He once said that he had experienced every situation in life whether it was directly or through a combination of events. Born and raised in Utah, he took full advantage of the exciting new culture of the 1960's. The Murray High School Class of 1971 can claim Randy as a graduate and directly after chose to attend the School of Life with his new bride. Randy apprenticed as a tile setter for his hero and mentor – his dad – and became a skilled, legendary tile setter in the Salt Lake Valley and a proud member of the union. Armed with the vital skills that perfected his craft and the values his dad instilled in him, Randy made a brave and bold move with his family to Virginia in 1979. During the 12 years that Randy lived and worked in the shadow of our nation's capital, his career evolved exponentially from a tile setter to one of the most successful General Contractors in his field. In Virginia, Randy and his family made

lifelong friendships and were fortunate to have several unbelievable experiences but the Utah mountains were always in the back of everyone's mind. Randy finally gave in to the call home and returned his family to Utah in 1991. The mountains proved to be a refuge for the man with a golden heart and personified absolute magic and hope. Randy worked hard to always be a benevolent person and care for the ones around him. His soul is eternal, wise and the few strands of silver in his hair marked the essence of a man breathing in life itself. He had a gift for identifying those in need and would share some of that magic, a beautiful spell for them...something so sweet where an ache used to be. A little country house up in the mountains is where he lived to admire the immeasurable wonder and beauty. It is there, below the moon itself and a million stars in the sky that he said he found a little truth. He devoted his life to sharing that truth with the ones he loved and especially with the ones that were central to his existence – his children, grand-children and great-grandchildren. The love that he possessed for them was limitless. The love and admiration they have for him is beyond compare. His daughters Amy Shaw, Rebecca Smith and Meagan Quintero were the twinkle in his eye and the spring in his step. Two sons, Christian and Zack, were the foundation to his heart and he endeavored to support their journey to being great men. A rare mix of the classic James Dean tough guy and a gentle spirit, it was his grandchildren that tipped the scales and wholly softened and stole his heart. Each and every one deserves mention as he would have wanted this entire obituary to be about them. The loves of his life, the group of people that would swear he's secretly a super hero and the recipients of the precious prizes he won playing the crane machine are listed from the oldest, his granddaughter Brittany, Dylan, McKelle, Mia, Brianna, Savanna, Aubrey, Hagen, Marissa, Caitlyn, Hayden, Ben, Max, Kade, Junior, Damien, Kash and our sweet little skunk Sasha. The absolute and definitive cherry on top are his three great-grandchildren Bruce Wayne, Niko and Indiana. Randy was always moving so fast, helping anyone and everyone that he nor anyone noticed that his work on this earth was nearing it's end. His thoughts, they were too big for his size

and needed attention that no earthly being could give him. Go rest now Dad, high on that mountain, remember Daddy's never leave. I know you are content, happy and whole and I have already seen you in the sunshine in my hair, the shadows on the ground and the whisper in the wind. A gathering to honor him, share stories and draw comfort from the love we all share for him will be held at Grant Park, 6150 South Main, Murray, Utah, on Saturday, September 30, 2017 between 1-5. We will honor his final wish on Sunday, October 1, 2017, at the place he considered most sacred, Iosepa, Utah, where he will finally become one with Mother Earth and laid to rest. All that loved and cared for Randy are welcomed. In lieu of flowers, please donate to the Primary Children's Hospital in honor of his precious granddaughter Brianna Hoopiaina.

# Tribute Wall



“ George Randell Hoopiaina

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October 05, 2023 at 07:49 PM



“ I met Randy when I was seventeen. Fresh to DC and not sure what I was doing there Randy took me under his wing. Randy immediately gave me responsibilities and tasks far beyond my knowledge. While giving me his insight and sharing everything he knew to help me grow in the construction field. We traveled the east coast building health clubs. I later worked for him at Overland contracting. Randy would always buy lunch and dinner. Sitting with him one day I told him that I hoped one day to be able to be as good and generous to people as he was. He just said " you will bub you will" " now let's get back to work". I haven't seen Randy in years but often think of him and what he brought to my life. Rest in peace see you on the flip side.

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**Brett bloxdorf** - September 29, 2017 at 02:11 AM

IF

“ First of all let me say how sorry I was to hear of Hoopiaina's passing my prayers and thoughts are with his family. My name is Irene Montoya (Flash) I as well graduated from Murray High. Randy was a year younger than me, I never called him Randy, it was always Hoopiaina he would laugh when I would tell him I love that name Hoopiaina it's fun to say. We were pals, he once said to me "I could never go out with you, you know, cause you're more like my sister." I guess I was, we would confide in each when we would get our hearts broken. Our response was always the same, ahh we're too good for them anyway. I worked at KMart part time on Redwood road when in high school. He liked to go down there and hang with me while I worked. It's strange I was at lunch not too long ago with some high school chums the first thing I asked was "does anyone know what ever happened to Hoopiaina? They laughed and said you were always crazy about him huh? Yes crazy in a way, that he was such a special friend, we connected so well. You know how once in a lifetime you come across that special person? That was my "Hoopiaina" I've thought about him now and then. I truely loved him. Rest In Peace my friend.

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**Irene Montoya Flash** - September 26, 2017 at 11:55 PM

KA

“ Karen Anderson lit a candle in memory of George Randell Hoopiaina



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**Karen Anderson** - September 26, 2017 at 09:28 PM

JG

“ *Peggy (Wayne) and Hoopiaina Family*

*I'm so sorry about your loss of Randy. It's hard to lose a family member. You have great memories with him to remember. He's with his/your parents now and pain free. I'm always here for you if you walk to talk.*



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**Joanne Gibson** - September 26, 2017 at 03:38 PM

TF

“ *We love you Randy and will miss you terribly. Thank you for always thinking of us and being such a great friend. R.I.P. My dear friend.*

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**The Lee Family** - September 25, 2017 at 12:32 PM

ES

“ *I was Randy's 3rd grade teacher. I remember his happy personality and the friendly way he related to the other students. He was a most an amazing young man. He is one of the few that I still remember. I am so sorry for your family's loss of such a wonderful person.*

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**Elaine Sperry** - September 25, 2017 at 12:42 AM