



Patrick Graham Ryan

May 20, 1981 - January 26, 2026

Patrick Graham Ryan, 44, passed away peacefully on January 26, 2026 in Salt Lake City, UT after a courageous seven year battle with cancer. He was born to Mike O Ryan and Shannon Davis on May 20, 1981 in Hailey, ID.

Growing up, Patrick enjoyed sunny days in San Diego, CA. He achieved the Order of the Arrow, the official honor society of the Boy Scouts of America. He played water polo in high school and was in a jazz, punk and rock band. Music was a lifelong passion, he loved attending concerts and taught himself to play many instruments, with a particular love for the drums.

Patrick approached everything in life with determination and excellence. He graduated from the University of California San Diego with a BA.

Professionally, he dedicated his career to creating unforgettable experiences for others, working as a production manager and recording engineer. An overachiever in the truest sense, he was known for writing a full document when only a summary was requested.

Patrick is survived by his loving wife, Mary Ryan; his parents, Mike O Ryan (Margaret Ryan) and Shannon Davis (William E. Davis Jr.); his Aunts Lynn Elizabeth Arthur (Arthur Lynch) and Allison Arthur (Pat McEwan); step grandfather Sam Passamonte; his mothers in law Annie Stephens and Susan Allred; his half-brother William E. Davis III; his brothers and sisters in law Phillip Allred (Athy and Christy Allred), Christine Woolley (David Woolley),

Wendy Allred (KC Donahue), Stephen Allred (Andrea Weston), Danielle Thompson (Hyrum Thompson), Levi Allred (Jacey Allred), Bethany Watson (Chad Watson), Erin Allred, Brittany Bunker (Laurence Bunker), Susan Breanne Allred and 61 nieces and nephews. He is preceded in death by his grandfather John Kenneth Arthur, grandmother Patricia Brownlee Arthur, and father-in-law Rex Allred.

Patrick built a life centered on love, happiness, and adventures. He found joy in gardening, spending time outdoors, and immersing himself in the world of Star Wars, fantasy, and all things magical. He could be found singing at the top of his lungs and dancing around the house with his wife Mary and their dog Bruce.

In his most difficult days, Patrick was held up by the boundless love of Mary whose presence was his comfort, strength and home. He was an extraordinary soul who brought kindness and love to everyone he met. His warm smile lit up the room, and his positivity was truly contagious. Selfless and generous, he would do anything for anyone. Patrick was a light to this world that cannot be matched, he will be missed beyond measure.

A celebration of life will be held at a later date, donations may be made in his honor to Best Friends Animal Society bestfriends.org

Tribute Wall

JV

“ Posted by Jean V. on behalf of Josh Fuller.

I remember when Patrick joined troop 831, Chris and I had already become good friends and then this new Rad kid came along. We definitely hung out together, Chris, Patrick and I. I remember we all wanted to camp with him but couldn't have more than two kids in a tent so Chris and I would take turns as camp broz with Patrick. I remember camping with him one year and our tent wasn't waterproof 😓😓 it had a solid inch of freezing cold condensation and he dealt with the situation calmly. Definitely a legendary dude. May his spirit rest peacefully



Jean Villard - February 14 at 12:53 PM



“ I was fortunate enough to know Patrick, through scouting, during a brief window in our adolescence. He was not the biggest of us, the most boisterous, or the brashest...

He was certainly the brightest.

As young men are wont to do, I can recall times when any one of us were in a funk. Any one of us excepting Patrick. I'm sure, as with any of us, there were times something would be eating at him, but it never presented in his outward demeanor. Instead, he always seemed an ever-present source of cheer, optimism, and eagerness for whatever came next. And he was always smiling; he had a brilliant, beaming smile. If I'm recalling correctly, his braces might have had something to do with some of that shine.

Time and distance have a way of washing away specific, detailed memories. The latter I had once my family moved away during my sophomore year, and time... well, it has been nearly thirty years since I have been involved with, or thought about Scouts in more than wispy, vague fragments. It is because of this I would like to share instead about a moment in which Patrick was responsible for leaving me with one of the greatest impressions in my early life.

I was a troubled youth, struggling with identity and esteem issues. I was truly just happy to feel included in the troop, among a group of boys my age, though thinking no more of it than that...

...and I confess, I don't feel I knew Patrick, or any of the members of the troop for that matter, well. I was a hard friend to make, and also found it hard to make friends. Without doubt, I was a hard one to keep as well.

One summer, at Mataguay Scout Reservation, a place I still consider fondly as my second home, I was asked if I would like to stay a second session. Absolutely! I would love to, but why?

It turned out, Patrick was going to be staying for a second session, joining a mixed troop, and for the sake of familiarity, wanted one of us around. To my astonishment, as I understand, I was top of his list. Somehow, it was funded, gods know my mother would have been pressed, and for that I'll be forever grateful... but even more so to Patrick.

The fact I had been chosen, of all the boys in the troop, brought me to the realization that no matter what I may be thinking of myself, or what I may be thinking others think of me, that it was not likely as bad as I figure. Here was this beacon of positive energy who wanted to have me around for familiarities sake. I never would have thought it, and it was one of the first times in my life I recall feeling truly special.

Reading his obituary, as well as the few remembrances already posted, it seems that Patrick continued to carry that brilliant smile, and glowing personality that I remember throughout his life. I'd like to think on a different timeline, one in which I hadn't had to move every three years, that we definitely could have been better friends. Perhaps bonding over a shared interest in music! I could have come to see his shows, and we could have had a blast at karaoke. Had deep, but not so deep, discussions about all of the new Star Wars media that has been released, and why 'Rogue One' absolutely tops them all.

It seems, despite the pain he must have been fighting these past several years, that his life was full and happy. I hope he is at peace. To borrow a quote from another media gem that seems particularly apt at this juncture, "It's a sad truth that those who shine brightest often burn fastest."

Regrettably, Patrick has moved on into the next session far too soon for myself, or any of us, to join him, but I know he is out there scouting what lies ahead. Without doubt, he'll be there waiting, campfire burning, bouncing with unbound enthusiasm, to sing songs, share jokes and stories, and show us the ropes of the next

adventure once we all join him some summer hence.

Jon Stocks - February 09 at 02:48 AM

EB

“ *Patrick was a true inspiration to me and everyone he encountered. I had the pleasure and honor to work along side him on many different occasions, and every time I found myself in awe of his work ethic, determination, and ability to keep fighting the good fight. Patrick, you will be missed dearly bud. The AV world lost one of the best it ever had! Cheers my friend.*

Eddie Barton - February 04 at 01:28 PM

JV

“ *3 files added to the tribute wall*



Jean Villard - February 03 at 06:51 PM

JV

When I think back to our youth and remember Patrick Ryan the first thing that comes to mind is his incredible laughter. Patrick and I spent our Monday nights at Troop 831 Boy Scout meetings in the church basement of the Imperial Beach United Methodist Church. I have fond memories of Summer camp and Order of the Arrow ceremony teams with Patrick. Patrick was for the most part always my second in charge or so willing to volunteer. Patrick had a can do attitude and was always first to help out the new kids in the troop.

I remember one time at Camp Balboa during a free swim Patrick got injured on his foot and all of us guys gathered to see if we could help and to be sure Patrick was ok while first aid was being given to him. We all cared for Patrick deeply.

Patrick and I attend Summer camps where we earned many merit badges for skills and I remember him being very curious and studious. Patrick and I were also on Order of the Arrow ceremony teams where I recall a particular funny time when we had to read script last moment in dim cardboard wax tuna can light, Patrick and I had a good laugh about that particular situation, you had to be there to understand the dynamics of it. But imaging Patrick trying to read a script on the ground at a 45 degree angle with a spear and shield in hand.

Its hard not to talk about Partick with out also talking about Mr. Bill as we all call him. Mr. Bill was always within an earshot of Patrick as a Adult volunteer Scouter. Mr Bill supported all of us young men and we saw what a great job all his parents did with Patrick and we understood a young man such as Patrick had a good upbringing.

I was always very found of Patrick and I regret not trying harder to keep in touch after all these years. I tried a couple times but with no sucess and I wish I would have tried harder. Time does that and with time passes so do our memories. So I reached out to the many Scouts who knew Patrick and was reminded about all the stories I didn't remember or have never heard. I hope that a little of Patrick lives on in all of us. A simple laugh or smile, a time to volunteer and a curious attitude and willingness to help the new person. I hope these things reminds us of Patrick Ryan. He will forever live on in my memories as the young man I knew in some of the best times of my youth. I will miss my friend. He lives on in our memories. In my memory of Partick we are laughing at our silliness around our campfire and having the best of times back at camp. Keep the camp fire going for me Patrick and hold vigil. Sleep well my friend.

Jean Villard - February 13 at 04:32 PM

DH

“ I was lucky enough to spend 11 years working with this wonderful man. His spirit is larger than life and larger than his body could contain. We shared a lot of laughs together. He always had a smile on his face regardless of the day's situation. Patrick my friend, you will be missed deeply. Love you brother!

DIRK HOOLEY - January 31 at 10:18 AM