



Rhys Matthew Barnett

July 29, 1990 - August 11, 2021

Rhys Matthew Barnett was born July 29th, 1990 to Robert Barnett and Laurie Diamond. Rhys was a fun-loving explorer in childhood. He loved adventures with his younger siblings Denton, Devyn, and Danielle. Growing up in Page, Arizona, Rhys gained an early love for the outdoors as a boating guide on the Colorado River as part of Diamond River Adventures. He also exercised his love of music as part of Winter Guard International, where he became an accomplished percussionist.

He met the love of his life, Jessica Rankin, at Page High School. They later would go on to bring two beautiful children into the world: William, 9, and EvaLynn, 6. Rhys loved his children dearly and made a point to fill their lives with the fun and adventure he knew growing up by taking them on camping and fishing trips all over the Western United States. Rhys trained as a professional chef at the Arizona Culinary Institute, and all friends and family members became acquainted with his excellent cooking. He later went into sales, where his gregariousness won him friends and customers. For a time, his imposing physique served him well as a bouncer in night clubs—though anyone who knew him understood that he was a teddy bear at heart. Later, he learned sheet metal work and numerous skills in the construction trade, where he also made loyal friends and colleagues. The only thing bigger than his brisket was his heart, and Rhys made and kept many friends from childhood onward. All who knew him were inspired by his kind and generous ways. No

matter the hour Rhys would be there to help anyone, be it a lost tourist or a friend in need.

When Rhys was well, he was pure joy. He had a deep voice and a rolling laugh that made conversations with him addicting. He was a top-notch Dad jokester and made any gathering a bona fide party. Years of hosting private tours down the Grand Canyon planted his heart there and he often told stories of his river adventures, many ending with his amazing laugh. To our great sorrow, Rhys succumbed to mental illness on August 11th, 2021. We are left to admire the strength he displayed as he sought healing. The world is a less vibrant, less joyful place without him. We encourage any and all that are struggling with mental health to reach out and ask for help, for you are loved and needed more than you may know.

Rhys is preceded in death by his mother Laurie, and grandfathers William Diamond and Arthur Barnett . He is survived by his father Robert Barnett, stepmother Bonnie Barnett, grandmother Patricia Diamond, grandmother Marcie Hazen, brother Devyn Barnett, sister Danielle Siebrecht, brother Denton Siebrecht, fiancée Jessica Rankin, children William and EvaLynn, and numerous family members in the Barnett, Rankin, and Pickering clans.

Rhys' legacy reminds us all that we are never too busy to lend a helping hand. May we never forget his generous and fun-loving ways, and may his memory endure in our hearts and minds. He will be sorely missed and forever loved.

Tribute Wall

DA

“ Thinking about you today man. Miss you.

David - March 05 at 01:39 AM

KR

“ Karen Rankin lit a candle in memory of Rhys Matthew Barnett



Karen Rankin - July 29, 2025 at 03:41 PM

KR

“ Happy Birthday Rhys! I love and miss you so much! William and EvaLynn miss you like crazy but they are doing well and growing up strong and smart. I sure miss our group birthday barbeques. Birthdays just aren't the same with out you. xoxoxo

Karen Rankin - July 29, 2025 at 09:13 AM



“ Rhys Matthew Barnett

October 05, 2023 at 07:49 PM

KR

“ Seems just like yesterday when you showed up to our house. All nervous. Trying not to laugh but it was funny. 6' tall and built like a line backer.

Raymond came down the stairs and extended his hand. White as a ghost, Rhys shakes his hand. The effort it took for him to ask Raymond to date our daughter Jessica was not something that I could ever forget.

We went through a lot together over the years. Good and bad. Celebrated births, birthdays, holidays. Talked about food together. Tried to talk him into doing a food truck together. Watched him laugh. Seen him angry (look out Hulk). We've laughed, cried, gotten mad at each other and yet we were always there for each other. You showed up that day. Asked if you could stay for awhile. Till things get figured out. Then you decided to go. I hope that you are feeling better xoxoxo

I miss you and I love you. Wish you would have stayed. Thank you for believing that I could handle this. It's really hard. I'm trying. Wish you were here because I could really use one of your Big Bear hugs, hear your boisterous voice/laughter, your brisket and dad jokes. Rest in peace 🥺

Karen Rankin - January 21, 2022 at 02:20 PM

BY

“ 2 files added to the album Rhys



Ben Yuill - September 16, 2021 at 02:58 PM

SC

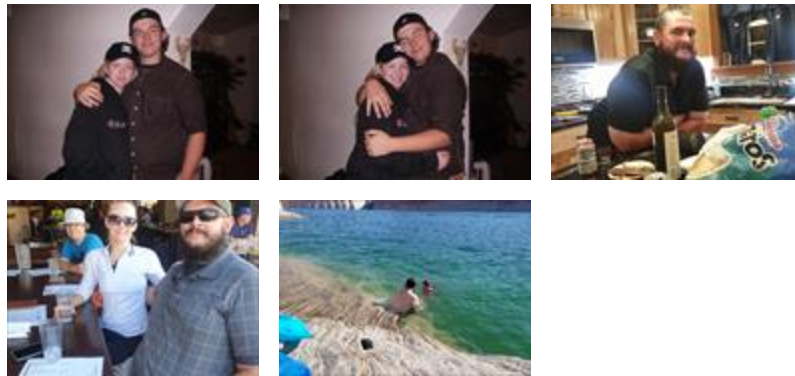
“ *Our sadness has no words. Rys was a fixture around the Dive Shop in Page when he was just a young boy. His smile was infectious. If only he knew how much he would be missed by so many. Our love to the Diamond family.*

*Steve and Sue Cassens
Wasilla, Alaska*

Sue Cassens - September 16, 2021 at 10:13 AM

LR

“ *16 files added to the album Rhys*



Lauren Rankin - September 15, 2021 at 02:31 PM

LR

“ *Lauren Rankin lit a candle in memory of Rhys Matthew Barnett*



Lauren Rankin - September 15, 2021 at 02:27 PM

LR

“ How does one write memories when you had been a part of my life so long, I don't even remember what it was like before you? Thanks for being family. Thanks for being a friend. So many good memories cruising around in the FJ in the desert with you. So many good times and visits. Eggs benedict will forever remind me of when you made all of us breakfast at my crappy Ogden apartment, and I felt so spoiled and fancy never having had eggs benedict before. I think often the previous summer when we found those silly lost tourists stuck in Warm Creek wash with their big stupid RV, and you wanted to go above and beyond to help—even borrowing Raymond's tractor and showing me how to drive it (though I was too chicken to go very far.) You weren't above razzing those tourists a little bit, though. "Hell yeah, Brother!!", you shouted as you hopped out of the FJ, like you and Ben were backwater hicks about to do something potentially scary and dangerous. That's one of my favorite memories. That or, the time in Las Vegas when you were hungry and a little tipsy, and you stole the quesadilla off John's stove (which wasn't a big deal as he was making them for anyone and everyone!) You felt so bad about a silly quesadilla, but honestly, we never stopped laughing about it because of the sheer mystery of where said quesadilla went, as if it vanished into thin air. It was so innocent, so hilarious, and I couldn't let it go no matter even if it embarrassed you a little bit.

Love you forever, and rest in peace. 'Till we meet again: hell yeah, brother.

Lauren Rankin - September 15, 2021 at 02:19 PM