



David C Cowley

December 2, 1940 - November 11, 2025

David C. Cowley passed away peacefully at his home in Enterprise, Utah, surrounded by his loving family on November 11, 2025. He was born on December 2, 1940, in Richfield, Utah, to David Curtis Cowley and Amy Leola Nielsen — arriving as a twin, alongside his sister Delia. David grew up with his twin sister, his eldest sister Elaine, affectionately known as “bossy Elaine,” and his younger brother Lynn, the spirited “wild little brother” of the family.

From the moment he first saw Joyce Jones, he said he knew he was going to marry her

— and he did, on June 10, 1961. Not long after, David and Joyce were sealed for time and all eternity in the St. George Temple, a commitment that reflected both their love and their shared faith. Together they built a beautiful life and were blessed with three children whom he loved deeply.

David spent his early years in Richfield, where he enjoyed helping his father with the cattle, going pheasant hunting, and riding horses. He had a deep love for animals — horses, pigeons, and dogs were a constant part of his life. Later on, his closest daily companions were his dog Rocky and his cat Willow.

He loved his mother very much. He often talked about her wonderful baking and the homemade candies she made, remembering those tastes and traditions with a special fondness. Her cooking created some of his warmest

childhood memories.

David was also a lifelong member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. His testimony was strong and unwavering, a quiet but steady foundation throughout his life. He lived his faith through kindness, service, and genuine care for those around him.

He cherished the summers he spent with his grandparents, the Nielsens, in Kingston. After his parents divorced, he moved to St. George with his mother and siblings. At just 14 years old, he began working at The Big Hand Café as a “pearl diver” — a dishwasher. One of his favorite memories from that time was meeting Clark Gable and getting his autograph.

At age 16, David moved with his mother and stepfather, Leonard Lefevre, to Enterprise. He began working with Leonard at Zuckerman’s Farms, caring for the cattle. In 1964, he started driving truck for Alma Holt, and before long he proudly purchased his own truck: a 1957 Kenworth. All of his trucks from then on were Kenworths — a point of pride he carried his whole life.

Over the course of 44 years and more than 4 million miles, David became well-known across the western states, forming lasting friendships with his many trucker buddies. He was always willing to help anyone in need and often brought back truck parts from the salvage yards in Phoenix for his friends.

Though he was a quiet man of few words, his actions spoke louder than anything he could have said. He was hardworking, steady, and deeply loyal to the people he loved. He took his wife and children trucking with him whenever they wanted to go, creating memories they will always hold close.

One thing everyone remembers about David is that he was never seen without his black Stetson cowboy hat. It was part of who he was — a symbol

of his character, his roots, and the life he lived with pride.

One of his greatest joys was riding horses over Pine Valley Mountain. He rode for many years with his brothers-in-law, Douglas and Clark Jones, and later continued that tradition with his own family.

David was preceded in death by his parents; his twin sister Delia; his sisters Amy, Jill, and Jan; his son David Curtis Cowley; his grandson Randy J. Cowley; his in-laws Delmar and Kate Jones; and his brothers-in-law Douglas Jones, Kenneth Jones, Jack Canfield, and Boyd Barlow.

He is survived by his wife, Joyce Cowley; his children Allison (Kevin) Keyes of Pine Valley and Jeffrey Scott (Lisa) Cowley of Enterprise; his sister Elaine Canfield; his brother Lynn Cowley; seven grandchildren; and ten great-grandchildren.

Above all else, David's greatest love in life was his wife, his children, and his grandchildren. Each of them carries special memories of him — memories filled with warmth, quiet strength, faith, and love. He will be missed deeply by all who knew him.

Cemetery Details

Richfield City Cemetery

780 N Main St
Richfield, UT 84701

Previous Events

Viewing

NOV **21**. 5:00 PM - 7:00 PM (MT)

Enterprise Utah Stake Center
80 S. Center Street
Enterprise, UT 84725
(435) 878-2425

Graveside Service

NOV **22**. 12:30 PM (MT)

Richfield City Cemetery
780 N Main St
Richfield, UT 84701

Tribute Wall

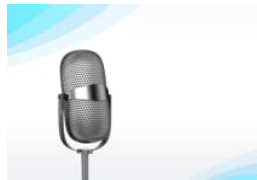
BJ

“ *What a great neighbor! So enjoyed growing up next to his family. I loved watching them load their horses to go up on Pine Valley. Everyone was so happy. Condolences and prayers to Joyce and family. Sincerely, Becky Adams Johnson.* ”

Becky Adams Johnson - November 26, 2025 at 03:16 PM



“ *1 file added to the album Service Audio Recording* ”



Serenity Funeral Home of Southern Utah - November 24, 2025 at 05:15 PM

EK

“ *Elaine (Ott) and Ryon Kershaw purchased the Ar rive in Style for the family of David C Cowley.* ”



Elaine (Ott) and Ryon Kershaw - November 21, 2025 at 11:02 AM

LF

“ *Lorraine Jones and Family purchased the Serene Retreat for the family of David C Cowley.* ”



Lorraine Jones and Family - November 20, 2025 at 01:41 PM

AH

“Gramps was a man who didn’t need many words to make a lasting impact. Gramps was a quiet man, steady and strong in the way only someone who’s spent a lifetime working hard can be. He spent much of his life on the open road, hauling his taters in his big truck — a job that took grit, patience, and pride. I would always get so excited when he was heading home so he could pick up Meg and I. Many fun memories in the back of his sleeper on our way to Enterprise. It was mainly us being silly, snacking on his bag of chips and going pee in a bucket. The smell of potatoes will forever bring him back to me — the fun times helping him sort them at the shop, the dust, the laughter, and the simple joy of being by his side. Some of my favorite memories of Gramps are from when I was little, helping him with his beautiful pigeons. He’d let us be part of his world, gently showing us how to care for them. When our hands were dirty from doing the chores, he’d help me lather them up with Irish Spring soap, his big comforting hands with my tiny ones inbetween — a small moment, but one that somehow captured who he was: kind, practical, and quietly loving. He was a cowboy at heart — a man who loved horses, animals, and our Heavenly Fathers beautiful creations. There was something timeless about him, like he carried the spirit of the West in his soul. And beyond the work and the grit, there were soft moments too — like sitting on his lap watching *The Pink Panther* cartoons, feeling completely safe and loved while enjoying some ice cream. Gramps may have been a man of few words, but he didn’t need to say much. His actions spoke for him — through his work, his care, and the memories he gave us. He taught us the value of hard work, the beauty in quiet moments, and the comfort of simple things. He leaves behind not just memories, but lessons — about humility, love, and strength that doesn’t shout but endures. We’ll miss him deeply, but we’ll carry him with us — in every whiff of Irish Spring, in the sight of a horse running free, and in the smell of potatoes that remind us of him. Gramps may have left this world, but I believe he’s not truly gone. Our bodies are just the vessels we borrow for a time — the real essence of who we are is made of energy. And energy never dies; it only changes form. The same spark that made him laugh, love, and

care for his family still exists — just in a new way. Maybe we feel it in the warmth of the sun on a quiet morning, or in the calm that settles over us when we think of him. He's part of everything now — in the breeze that moves through the trees, in the sound of pigeons cooing, and in every moment of kindness we carry forward because of him. Gramps' energy lives on — changed, but never gone.

Thank you, Gramps, for everything.

Ashley

Ashley Hagenbuch - November 18, 2025 at 09:24 PM