



Quentin Thomas Hansom

December 10, 1935 - February 16, 2026

Quentin Thomas Hansom passed away February 16, 2026, at home in Toquerville, Utah. Quentin was born on December 10, 1935, in Prescott, Arizona to Reginald and Nell Hansom. He served in the United States Navy and was stationed in San Diego, California. He went on to have an amazing 30-year career as a pilot with United Airlines, achieving the highest rank as Captain. He was a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of latter-day Saints, where he exemplified it.

Quentin was preceded in death by his former wives Marta and Joann and daughter, Janet Hansom. He is survived by his children Andy (Leslie), Dee (Troy), and Steffany (Ross) as well as many grandchildren and great-grandchildren

The family would like to thank Zion's Way Home Health and Hospice for their exceptional care.

Funeral services will be held on Friday, February 20, 2026, at 11:00 a.m. at the Toquerville LDS Chapel located at 63 Toquerville Blvd, Toquerville, Utah. There will be no public viewing. Interment will take place at Toquerville Cemetery.

Family and friends are invited to share tributes online at www.SerenityStG.co

m. Arrangements and memorial tree planting under the direction of Serenity Funeral Home of Southern Utah, (435) 986-9100.

Eulogy written by daughter Steffany

I would like to recognize my dad's brother for being able to attend today. I know it was a long journey, but your presence is a great comfort to our family. Thank you.

My dad used to help me write my church talks. Actually, if I'm being honest, he wrote them all. He knew the scriptures better than I did. He knew how to structure a message. He knew how to make doctrine clear and meaningful. Today, I have to do this one on my own. But I can almost hear him still guiding my thoughts.

My dad, Quentin Thomas Hansom, was born on December 10, 1935, in Prescott, Arizona, to Reginald and Nell Hansom. He grew up with one brother and four sisters in a home that shaped his strength and determination. In his senior year of high school, he moved to Kingman, Arizona. In his very first week at Kingman High School, he was elected Treasurer of the Class. He was the kind of person people trusted immediately. He was also a friend to everyone—loyal, steady, and always ready to stand by those he cared about. He was fiercely competitive. He played football, baseball, basketball, and ran track. He loved to win and hated to lose. That drive to give his best never left him. But more important than winning games was the way he showed up for his team.

After high school, he joined the United States Navy and was stationed in San Diego. It was there that he earned the nickname "Q.T."—a simple shortening of his initials that stuck with him for the rest of his life. From his Navy buddies to his professional colleagues and lifelong friends, he was known as Q.T. While stationed in San Diego, he met his first wife, Marta Bond. Together they were blessed with four children: Andrew, Janet, Dee, and myself. He loved being a father. He believed in teaching by example—through hard work and faith.

After his service in the Navy, Dad worked as an Aircraft Electronics Technician and took on various other jobs as he worked to build a life and provide for his family. He was never afraid of hard work. Eventually, he pursued his love of flying and became a pilot for United Airlines. What began as a dream became a remarkable 30-year career. He rose to the ultimate rank of Captain— a title he carried with great pride and deep responsibility. Passengers and crew trusted him with their lives, and he never took that lightly. He may have bent the rules occasionally, but never the metal. The same qualities that earned him trust as a teenager and respect in the Navy defined his professional life in the cockpit.

He lived and raised our family in Thousand Oaks, California. That is where so many of our memories were made. That is where he built his home, strengthened his faith, and invested in his children. It was also there that our family grew – where he welcomed sons- and daughters-in-law and gained grandchildren and even great-grandchildren who brought him so much joy. He was a provider in every sense of the word—not just financially, but spiritually and emotionally. He taught us standards. He taught us what it meant to stand firm.

But what defined my father most was his faith. He was deeply devoted to the gospel of Jesus Christ. He served faithfully in many callings, including in the bishopric, on the high council, and as a Gospel Doctrine teacher. He loved teaching the scriptures. He didn't just know the doctrine—he understood it. He could explain it clearly, defend it confidently, and apply it practically.

As I have gone through letters from his friends over the years, so many of them mentioned receiving a priesthood blessing from my dad. They wrote about how comforting and strengthening those blessings were. That was one of his quiet gifts. He listened to the Spirit, and people felt it.

On my last visit here, knowing it was getting close to the end, I received a Father's blessing for the last time. What an honor that was. To hear his voice—steady, faithful, full of love—that is something I will treasure forever.

In his last days, one of the last things he said as clear as day was, “7 days of Justice.” Knowing Dad, there was scripture behind it. It may have been his way of referencing John 1:7—speaking of bearing witness of the Light. That was who he was. He bore witness. He stood for truth. He believed in justice, in accountability, and in the Light of Jesus Christ.

In his final years, he lived in Toquerville, Utah, with his late wife, JoAnn, and his grandson Paul, who has taken extraordinary care of him. Paul’s devotion to his grandfather is a testament to his special spirit. The ward family here has also shown incredible love and concern—especially for Paul—and our family will always be grateful for that Christlike service.

Dad understood the Plan of Salvation. He believed in eternal families. He believed that priesthood covenants mattered. He believed that enduring to the end wasn’t just a phrase—it was a way of life.

His legacy doesn’t end today. My daughter, naming her first son Quentin, ensures his name and spirit live on in our family.

Ninety years is a long life. It is a full life. And my dad lived it deliberately faithful, disciplined, devoted.

He finished his course. He kept the faith. And I know he is still bearing witness of the Light.

Dad, thank you for every blessing, every lesson, every example.

Until we meet again.

Cemetery Details

Toquerville Cemetery

1186 S. Toquer Boulevard
Toquerville, UT

Previous Events

Funeral Service

FEB 20. 11:00 AM (MT)

Toquerville Utah LDS Chapel
63 North Toquerville Blvd
Toquerville, UT

Burial

FEB 20. 12:15 PM (MT)

Toquerville Cemetery
1186 S. Toquer Boulevard
Toquerville, UT

Tribute Wall



“ 1 file added to the album *Funeral Audio Recording*



Serenity Funeral Home of Southern Utah - February 20 at 04:37 PM