



Reuel Doran Hopkins

December 13, 1932 - March 10, 2025

Our dad, Reuel Doran Hopkins, of Hurricane, Utah, passed away peacefully in his sleep in the early morning hours on Monday, March 10, 2025 at the age of 92 years in Washington, Utah, while residing the last nine months in Ovation's Memory Care.

He was born on December 13, 1932 in Los Angeles, California to Cecil Rhodes Hopkins and Nellie Melba Taylor Hopkins. He married his high school sweetheart, Nancy Mae Rutherford, on April 1, 1951 in Gardnerville, Nevada, a true shotgun wedding accompanied by both sets of parents. They were later sealed for time and all eternity in the Los Angeles Temple on February 9, 1963.

Daddy was raised in Los Angeles, California until, as a teenager, he moved with his parents and younger brother Neil to Clovis, California. They lived on a ten acre ranch where they raised apricots and grapes for raisins. His mother passed away when he was 15 years old. He attended Clovis Union High School where he met Nancy in band class. He played the trumpet and she played the saxophone. It was love at first sight for him. He asked his friend to nominate "hot lips" (aka Mama) to be class secretary. His friend did so by saying LOUDLY, "I nominate Hot Lips!" While dating Mama, Daddy loved the song "My Darling, My Darling," and when that song came on the radio, he would say to Nancy, "You are, you know."

After high school, he attended Los Angeles City College and then went to UCLA for a short time. His father was in the sheet metal trade so he began an apprenticeship as a Sheet Metal Worker. He progressed to become a journeyman and an Air Balance Technician working in many of the skyscrapers and commercial buildings located in the Los Angeles area. He was often requested as the air balance technician for many jobs because he was known for doing his job with honesty, integrity, and precision. He was a member of his local and international Sheet Metal Worker Unions, including many years as a retired member. He recently received his 70 year membership plaque.

When Daddy and Mama first married, they lived in Clovis, California where their first daughter, Lynn Jean, was born in 1951. They moved to downtown Los Angeles where they lived in a tiny apartment and then to a home in Pasadena with his Dad. Their second daughter, Carol Ann, was born in 1953. In 1955, they bought their first new home in West Covina, California. Their third daughter, Connie Allene, was born in 1957 followed by their youngest daughter, Kathleen Sue, in 1959. They purchased their Hurricane, Utah house and property in the 1970s. Daddy and Mama lived in their West Covina home until they retired and moved to Hurricane, Utah in January 1991 where they raised apricots, peaches and many grandkids.

Daddy learned to play the trumpet at a young age and it became a lifelong passion. He loved music (but he absolutely did not like his daughters' rock and roll music). He played his trumpet with the Covina City Band and they would perform in the band shell at Covina Park. After moving to Utah, he drove weekly to Kanab, to play and perform with the Symphony of the Canyons for over 20 years. He also played and performed with the Southwest Symphony in Japan in March of 1998 on a concert tour. For many years he played "Taps" on his trumpet at the funerals of many veterans in Southern

Utah as coordinated by the Hurricane American Legion.

Daddy became a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1961, three years after Mama joined the church. Daddy didn't want to pay tithing or give up his beer, so he didn't want to be baptized when Mama was baptized. Daddy was called to work with the Scouts as a non-member. His brother Neil had joined the church previously with encouragement from his Mom's half-brothers Clarence and Frank Bates. Many years later, when his daughter Carol was doing genealogy, she discovered that their ancestors, Richard and Emma Collings, with five of their children, were part of the Martin Handcart Company who crossed the plains to settle in Utah. They had joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in England and settled in Springville, Utah after which they helped settle Monroe, Utah. Many years later, when a trunk of family treasures was given to Daddy by his father, we found a Blessing Certificate that showed Daddy had been blessed in the Church as a 16 month old in 1934 by his uncle Clarence Bates. We had no idea that Daddy came from Utah Pioneers until then. He did know at some point that his Mom was a member of the Church, but he never went to church as a child since his dad wanted nothing to do with church.

Daddy served in many callings over the years. As a Membership Clerk, he kept the ward records in a meticulous manner and visited every new member and family whose records were sent to the ward. He was a dedicated home teacher to many families. He served as a counselor in bishoprics and was called as a Bishop of the Covina Third Ward in California three years before he retired. He and Mama also served as temple workers in the St. George Temple.

Daddy was highly involved in Boy Scouts as a Scoutmaster and in Cub Scouts as the Cubmaster for many years in the wards he lived in. He received

the Silver Beaver Award, the Boy Scouts of America's highest leadership award. He created a very energetic atmosphere for his scouts which the boys all loved. He played many roles as the Cubmaster at Pack Meetings including dressing up in costumes Mama made for him. He played the role of a chef, an Indian, a clown, a pilgrim, a frontiersman and many others depending upon the monthly theme. He always had a great story to tell that went along with the themes. Hosting mud football on his west parcel was a favorite of the boys, youth, and their parents! The Hurricane Fire Department sent their water truck to hose down the muddy participants afterwards.

Daddy was a forever tease. He loved pulling pranks and telling jokes which weren't always appropriate! One day he came home from work and left a variety of candy spread out on the kitchen table. Some were in bright, colorful foil wrappers and others were in plain, dull wrappers. Of course, we girls took the shiny bright foil wrapped candies to enjoy. They were chocolate covered and most were crunchy inside. We didn't think too much about it until he told us later they were chocolate covered BUGS...baby bees, baby caterpillars, baby grasshoppers and ants. We all wanted to barf! The plain wrapped candies were the "normal" candies. He laughed and laughed!

Another time, while camping with our good friends, the Durston and Proctor families, the teenage girls, Carol and Bonnie, were in the camper hanging out. Our Dad, along with the two other dads and the teenage boys came back from their jeep ride with a large brown grocery bag stapled shut with writing on the outside that read, "Candy, do not open!" They put this bag into the camper where the girls were. Bonnie couldn't resist, of course, and opened the bag. Within just seconds, the camper door flew open and the bag flew out with loud shrieks and screams from the girls. Inside the bag was a huge rattlesnake with its head chopped off! EEK! And the Dad's just laughed and laughed.

Daddy enjoyed playing football in high school. He also liked to play softball

with the Church teams. He loved watching sports on TV, especially football. Sometimes he had a radio playing one game with the TV showing another game and nobody dared to interrupt his viewing and listening. He was excited to attend and watch the track and field events at the 1984 Los Angeles Summer Olympics with his son-in-law Richard. It was at this time he bought his first color TV so he could watch the rest of the Olympics in true fashion. He also enjoyed deep sea fishing while living in California and going deer hunting with his friends Mike Durston and Tom Proctor. He later took some of his grandsons deer hunting for their first hunts. He enjoyed playing farmer in Hurricane as he drove his tractor to disc the dirt in his fields and orchard and mowed the grass on his John Deere riding lawnmower.

Reuel is survived by three of his daughters: Carol (Richard) Rashall of Hurricane, Utah; Connie Hopkins, of Newport, Oregon; and Kathleen (Lynden) Cheshire of Lehi, Utah. He has thirteen grandchildren: Armando Pinon, Kurtis Rashall, Teresa Durfee, Lukas Rashall, Derek Rashall, Haylee Marceau, Marcy McBride, Becky Wood, Stacy Wood, Ashley Limatuj, Jon Copple II, Aaron Copple and Scott Copple. He has thirty-seven great-grandchildren with two great-great-granddaughters and a third arriving in May. He was preceded in death by his mother, Nellie Melba Hopkins; his father, Cecil Rhodes Hopkins; one stillborn set of twin siblings; one set of twin siblings who lived 6 minutes; his brother, Neil Robert Hopkins; his wife, Nancy Mae Hopkins; and his daughter, Lynn Jean Davis.

Reuel's family will gather for the dedication of his grave at the Hurricane Cemetery followed by a Memorial Service on Saturday, March 15, 2025 at 2:30 pm at The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 677 South 700 West, Hurricane, Utah, in the Relief Society room with a luncheon to follow for his family and friends.

Our family wishes to express thanks to the Hurricane 16th Ward of The

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints for their help and support during this difficult time and also to the Ward Relief Society sisters for providing the luncheon.

Reuel's daughters wish to thank the many caring staff of both Ovation at Sienna Hills in the Juniper Memory Care wing and the Canyons Home Health and Hospice for their compassionate and kindly care of our dad over these last nine months.

Another heartfelt thanks goes to all of our friends and extended family who have shared their condolences and love with us.

Funeral arrangements were made through Serenity Funeral Home of Southern Utah. Family and friends are invited to share tributes online at: www.SerenityStG.com.

Cemetery Details

Hurricane Cemetery

225 E 600 N
Hurricane, UT 84737

Previous Events

Memorial Service

MAR 15. 2:30 PM (MT)

Hurricane Stake Center
677 South 700 West
Hurricane , UT 84737

Tribute Wall

DD

“ I really enjoyed getting to know Reuel on our weekly drive to Kanab for Symphony. He was funny and talented and always had a great story to share about Nancy, his kids and grandkids. I remember when he was out from knee surgery and when he complained how bad it was and that he would never do it again. Soon afterwards, he said he was getting the other one done. He said the first one felt so good that he realized how bad the other one was. "Get this, one knee has a 20 year warranty and the other, 25!" Then, after some heart issues had him in the hospital, he said he was feeling really good. "Bring on the dancing girls!" he said, shaking his raised arms like he was playing castanets. I will always appreciate my opportunity to get to know him.

Dayna Dillon - October 04, 2025 at 12:35 AM

LT

“ I have so many memories of him. Reading the obituary has reminded me of so many things. I think I first got to know him when he was a Cub Scout leader and he made Cub Scouts so fun! He put up a Teepee in his field and we had a whole meeting out there and the boys were so excited! That's when he wore his Indian costume and he would even use some face paint, he was very realistic. He was fun every month at our meetings, the boys were excited to go, he was a real motivator! I also remember going to a mutual activity there and having mud and playing mud volleyball which was also great fun, something I will never forget. I remember him playing the trumpet with the Kanab Orchestra at our peach days here in Hurricane, he was very very good on the trumpet and had solos in some of the pieces. He loved playing the trumpet and he did do the trumpet solo for my father-in-law who was a veteran at his service at the cemetery. My husband Home talked to him for at least 10 years and loved his visits so much. Ruel would make sure that Steve would come every month and did remind him! He was a great neighbor to our daughter who lived next-door. He was a grand old man in his old days even with all of his physical problems, he didn't let them stop him from getting on his tractor and doing what he felt like he needed and wanted to do. He loved his church and the gospel and had a great testimony of it. He loved his wife of many years and his children and his posterity. Thanks for getting a lot harder for him and his later years and patience was harder to come by, and the memory became a major problem as time went by but all these wonderful memories of him when he was younger and such an important part of our ward and our community will forever stay with me and everyone else who knew him.

Laura Thomas - March 24, 2025 at 12:29 PM

KS

“ I would enjoy going over to talk to Mr. Hopkins/neighbor when he was making his "mail run" to the "Postal Pedestal"; as well as bringing his trash cans to the top of the circle riding the little green tractor. Good times in life I will always remember; thank you for the memories neighbor.

Kim Seegmiller - March 15, 2025 at 04:24 PM

KS

“ Hopkins, you are a great neighbor! On that note, we enjoyed Kathleen as a neighbor for years. Fantastic people!

Kim Seegmiller - March 15, 2025 at 04:20 PM

CS

“ Christine and Dennis Sagers purchased the Amazing Grace 44" Sonnet for the family of Reuel Doran Hopkins.



Christine and Dennis Sagers - March 14, 2025 at 07:41 PM