

In Loving Memory



Viril Hone Nash

1928 - 2022

In Loving Memory



Viril Hone Nash

Date of Birth

April 3rd, 1928 ~ Salem, Utah

Parents

Oliver & Edith Hone Nash

Married

Barbara Roe ~ April 29th, 1950

Children

Brent, Gayleen, Glenda, Blair, Susan,
Peggy, Blake & Kathleen

Date of Death

August 5th, 2022 ~ American Falls, Idaho

Viewing Service

10:00 – 10:45 a.m. Friday August 12th, 2022
The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
Aberdeen 2nd Ward ~ Aberdeen, Idaho

Funeral Service

11:00 a.m. Friday August 12th, 2022

Officiating Bishop Joshua Hubbard
Family Prayer Haden Nash (Grandson)
Organist & Chorister Wanda McCombs, Dora Rowbury
Hymn No. 223

“Have I Done Any Good in the World Today”

Invocation Isaiah Githuka (Great-Grandson)
Life Sketch Cammie Evans (Granddaughter)
Musical Number London Chandler (Great-Granddaughter) &
..... Cindrie Lowder (Granddaughter)
Accompanist Wanda McCombs

“If You Could Hie to Kolob”

Speaker Peggy Lowder (Daughter)
Remarks Bishop Joshua Hubbard
Hymn No. 270

“I’ll Go Where You Want Me To Go”

Benediction Katherine Pendrey (Granddaughter)

Casket Bearers (Grandson)

Robert Nash	Jeremy Nash	Karl Nash
Jacob Nash	Andrew Nash	Douglas Chandler
Brandon Chandler		Scott Chandler

Honorary Casket Bearers (Grandson)

Mark Chandler	Todd Chandler	Casey Chandler
Haden Nash	Ryan Evans	Marcus Evans
	Eric Chandler	

Internment

Aberdeen Cemetery ~ Aberdeen, Idaho
Dedication of The Grave ~ Blair Nash (Son)

What Grandpa Means to Me

When I was eleven, I was sent from Arizona to Aberdeen to live with Grandma and Grandpa. After I arrived, I went with Grandpa to the livestock auction and we bought two calves. Grandpa stressed that it would be my responsibility to feed and care for the calves. It didn't occur to me at the time that Grandpa, in his wisdom and experience, knew that I could learn and grow from the responsibility. For an eleven-year-old, taking care of the calves was hard work, work that I was unaccustomed to. Grandpa taught me how to take care of the calves.

I took care of the calves all summer and when the summer ended, I was told that the calves were to be sold. I had grown attached to the calves and was very upset by the news. I was crying in my bed when Grandpa called me to him and asked what was wrong. I explained why I was upset and begged him to let us keep the calves. In response, Grandpa told me of when he was a young boy during the great depression and his family moved from Utah to Idaho. He talked about the horse that pulled the wagon containing all their possessions. He talked about how it was his responsibility to care for the horse. Then a time came when they had to sell the horse. He talked about how upset it made him. Hearing of his experience made me feel better, I felt like Grandpa really understood how I was feeling, it helped me to accept the reality that the calves would be sold. I don't know if Grandpa brought those calves home in the hopes that I would learn the lessons that I did or if he just liked raising calves and was taking advantage of the free child labor, whatever his intention he had a huge impact on my life, and I hope that I can be as good a Grandpa to my grandchildren as he was to me.

When I think of Grandpa, I remember how he would cut a carton of ice cream into slices and then tell us not to get any on our tongue. I remember when we were little he would dress up as Santa with a giant pillow as his belly. I remember how hard he worked and how he taught me how to work hard. I remember his sense of humor and his smile. I remember him sitting in his chair at night boots off with white tube socks on, watching the news. I remember his garden and how he had a knack for making things grow. I remember his kindness and compassion towards me. I remember how he cared for Grandma and looked after her needs. Mostly I remember that when I was with him, I felt loved and safe and happy.

When we were little kids, grandpa would come over and get on the floor and give us rides like he was a wild horse. When he was done, he would tickle whoever was on the floor until they would be laughing so hard, they needed to go to the bathroom.

Appreciation

On behalf of the family, we express their gratitude for your many kindnesses evidenced in thought, deed, and attendance at the service.

Davis-Rose Mortuary & Monuments, American Falls, Idaho

