



Lloyd Marion Grames

JUN 13, 1928 - SEP 1, 2009



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Lloyd was born in Milford, Utah, to Marion Grames and Elna Christensen, but called Cedar City, Utah home, having moved there when his father sought work in the early years of the Depression. His father established a metal working shop, became chief of the volunteer fire department, and a member of the Cedar City town council. His mother, the daughter of Danish immigrants, planted and nourished the family's spiritual seeds along with her prolific vegetable garden and her two children, Lloyd and his sister, Floris. Lloyd was a tough and wiry star half-back on the high school football team in spite of his small frame. In those days, this was only a six-man squad in small town schools. He played the trumpet in the school band and was the student body president of Cedar City High School. He married his high school sweetheart, the pretty and vivacious Ja Lene Heywood. After attending two years at the College of Southern Utah known then as the Branch Agricultural College (or BAC) Lloyd graduated with honors from Utah State University in Logan, receiving his degree in civil engineering. Lloyd returned to Cedar City as the City Engineer where he surveyed, designed and supervised the construction of key public works projects before accepting a job in Salt Lake City with the Board of Fire Underwriters, traveling throughout the state evaluating fire safety in Utah towns. He was recruited by the EIMCO Corporation in Salt Lake City and transferred to San Mateo, California, in 1971 where he and Ja Lene spent the next 38 years. Lloyd designed and sold equipment which was used in processes such as water purification and energy production, creating innovative technologies now called 'green' technology—for industries including the Idaho potato processors who, as a result of Lloyd's work, were able to return clean water to Idaho's Snake River. Lloyd's company later became the Baker-Hughes company and sent him to Japan to manage a joint venture with the Sumitomo group. Accompanied by Ja Lene and daughter Rochelle, they joined their son, Conan, and his family in Tokyo. They



became the only father-son expatriate team in the large American community in Japan, a country which came to have a significant place in the hearts and lives of the entire Games family, an influence which could be seen even with a glance at the décor of Lloyd and Ja Lene's home. During this stay in Japan, Rochelle met her husband, Mark, who speaks fluent Japanese and later managed the US subsidiary of a Japanese company, making countless trips to Japan. Conan, who served two missions for the Mormon Church in Japan, became an international lawyer and lived in Japan for 15 years, raising six children there with his wife Cindy. Lloyd retired in 1999. He and Ja Lene were inseparable, creating award-winning landscaping featured in Sunset magazine, shaping countless bonsai plants, and building many memories as they traveled often, usually to visit their children. In addition to their many years in Japan, Conan and Cindy lived in Boston, New York, Princeton, Washington, DC, and Utah. Daughter Rochelle, Mark, and their three boys lived in both California and Georgia. Lloyd and Ja Lene were the most attentive grandparents to their nine grandchildren and seven soon to be nine great grandchildren, constantly sending packages—usually treats from the Japanese dollar store—to the kids. Lloyd, always persistent, surviving a number of heart failures and surgeries, eventually gave in to his long-time challenge. He was loved by everyone who knew him as a kind, considerate, congenial, and gentle man who never had a critical or angry word for anyone or any situation. His grandchildren, including the great grandchildren, loved to sit on his lap in church to be entertained while Grandpa drew marvelous pictures of whatever their minds could imagine. He spent countless hours with his children—teaching, reading, answering questions, throwing baseballs—and always placing them ahead of any business or other commitments. To wife Ja Lene, not only was he the love of her heart, but also became her hands and feet as arthritis made it increasingly difficult for her to climb stairs, open bottles and put on socks. His children could never recall their father sitting down or reading the paper when there was food to be cooked, dishes to be done or someone to be helped. There are no buildings or monuments named after Lloyd Games, but those who knew him best have and will name their children after this great man who, although physically small, stood as a giant in their eyes. What greater honor could be paid to a truly great man?



Tribute Wall

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Anonymous posted:

Lloyd being extremely kind and helpful to my family. My parents have lived next door to the Grames for 32 years. Whether he was taking our family photo at Thanksgiving or helping us scour the neighborhood to find our dog, we was always willing to help no matter what the circumstance. I will always remember his kind, gentle demeanor. I never heard him raise his voice or get angry, not even when I rode my big wheel into his garage and crashed it into his car.##imported-begin##Michelle Mikulic Paul##imported-end##

September 8 at 8:26 AM



Anonymous posted:

I think I can easily say that Grandpa Games was the best man I've ever known. I never, in my life, heard a cross, angry, negative, anxious, or unhappy word come from his mouth. I remember, one night when we were visiting San Francisco, watching him as he sat in the family room talking with the family. He was in pain; I think he had recently had his pacemaker put in, although I remember the pain being in his head. I remember he was sweating, the pain was so bad. He even admitted to the fact that he was in a lot of pain. But he continued to sit there, talking with the family in the same pleasant way he always had. "Agreeable" is one of the best words I can think of to describe him. To me, he was a man who never argued and rarely disagreed, except to offer a fact that was perhaps more correct than someone else's from his brain, which seemed to hold information about everything from animals in the mountains of Utah or the hills of California to the politics of Japan to tomorrow's weather and yesterday's news. He was so quick to jump up and help anyone, especially Grandma. I never saw him sluggish or slow. Any fatigue he let show, he conquered simply by lying down on the floor, flat on his back with one arm on his chest, the other hooked at the elbow over his eyes. He'd wake from his nap quickly and energetically. I have very few memories of him sitting still. I have memories of him standing at the sink after dinner, methodically and efficiently washing dishes according to his system, which never allowed anyone else to help. I have memories of him in the back yard in San Mateo hauling wood for a fence or stones for a path onto the hill. I have memories of him scrambling over rocks on the Mammoth with a fishing rod in his hand. I have memories of him walking all over San Francisco to show all the grandkids the important sites: the Painted Ladies, the crooked street, Alcatraz, Pier 39, and of course, Ghirardelli Square. I have memories of him sitting in Sacramento Meeting entertaining any of the grandkids who could get close enough to see with his drawings of cityscapes, mountain lions, or Mickey Mouse. I have memories of him riding bikes on Sawyer's Trail out to Half Moon Bay or driving out to Carmel. I have lots of memories of him walking, in that brisk way of his, from the driver's side of the car to the curb at the airport, with his arms open, ready to pull one of us into a hug. Most recently and perhaps, for me, most precious I have memories of him drawing pictures for Story and drawing out Sariah's earliest, most genuine smiles. I am so grateful that he had a chance to meet my daughters. I'm so grateful that I have memories of him holding Sariah and walking through a field with Story. I mourn that they will not know him personally in this life. I know they will know him someday. But without ever having met Grandpa Games and known him for themselves, how will they ever believe that such endless kindness, constant patience, and pure goodness is possible in a human being? I don't think it's possible to find a better man than Grandpa. I love you, Grandpa. I will miss you, until we meet again.##imported-begin##Sunny Stimmler (Granddaughter)##imported-end##

September 7 at 2:54 PM



Anonymous posted:

The first thing that comes to mind when I think of Grandpa is service. There was not a time when Grandpa was selfless in everything he did. I remember coming down the stairs in the house in San Mateo to see Grandma and Grandpa making another elaborate meal, or side by side doing dishes at the sink after one of those meals. Everything Grandpa did was motivated by doing something for someone else, whether it was what kind of food to buy for the week or being the tour guide in San Francisco countless times, even if he just drove downtown and didn't join us in our adventure. It was hard to do something for yourself when Grandpa was around because he didn't want you to have to work too hard or get up from your seat while he was around. He would jump up from the dinner table to grab you a drink before you had even thought of it yourself. It was even harder to do something for Grandpa because he was always a step ahead of you, and heaven forbid you worry yourself for him. I remember a time when I offered to climb into the garage to get something down for Grandpa but he wouldn't have it because he didn't want me to get hurt or exert myself. Instead, at 70 years old he climbed up into the rafters and handed down some heavy boxes to me. Grandpa was always thinking of others because that is what made him happy. To be surrounded by family and friends and to have those people be comfortable in his home seemed to bring the greatest joy to Grandpa Lloyd. The other thing that everyone knows about Grandpa is that he was constantly on the go. Usually he was on the go in the service of everyone around him. He was up earlier than everyone and later than everyone in the house to make sure that everything was perfect for his family or guests. There was hardly a time when you could see Grandpa just sitting around to relax. If anything, Grandpa took one of his signature naps on the floor in the living room for ten minutes and then was up and at it again, cleaning out a section of the garage or back on the hill to water some plants. Grandpa was up and going so much that it was hard for the rest of us to keep up with him despite being decades younger. His many hobbies kept him young. Working on bonsai, or out in the garden was a passion he shared with Grandma. They have had countless house projects over the years and keep a spotless house. All of it kept him going and kept him healthy. Without all these things I don't think we would have had Grandpa as long as we did. Another legacy that Grandpa leaves behind is his obvious love for Grandma. He was as kind and caring for her day in and day out as he was for the rest of his family that only came once a year or so. The dedication and love that he had for her is one that I can truly set as a goal to strive for every day myself in my marriage. Grandpa Lloyd was not loud and did not command attention in a group, but often sat and observed everything that was going on around him, looking for his opportunity to jump in and offer help or some kind advice or a story from long ago. Instead Grandpa was a steady rock of consistency that I will always remember. He is a quiet force that will always be with us when we need him to be there.##imported-begin##Chris Grames##imported-end##

September 7 at 2:54 PM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Lloyd by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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