



Clinton Lavoy Judd

September 13, 1936 - January 3, 2021

Life should not be a journey to the grave with the intention of arriving safely in a pretty and well preserved body, but rather to skid in broadside in a cloud of smoke, thoroughly used up, totally worn out, and loudly proclaiming "Wow! What a Ride! Hunter S. Thompson

On the morning of January 3rd, 2021 our husband, dad, brother, grand and great-grandfather,

Clint Judd, was met by his mom and son, Brock, in a shiny mustang and flown to paradise.

Dad was born in a small town, Ashton, Idaho, on September 13, 1936 to Fred and Vanorda

(Martindale) Judd. They later moved to Salt Lake where he grew up. The last field trip dad and I took was

a 'This Is Your Life, Clint' tour. We drove by the home he and his brother Pete, sister Janet and mom had

lived. What used to be the Charleston Apartments where he worked parking cars. Stewart Jr. High and East

High School where he had graduated. The Salt Lake City Cemetery where he worked after high school

and also where he met my mom. Who knew that cruising the Salt Lake

Cemetery was a was a way to meet someone? Anyway, out of that meeting and marriage 4 kids were born; Debbie, Kyle, Gaylynn and Brock. He worked so hard to give us what he didn't have being raised by a single mom. Dad worked and retired from Kennecott Copper, was a staunch member of the Steel Worker's Union & a lifelong Democrat. He loved Mustang cars ever since the first one came out in 1964 1/2. I don't think he was ever without a Mustang since our teen years, with some of us taking our driver's test in a green Mustang 3 on the floor. It was also back then that he bought his prized Mustang, the Acapulco blue 1967 GT. THAT particular Mustang was NOT a family Mustang, nope it stayed in the garage. However, If you were lucky and stopped by when he got it out for a ride, you may be asked to join but only if you were up to getting the you-know-what scared out of you. After all, there is no 'slow' in Mustangs. Our dad was a person of high integrity. He was honest, caring, funny and had the loudest laugh of anyone we knew. When we were young our friends all called him "the cool dad". And he was! His favorite band was the Eagles and he played their songs over and over his whole life. I played them for him his last night. He loved the Utah Jazz & any football team Alex Smith was on. Family meant everything to him so there were very few events, games, or recitals we kids or grandkids (Alex, Anthony, Andrew and Melissa) had that he missed. He was even able to attend some of his great-grand kid's (Zach, Ryker and Blake)

events. When we were young dad bought a ski boat and taught us all to water ski. Later he taught all of his grandkids to water ski too. Those memories are all of our favorite ones of him. Dad married Jean (JJ) 40 years ago & they spent the last 40 years laughing through life together. We will never be able to thank Jean enough for caring for loving & caring for our dad, especially this past year.

Dad didn't practice an organized religion the past 20 or so years but had a deep faith in God and Jesus.

He was the most spiritual, non-judgemental person we have known. He will be missed so much but we will spend the rest of our lives telling our memories of him over and over to each other & laughing just as loud as he always did.

Tribute Wall



“ *Clinton Lavoy Judd*

October 22, 2023 at 08:21 PM



“ *Clinton Lavoy Judd*

October 05, 2023 at 07:13 AM



“ *3 files added to the album Daddy'O*



Debbie King - January 17, 2021 at 10:34 PM

AT

“ Respectfully offering my condolences to the entire Judd family. I also remember Mr. Judd's enormous laugh, next to our rock music it was the loudest thing emanating from Bannock and Coquille. In the early 70's Mr. Judd was the master of the Push reel lawn mower, that was his preferred method back then, he took great pride and care of his lawn, yard and home. As teenage boys Kyle and I use to sit in his GT while it was parked in the garage, we would debate which was the best ride the GT or the Corvette, seems like the GT always prevailed. I always admired Mr. Judd, he had a great job and provided well, he had the best toys, enjoyed music, and laughed LOUD, Deb, Kyle, and Gay your dad was the Cool Dad , most importantly he was Loved, may his soul Rest In Peace and comfort, Respectfully Al Trujillo

Al Trujillo - January 17, 2021 at 09:48 PM

LM

“ Jean and Family, May you have peace at this time. Your family patriarch is not far from you. Clint's friendship and humor will be long remembered by us in the neighborhood. It was fun to occasionally ride in his beloved car in earlier days. I especially remember talking baseball with him. A fun memory is watching "42" with him and Ron. "42" was about the legendary Jackie Robinson whose jersey number was 42. Clint loved that movie. Clint's service and generosity to our neighborhood is greatly appreciated. He served his fellowman quietly and without fanfare. He never asked for or expected praise or anything in return. What an example. Until later, old friend. Larry

Larry Meyer - January 17, 2021 at 02:08 PM

JP

“ My older Brother, Clint, was an Outstanding Young Man and hard worker. I was 2 years younger and we played together for years. As a teenager he got him a small Motor Bike which he drove to work & took me on several rides. Later he got him a big Motorcycle. Unfortunately, he was hit by a car near Fort Douglas and skidded on the highway on his forehead. He was hospitalized and had his head wrapped for a long while. This was before helmets. He moved on to cars and loved those Mustangs and had several. He lived close by when Sweet Debra was born and we loved taking her to Drive-In movies and having lots of fun. She was like the Sister I always wanted. When I married Lee Powell in June, 1961 he was there with us at the Reception at our Douglas Ward in Salt Lake. We attended some "Judd Reunions" which were great & visited many cousins & family. We both had the opportunity to attend our Sweet Grandma Judd's Funeral Service in Ashton, Idaho where we were born. Each time we visited the Salt Lake area we visited with him and family and always enjoyed this & usually ate at our favorite Kowloon Restaurant. Unfortunately, the last time we saw each other he was in Rehab, but in good spirits. Although he had many health issues he was upbeat and great to visit with. He called me on Christmas Day this year and sounded great. He was a very caring Husband, Father, Grandfather and Great-Grandfather. We greatly appreciate all the family has done in caring for him. HE WILL BE GREATLY MISSED. Prayers for all of his Outstanding Family.
Sincerely, Janet Judd Powell

Janet Judd Powell - January 12, 2021 at 04:33 PM

EB

Janet - I have often thought about your family. We were friends in Marysville, Idaho when we were very young. I have a photo taken in front of the Marysville School. You and I were on the front row and Clint was standing in the back. It seemed like your family left the area and no one was aware of where you had gone. I am sorry to see the obituary, but could not help but reach out and see if you remember those early days . I have lived in the Salt Lake Valley for all of my adult life, but Idaho has a soft spot in my heart. Again, sorry for the loss of your brother. I hope all has gone well for you over these years. Kaye Daniels

Eleanore Kaye Bright - January 13, 2021 at 03:45 PM

PD

Hi Janet, Clint was a good buddy and we ran around with a group at East High in Salt Lake City. I remember that Clint loved to use the term "Daddy-o' a lot in referring to us and others. I clearly remember when he had his motorcycle accident and how long it took to heal. He was a true friend and a very important part of our High school group. He was in important part of my past and I'm sorry you've lost him. Our group consisted of Richard Davis, Duane Peterson and me Paul Van Dam. The photo you chose for the obituary really brings back memories.

Paul Van Dam

Paul Van Dam - January 14, 2021 at 04:03 PM

SW

I do remember our East High days, so long ago. Gerald Butler and Clint seemed to stick together, as well as others. Also enjoyed having him at our East High /Stewart School reunions. He was one of a kind. What a lovely family he must have had. So sorry for your loss.

Susan (Wintrobe) Walker

Susan Walker - January 14, 2021 at 05:13 PM

EP

Wow what a loss. I remember so many things about our days at East high School. As Paul stated Clint had a terrible time after his accident and his first car after his recovery was a 1946 Chevrolet convertible, Maroon with a white top and white tuck and roll interior. He loved that car and kept it spotless at all times. He bought fake white sidewalls because none of us could afford the real thing and if you ever drove his car and went through a puddle Clint would say "careful daddy-o, my whitys". We spent many afternoons playing pinball machines at the coffee shop in the Charleston Apartments and no matter what came up Juddeo had your back. He really got into Jazz for awhile and went out and bought a full size base fiddle and taught himself how to play it. What he lacked in musical ability he more than made up for in desire and commitment. I was most happy to see Clint at every East High Reunion throughout the years and he, Paul and I usually sat together. His boisterous laugh and booming hey daddyo that could be heard throughout the halls of East High will never be forgotten. Farewell old friend or as Juddeo would say "See ya later alligator"

EARL D PETERSON - January 15, 2021 at 09:00 AM