



Dennis Edmond Phelps

JUN 22, 1963 - DEC 20, 2017



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Dennis Edmond Phelps

Dennis Edmond Phelps was born on June 22, 1963 at the St. Benedicts Hospital in Ogden, Utah. He was the son of John Edmond Phelps and Marjorie Elaine Eddy Phelps Loy. He passed away at McKay Dee Hospital in Ogden, Utah on December 20, 2017 after an extended illness.

Dennis grew up in Ogden, he attended Ben Lomond High School. He married Louiese Bowers on December 22, 1990 in Ogden. Together they had two sons; Jason Reid and Christopher John Phelps. He was also the proud Grandpa of two grandsons; Jason Reid Jr. (Michigan) and Karson Eugene Phelps of Ogden.

Dennis was an amazing auto mechanic. He would go out of his way to help anyone he could fix their vehicle. When he was younger he loved the demolition derby. If he wasn't driving a car you could find him in the pit crew. Prior to his illness he worked for Trevor's Towing in Clearfield.

Dennis is also survived by his brother, John "Reid" Phelps of Ogden; two sisters, Kathy (Jimmy) Roberts of Ogden and Karen (Rick) Hill of Willard; two Uncles, Quent Eddy of Ogden and William H Eddy of Alabama; three nephews, Kelly (April) Roberts of North Ogden, John (Monica) Roberts of Elwood, and Ian Hill of Willard; four nieces, Melanie (Glen) Busch of Providence, Christina Phelps of Colorado, Tiffany (B.J.) Leonard of Pennsylvania and Karlee (Trevor)Child of South Ogden, and several cousins, great nieces and nephews and even some great-greats!

Dennis is preceded in death by his parents, step-father Edward W. Loy; aunts, uncles, cousins and a very special niece Madelyn June Roberts. Services will be held Saturday January 6, 2018 at 1:00 p.m. at the LDS church located at 952 Childs Ave. Ogden, Utah.



Tribute Wall

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William Vaughan posted:

I feel as if the best Chapters of my Childhood have just been ripped out... Be sure to tell them "Bug-bug! Bug-bug!" in Purgatory. Then we'll really give the Devil Hell when we meet again my dear, best friend.

May 29 at 7:18 AM



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WV

William Vaughan posted:

Dennis "the Menace" Phelps was my best friend, when we were children. I think I met him in the First Grade, at Mountain View Elementary School, and discovered his family had moved into a house I always walked past on my way to and from that school. One day, they played "The Age of Aquarius" so loud you could hear it from the school to my house, blocks in opposite directions. By Second Grade, when his mother, a cook at our school, brought his new-born sister, Karen to our class for show-and-tell, we had become best friends, and his family treated me like family. There were probably years when I spent more time eating and sleeping at his house than my own. We often zipped our sleeping bags together and slept (no homo) together in one big sleeping bag, in his yard or on the living room floor. Thanks to him, I discovered "Lost in Space." I think he watched every episode religiously since its premiere. We also watched "The Brady Bunch," "Star Trek," "Gilligan's Island," and "Truth or Consequences." We walked to the Orpheum and watched the 1974 version "Gone in 60 Seconds" when we were about 12 years old. They weren't such sticklers for age requirements in those days. Our mothers would probably have gone to jail for raising us the way they did, if they had raised us that way now-a-days. Dennis' mother used to kick us out of the house on warm, summer days. It was sunny outside, and she would not allow us to waste the weather indoors. So we'd take his dog, a female pug we called "Ugly Pugly" for a walk perhaps three miles away, as children, without any adult supervision. We'd take her to the Ogden River and watch her swim - not doggy style, but like a cork or a barrel, looking straight up. She couldn't see when she was in the water, so Dennis would hold her by the ribcage, and lower her bottom into the river. As soon as she felt the water on her nether regions, she would start paddling with her arms in the air. She never particularly liked me, but she was extremely loyal to Dennis, in spite of all the abuse he subjected her to. She always ran to him whenever he would call. Sometimes we would go behind the Brewery near the River, and swipe aluminum nuts and bolts gathered in stalls like a dragon's treasure troves. They were color coded by size, so we made Chess sets out of them. On days we were allowed to stay indoors, we played Chess, Smess (Chess for Ninnies and Numskulls), Monopoly, Parcheesi, and Sorry! He also had a game called Operation and at least one Mr. Potato Head. He also had a Hoppity Hop which we preferred to use as a weapon in modern, medieval ordeals and trials by combat. Mudballs, dirt clods, and fruit were our favorite projectiles, until we discovered guns, starting with a BB gun. His favorite game was 52- or 54-card pick-up, but we spent more time playing War. We also liked to make rockets out of toilet paper tubes. Dennis' father and big brother worked on cars in the family garage. His father died when we were still very young, so his brother, Reed, took over the garage. Thanks to him, I knew what a Polish pistol and a pellet gun were, and the difference between an Edsel and a Plymouth Duster. Dennis kept a solid steel cylinder he called "the Crusher." It was about a hand's width in diameter, and about a shin's length. Discovering how much damage it caused various items he dropped it on provided us with endless hours of entertainment. Sometimes we'd go to rail yards and dig odd chunks of metal out of the dirt or sand, and fill our pockets with them. We always kept a keen eye for any unusual treasures or actual money, and Dennis often yelled, "I dubs!" when he'd see such things first. Early in our friendship, we formed a society of just the two of us, which we called "The Bug-Bug Club." We'd walk into the grocery store at 17th Street and Childs Avenue which Howard Hughes made famous by leaving some money to one of its owners. We would walk up and down all the aisles yelling "Bug-bug!"



Tribute Wall

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May 29 at 7:14 AM



William Mortensen Vaughan September 28 at 4:49 AM

He showed me how to balance and walk on my knees, holding my feet in my hands. We would do this and bump into each other, trying to see who would fall first. We decided to call this game "Ooger Booger Knee Concentration."



Memories only last if you share them

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



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