



Clifford Lee Porter

OCT 3, 1940 - MAR 28, 2021



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Clifford Lee Porter (October 3, 1940 – March 28, 2021) was born in Salt Lake City to Clifford Samuel Porter and Olive Madeline Smith. His earliest memories took place when he lived on Kensington in Salt Lake City. He reminisced about hanging out with his friends in the alleys and empty lots of the neighborhood; playing baseball, football, and marbles (flints that he would store in lard). They would drop cherry bombs into pipes that lead to the gas meters and then plug the pipe with a tennis ball; the blast would send the tennis ball so high that they would lose sight of it. The follow-up was to figure out where it was going to land; recover the tennis ball and do it all over again. It was also here that he became lifelong friends with the Jay and Denny Harrison that lived on Park Street.

In 1953 they moved from Salt Lake to Porter Lane in Centerville where Cliff was able to experience the hard work and sense of accomplishment of farm life. He shared with us many stories of his time and place where Cliff developed his incredible work ethic as well as his love of real estate and his ability to see beyond any challenge to the possibilities of what could be. He worked odd jobs winding motors and picking crops just to have 5¢ to purchase a whole bag of candy or pay 25¢ for a gallon of gasoline.

His father was abusive and demeaning, but Cliff never characterized his life or opportunities by his challenges. He truly did not have a victim bone in his body. He chose to approach life with almost delusional optimism.

In 1957, due to the actions of his father, they lost the farm. His father abandoned the family; leaving Cliff (the eldest child), his mother, and his four siblings in significant debt as they moved from Centerville to a small home on 650 North in Bountiful. His mother worked three jobs to make ends meet recover financially. Cliff joined the Navy in 1958 to support his family and serve the country he loved. His experiences overseas and military training helped to solidify his ability to set his mind to accomplish difficult things and ultimately experience victory over obstacles.



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In 1962, he was honorably discharged from the military and attended the University of Utah. He spent quite some time skiing the beautiful slopes of Snowbird and building hot-rod automobiles. It was on one of those ski trips that he met a man by the name of Jerry Gray. Jerry had an Austin-Healey sports car, while Cliff had a station wagon that was deceptively fast due to the modifications that Cliff had made under the hood. On this fateful day, Cliff and Jerry raced each other down the canyon. Jerry was in the lead and lost control of his vehicle as he passed through a bridge going way too fast. The story is told by both Cliff and Jerry, that Jerry literally passed through the entire bridge, perfectly bouncing off every other bridge pole from one side to the other, never tumbling off the edge and came out the other side with every panel of the sports car smashed. Jerry's beautiful Austin-Healey was demolished. Cliff frequently recounted, "That day, Jerry Gray was the luckiest man on Earth".

It was not until years later that he realized and testified that it was not luck that was taking place but truly "divine design" because shortly

thereafter Jerry introduced Cliff to his little sister, Nancy Lynn Gray. Cliff quickly fell in love with her and ultimately, they wed on September 26, 1963. Cliff has stated on multiple occasions, "When I laid my eyes on your Mother (Nancy), it was love at first sight. I knew that she was meant to be my wife". Cliff encouraged his children to seek that same validation that he had received when they were seeking their mates, it provided a reflection point of strength to buoy him up when life's challenges came knocking.

In 1966 Cliff and Nancy moved to Bountiful on 400 East and shortly thereafter relocated just around the corner on 2450 South, just outside of the Foss Lewis Sand pit, and bordered by alfalfa fields. His intent in moving to Bountiful, was to provide his children with similar rural type upbringing that he had experienced in his youth. Bountiful did provide many of those opportunities for Cliff's children, but that is not all. Cliff raised his young family surrounded by the influence of high-performance engines in fast cars and fast boats. He made water skiing, snow skiing, vacations to Bear Lake and Lake Powell, and an overall passion for life a part of family life. He demonstrated that the power of hard work in the free enterprise can accomplish anything one truly desires.

While living in Bountiful on 2450 South Cliff built and developed multiple businesses—one of which was All Seasons Realty which he started with his childhood friend, Jay Harrison.



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Cliff grew and developed into a softer and more loving version of himself as he was exposed to and accepted the fullness of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Under the direction of the Spirit and the true principles that Cliff learned and held dear, he became the patriarch of our family that his father never was for him. He made the conscious decision to not pass on the dysfunctional family history that had plagued his predecessors.

On February 18th of 1988 Cliff became a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints after his two sons had left on missions and returned. Cliff, being a non-member up to this point still supported these two missionaries in every way. In fulfillment of a vision received by one of his children, his son Troy baptized him while his son Todd confirmed him a member of the Church of Jesus Christ that same day.

On April 28th of 1989, Cliff was eternally sealed to the love of his life—Nancy, in the Salt Lake Temple, and sealed to all three of their children—Todd Porter, Mindie Porter Dalley, and Troy Porter.

Cliff genuinely loved the gospel of Jesus Christ. It brought serenity, and purpose to his life and immensely softened his heart. The Spirit frequently and quickly brought tears to his eyes, and peace to his soul.

Cliff was blessed with an exceptional mind that had the ability to think critically and strategically. This ability took him to the Pentagon on multiple occasions while he was working with the military in a civilian position. He was invited into various think tanks there and asked to write papers that assisted the military in providing perspective and possible solutions to some of the significant challenges that face our great nation and the world.

At one point Cliff was invited to stay for a year in Washington DC to implement a global logistics program. Upon returning home he stated, “The corruption in Washington DC is so vast and so toxic that ‘We the People...’ need to hold the Washingtonians accountable for the rape and pillage that they have executed up on nation. They (the Washingtonians) need to be held accountable to the full extent of the law”. He was disheartened and disgusted by the filth and corruption he witnessed firsthand while in Washington DC.

On March 3, 2006 Cliff went into surgery after a small growth was identified during a routine procedure; the surgery was expected to be minimally invasive particularly since the biopsy had



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been determined to be cancerous but not yet metastasized. However, this was not the case. As the surgeon put the scope into Cliff's abdomen, he was surprised to see that Cliff's entire gut was filled with cancer. The surgery quickly transitioned from minimally invasive to completely invasive as the surgeon removed everything he could, without immediately ending Cliff's life while he was on the surgery table. Now with the diagnosis of stage 4 cancer, Cliff was told to get his affairs in order because he only had 4 to 6 months to live.

There was a doctor that specialized in this rare cancer that had just moved to Utah. Cliff joined this doctor's group of seven cancer patients that were testing out a new drug that was supposed to extend their lives by 17+ years. After prayer, fasting and the guidance of personal revelation, to the physician's dismay Cliff refused to follow his council. Cliff then began searching on his own for the answer to what his body needed to survive. Eventually, he came up with his own regimen that he adjusted periodically as inspired, but fundamentally followed for the remainder of his life. He referred to it as his "three-legged stool". Seven years later Cliff's decision to follow his own intuition and the Spirit became apparent when he was told by that same physician that all the other six patients had already passed; Cliff was the only one of the original seven patients that was still alive.

Cliff expressed that the key to his extended life was first, a blessing that he had received and the grace that God had bestowed upon him. Second, taking responsibility for his own health and not simply turning it over to anyone else to solve. He explained, "This body is mine and it is my responsibility, and I am the steward that decides what will or will not take place with it. The physicians and associated medical professionals are consultants, but the final decisions are and always will be mine. My Heavenly Father and I work out what actions are best, and we move forward accordingly". Cliff frequently expressed his amazement in the human body and its God given ability to heal itself if given the opportunity to do so.

Cliff was a great example of perseverance and daily demonstrated the power of "will" and "faith". He left us with a legacy of growth and overcoming any obstacles we face by relying on the atonement of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

Among the many gifts and knowledge that Cliff has left with us are his oft repeated statements that will forever be branded on our souls. We affectionately refer to them as Cliff-isms:

"Ya, Ya, Ya"



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“This too shall pass.”

“Don’t get wrapped around the axle.”

“He that lives in a glass house, must not throw stones.”

“It is just money, can’t be all that important.”

“Life is too short...”

“Shaking like a hound dog passing peach stones.”

There was a serene sense of peace at his passing. We knew we had enjoyed the privilege of having a giant of a man among us, to lead and love our family. We are confident Papa fulfilled the purpose for which he came to this earth. We miss him immensely and simultaneously rejoice in his liberation from his worn-out mortal body! We look forward to the day when we will once again unite in the eternities.

Someone once said, “Success isn’t determined by how far you get, but the distance you traveled from where you started.” If that is true, then Cliff lived an extremely successful life. We have been blessed by his example. We love you!

We imagine a joyous reunion with his mom, dad, and sister, Gay-Karlay Strickland whose deaths preceded his. He will be missed by his wife—Nancy Porter, his children—Todd (Leilani) Porter, Mindie (Mike) Dalley, and Troy (Jolynne) Porter, 19 grandchildren and 4 great-grandchildren, and his brothers—Roger (Kathy) Porter, Larry Lynn (Carolyn) Porter, and Ronald Ray (Jo) Porter.

Funeral Services will be held Saturday, May 15th at 11:00am at the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints chapel that is located at: 2505 S Davis Blvd, Bountiful, UT 84010, where family and friends can pay their respects.



Tribute Wall

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Randall Roberts posted:

I was a young teenager that lived down the street from what I knew as a colorful old guy who had fast cars and was loud. I remember talking to him several times as a young deacon collecting Fast Offerings. I later in life saw that his son married my neighbor and found out that he was sealed and had found a love of his Savior. So glad he is wrapped eternally in His loving arms. Blessings to all.

April 11 at 2:41 PM



David Kozlowski posted:

I worked with Cliff at Hill Air Force Base for several years. It was always a good thing to have time to chat with him. He was truly a good man. Godspeed.

April 11 at 4:00 AM



Memories only last if you share them

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



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