



Warden Hazelett Shuman III

MAR 18, 1947 - MAR 17, 2022



Scan to Visit

Table of Contents

Obituary	Page 3
Tribute Wall	Page 8



Warden Hazelett Shuman III

MAR 18, 1947 - MAR 17, 2022

Our dad was born on March 18, 1947, in Windber, Pennsylvania to a mom and dad that didn't know how to love our dad like he deserved to be loved.

He ran away at a very young age and enlisted in the Marine Corp serving in the Vietnam War. I knew very little about his service because he rarely spoke of it. I remember one story where our dad told me that he was supposed to be sleeping, but his friend needed to sleep more. Our dad agreed to stay up and be on guard while his friend slept. The sleeping quarters were bombed that night. Our dad lost his friend and I remember him telling me how terrible he felt about it. He always thought that it should have been him who was killed. My brothers recently shared stories of our dad saving people's lives in the war. Our dad received a Purple Heart as well as a (V) Bronze Star Medal, which is awarded for heroic achievement and service. He did not brag about these achievements. In fact, I only recently learned about the true war hero our dad was. I want to honor our dad. In my mind, this is the only thing I can do to begin thanking him for his heroicness. However, my family reminds me that this is not what our dad wanted. He does not want to be remembered for this. He sacrificed his own life repeatedly to save others during the war and never asked for anything, including recognition, in return. I am thankful for this lesson our dad taught me: serve and expect nothing in return.

My mom and dad eventually found each other and married. They ended up having a total of five kids together: Damon Shuman, Jeremy Shuman, Adam Shuman, Jamie Shuman, and me, Hillary Galyean. Damon, Jeremy, and I were born in Las Vegas; however, we grew up in a 1,200 sq ft. home in Henefer, Utah for the most part. This home is where the most precious memories were made with my family. I believe that growing up in this little home forced us to work through our challenges as a family. The small unit helped unite a life-long family bond in all of us that cannot be broken. Sometimes I wonder how big of a disservice we are doing to our kids with a larger home where they can go downstairs, lock their room, and hide out during times when they're in pain or frustrated with one another. I am not convinced that bigger is better. I am thankful for the small home I grew up in. It built a lot of my character. I am thankful for this lesson our dad taught me: you do not need to be rich with money to be happy and filled with love.



Obituary

Warden Hazelett Shuman III

MAR 18, 1947 - MAR 17, 2022

Our dad was a very hard worker. He worked as much as he needed to support his family while also going to school to create a better life for his family. He was the epitome of hard work and dedication. I remember many things growing up like him playing Willie Nelson on Sunday mornings to get us out of bed to go to church. I remember being on a no-sweets-for-a-year challenge and him sneaking me licorice during a family camping trip. I remember him driving me and our exchange student to Las Vegas one year for a dance competition. I remember him and my mom sacrificing everything to give us opportunities in life they never had. I remember our dad always saying that mowing lawns and taking out the garbage wasn't a girl's job; he always made my brothers do it. I don't mind the taking out the garbage excuse, in fact, I still use it. I despise taking out the garbage. However, to this day I fight with Jeff about who is going to mow the yard because I was deprived of that excitement while growing up. I remember our dad encouraging me to grow my hair as long as I possibly could. He told me that he would pay my brothers to follow me around and carry my hair everywhere – haha! I remember going to a fake Beatles concert with our dad and watching him dance like nobody was watching. There was sweat dripping from his head. He was having the time of his life. I had never seen him let loose and have so much fun outside of that concert.

I remember our dad had a temper like a crazy man! I understand this temper now that I'm older. The pressure he was under to provide for his family while working towards constant improvement had to be exhausting. On top of this, he was brutally abused as a child. Our dad never abused us, which demonstrates massive improvement from the conditions he was raised in. I imagine there was a lot of frustration from his childhood.

I remember one year when one of my brothers became bigger and stronger than our dad. They got into an argument and my brother went running out the front door with our dad not far behind. I will never forget being so nervous for my brother and wondering what would happen when our dad caught him. I ran outside behind the two of them to find my brother running backwards down the street saying "catch me old man". My horror shifted and my heart dropped for our dad. Our dad could not come close to catching my brother while my brother was running backward and our dad was running straight forward! Obviously, they worked things out. My family always does. It's the most special skill that we possess. I am thankful for this lesson: we never leave each other no matter how frustrated/annoyed we are with one another. We are family and family is sacred.

I remember our dad being flat broke... broke! He was in Las Vegas with \$10 to his name, literally. Walking down the street was a homeless man asking for some change and I couldn't believe my



Obituary

Warden Hazelett Shuman III

MAR 18, 1947 - MAR 17, 2022

eyes when I saw our dad take half of the money (\$5) he had in his pocket and handed it to the gentleman who was homeless. I know what you're thinking, but our dad was not drunk. He would always tell me "...just give it away and it will come back to you, I promise." If you talk to any five of his kids, each of us has a similar story. He would give anyone the shirt off his back. Giving was something he knew how to do. He gave generously. I am thankful for the gift I received in learning to detach from money. Money is just money and shouldn't be valued too highly although that can be challenging in a world where many are ruled by money.

We have a few wildly horrific memories that we cannot help but laugh about today. Our dad had major road rage and he passed that on to a few of his sons. One day I was driving down the freeway and one of my brothers was driving a different car while our dad was in another. I remember watching a car begin to mess with our dad and thinking 'oh goodness... You have no idea what you've gotten yourself into guy.' Before I knew it, our dad and brother were exiting the freeway with this random car sandwiched between the two of them. I followed them off the exit and stopped on the side of the road behind our dad, brother, and this random car. I watched my brother get out and approach the random car, hands in the air yelling like a raving lunatic. Then our dad approached the random car, hands in the air yelling like a raving lunatic. The situation was testosterone-infused insanity. The poor random car had NO idea what he was getting into when he thought it was a good idea to mouth off to my road-raging dad and brother on the freeway. Fortunately, my brother connected with his softer side before killing the kid and told the kid to leave.

Our dad was multi-dimensional like we all are, yet he displayed it in very extreme and liberating ways. He was the most loving, giving, hard-working, and dedicated man on the planet. At the same time, he was a hot-headed son of a gun. I'm so thankful that I have the gift of getting to live and learn from our dad. No matter what we try to tell ourselves, we are multi-dimensional. The sooner we can accept that, the better off we are.

My imperfectly perfect dad did everything he knew how to in an effort to create a better life for his family. One thing our dad always said was "you have succeeded in life if your kids are better off than you were". That was his definition of success. Despite having no money or things to pass on when he passed, I know he met his definition of success. I believe in our dad's definition of success.

We transitioned our dad to hospice during the last quarter of 2021. This was a difficult decision for all of us, but one that our dad wanted for a very long time. On March 17, 2022, I received a



Obituary

Warden Hazelett Shuman III

MAR 18, 1947 - MAR 17, 2022

message from my brother saying our dad had declined rapidly and was going to pass soon. Mind you, his birthday was the following day, March 18th. We were all planning to surprise him that day, but the man fought like hell to pass before his 75th birthday. Stubborn.... Really stubborn. Yet another life lesson from our dad.

Most of us were able to get to Mt Ogden by 11 am on March 17th. As I walked into the facility, a dark-haired nurse approached me. I explained that I was Ward's daughter and she immediately took my arm. She explained that she was his hospice nurse, but more importantly that our dad was her "soul-person". She explained how much she loved and admired our dad. She said he was the kindest man she'd ever met. This was something we were frequently told about our dad. Prior to his final health incident where he was moved to Mt. Ogden for what ended up being his permanent residency, he lived in an assisted-living home called Treeo. When my sister, Gina, notified them that he wouldn't be coming back due to his health condition, she said they were terribly upset. They explained that our dad was the sweetest man and one of their favorite residents. We heard this same compliment about our dad many times to which one of my brothers responded, "he's not so sweet when you steal his car and leave your 4-year-old brother unattended at home". I'm thankful for this lesson from our dad: treat people with kindness as often as you are able to. Forgive yourself when you're not able to.

When I arrived at Mt. Ogden our dad was very much aware of what was going on, but it was clear he had transitioned and was nearing the end of his life. He was unable to speak with his mouth, but I could understand his eyes. Nearly all of us were able to make it early with one exception, my brother Adam who lives in Montana. Adam was on a flight to SLC from Great Falls, Montana that day. He planned this prior to knowing anything was wrong with our dad. This ended up being a blessing.

Damon, Kristy, Brodie, Taylor, Haylee, Jeremy, Gina, Jordan, Alyssa, Jamie, Crystal, Tavien, Jeff, Kayli, Trinity, and I sat in the room for a good portion of the day. Kenzie was in St. George supporting a friend at her dance competition and Kylie lives back east or they would have been in the room with all of us as well.

My family are horrible conversationalists and couldn't help but talk politics. At one point, I looked at our dad and saw tears running out of his eyes. We could tell that he wanted to say something, but he was unable to put together any words. Granted some of the tears could have been related to the painful topic of politics that my brothers refused to let go of, but I know he was filled with



Obituary

Warden Hazelett Shuman III

MAR 18, 1947 - MAR 17, 2022

great joy having almost all his family in the room. We kids meant everything to our dad. I also know his heart hurt not having Adam there. Our dad rapidly digressed throughout the day as we all sat around crying, laughing, and at some points listening to my brothers talk politics (gag). There was a point where our dad became incoherent from what I could tell. He was no longer responding physically. I was occasionally placing a sponge of water in his mouth and he would grasp onto it so tight with his mouth. I could tell the water from the sponge was very refreshing to him. However, at this point, he was not responding to the sponge, but he continued to be alive. In fact, he continued to live until my brother Adam was able to make it. Approximately 5 – 10 minutes after Adam arrived our dad took his last breath. I am so thankful that Adam was able to hold our dad's hand, touch his shoulder, and express his love for our dad as we all were able to do that day. We all sat around and literally watched as his breathing became slower, and slower, and slower, and stopped. As much as I had hoped for our dad to be released from his pain and knowing this is exactly what our dad wanted, I was surprised at the pain I felt. I can't articulate the feeling. Great sadness. Great relief for our dad. Great gratitude for everything that he was part of creating.

Our dad taught us how to love deeply, work hard, refrain from judgment, lose our temper, and dance like lunatics. Mostly he taught us how to love deeply without an expectation of something in return. I know what success is because of our dad "you have succeeded in life if your kids are better off than you were".

We love you, Dad. We pray that this next life gives you more peace and less suffering. We stand with many others who honor you for all the love you brought into this world during your life. In lieu of flowers, please give to a Veteran's cause.



Tribute Wall

Warden Hazelett Shuman III

MAR 18, 1947 - MAR 17, 2022



Chuck Bowers posted:

Served with Butch in California and Vietnam. Great friend and great Maine.

August 2 at 8:50 PM



Chuck Bowers August 11 at 3:33 AM

Served with Butch at Camp Pendleton and Vietnam. Great friend and great Marine. RIP Butch



Memories only last if you share them

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



Scan to Visit