



John Irwin

JUL 11, 1951 - MAY 28, 2022



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I Hate Cancer! I lost my soulmate and my greatest love 5/28/22 from that hated word. Husband to Laura Beckstead, he was the father of Troy, Eric (Tina) Irwin, Evan (Samantha) Irwin, Bryce Petersen. Grandfather to Chance Irwin, and Lexi Wilcox.

John was one of the great generation of truck drivers who could drive anything with wheels. He had over 2 million miles, & drove for some of the greats like Dick Simon, George Irwin, Granite and owned his own company for over 20 years. He worked with belly dumps, OTR, and heavy haul. He had forgotten more than most drivers learn and had a non-stop work ethic that is rarely seen anymore. John was also a wonderful mechanic and could fix anything.

His best friends Scott Boettcher (Laura), Terry (Jan) Applebee were there to the end helping and watching over us both.

Services will be held June 3rd (Friday) at 10:30 am at Premier Funeral Services at 67 East 8000 South with a viewing the night before from 6-8 pm.



Events

John Irwin

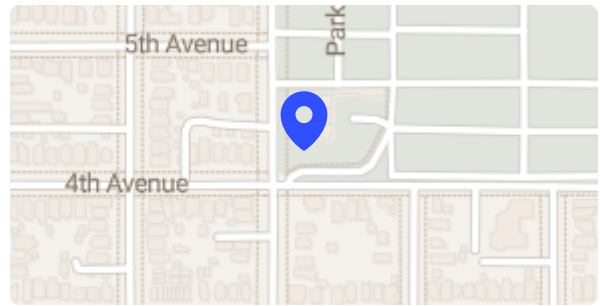
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Cemetery Details



Salt Lake City Cemetery

200 N Street, Salt Lake City UT 84103





Tribute Wall

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MG

Mary Kristine Green lit a candle in honor of John.

Laura, so sorry to hear about your wonderful Husband....I pray for you and your family to get through this. Love, your cousin Kristine Green

April 4 at 7:16 AM



FA

Fred Ash posted:

We were neighbors many years ago, and I can still see him in my mind as he was then, the fun sarcastic look. I really liked the guy. I surely would have attended his funeral, but for some reason didn't see this obit until Sunday, the 5th. Fred Ash

June 5 at 10:26 AM

DS

Dougkas Ralph Smith posted:

When John and I were preteens, our dads, George Irwin and Ralph Smith had truck shops next to each other. Johnny squirted me with a hose while he was washing a truck. My dad rigged me up with the pressure washer and I got even. George came over to rip on my dad because "John has work to do!" George was yelling at my dad another time when he saw Johnny pulling my dad's truck into our shop. "I don't want John driving trucks", George said. I guess he couldn't be stopped. Many years went by and I asked John to bring his truck and help us move a large crushing spread of equipment out of the Fish Lake National Forest. John kept pulling supplies out of his tool boxes to help others get the job done. He had spare OVERSIZE LOAD signs, a light bar, tools, bungee straps and bailing wire. Every needful thing for those that were unprepared. Another time we called on John to help us respond to a train derailment. He missed the correct turn off and hit a low bridge with a loader. Good times. He's the last guy you would expect to do that. His dad George, mentored me when I was 25 and my dad had just died. He gave me advice that I still pass on to people. Nobody could outwork either one of them. I still have a mental image of George lying in the dirt by his shop van in the dirtiest of coveralls, getting some sleep between night shift and day shift. He had worked himself to utter exhaustion. We bid a job together in the West Desert to build a dike for the Bangerter pumps to expand the Great Salt Lake and that job was a big loser. George taught me how to stick it out and see it through. We'll make it back on the next one. The apple fell close to the tree with Johnny. He was cut from that same stubborn canvas. John has helped to build a lot of SLC and the roads that bring us our daily bread. We've seen this town grow up in our lifetimes. Douglas Ralph Smith

June 5 at 4:55 AM



Memories only last if you share them

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



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