



Mohamed Gabr Abdallah

JAN 10, 1944 - JUL 1, 2024



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Mohamed Gabr Abdallah lived with passion. He died much too early, at the age of 80, he still had many dreams and goals yet to achieve. He was engaging in one of his life's passions, hiking, when he fell from an exposed ridgeline on Sundial Peak resulting in his death. His friends and family are extremely grateful to the Salt Lake County search and rescue team for finding and bringing his body back down the mountain.

Mohamed was born in El Minya, Egypt, the middle child of five. Growing up, his fondest memories were of spending the Summer at his grandparent's village. While there, he would help on the farm. He would catch catfish with his hands and sleep in the fields with his grandfather and other family members when they were harvesting. His grandmother would bring them food and he would be spoiled by everyone. At the end of the day, he would ride the water buffalo to the Nile where they would take the animals to drink and wash. I am sure this is why he loved gardening and growing fruit and vegetables, it brought back those happy memories. He was always expanding the garden and small orchard in our backyard in Salt Lake City. In fact, on the day he died, I came home to find a new peach tree that he had not yet planted. Mohamed could not resist a fruit tree.

He admitted that he didn't do well in school until he got to high school. There he found his focus and challenge in the sciences and math. Once he found his passion, he excelled. He made lasting friendships at college in Egypt. His group of college friends emailed and called each other frequently and visited in person when they could. After graduation, he taught at the university level until he found himself with a choice to make. The government was giving him the opportunity to go to Russia to study for a master's degree for free or he had applied for and received a visa from the USA where he could travel on his own but was limited to bringing \$400 to start a new life. He talked it over with professors where he was teaching and decided to come to the United States with nearly nothing. His father said that his leaving was like ripping a piece of his flesh from his body.

Mohamed came to the U.S. in 1970 and worked extremely hard, living frugally to save money in order to take a condensed course in English as a second language that would allow him to enroll in a university program for a master's degree in engineering. He lived in Louisiana, going to school and working for a dredging company. After graduation, he moved to Houston and worked in the oil industry for Halliburton and then Exxon. Mohamed left Exxon to earn



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his PhD in Engineering at the University of Houston.

After graduation he accepted an offer to work in Utah for Hercules. He had no idea where Utah was or what it was like or how his life would change once he came. He was so uncertain that he left all of his belongings in Houston, pretty sure he might be coming back. Once he was in Utah, he fell in love with the mountains. He loved the snow in particular. He could not contain his “yahoos” on a good powder day. His joy and enthusiasm were infectious. There was no doubt that he would stay in Utah and he returned to Texas and brought everything to his new home.

Mohamed worked for Hercules and later Hexcel when they acquired his division. He loved working and the challenges it brought. He specialized in the research and development of carbon fiber. He won and managed programs on behalf of Hexcel for the department of defense and the department of energy among others. He later formed his own consulting company. Throughout his career he had the opportunity to travel to many countries and was highly involved in the industry. He loved his work and never fully retired. He cut back the hours he worked considerably, but his curiosity and passion kept him in touch with colleagues and taking consulting work to stay engaged.

To the end, he was incessantly curious. He would read about a wide range of subjects: chemistry, neurology, finance, economics, bee keeping, politics, philosophy, religion, animal husbandry, history and every once in a while, to my great delight, classic literature. Because of this he could speak on a great variety of topics. He loved meeting people and would almost always find a common interest to converse about.

When hiking or snowshoeing, Mohamed had a reputation for getting lost. It was a love of exploration that led him off trail. He used to coax others to join him by saying he had found a trail, which was usually an animal trail. I used my own rating system to categorize these trails: the least developed were 1-deer trails up to the more heavily traveled as 5-deer trails. I had many adventures following him. The first year we were married, we would run into his many friends, often in the mountains, and there was a recurring theme to these interactions. They would playfully tell me of the time that Mohamed almost killed them on a hike or snowshoe. He had an ability to get himself into and out of challenging situations. He was a skilled climber, snowshoer, and mountaineer. He boated, cycled, backpacked, played racquetball, and was a devoted gym goer. Someone commented that when they heard the news story that an 80 year old had died after falling from Sundial Peak, they could not believe it until they saw the name of the person. Mohamed may have been a little slower, but he would not let age stop him from doing the things he loved.

Mohamed was a most generous and loving human being. He would give you gloves if your



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hands were cold, his dinner if you were hungry, and a hug whenever you needed one. Mohamed never tried to be anything but himself. He was happy in his skin. A good friend recently asked me if I had changed since marrying Mohamed. I have and am so grateful for his influence. I learned from his example to embrace myself and be more at peace with who I am as a person. I'll never be as comfortable as Mohamed was with myself, but it was one of the greatest gifts any human being has ever given me – to show me what self acceptance looks like. He knew he wasn't perfect, but he was good and kind and he always did his best. And that was enough.

He loved Egypt and family was extremely important to him. He returned often to visit and called frequently. He is preceded in death by his parents, Gabr Abdallah Hassan and Hanem Abdel-moez Shehata and his siblings, Farouk Gabr Abdallah, Gamalat Gabr Abdallah, and Ahmed Gabr Abdallah. He is survived by his sister, Nadia Gabr Abdallah, and loving wife, Deirdre Flynn.

A celebration of his life is planned for Saturday, September 7th, from 2 – 5 pm. It will be at the Spruces Campground, group site #3, in Big Cottonwood Canyon. For more details, go to <https://docs.google.com/forms/d/1uY95fKy0CZs2JgTC6YEzBDrUsVAyRDYIW1F15slqvYQ/edit>



Events


Mohamed Gabr Abdallah

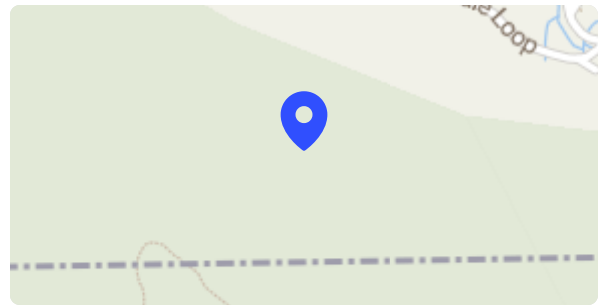
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Celebration of Life

 **Saturday**, September 7, 2024

 2:00 PM - 5:00 PM MT

 **Spruces Campground**
Group Site # 3, Big Cottonwood Canyon UT





Tribute Wall

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Beth Blattenberger shared a photo to the **mohamed** album.



September 16 at 4:12 PM



Deirdre Flynn shared 16 photos to the **mohamed** album.



August 14 at 2:24 PM



Deirdre Flynn shared a photo to the **mohamed** album.



August 14 at 2:24 PM



Beth Blattenberger shared a photo to the **mohamed** album.

September 16 at 4:12 PM





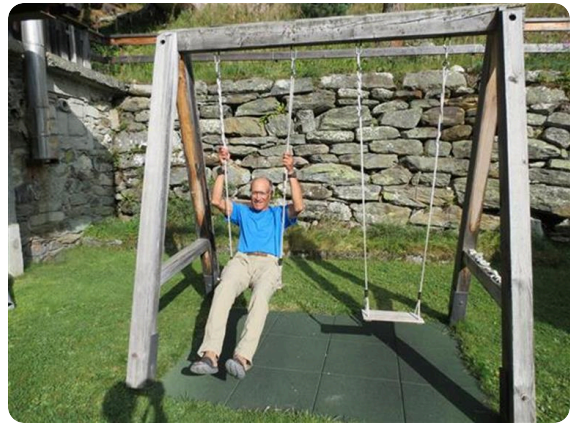
Deirdre Flynn shared 16 photos to the **mohamed** album.

August 19 at 2:34 AM





DF





Media

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DF





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Deirdre Flynn shared a photo to the **mohamed** album.

August 14 at 2:24 PM





Memories only last if you share them

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



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