



Reatha Mary Anderson

SEP 1, 1934 - JUL 22, 2025



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Reatha Mary Anderson

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I, Reatha Mary Cardon Anderson, was born September 1, 1934, to Louis Rulon Cardon and Harriet Rebecca Wadman, while living in Hansel Valley.

Memories I weighed 2 pounds at birth. I was stung by a scorpion at age 2. I've worn glasses since I was 2 ½ years old. I lived in a box car twice. I was a Weber Warrior. I worked at Hill Air Force Base. I served a 2 ½ year mission in the Lakeview Stake before full-time missionaries came to Utah.

I had four sons: Mark, Karl, Kent, and Roger, and four daughters: Maurine, Jody, Holly, and Malinda. I had 29 grandchildren and many great grandchildren. My favorite author was Mary Higgins Clark. My favorite sports people were John Stockton and Tiger Woods. My favorite actor was Tom Selleck and I loved to watch Jeopardy.

I embroidered tablecloths for my children and grandchildren. I loved puzzles. I loved traveling and trying to get truck drivers to honk at us. I'm looking forward to meeting my Heavenly Father, my mom and dad, my brother, Louie, my son-in-law, Kevin, my granddaughters, Hannah, Sarah, and Jen, and my nephew, Michael.

A viewing will be held on Saturday, July 26, from 9:30 to 11:45, at the LDS church at 2841 W. 1300 N., Clinton. Funeral services will follow at noon. Interment at Clinton City Cemetery. Remember only my best.

In lieu of flowers: Our mom would put money in a jar throughout the year and deliver it anonymously to someone in December. Many people were recipients of her Christmas Jar generosity. In her honor, we would love for each of you to start a Christmas Jar tradition with your family.

The family would like to thank Maline, Robert, Sarah, and Kira from Primrose Hospice for the loving service for our mom. In a very short amount of time, they became like family.



Events

Reatha Mary Anderson

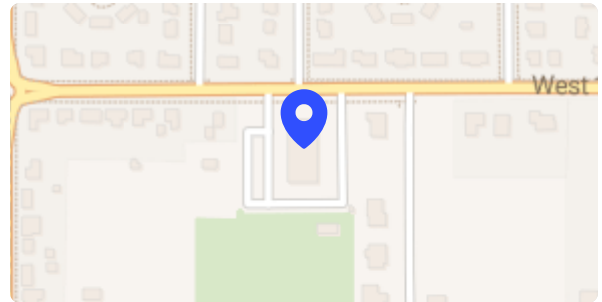
SEP 1, 1934 - JUL 22, 2025

Viewing

Saturday, July 26, 2025

9:30 AM - 11:45 AM MT

Clinton LDS building
2841 W. 1300 N., Clinton UT 84015

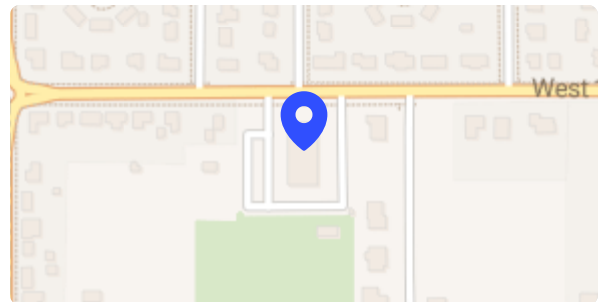


Funeral

Sunday, July 26, 2026

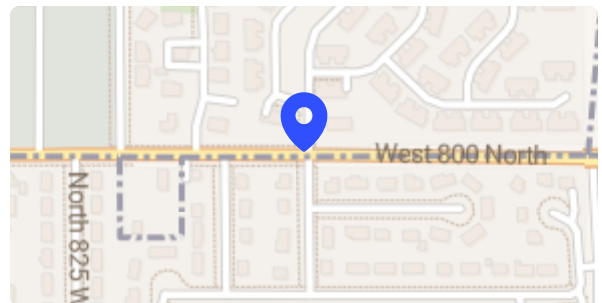
12:00 PM MT

Clinton LDS Chapel
2841 W. 1300 N., Clinton UT 84015



Cemetery Details

Clinton City Cemetery
750 West 800 North, Clinton UT





Tribute Wall

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KA

Kent Anderson posted:

Reatha Mary Cardon. Her name was as unique as she was, and utterly timeless and old-school. She was exactly the mom I needed—not a heavy-handed disciplinarian, nor a ‘cool’ mom, nor a ‘best friend’. She was my mom, and I her boy, Her sole concern was to show me how to be a good person. And in her humble, understated way, she was a master. Today I honor her beauty, having lost her yesterday. The Cardon family, originally “Cardone”, hailed from the Piedmont valley in the high Alps of northern Italy. They were known as the Vaudois, who originally lived peacefully as farmers and shepherds in the fertile valleys of Lyon, France. Devoted to living simple, morally governed lives, they adhered strictly to scripture, rejecting what they saw as Catholic embellishments. A Vaudois legend claims the apostle Paul taught them the way of Christianity while spreading the word throughout Europe. They devoted their community to perfecting the purity of the gospel while rejecting any adulteration of Biblical verse. The Vaudois were described as strong and resilient, egalitarian in practice, with both women and men participating in religious instruction. They lived by a strict moral code rooted in biblical principles. Priority was placed on being humble, honest, and hard-working, fiercely independent and caring for all in the community. They sought to create a utopian society with pure Christianity at its core. Their refusal to adopt Catholic doctrines drew centuries of persecution. From the 13th century onward, a succession of popes and rulers raised armies to engage in inquisitions and crusades against these pacifist farmers, with the mandate to convert them or exterminate them. Defenseless, they fled to the harsh Alps in a desperate quest to survive. The genocide committed against the Vaudois over 6 centuries reduced the population from several hundred thousand in the 1200’s to a mere 20,000 by 1848, when religious freedom was finally proclaimed. In the 1850’s, Mormon missionaries reached the Vaudois. Only two families embraced their message, including my mom’s. Her grandfather was the first Cardon born in America. I witnessed the Vaudois spirit in my mom and her father—kind to the core, humble, and quiet peaceful souls. My grandmother, by contrast, was a fiery, hilarious force. Her theatrics invariably left us in tears with laughter. She was my “swearing grandma”, but we weren’t allowed to use grandma’s words. Mom and grandpa attempted to dial her in with feeble “now mama...” pleas, but her zest was unstoppable. My mom was the gentlest, kindest, most humble person I’ve known— self-sacrificing to a fault. A true introvert, she found peace at home, ironing clothes for working women while watching her shows. I struggled to convince her to raise her price from 25 to 50 cents per ironed shirt. I never heard her gossip or speak ill of anyone, even my father after their divorce. Conflict was foreign to her, and she refused to fight. It probably wasn’t her wisest idea to have 8 children, especially with our spirited brood. I was the fourth child. I inherited grandma’s feistiness yet always aspired to have mom’s tranquility. Merging those yin-yang elements—her calm and grandma’s fire—has essentially been my life’s challenge. Mom made it easier, guiding me gently without stifling my uniqueness. She never praised or criticized excessively, and never offered unsolicited advice. She simply modeled gentleness, kindness and humility, letting me learn through experience. When I faced conflicts, she listened patiently, then without fail expected me to take the high road and be the better person. At first it seemed like she never took my side, but she was teaching me accountability. When my spirit faltered, she pointed out the goodness, strength, and gifts in my personality. I believe she knew me to the core, better than anyone. In my teens, I devoured self-help books in a quest to master her effortless virtues. On my mission, she was the only pers



Tribute Wall

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July 27 at 4:58 AM



Memories only last if you share them

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



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