



Roy Mellor Crawford

OCT 10, 1945 - MAR 14, 2026



Scan to Visit

Table of Contents

Obituary	Page 3
Tribute Wall	Page 5
Media	Page 9



Roy Mellor Crawford

OCT 10, 1945 - MAR 14, 2026

Roy Mellor Crawford (R. Mell Crawford), beloved husband, father, uncle, grandfather, great-grandfather and friend, passed away peacefully at his home in Orem, Utah on March 14, 2026.

He is survived by his loving wife, Chari Launa Grow Crawford, with whom he shared 32 wonderful years and a deep love for their eternal family.

Mell was born October 10, 1945, in Murray, Utah to Winston Merriam Crawford and Ramona Vivian Mellor Crawford. He grew up in Orem and graduated from Orem High School in 1963. He was one of six children and shared his early years with siblings Carolyn Crawford Perkes (Gerald, deceased), W. Michael Crawford (deceased), R. Kim Crawford (Michelle), Margaret Crawford Facer (Eric), and J. Chris Crawford (Missy).

Mell began his career with Albertsons before an opportunity in sales brought him and his young family to Pasadena, California in 1969. He later lived in Huntington Beach and Sunnyvale before returning to Utah in 1982. Throughout his career he worked in sales for several companies including Erie Technology, Datacap, and Rust Automation, and for a time held a life insurance license.

Early in his life, Mell welcomed two children who were a great source of pride and joy. He is survived by his son, Jon Mellor Crawford (Shari) and grandchildren Riley Crawford Fielding (Kyle James) and great-granddaughter, Evelyn; his grandson, Logan Crawford, preceded him in death.

He was also preceded in death by his daughter, Stephanie Lynn Crawford Storm (Steve). His grandchildren are Jackson Storm (Kelsey), with children Annika and Odin Storm (great-grandchildren); Mason Storm (Kylie); and Cassandra "Cassie" Storm Burden (Jake).

In 1993, Mell married Chari and, through their union, welcomed two daughters: Monica Johnson (Craig), with grandchildren Taylor, Preston, and Raichl Storey; and Kristin Moore (Tommy), with



Obituary

Roy Mellor Crawford

OCT 10, 1945 - MAR 14, 2026

grandchildren Ashlyn, Kaylee, Kaiden, and Kyler Moore.

Mell had a lifelong appreciation for style and was known for always looking sharp. He loved good food, especially cooking Sunday dinners for family, and enjoyed books, movies, football, and time in the sunshine.

For more than 30 years Mell struggled with significant back pain despite multiple surgeries. The complications and fragility caused by these long-standing injuries ultimately led him to return to his Heavenly Father on March 14, 2026.

He will be remembered for his sharp style, love of family, and the many lives he touched.

An intimate celebration for close family and friends of R. Mell Crawford will be held Saturday, March 21 at 11:30 a.m. at the home of Kristin Moore in Highland, Utah.

For those who wish to offer support or contribute, the family welcomes you to reach out directly.



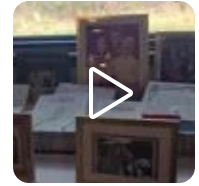
Tribute Wall

Roy Mellor Crawford

OCT 10, 1945 - MAR 14, 2026



Shari Crawford shared a video to the **Tribute Wall** album.



LIFE SKETCH Roy Mellor Crawford, known to most as Mell, passed away peacefully at his home in Orem, Utah on March 14, 2026. Mell was born October 10, 1945, in Murray, Utah to Winston and Ramona Crawford, and was raised in Orem alongside his five siblings. From an early age, he learned the value of hard work, something that would define much of his life. After graduating from Orem High School in 1963, Mell began working for Albertsons, and not long after, an opportunity in sales took him and his young family to California. Over the next several years, they lived in Pasadena, Huntington Beach, and Sunnyvale—years filled with raising children, building a career, and creating memories that would last a lifetime. Mell became a father at a young age, and that role would shape more than 60 years of his life. He worked hard to provide, often long hours, and while he may not have said everything out loud, his love was steady, present, and deeply felt. In 1982, Mell returned to Utah, and after some time in Oregon and Idaho Falls, life would bring him to one of its most meaningful chapters. In 1993, Mell married Chari, and together they built a life centered on each other. Those who knew them knew—you rarely saw one without the other. Whether it was a trip to the mall, a movie with popcorn and a cold Coke, or simply time spent together, they genuinely enjoyed being side by side. The years that followed could almost be described as a “family building season.” Beginning in the late 1980s and into the 1990s, the family grew through marriages, new relationships, and the blending of lives. Mell welcomed Monica and Kristin into his life, and not long after, the next generation began to arrive. If fatherhood defined his early life, being “Granddad” may have been where his heart truly came alive. Between 1993 and 2009, Mell became a grandfather to 12 grandchildren—a role that seemed to fit him naturally. Later, he experienced the joy of becoming a great-grandfather. And becoming a great-grandfather was simply the icing on the cake. Anni, Odin, and Evie brought him a special kind of joy that only added to the love he already had for his growing family. He showed up—for everything. Holidays, birthdays, graduations, dinners, and the everyday moments in between. Outside of a good book or a great football game, he wasn’t one to carry the conversation, but he was always a steady listener when it was needed, often followed by a big hug. Mell built a long and successful career in sales, working for companies including Erie Technology, Datacap, and Rust Automation. He took pride in his work and found purpose in providing for his family. For a time, he also obtained his life insurance license, where he especially enjoyed helping others feel prepared and cared for. He had a lifelong appreciation for style. Always sharply dressed, always put together—whether in a suit or even in casual clothes, everything was pressed, polished, and intentional. Later in life, Mell faced significant health challenges. For more than 30 years, he lived with chronic back pain and underwent multiple surgeries. Yet even through that, he continued to show up the best way he could—for his family, and especially for Chari. Mell’s life was not defined by grand gestures, but by quiet consistency. By showing up. By providing. By loving deeply. He leaves behind a legacy not just of family, but of care, dedication, and a life well lived.

March 21 at 6:50 PM



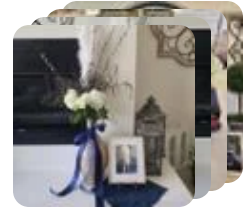
Tribute Wall

Roy Mellor Crawford

OCT 10, 1945 - MAR 14, 2026



Shari Crawford shared 4 photos to the **Tribute Wall** album.



NOT JUST ANY WELL IRONED SHIRT In preparing for today, I found myself needing to iron a few of Mell's shirts...And I'll be honest...I felt a little pressure.Because this wasn't just any shirt.This was his shirt.And if you knew Mell... you knew this man didn't mess around when it came to how a shirt should look.He always looked sharp.And if you were close enough, you knew—he didn't just look good... he smelled good too.I'm pretty sure it was the perfect blend of freshly pressed shirts... and Calvin Klein Obsession.I'm also pretty sure he had a personal relationship with starch.In fact, I've heard estimates somewhere around... one to two shirts per bottle.Which explains a lot.Standing there... trying (and failing) to get his shirts just right...I realized something.Ironing a shirt... is a lot like the way Mell lived his life.It doesn't start with the iron.It starts with the right shirt.It starts with quality... and the right choice for the day.You take your time, because some things are worth doing right.That was Mell.☺ More than one person mentioned his love for quality. From Gant and Corbin in the early days...to Nordstrom for well over the last 30 years...he knew men's fashion. Honestly... he was ahead of it. Long before GQ told anyone what looked good... Mell already knew.That same attention to detail... showed up in how he treated people..☺ Monica recalled fondly a time when she was single for the first time and he showed up with flowers just for her.Before the iron even touches the fabric... you prepare.You fill it with water. You set the temperature.And then... You don't just press the shirt all at once—you take it piece by piece.The collar first... carefully flattened and smoothed. Then the sleeves... lined up just right, so the crease falls exactly where it should.You work out the stubborn wrinkles—not with force—but with steady pressure and attention.As a young father, Mell showed that kind of patience.He knew that the best things—relationships, work, family—needed some patience.When I reflected on Jon's stories from the past, I think it's safe to say—he may have worn out Mell's patience.Jon said growing up in Sunnyvale, their house wasn't exactly... quiet.There was a full skate ramp in the backyard, with a constant thud, thud, thud echoing through the house, music blasting, and a steady stream of kids coming and going.And somehow... Mell just let it happen.He said, "I don't know how he didn't lose his mind."And then there were the bigger moments.Jon told a story about a surf trip that turned into... a stolen car report, a police search, and eventually officers surrounding the house with a loudspeaker.They came out... got handcuffed... and waited for what they thought was going to be a very bad day.And when Mell showed up...He talked to the police... got everything sorted out... and that was it.He never remembered his dad raise his voice...Not for the ramp. Not for the chaos. Not even for that.They were just... "kids being kids."Then comes the starch. Layered and timed just right.Adding a little more here and sizzle out the wrinkles.There's a quiet dedication in that.No one applauds a well-ironed sleeve. No one sees the effort behind a crisp collar.But it matters.It shows up in how the shirt feels... how it looks... how it carries itself.And there's a deep sense of satisfaction in knowing... care was given.That was Mell.He did the quiet work. The kind not everyone always sees.Even when life handed him things that weren't easy.Even in raising a son who maybe didn't take after him in every way...And Jon knew it too.☺ He said growing up, there was a very clear difference between the two of them. Mell was the guy in the suit—pressed, polished, ready for anything.Jon... not so much. He said, "I'm more of a shorts and t-shirt kind of guy."And one of his friends made him a shirt that captured it perfectly.It had a row of businessmen in suits holding their brief case... and then one surfer in a wetsuit, holding a board.And the title of



Tribute Wall

Roy Mellor Crawford

OCT 10, 1945 - MAR 14, 2026



the shirt was—"The Suits."And somehow...that says everything.Because if you knew Mell... you knew how much he cared about how he looked.This was a man who was always put together.Always sharp.Always intentional.☺ N'er a hair out of place. Not sure what was more key to his appearance, his tailored attire or his perfectly blown out hair. And all the grandkids got the biggest kick out of his process. He lived by his styling brush/blowdryer that looked like it hadn't been updated since the 70's. He would worry often if it got messed up, never did you see him in a hat and catching his hair in a good windstorm was comical.Sometimes those wrinkles don't come out easy.A little more steam.A little more patience.You don't give up... until it's right.Mell knew that kind of life.He carried things that weren't easy.Loss. Pain. Years of physical struggle.And yet... he stayed with it, knowing that life is eternal.And when life asked more of him—especially in caring for his grandchildren after losing Stephanie—he was there the only way he knew how:care and effort, and trying his best.☺ Jackson shared what that looked like to him, " I remember us all going to movies and sneaking in the popcorn and treats, I remember dinners and trips to the mall, occasional board games (no doubt forced by Chari) and home cooked meals. I also remember several trips to Montana to help in times of crisis and celebration and phone calls."But here's the thing about Mell...He didn't just endure life.He did his best to live it , in the simple things.A quick trip to Maverik...for a cup of coffee.And if we're being honest...Several times a day.Sunday dinners... that brought everyone to the table.Meals that felt just a little more special...because he made them.☺ There were several mentions of favorite memories of him cooking and being a good cook, and what I loved was that they weren't the same thing. From London Broil, twice baked potatoes, Steak stroganoff and killer chicken salad sandwiches, that he prepared amazingly, to his love or corned beef (with mustard) and prime rib (that must be accompanied by horseradish), and his favorite places to dine...Mell loved good food!!His sense of humor...that you had to be paying attention to catch.Quiet.Subtle.☺ Riley and Ashlyn both shared the same thing this week—if you wanted to catch it...you had to be quick to sit close to Grandpa...because you never knew when it was coming. And you did not want to miss it. They said it wasn't big or over the top...it was quiet, a little sneaky, often snarky...and so inappropriate that it was usually impossible to contain the shock and laughter.T hat was Mell.Never the loudest in the room... but always right there in it.And then there was the way he loved.... while he might tell you he wasn't much of a pet person... there are a few animals who would strongly disagree.But if you really want to understand Mell...you have to understand this:He loved his family.But more than anything...He loved Chari.Not in a loud way.Not in a showy way.But in a constant way.A steady way.The kind of love you could see in the smallest things.Holding hands.Going everywhere together.Movies.The mall.Sharing a football game.Just being side by side.☺ Chari said they loved to go catch the latest movies. They would make sure they could get their favorite seats (you know the one with the bar so you could put your feet up) and share an ice-cold Coke and popcorn. And yes, they always went to the theater that had their favorite popcorn.And also...in ways that were a little more unexpected...and a lot more fun.☺ Chari's shared one of her favorite memories was driving up to Idaho Falls, and stopping at a gas station to slip on a sexy nightie under her coat, and when he opened the door she surprised him.I am going to guess that was one of his favorite memories too.In the early years...they loved to travel.To explore new places.To find the hotels...with the best pools.And sit in the sun together.And even in the smallest details...you could see it.Because whether he was in a full suit...or his pajamas...you can be absolutely sure of two things:They were pressed.And he had a better tan



Tribute Wall

Roy Mellor Crawford

OCT 10, 1945 - MAR 14, 2026



than most of us. When he was still traveling for work, Chari loved to sneak away to new places with him and they would explore new cities and lovely dinners. They also had a great love for basking in the sun, picking their hotels with the nicest pools. And when the shirt is finally done... You step back. It shows care. It shows effort. You know... it was done right. And he had profound satisfaction in it. He lived like that well-ironed shirt—shaped by patience, marked by care, and made better through quiet, consistent dedication. And just like that shirt... his influence doesn't disappear. It's something we carry with us. Something that helps us stand a little straighter... love a little deeper... and face the world a little more prepared. So maybe that's what we take with us. We take the patience. We take the care. We take the quiet consistency. And maybe next time we're tempted to rush... we don't. We slow down. We do it right. Because that's how Mell lived. And if I know him... Where he is now—he can stand straight again. And That shirt... is perfectly pressed.

March 21 at 6:41 PM



Media

Roy Mellor Crawford

OCT 10, 1945 - MAR 14, 2026



Shari Crawford shared a video to the **Tribute Wall** album.

March 21 at 6:50 PM





Media

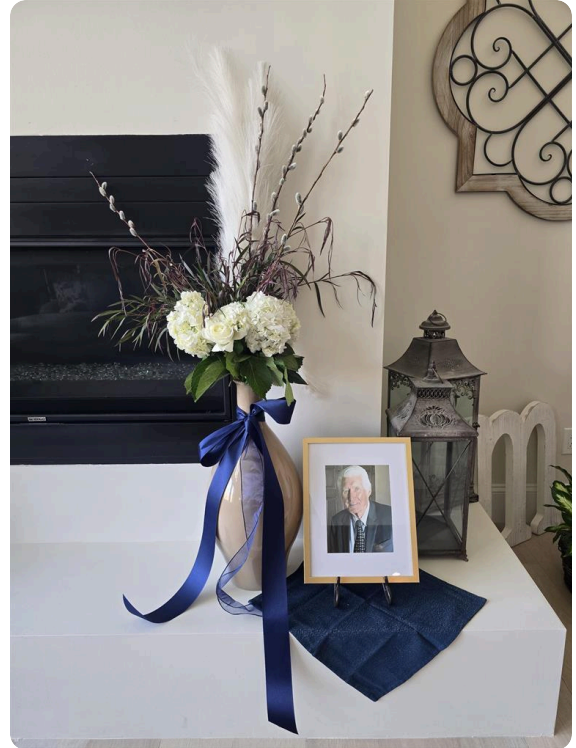
Roy Mellor Crawford

OCT 10, 1945 - MAR 14, 2026



Shari Crawford shared 4 photos to the **Tribute Wall** album.

March 21 at 6:41 PM





Memories only last if you share them

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



Scan to Visit