



Doris Ann Vandruff

August 10, 1934 - November 3, 2019

Doris Ann Vandruff died peacefully Sunday morning, November 3, 2019, in West Jordan, Utah. An hour of Remembrance will be held from 5:30 p.m. to 6:30 p.m., November 14, 2019, at the church located at 1239 W Country Creek Drive, South Jordan, Utah. Interment will be in La Jara, Colorado at an as yet undetermined date.

Doris was born August 10, 1934, in Alamosa, Colorado. She was the youngest of five children. Doris graduated from La Jara High School. She worked at the local bakery during high school, as an operator at the La Jara phone company, and for TWX in Denver. Doris moved to Salt Lake City, Utah in 1957 and worked for the US Department of the Interior, Geological Survey Division until retirement.

Doris was a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and served others throughout her life. She frequently said, "There is an abundance of all good things for everyone." Doris was very witty, kind, and quick to laugh. She loved Cowboy Poetry. Doris liked to travel and yet, liked coming home. Doris enjoyed weekend trips to Wendover, Nevada where she shared her income with some of the penny machines in casinos. Doris was preceded in death by her parents, Bertha E Becher and Herschel Ray Vandruff; and by her brother, Raymond Leroy Vandruff, and sister, Patricia Mae Barnett. Doris is survived by her sisters, Nedra Marie Chapman Lara (Pat) and Wilma Jean Mickelsen (Derrill); and by many nieces and nephews. The family gives special thanks to the staff of Copper Ridge Health Care and care-givers at Symbii Hospice.

Doris was raised on the family farm. As a small child, she took the goose for a walk and took hours of searching until Doris and the goose were found. Doris loved to share her "pig story." One summer day her sisters, Nedra and Wilma, and she were looking at new baby piglets. Doris decided she could see better on top of the fence. In her words, "Being the sure footed individual that I am, I got too close to the edge and fell down among the sow and her little pigs I found I was most unwelcomed or she (mama pig) mistook me for her noon meal. Anyway, she proceeded to chew me up! Nedra and Wilma turned out to be my heroines as they threw rocks at the sow and dug me out." Mama pig's

bites left permanent scars.

Comments



“ Jan Ryker lit a candle in memory of Doris Ann Vandruff



Jan Ryker - November 14, 2019 at 05:51 PM