



## Dr John Malcolm Asplund

March 19, 1930 - February 28, 2018

Dr. John Malcolm Asplund

1930 - 2018

Dr. John Malcolm Asplund passed away on February 28, 2018 at the age of 87 years in Orem, Utah. He is survived by his wife Patricia Jean and their eight children: Curtis (Mary), Virginia (Ken) Waldram, Leila (Mark) Scurr, Liisa (Bruce) Roden, Kirsti (Eric) Ringger, John (Jennifer), Nicole Marie, and Ila Renee.

Malcolm was born on March 19, 1930 in Raymond, Alberta, Canada to Charles Owen Asplund and Julia Ellen Russell. He graduated from the University of Alberta in 1953, served a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter day Saints from 1953 to 1955 in Helsinki, Finland, and married Patricia Jean Havens in 1956 in the Idaho Falls temple. Desiring to further his academic education, he and his family moved to Madison, Wisconsin where he earned his Phd. in Nutrition and Biochemistry. Returning to Edmonton, Alberta, Canada he taught at the University of Alberta.

Malcolm and Patricia were called to serve as President of the Finland-Helsinki Mission from 1964

-1966, and returned to live in Logan, Utah. His academic career then took him to the University of Missouri-Columbia where the growing family lived for the next 25 years. Upon retirement, Malcolm and Patricia returned to Salmon, Idaho from where they served a mission to the Stockholm, Sweden temple. Eventually they retired to Orem, Utah where Patricia now resides.

There will be a service to commemorate his life at 12:00 Noon, Saturday, March 3, 2018, at the Lakeridge LDS Stake Center, 158 E 1100 S, Orem, Utah including a viewing prior to services from 10 AM to 11:45 AM.

Friends and family are invited to come and celebrate the life of our beloved grandfather, father, and husband.

In lieu of flowers, please consider making a donation towards Patt and Malcolm's granddaughter's service dog fund. <https://www.gofundme.com/maggies-service-dog-fund>

# Previous Events

## Funeral Services

MAR 3. 12:00 PM (MT)

Lakeridge Stake Center  
158 East 1100 South  
Orem, UT

# Tribute Wall

“ One early fall, I was hankering to go steelhead fishing. This was a common malady for me. It seemed to hit every time the sun came up. I don't recall how/why Malcolm Asplund ended up going with me (this must have been when they had moved to Salmon-probably mid 1990s).

I made it clear that it was really too early for this, but was willing. (I suppose it must have been about the 20th of September-- a good 20 days before it was time to be serious about steelhead fishing). My memory from a time that long ago is a bit shady, so I am not certain if I persuaded Malcolm to go, or Malcolm persuaded me, or we worked each other into a frenzied lather of lust over spending the day fishing. If it was the second case, it was the easiest seduction in the world, and consisted of "Doug, get your rod".

We spent the beautiful fall day in the second deepest river canyon in North America, admiring the crystal blue skies, the River of No Return, the changing foliage, the pine trees and the wildlife. We also cast dozens of times each, in 10 or 15 likely steelhead holding spots. Nothing.

On our way back up the canyon, we stopped at one last likely hole-partly for the laughs.

The Shoup Mine had a mule named Daisy. Daisy was quite the stubborn jackass. When she heard a car coming, she would clomp out into the center of the road, lower her head, and play chicken with oncoming vehicles. While this might seem a touch insane, there was a sophistry in her mulish madness. EVERY car would stop--if they tried to maneuver around her, she would sashay to the side and keep her head solidly between the head lights. Interestingly enough, she was completely immune to the horn. She would gently head-butt the front bumper or grill (depending on if it was a 4X4 or not) until the driver and/or passenger fed her. She had a strong preference for potato chips, especially french onion Sun Chips. Malcolm and I dutifully, and delightedly paid the toll, so that we might pull off to the side and fish where Daisy lurked, waiting to troll the next unwitting traveler. I pointed out to Malcolm how the water flowed through the hole, and where to cast, and where not to cast to see if we could seduce a steelhead into striking. I put Malcolm at the top of the hole, and went to work on the lower end.

Pretty soon, Malcolm had a fish on! The fish was angry, and I would see streaks of silver as it raced up and down the riffle, trying to shake the hook. The water was a bit faster than was usual for a steelhead, so it gave Malcolm a terrible tussle.

He played the fish, it made a couple of nice runs. Eventually, it seemed to tire. I told him to start reeling it up and see if I could nab it in the net. As he did, it gave a mighty leap. It danced on its' tail on the top of the water! It gave a second jump, complete with a cartwheel, and spit the hook right at Malcolm. Luckily, this missed him.

missed him.

On the very instant this happened, Malcolm and I heard the most interesting, non-outdoors sound, I have ever heard while down the river.

A multi-voiced men's chorus, singing a descending cadence of "Oooooohhh". We turned in amazement, and a touch of unease, and discovered that Daisy had accosted a school bus filled with sun tanned river guides, who, after paying their

*toll to the mule, had stayed on to watch Malcolm tangle with his trophy. Immediately after their acapella performance echoed back from the canyon wall, skimmed across the river and reverberated in our ears a second time, one guide poked a beer out the window. Before we could decide if that was a tribute, condolences, or if he had a yellow-jacket hornet in that can, the driver fired up the bus and they bounced on down the river, beer foaming out over the can and his hand, dust billowing up, and windows and fenders rattling like drums in a Sousa march.*

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**Douglas Havens** - March 04, 2018 at 08:46 PM

CH

“ *"Elder" Asplund baptized my mom (Leila Irmeli Antsola/Morris) in Finland. Had I known he lived so close by I would have loved to meet him and thank him! He also served with my moms older sister Lea Antsola (Mahoney) when he was over the Finnish YM and Lea over the YW. I recognized his name when I saw the obituary so I called my mom to tell her he passed away. She will be 83 this month, and has remained a faithful member of the LDS church her whole life. She has spoken to him and Patricia at mission reunions but felt bad that she didn't at their last one. I'd like to express my gratitude to the family of this man, who my mom said "was humble and a thoroughly good guy, that everyone liked". Because she was baptized, came to Utah (after serving a mission 1 yr. after her own baptism in Finland) and married in the SLC temple, my brother & I were born with the gospel in our lives. My brother served a mission, and so did my 3 sons. Wonderful young missionaries & their families have no idea how much the generations to come appreciate their willingness to serve. Wishing peace to your family at this time. Please know there are surely lots of people who have been blessed like my family has been, and are very thankful for all he has done.- Sincerely, Carolyn Morris Harvey (Lindon, Ut)*

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**Carolyn Harvey** - March 03, 2018 at 12:03 AM

VB

“ *My sincere condolences to the family; I served under Malcolm as a missionary in Finland (Suomi) from 1964-1965; he was my second mission president; he and his lovely wife were great spiritual leaders, and he will be missed. Thanks for the memories! Val Brown (Draper, UT)*

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**Val Brown** - March 02, 2018 at 08:46 PM

IN

“ I had the privilege of serving under President Asplund as a missionary . He was a no nonsense , straight shooting leader. I owe much to his kind but fiirm direction . He was a fine man.

*Ian Neale*

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**Ian Neale** - March 02, 2018 at 04:30 PM