



Carol Francis Thompson

NOV 7, 1936 - JUN 21, 2017



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Carol Francis Thompson, age 80, passed away on June 21, 2017, due to Pancreatic Cancer. She was born in Salt Lake City Utah on November 7, 1936 to Freda Turner Sparks Diefenthaler and Merlin Sparks.

Carol and Darrell Thompson had been married for 60 years. They met in Deforest, Wisconsin on their elementary school playground in the 5th grade. Carol loved to tell the story of when she told her friend that she would marry that guy some day. And, indeed, ten years later they did marry. Carol worked as a beautician while Darrell drove cab and completed his degree at the University of Wisconsin-Madison. In 1957 they gave birth to their first child, Deanna and then in 1961 their son (and favorite child), Brad was born (or adopted, no one is confirming or denying this LOL). They lived in Madison, WI until 1971 when Darrell was offered a job transfer to Buffalo, NY. The family lived in Buffalo for 10 years and then transferred to Salt Lake City, Utah. They so enjoyed their time in Buffalo, but after a while they knew Salt Lake was their real home. In 1991, their first grandchild Erin was born. As grandparents will do, their world became Erin - totally immersed in the love that only a child offers. They were blessed again and their world widened in 1993 with the birth of their second grandchild, Leah. Darrell and Carol's life was abundant with joy and love as they watched their granddaughters experience all the wonderments of life. They enjoyed and loved having Mary and Kelly Anne as an important and loving part the Thompson family. Carol's whole life was a testament to the importance of family, love, connection and harmony. She would drop everything to go have lunch or a cup of coffee with friends or family. Although, it's possible her coffee-related motivations were to avoid making a meal...LOL. Let's just go with Carol loved being with family. Her commitment to spiritual growth and learning was important right up until the time of her passing. This commitment helped her enrich her relationships with family and friends. Compassion and mercy were guiding virtues



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for her in her interpersonal relationships. In later years, she challenged herself to do things differently, breaking through years of patterning, to live an even more fulfilling life. Where she once would typically say, 'No', she practiced diligently saying 'Yes'. She ultimately learned that 'Yes' wasn't as scary as she thought. Her wonderful ability to connect with people was deepened, in part, because she could lay down all the years of fearfulness and self protection. She once said, "I feel lighter and I laugh more." Her connection with God was the number one relationship in which she continued to evolve. Having God present in an alive, living, relationship was her compass, and love was her north star.

Carol had a very strong work ethic that was handed down from her Mom, who often said, "Finish your work first and then you can play." Even though Carol demonstrated this work ethic every day, her children may have been more inclined to follow their Dad's philosophy, which is more akin to 'Work until fun presents itself'. If marriage is about balance, Darrell and Carol really balanced well together. It's hard to sum up 80 years of life experience in a couple of paragraphs. There is so much she brought to the world - maybe not in a grand or newsworthy way - but rather in little, extraordinary, quiet, and widely caring ways that make huge differences in our world. She always had a sparkle in her eyes and a smile on her face when she was happy for you - and she seemed to always be happy for you! Her look of amazed innocence when she discovered something new about herself or her world was almost child-like. The warmth you'd feel whenever she said "I love you." The look of satisfaction she would get when she accomplished a task and it was done well. The peace she would have as she drank a cup of coffee on her deck was almost infectious. Some unforgettable moments of joy were walking with her around her yard, taking in the beauty of the flowers and whimsical yard art. Her bravery and acceptance upon receiving the news that she had Pancreatic Cancer was classic Carol, saying: "I always wondered how I would die and now I know." We all learned something about life's preciousness as we witnessed her conscious choice to live, largely, with cancer instead of simply considering it a death sentence. For two and half years she would tell people she had survived this challenge so long because of the love and unconditional support provided by her family. Although this may have been true,



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the result was that we all had more time to let her know how she made a difference in our lives and that she mattered to so many people. The old saying, “We die as we lived” has never been truer for us. Carol lived her life feeding the seeds of love in her everyday existence. She transitioned from her body being surrounded by her family and love that extended beyond this dimension, far into the universe. God was indeed present and by her side to walk her home.

Carol is survived by husband Darrell Thompson, daughter Deanna Thompson (Kelly Anne Ward), son Brad Thompson (Mary), granddaughters Erin and Leah Thompson. Also, sister Arlene Lapp, sisters in-law Donna Colby and Debbie Nelson, nieces Michelle Schwantz, Ashley Nelson, Karen Colby, Connie Quamme, Dawn Stephenson, and nephews Gary Colby, Mike and Kelly Lapp.



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Lee Lapp posted:

Erin Thompson: As her grandchild... I've experienced the purest of love that can be offered from one human to another. Grandma was the type of person that made you feel awesome; like you were the most interesting person in the world, the smartest, the funniest, the kindest, and the most beautiful. Think of someone that you are extremely close with, someone who is almost a part of your own heart. Remember the fond memories of playing board games, stuffing your face with food at family parties, laughing until you had to dash to the bathroom before you peed your pants. Think of the things that lovely person taught you. What about the times you called that person because you were having a hard day. Or because you were bored and wanted to go out for lunch. When thinking of these memories and of this person, do you feel the love inside you? The love that person causes you to feel. That is the love my grandmother made me feel every day. So much so, that even now when her physical body is gone I can still reminisce and feel those warm feelings. Visualize her smile she would give when I'd do something that made her proud. Feel her nails rubbing on my back to help comfort me. Hear her voice calling my name to come eat dinner. I have a "ba-gillion" memories of her. Right now, my heart aches. It feels like an area of it is very gray... dead almost. Her physical being was apparently a part of what filled my heart. So, right now, thinking back on all those memories is almost a double edge sword. I initially smile at them but then become very gray when I realize I'll never hear her yell my name again, feel her nails rub my back, or eat her delicious pot roast that she had magic powers in making and no one can even come close to re-creating! Death is hard. Not for those that have died but for those left behind to try and figure it out. Grandmas was Amazing. Supportive, Caring, Loving, Energetic, Compassionate, Healthy, Curious, Intelligent, Spiritual, Beautiful. She was everything that was good (in my eyes). I suppose all of these qualities would make it hard to say goodbye. How lucky am I to have experienced the life of someone who makes saying goodbye so hard.

July 15 at 2:17 PM



Michelle Schwanz July 15 at 2:45 PM

Erin, you expressed your relationship with your Grandma Carol extremely well. I love you to the moon.



Michelle Schwanz July 15 at 2:42 PM

Beautiful tribute Carol.



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Lee Lapp posted:

Carol: My Sister, My Friend Sisters are FOREVER FRIENDS, and Carol was the very best friend a gal could ask for. We were fast friends from the time her gentle spirit graced our family. Our relationship grew leaps and bounds over 80 fun-filled years. Our bond was unique and incomparable; we had the ability to read each other's minds and hearts. We had a closeness beyond description. She was always there for me, and I truly don't ever remember a time without her. Carol was my only sibling. After our father suddenly died, when she was 5 and I was 8 years old, we joined forces to protect our mother, and vowed to always protect each other. Four months earlier the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor, and when dad died, our world became a very scary place for Mom, Carol, and me. Even as young children, we realized that staying together would keep us brave and strong. Our bonds of love for each other burned with great intensity throughout our lives. Our time together was filled with laughter, silliness, tears, and sorrow. We knew how to get down to "serious business", but we certainly enjoyed the merriment of "monkey business" so much more! Our relationship was as simple as it was complex. Together we formed an interdependent pair: Yin and Yang. Two halves that together complete the whole. Seemingly opposite energy forces that are complementary, work together, and are interconnected in balanced harmony. My sister fulfilled me. She taught me to embrace the ups and downs, the good times and bad, and the joys and challenges life has to offer. She also taught me that life is not meant to be perfect; life is meant to be chuck full of experiences that are lessons meant to extend personal and spiritual growth. She also taught me that love is everlasting. Carol and I gave rise to each other, we sustained each other. Our hearts were and are synchronized. Loving and respectful behaviors truly define my sister. I will treasure our many moments together. Being apart, I feel like an essential part of me is missing. Reflections by Lee Lapp

July 15 at 2:16 PM



Memories only last if you share them

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



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