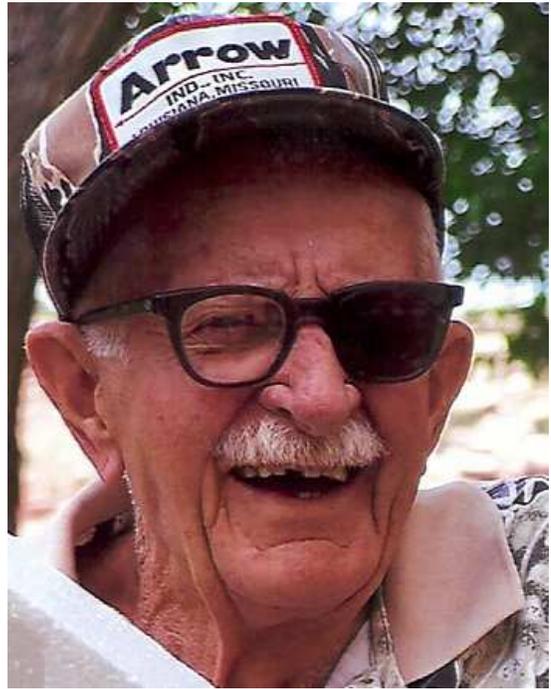


In Loving Memory of



SPANISH VALLEY MORTUARY
MOAB, UTAH

DD Carey

In Memory Of

Durwood Duane Carey

Born: May 26, 1923 Died: July 4, 2008
Lemoyne, Nebraska Moab, UT

GRANDPA

He lived with an honor only a hero
could obtain
He had a personality that could never
be restrained.
He always had a joke or a story to
tell,
Interesting he always was with a
humor that would rarely fail.
He would always joke around with a
"get out of my chair you punk kid"
Or with a can of Black Flag that
killed dinosaurs instead.
He also had the best friend in all of
the land
It was the spider built into his hand
He loved to fish, he loved to hunt
anything he could do outdoors,
He would sit around that camp fire
and sings songs of old folk lore.
He loved to sit with a beer in hand
and play the harmonica with his
friends,
I know he is somewhere now where that
tradition never ends.

DAD

He was a man of tremendous honor
He'd do what must be done
To his family, his love was
resounding
Doubt, there would be none
He wasn't soft, to say the least
But strength was in its place
He was tender and brusque
Smooth and rough
Gentle and tough
Happy and gruff
A man of many different personalities
A different face for everyone
A friend to any and everybody
A friend who couldn't be out done
I never questioned his love for me
I just knew that he was there
His love was always and forever
I always knew he cared
He was a man of many stories he told
Some tales were mighty tall
I didn't know of all his life
But I knew he loved us all
He was a pillar for all of us to lean
on
His presence was like a stone
He always let us live our own lives
But we knew we were never alone
And so Dear Dad I thank you so
For teaching me much and watching me
grow
I know that your time here has past
But my love for you will always last