











In Loving Memory



Colette Booth Baird

1937 ~ 2026

Colette Booth Baird



Born
June 3, 1937
Salt Lake City, Utah

Passed Away
September 3, 2026
American Fork, Utah

Daughter of
Louis W Booth and Marguerite Jacques

Wife of
David Keith Baird

Funeral Services

Friday, September 11, 2026 ~ 2:00 p.m.
Larkin Sunset Gardens
1950 East Dimple Dell Road
Sandy, Utah

Pallbearers

Suzanne Clayson
Catherine Pomeroy
Rebeka Clayson
Anne Marie Mayo
Rachelle Stapley
Michele Perdue
Jeanette Hayes
Shelby Perdue
Nicki Baird
Monique Casper

Honorary Pallbearers

Joanna Gutierrez
Sam Perdue
Tana Perdue

Services

Family Prayer ..... Thomas Baird, son

Conducting ..... David Clayson, son-in-law
Chorister ..... Michele Perdue, daughter
Organist ..... Bruce Hansen, friend
Opening Hymn ..... #219
"Because I Have Been Given Much"
Invocation ..... Michele Perdue, daughter
Musical Number ..... Colette's Great Grandchildren
"My Heavenly Father Loves Me"
Accompanied by Catherine Pomeroy, daughter
Talk ..... Suzanne Clayson, daughter
Musical Number ..... Clayson, Perdue, and Pomeroy Men
"You'll Never Walk Alone"
Accompanied by Michelle Hansen, friend
Grandchildren Memories ..... Tim Perdue and Jeanette Hayes
Musical Number ..... Michelle Hansen, Jill Dickey, Nancy Judd, Kathy Beach, Sandra Walker, Jennifer Absher, Wendy Harris, and Cynthia Sanchez, Colette's friends
"The Lord Bless You and Keep You"
Accompanied by Susan Hansen
Talk ..... Catherine Pomeroy, daughter
Closing Hymn ..... #1003
"It Is Well with My Soul"
Benediction ..... Thomas Baird, son

Interment

Will take place at a later date
Salt Lake City Cemetery

Dedication of the Grave ..... Nate Pomeroy, son-in-law

It Is Well with My Soul

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll—
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
"It is well, it is well with my soul."
It is well with my soul;
It is well, it is well with my soul.

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control:
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
It is well with my soul;
It is well, it is well with my soul.

My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!—
My sin, not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more.
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul.
It is well with my soul;
It is well, it is well with my soul.

O Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight,
The heav'ns be rolled back like a scroll.
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend;
Even so, it is well with my soul.
It is well with my soul;
It is well, it is well with my soul.

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