



In Loving Memory



Patricia B. Wood

1933 ~ 2026



Patricia B. Wood



Born

September 30, 1933
Salt Lake City, Utah

Passed Away

September 2, 2026
Sandy, Utah

Daughter of

Burton Birkinshaw
and Virginia Elizabeth Showell

Funeral Services

Saturday, September 19, 2026 ~ 11:00 a.m.

Larkin Sunset Gardens
1950 East Dimple Dell Road
Sandy, Utah

Pallbearers

GRANDSONS

Rob Wood
Logan Wood
Colton Farmer-Wood
Zane Wood

Nathan Wood
Trevor Wood
Hunter Wood

Funeral Services

Prelude and Accompaniment Katrina Taylor (granddaughter)
Welcome and Introduction Chris Wood (son)
Conducting Jenica Wood (granddaughter)
Opening Hymn See Insert

"I Am a Child of God"

Invocation Zane Wood (grandson)
Obituary Julie Wood (daughter-in-law)
Musical Number Chris Wood (son)

"Somewhere In Time"

Speaker Katie Peck (daughter-in-law)
Speaker Stacey Wood (daughter)
Musical Number Jenica Wood (granddaughter)

"Peace In Christ"

Stories and Tributes Grandchildren
Speaker Spencer Wood (son)
Closing Remarks Chris Wood (son)
Closing Hymn See Insert

"My Heavenly Father Loves Me"

Benediction Logan Wood (grandson)

Interment

Salt Lake City Cemetery
200 N Street
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dedication of the Grave Chris Wood (son)

I Am a Child of God

I am a child of God,
And he has sent me here,
Has given me an earthly home,
With parents kind and dear.

*Lead me, guide me, walk beside me,
Help me find the way.
Teach me all that I must do
To live with him someday.*

I am a child of God,
And so my needs are great;
Help me to understand his words
Before it grows too late.

*Lead me, guide me, walk beside me,
Help me find the way.
Teach me all that I must do
To live with him someday.*

I am a child of God.
Rich blessings are in store;
If I but learn to do his will,
I'll live with him once more.

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My Heavenly Father Loves Me

Whenever I hear the song of a bird
Or look at the blue, blue sky,
Whenever I feel the rain on my face
Or the wind as it rushes by,
Whenever I touch a velvet rose or walk by a lilac tree,
I'm glad that I live in the beautiful world
Heav'n-ly Father created for me.

He gave me my eyes that I might see
The color of butterfly wings.
He gave me my ears that I might hear
The magical sound of things,
He gave me my life, my mind my heart;
I thank him reverently
For all his creations, of which I'm a part.
Yes, I know Heav'n-ly Father loves me.

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