

# MARK'S LIFE SKETCH

January 27, 2007

**Kelley** Party Mix, Coke Slurpees, spicy foods, cheese breads, Der Weinerschnitzel, BYU sports, electronic football and yahtzee

**Stacie** Cruises, the Sports section of the paper, family get togethers, Disneyland, playing games, Hoosiers, Dead Poets Society, and fishing.

**Amy** But most of all, Marianne, Patrick, Chase, Tessa and Lucas. These are some of the things that our brother Mark loved.

**Kelley** Mark Raymond Clements was born on December 6<sup>th</sup> 1966 in Gridley, CA. His birth came as the result of a blessing given to our mother that she might conceive and bear a child.

Our mother said that from the time Mark was very young he didn't smile often but was very thoughtful and stared up at people with his big blue eyes. He was adored by friends and neighbors.

When he was a little boy he pulled his little red wagon down Spruce street after the paperboy had delivered his newspapers. He stopped and gathered the papers from each house and thoughtfully delivered all of them to a neighbor down the street.

**Stacie** On another occasion Mark was with a babysitter, when our Mom and Dad got home she told them that he had not been a good boy and had broken the leg on an end table. Dad spoke with Mark at some length and with encouragement Mark finally admitted that he had kicked the table leg. Dad asked him why he had done it and he looked up at him and said "the devil made me do it."

**Amy** When Mark was 4 years old our family moved to Orem, Utah. We lived there for two years before moving to Pleasant Grove.

In second grade he received a hand-held electronic football game for Christmas. In January our Mom was called in by his teacher for her first ever conference on his behavior. The teachers were having a problem with him because he had figured out that he could make a lot of money by selling turns on his game to his friends at recess. He had made about \$10.00 by the time he was found out. This was a precursor to his knack for making and saving money. He was always a whiz at it and continued to be the family banker to his parents and sisters.

- Kelley** Growing up we were lucky to be very close to our cousins. Many of our favorite memories revolve around family reunions in Rexburg where we played volleyball, floated down the river on tubes, rode 4 wheelers, and visited with our Grandma Clements. Even this last year when Mark was so sick it was still important to him to be at the family reunion and celebrate our Grandma's 90<sup>th</sup> birthday. Our Grandma passed away last month and we know there was a sweet reunion last week when she greeted Mark.
- Stacie** We spent many holidays with our cousins where putting on impromptu programs was required for our Grandpa and Grandma Fritzsche, in which Mark (not talented in this way) was forced to participate. He loved playing shuffle board in our Grandparent's basement and going to their cabin as a family.
- Amy** We were fortunate to live in the same neighborhood as our cousins, the Mosher's. Mark and Scott were great friends. Following are a few memories that Scott shared...
- Weeding at Intermountain Gift makers, while our sisters sat in the cool, covered barn pressing flowers and earning 4 times as much money
  - Making dirt clods out of mud in the fields below the house and hitting them with a big red plastic bat
  - Sleeping on the trampoline and sneaking out to visit girls
  - Mark's great collection of Terrycloth shirts which I envied since my Mom could never find any at DI
  - Calling Aunt Mary "Maroldinia" and Uncle Ray "Chesty"
- Kelley** Mark loved sports. He participated in football, basketball, baseball, soccer and track. One of Mark's favorite teachers Mr. Blaisdell related...*"Mark dominated in basketball and football and wanted to have the ball in his hands when the game was on the line and he would usually come through with a clutch play. He wanted to win and would work hard to achieve success. He was one of the most competitive athletes. He was a pressure player and a natural leader."*
- Stacie** One of Mark's best friends Bill said...*"In 7<sup>th</sup> grade we both participated in the BYU Invitational Track and Field meet. All of the state of Utah and some schools from Idaho and Colorado attended. Mark and I both competed in the long jump. As the PA announcer was calling out the place winners in the long jump my name was announced as the 4<sup>th</sup> place finisher. I was excited but couldn't believe I had beaten Mark. I turned to Mark and told him that there must be some mistake...they must mean him. Seconds later Mark's name was announced as the first place winner. The best 7<sup>th</sup> grade long jumper in the entire state."*

**Amy** Mark had a gift for making people feel important. When Mark was about 17, our next door neighbor Michael Richards, then 5 years old, decided that Mark was his best friend. He would watch and wait for Mark to get home then would head right over to hang out with him. His parents would apologize to Mark often, but Mark would always assure them that it was no bother at all.

In the summer's Mark worked at the sod farm and Paul Richards would drop Michael off at the office on his way to work and pick him up on his way home. Michael just wanted to hang out with Mark. Mark would give him little jobs around the office, like killing all the flies, so Michael felt important.

**Kelley** Lorna came to live with our family in high school. She said...*"I arrived in PG just before school was to begin. It was late in the afternoon and we went to pick up Mark from football practice. I was introduced to Mark and thought this does not look like a 9<sup>th</sup> grade boy. He had lots of facial hair. Amy, Mark and I lived in the basement together for two years. I quickly learned about the music of Phil Collins and Rush, that was the music Mark played in the morning getting ready for school. I also learned the anatomy of a teenage boy as Mark hardly wore any clothes, just his boxers. Which may have left me somewhat traumatized."*

**Stacie** In high school Mark was an all American athlete and scholar. A friend said...*"Mark was very gifted intellectually. School work and learning came easy for him. Mark was the only person I knew who could write an English paper and do his math homework all while watching every play of Monday Night Football. However, Mark didn't let himself coast through his education because of the ease with which it came. He constantly challenged himself and pushed to reach ever more challenging goals."*

*As a boy, Mark used his intelligence to make certain "handy man" jobs a little easier for himself. Doing handy man chores was not something Mark enjoyed or excelled at, so in true Tom Sawyer fashion, Mark would occasionally invite me up to do something fun but would inform me that we first needed to repair the fence, fix the gate hinge, or secure a shelf.*

**Amy** Mark graduated with honors from Pleasant Grove High School in 1985. He was a natural leader among his peers. One of his teachers said...*"Everyone followed Mark. He didn't scream for attention it naturally came to him. He had a charismatic personality that drew people to him. If he wanted he could have been elected to any office in high school. Part of his charm was that he treated everyone with respect and concern."*

**Kelley**

Soon after high school Mark was called to serve in the Louisville, Kentucky mission. One of Mark's mission companions, Kim Wilkey, shared the following: *"Mark and I became companions in Radcliff Kentucky on May 8<sup>th</sup> 1987. Upon my arrival, Mark gave me what I call the "challenge" lecture. He informed me that he and Elder Steele (his former companion) had worked hard to get things going successfully in the Radcliff area and he did not want anything to slow down the momentum. Mark was letting me know that I was going to have to step up and work my tail off.*

*I accepted the challenge and thus began one of the most tiring, most fun, most enjoyable, most memorable, and biggest spiritual growth times of my mission and life... much of this I owe to Mark and his challenge. We worked hard and we played hard. Mark knew the value of setting a goal and being committed to reaching it. Together we set companionship goals to never miss: personal or companion study, daily planning sessions, daily exercise, and working out differences. The result of these efforts was a sense of being prepared for whatever challenge or opportunity came our way. We were richly blessed for these efforts."*

**Stacie**

In a letter Mark wrote to me on my mission he said... *"If I could redo my mission there is one thing I would do differently. I would never judge a missionary. A mission is not a set of rules. A person who keeps the mission rules has learned obedience. A person who learns to love all people, comfort the needy and sick, and reach out to others has learned charity."*

**Amy**

Marianne fell in love with Mark in the 6th grade. They were good friends until after Mark returned home from his mission. After dating quite seriously and discussing marriage for a while, Marianne went with a friend of hers who was engaged to help her pick out her wedding ring. Marianne not only helped her friend find a ring, but she found a ring for herself as well. She let Mark know that she had found a ring and then hoped that he would be able to get it for their upcoming trip to Kentucky with Marianne's parents to visit family and friends for Thanksgiving. When Mark got in the car on the first day of the trip, Marianne could not contain herself and finally asked him if he had gotten the ring. He told her that he was sorry but that the ring wasn't ready. Marianne promptly began crying at which time Mark not being able to stand seeing her cry said, "Oh alright, I guess there won't be any surprises then," and told her he had gotten the ring. They were able to announce their engagement to her family on the trip.

Christmas of 2005 after Mark had been diagnosed with cancer he secretly got Marianne a beautiful new ring with three diamonds to represent their past, present, and future. He was so proud of himself for finally being able to surprise Marianne.

**Kelley** Mark loved Marianne. Marianne's cousin Jeannette shared...*"I'll never forget the time I spent alone with Mark and Marianne in Mesa, Arizona. We were there for our niece's wedding and Mark was the chauffeur. As I rode in the back seat of the car I enjoyed visiting with them. I was so impressed with the level of respect Mark and Marianne had for each other. I asked if they had ever had a disagreement. They looked at each other as if they were trying to recall such a time. Mark was quick to answer. We probably would be disagreeing all the time if I wasn't such a peacemaker. Marianne playfully slapped him and laughed out loud, and said, "whatever" to which Mark responded "see" as he looked over his shoulder at me."*

**Stacie** When I was on my mission I received a letter from Mark. In that letter he stated "I can't tell you how much I love my wife. She is everything to me. I might have thought I was in love when we were first married but it was nothing compared to now. Marriage is so much more than I expected. It is something wonderful and beautiful that you have to look forward to."

After Mark and Marianne were married they stayed with the Richards boys while their parents were in New Zealand. After that two week period the boys had a new nickname for Mark, "Chili." Apparently every meal that Mark prepared incorporated chili. They ate chili dogs, chili cheese nachos, burritos with chili, chili fries, etc.

**Amy** Mark earned a full ride scholarship to BYU. He majored in English and both he and Marianne attended school at the same time. On June 14, 1990 Patrick came along. Mark loved his little boy so much. As Patrick grew Mark loved watching him play sports and tried to be at every activity and game. Even in his last month's, when he was so sick, Mark attended Patrick's Christmas choir concert. Mark loved that Patrick related so well with adults. Everyone always had great things to say about Patrick, which made Mark so proud. One of the things that brought Mark great comfort this year was the knowledge of how capable Patrick is and that he is such a good big brother.

**Kelley** After graduating from BYU with honors Mark (along with Marianne and Patrick) moved to Washington DC where Mark completed an internship with the DEA. Later Mark was accepted to Stanford Law School.

Mark's good friend Demetrious (who he met in Law School) shared the following: "Whenever possible, Mark used to like to study at home so that he could spend time with Marianne and Patrick. That meant I was around the house a lot, too. Patrick used to sneak into the room where we were studying and try to persuade us to take a break from those boring books in order to play with him. He nearly always succeeded. Whenever it was time to return to studying, Mark and I would brace ourselves for Patrick's shouts of "nooooooooo" or "you don't love me anymore" or "just five more minutes." If his dad didn't budge, Patrick would plead with me. "Pleeeeee, Demeeech." (Patrick used to call me "Demeeech" and I used to call him "Patreech"). Mark was a very proud father. I'll never forget babysitting Patrick the night Chase was born and how excited Mark was when he called to tell me that he had a new son. I have many fond memories of Mark with Patrick and, later, with Chase."

**Stacie** Mark and Demitrious loved to eat spicy food and were regulars at Jing Jing's. The first time they went the food was so hot and spicy that Mark went through a stack of napkins wiping his brow. They had an ongoing bet that whoever reached for the water first had to pay the tip. By the year of their graduation Mark was able to win about half of the time.

On a summer break from Stanford, Mark clerked for Utah Supreme Court Justice Durham. This was one of the highlights of his professional career.

As in all of his other endeavors, he excelled. He was a member of the law review and graduate from Stanford Law School with honors.

On Dec. 8, 1993, Chase was born. Mark thought having two little boys was heaven. This last year was especially hard for Mark as he was too sick to attend some of Chase's baseball games. Mark didn't want to miss a thing and although he couldn't be at every game, he would get a play by play via cell phone from Marianne. Mark loved Chase's determination and his drive. He knows that Chase will accomplish whatever he puts his mind too.

**Amy** Mark's professional career began at Pehrson's Behle and Latimer, he later worked at Bennett, Tueller, Johnson and Deere ... and then at Hatch James and Dodge. He formed many close personal relationships with his peers. He was a successful, honest, well-liked attorney.

*Mark James, one of Mark's friends and fellow lawyers said..."Mark quickly established himself as a go to lawyer in big, complex cases. Several of the cases he worked on while at Hatch, James & Dodge were some of the largest cases pending in Utah at the time. On one particular case during the first day of trial it was Mark and Brent Hatch against nine or ten lawyers from three of the largest and most prestigious law firms in Utah. Mark was responsible for cross-examining the plaintiffs' first witness to take the stand. It was Mark's first opportunity to examine a witness live at trial. Mark, characteristically, knew the material better than anyone in the courtroom. He got so excited when he caught the witness in several lies that Brent had to keep passing him notes to calm down. The witness never had a chance. With the help of Mark's great work, the case was resolved shortly thereafter favorably for their client."*

*Mark James went on to say..."We had many great experiences with Mark and came to appreciate his extraordinary character. Mark was completely honest, 100% dedicated to his wife and family, 100% true to his religious principles and beliefs, and an absolute rock to us all. Mark often discussed the difficulty of balancing the demands of an intense law practice with his desire to serve his family and to serve others in his church callings. Mark had a deep sense of understanding for people and their problems. He was slow to judge and very compassionate of others."*

**Kelley** On Jan. 18, 1999 Tessa was born. She was the most beautiful little girl and loved her daddy so much. Mark said that she was the very best snuggler and hugger. He was so grateful for those hugs this last year. Tessa is an artist and is always working on art projects. She covered a whole wall in Mark's room with her pictures and love notes. Those were the things that helped keep him going.

**Stacie** In October of 2005, a few weeks after running in the St. George Marathon, Mark was diagnosed with Cholangiocarcinoma, a rare form of liver cancer. This came as a shock to all of us and began 15 months of intense prayer, fasting, faith, miracles, research, and travel.

**Amy** Our first miracle came a month later when Lucas arrived on November 3, 2005. Nearly 7 years after Tessa was born, Mark told Marianne he felt there was another child who needed to come to their family. He said, "If we don't have another child we may regret it our whole lives, if we do have one more child we will never regret having him." Many people wonder why Lucas would come during this stressful year. We now know that he was an angel sent to bless his family with joy during this uncertain time.

**Kelley**

One of the blessings of giving Mark's life sketch is the opportunity to share some of our favorite memories.

I will always remember Mark being a true blue BYU fan, attending all the football and basketball games, and even taking some road trips. I loved watching sports with Mark. I'm glad that he can now watch all the games he wants too. I'm sure the Lord has a special place up there for true blue BYU fans.

Mark used to think I was cool because I was good at many sports. Then in high school I became a cheerleader and he never let me forget that I should have played sports instead.

One of my favorite memories of Mark was one year at Christmas time when each of us sisters received a card from him. When I read my card it said some nice things and then ended in, P.S. You are my favorite sister, don't tell the others. I noticed that Stacie and Amy were looking at me kind of funny. In that instant we knew that Mark had written the same thing on each of our cards. I firmly believe that we are his favorite sisters.

After I had my own family, Mark would call on holiday weekends and invite our family to hang out with his. We played games, watched movies, slept over, and then went to breakfast in the morning. It was always a treat to spend time with the Clements family.

This past year has been a time of sadness for me, to see Mark suffer so much. It has also been a time of gladness as I was able to spend lots of quality time with him and his family. I will always treasure the times that I got to stay with him in the hospital, take a trip to chemo, drop in for a visit or have him surprisingly answer the phone when I called. Each day began for me with the question, "I wonder how Mark is doing day?" I'm so glad that now I know that every day is a good day for him.

**Stacie**

Mark would often use the neighborhood kids to do his Saturday jobs. They could jump on the trampoline, but first they would have to pull out 10 handfuls of weeds or crack 25 walnuts for our mom, or a part of some other job he'd been assigned to do that day.

Mark could never keep his eyes open for a picture they were always closed, he had developed a system where he would keep his eyes closed until you got to 3 and then he'd quickly open them as you snapped the picture – it worked about ½ the time.

Mark was always very interested in everything we were doing. He took great care to edit my speeches before I spoke in front of the city council. He would take one full written page and turn it into a very compelling paragraph. He always made me look much smarter than I am. He was gifted with words.

Mark was always so generous. In 2002 he won a large lawsuit. To celebrate he and Marianne took our entire family to Disneyland. He was so excited to go on the tower of terror with our Dad. Mark and I sat on either side of him and Mark spent the entire ride watching the horror on our Dad's face with complete glee.

This last month I loved spending Sundays with Mark so that Marianne could go to church with the kids. These were precious times.

Mark was fiercely independent to the very end. I spent Thursday night with him after Tessa's confirmation. I was a little nervous because Mark had been getting weaker each day and physically it was difficult to help him do what he was determined to do. I spent most of that night helping him shuffle around the house and apologizing to him because I couldn't understand what he was trying to tell me. I felt very distinctly that night how humiliating this situation was for him. But I want Mark to know that it was a privilege just to be with him.

**Amy**

There was never a dull moment with Mark. We shared the basement when we were growing up and every morning as I'd walk by the bathroom to go upstairs there would be Mark flexing his muscles in the bathroom mirror saying "what do you think of this?"

My sisters tease me to this day because they say Mark had me wrapped around his finger. And I guess they are right. I did wait on him hand and foot. I had perfected the art of the cheese bread and would make them for him everyday after school. I thought he was the coolest big brother a girl could have.

There were many times when I would find little notes from Mark on my bed with a candy bar or a little something he wanted me to have. He would take me to Trafalga and we would spend hours playing arcade games. Mark always made time for me and made me feel like I was "really" his favorite sister.

I always looked up to Mark both when we were growing up and as an adult. He always had his priorities straight. He was an incredible father, a dedicated husband, and the heart and soul of our family. I knew when I had my son that I wanted to be the kind of parent he was.

I had so much respect for Mark and for his faith in our Heavenly Father. When my son, Stone, was born 4 months prematurely only weighing 1 lb 11 oz Mark and my brother-in laws gave him a blessing. Mark said in that blessing that while Stone may struggle in the beginning that he would be strong and he would live to be happy and healthy. I will never forget the peace that came over me at that time. It was a long hard road, but I always knew from that point on that Stone would be fine.

I will never forget the way my brother loved me. The way he always took care of the people around him. He was one of the most generous, giving, compassionate people I've ever known. He has been one of the greatest influences in my life and I'm so thankful that I got to call him brother. I can't help but think that heaven is a better place because he is there.

**Kelley**

We know that many of you have fasted and prayed with us for these last 15 months, and we would like to share with you some of the tender mercies and blessings that have touched our lives.

We traveled as a family to UCLA for Mark's surgery in November 2005. The surgery did not go well. The surgeon told us that there were too many tumors and that Mark had about 3-6 months to live. We were very discouraged. We tried to stay positive as a family but it was very hard. The rest of the family traveled home. I stayed with Mark, Marianne, Lucas and my dad so that I could help take care of Lucas who was only two weeks old at the time. We had a wonderful nurse who noticed something different about us. She asked us if we were members of the LDS church. She mentioned that she was too. She asked if we would like to have some Elders bring us the sacrament that Sunday. We of course answered yes.

That Sunday Mark was released from the hospital. That night two wonderful young men came to our hotel. They shared a wonderful message and brought us the Sacrament. One of the young men shared a story with us of his mother who had been terminally ill when he was young but then through a priesthood blessing had been healed. We felt the spirit so strong that night and although Mark was not healed from his cancer, that feeling helped to give us hope to go on. I remember thinking that it was a tender mercy sent from our Heavenly Father.

**Stacie**

As our family began to research Cholangiocarcinoma, we realized there was not a place on the internet to specifically discuss this cancer and share research. Amy's husband Rick set up a website and we began to post information and research. More importantly we began an online network with others who were searching for answers like we were. People from all over the world have contacted us on the website. As in every other aspect of his life, Mark once again emerged as a leader in the battle against this rare cancer. His openness coupled with our intense research was able to touch many lives and eventually led to the creation of the Cholangiocarcinoma Foundation. This foundation was important to Mark as it will be the catalyst to funding research and providing support to other families who are or will suffer from this disease. Mark loved and cared for other people and his legacy of love will be far reaching through the foundation. Many thanks to Mark's friends at Bennett, Tueller, Johnson, & Deere who assisted us in setting up the foundation.

**Amy** Mark was thankful for the tender loving care our mother took of him this last year and appreciated the many sacrifices she made for our family over the years. He took great comfort in her strong testimony of the gospel and the close relationship she shares with his children.

Another thing that brought Mark peace and joy this year was seeing the changes in our father and being able to spend quality time with him. Mark was so happy the Sunday we all showed up at our Dad's ward and attended sacrament meeting with him. Mark had tears streaming down his face through much of the meeting. You could see how much he loved our dad and how important being an eternal family was to him.

**Kelley** On Jan. 18, 2007 Tessa turned 8. This was an important date to Mark. He had set three goals for himself when he was first diagnosed. He wanted to be here to set Chase apart as a Deacon which he did in December 2005. He wanted to set Patrick apart as a Priest, which happened in June 2006, and he wanted to be here to baptize Tessa. As a family we knew that Mark would not be able to perform the baptism because he had become so weak, but we had hoped he could participate in her confirmation. A little over a week ago, Patrick stepped in to perform the baptism. We know that Mark was so proud of Patrick for being worthy to do this for his little sister. It was beautiful. We then returned to the house to do the confirmation. Mark had been very agitated and unclear all day. My husband Geret and Bill Adamson gave him a priesthood blessing and asked the Lord to send ministering angels to help Mark feel at peace and be able to participate in his daughter's confirmation. Not long after, Mark was able to participate in the confirmation. Marianne's dad took Mark's hand and placed it on Tessa's head. As soon as his hand touched her head his whole body relaxed and he sat in complete peace through the blessing. The spirit was so strong in the room that no one said anything for a while. It will be something that all who were present will remember for the rest of their lives.

**Stacie** The last miracle we would like to share was on the night after the baptism. Mark had slept peacefully all day after a very restless night. As evening approached his breathing became more labored and we knew that the end was near. After the family arrived we were each able to say goodbye to Mark. Geret and Marianne's dad, Dale, gave Mark a blessing to release his spirit from this life. As the blessing was given there was much sadness but also peace. Ten minutes later Mark took his last breath surrounded by his wife, children, sisters, parents, and in-laws. We cried as a family and realized that we had witnessed another miracle from our Heavenly Father. Just as Mark came to this earth through a priesthood blessing, he left the earth in the same way.

**Amy** We are grateful to have been witness to these miracles. They have strengthened our testimonies and helped us to be better people. We are grateful for so many good people surrounding all of us who have helped us get through this last 15 months. Please know that we consider you among the tender mercies that Heavenly Father sent.

We especially want to express our love and gratitude to Marianne for the way she has loved our brother, for the many years of happiness she gave him. For her dedication, faith, and strength. To Patrick, Chase, Tessa, and Lucas we want you to know that we love you. We love your mom. Together we will honor your dad's memory by the way we live our lives.

**Kelley** In closing we want to share a poem that has been hanging on each of our refrigerators over the last year.

Cancer is so limited...

It cannot cripple love  
It cannot shatter hope  
It cannot corrode faith  
It cannot destroy people  
It cannot kill friendship  
It cannot suppress memories  
It cannot silence courage  
It cannot invade the soul  
It cannot conquer the spirit  
It cannot steal eternal life

**Stacie** In a letter that Mark wrote to our family in December of last year he said... "Life has given me cancer but it has also given me a chance to become the kind of person I always wanted to be or at least a chance to find out the kind of person I want to be. I consider myself very blessed."

We Love You Mark!

In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.