



Jack Hyrum Hoskins

November 1, 1931 - June 9, 2020

On Tuesday June 9th , Jack Hyrum Hoskins passed away at the age of 88. He is survived by his wife Lynn Hoskins, brothers Keith Hoskins, Wayne Hoskins, Dale Hoskins, and Roger Hoskins, and his sister Janet Dodgen. Jack was also a father of 9, and his step daughter, grandfather of 32, and great~grandfather of 25 and great~great grandfather of 1.

Jack was born in Ogden, Utah on November 1st 1931. He moved to Fresno CA in 1970 where he resided the last 49 years. He was very proud of his service in the United States Air Force in which he was a veteran of the Korean War. By trade he worked as a brick mason. Jack was considered an exceptional Mason and sought out for his talents. Even after his retirement he volunteered with the Veteran's Administration doing work on their masonry projects. His stone and brick creations are a lasting tribute to his talent and can be seen in Yellow Stone National Park, as well as across Utah and California.

Jack was a very funny and loving man, he loved to tease and joke even about himself, and his hearty laugh will be missed by all who loved him.

Cemetery Details

San Joaquin Valley National Cemetery

32053 West McCabe Road
Santa Nella, CA 95322
<http://www.cem.va.gov/cems/nchp/sanjoaquinvalley.asp>

Previous Events

Funeral Service

JUN 17. 10:00 AM (PT)

Chapel of the Light
1620 W. Belmont Avenue
Fresno, CA 93728
michael@chapelofthelight.com
<http://www.chapelofthelight.com>

Graveside Service

JUN 17. 2:00 PM (PT)

San Joaquin Valley National Cemetery
32053 West McCabe Road
Santa Nella, CA 95322
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Tribute Wall



“ *Jack Hyrum Hoskins*

September 15, 2022 at 09:34 PM



“ *I remember, Jack...vaguely. I lived on Grassy Creek Lake. I believe it's a 7 acre lake with my parents Rickey and Laura Childers and my sisters Melanie and Erica. I remember the grove of pine trees along both sides of the very long driveway, the long white fence next to the county road, the entrance to the drive with an H hanging down from above. A drain for the lake channeled through that me and dad built a bridge across, a shop just before crossing the channel on the right, a collapsing barn also before the shop which I found a weed eater in and after a little tinkering I got it running. A large cabin with a dock. A small farm house. I caught my first 2 fish here with my uncle Charlie Brannon. A decent size bass and a bluegill that I've still never saw another it's size. Anyway, I was very young but my distinct memory of Jack was when I was with dad painting the fence white. He pulled in and talked a bit but he walked up to me and handed me a \$5 bill and complimented my efforts. This was the first thing I've ever painted in my life. Now, 33 years later I am a professional painter. I take pride in my work. And, though with some trips and falls along my way...I'm still proud of who I am. Jack died on my birthday. I'm born June 9, 1982. I'm sad to see that he is no longer with us. Rest peacefully!*



Rickey Murlin Childers II - September 12, 2021 at 01:47 PM