



Ryan Matthew Evans

March 28, 1972 - July 2, 2021

On Friday, July 2, 2021, Ryan Mathew Evans, unexpectedly passed away at the age of 48 in his Mentone home.

Ryan was born on March 28, 1972 in Loma Linda, California to Jim and Gwen Evans. He was a lifelong resident of Mentone CA where he made lifelong friendships and created many fond memories. A graduate of Redlands High School, class of 1991. He went on to marry his Jr. High School girlfriend Sandra Smith, this was one of the happiest days of his life, next to the birth of his sons. These events are what kept him moving through his darkest times.

Ryan was a man with simple pleasures in life. He liked to work with his hands. Fishing, camping, shooting, and being an amateur mechanic were all passions of his. When he wasn't calling his sons or feeding the chickens and rabbits in his backyard you could probably find him with his friends rooting for the Chargers or just hanging out and having a drink. Ryan loved to socialize. He would have a 10–15-minute conversation with a stranger wherever he went. He was well liked and had many who would call him a friend.

Ryan was preceded in death by his mother, Gwen . He lives through those who carry his memory: his father Jim , his brother Jimmie, his sisters Irma and Reena, his step son and sons Joey, Andrew, Justin & Aaron, his nephews Brandon & Bradly, and the many who would call him friend.

The Memorial Service will be located at Cortner Chapel, located at 221 Brookside Ave, Redlands CA 9237 on Saturday, July 17, 2021. A viewing will be held from 11am-1pm and the Memorial service will be held at 1pm. This will be followed by a celebration of life from 4pm-6pm at the Moose Lodge, 2139 Mentone Blvd, Mentone CA 92359. Donations are not required but are appreciated and can be sent to 125 Sage Sparrow Cir, Vacaville CA 95687. All are welcome to join us in the remembrance of Ryan.

“He Is Gone” by David Harkins

You can shed tears that he is gone
Or you can smile because he has lived
You can close your eyes and pray that he will come back
Or you can open your eyes and see all that he has left
Your heart can be empty because you can't see him
Or you can be full of the love that you shared
You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday
You can remember him and only that he is gone
Or you can cherish his memory and let it live on
You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn your back
Or you can do what he would want: smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

“Away” by James Whitcomb Riley

I cannot say and I will not say
that he's dead, he's just away.
With a cheery smile and a wave of hand
He has wandered into an unknown land;
And left us dreaming how very fair
Its needs must be, since he lingers there.
And you-oh you, who the wildest yearn
From the old-time step and the glad return.
Think of hi faring on, as dear
in the love of there, as the love of here
Think of him still the same way, I say;
He is not dead, he is just away.

“My dad had many interests. Many I did not share. But, I loved talking to my dad about camping and motorcycles. My dad would always recommend survival books or wisdom whenever I told him I was planning a camping trip. I'm pretty sure he gave me my first knife. When I got my first motorcycle we talked about that. He always told me to be safe whenever I went out and was excited for me to start riding. He was a big sports fan. Any sport. I didn't share in his interests but I still got an ear full of him talking about the games I didn't watch. Fishing and shooting were the other two big talking points. He took my brother and I out fishing all the time when we were kids. I didn't have the patience to appreciate it and still lack it to this day. Shooting BB guns was Aaron's and my pass time when we stayed at the trailer and when we were big enough we would go up into the

mountains to shoot real ones. When he gave us guns of our own he made sure to tell us how to take care of them properly and reminded us constantly that they weren't toys. Making sure we were safe was one of my fathers greatest concerns”.

A loving memory of: Justin Smith

“My father was a serious man, he never really joked around that often but we did share our sarcastic humor with how we perceived this world. My father might not have always been around but he sure did let his children know that we were loved. Ryan was more than an interesting individual, he had a passion for the outdoors, gunmanship and sports, countless times he has taken me with him on his fishing adventures or out to the creek or canyons to shoot off guns. I remember as a child watching my father help with drawing pictures for my school assignments and helping build my pinewood derby cars when I was in boy scouts. As my brothers and I got older I didn't get to spend as much time with my father but that never stopped him from calling and checking in on how his children were doing and now as everyday passes and as I grow older I see my father more and more looking back at me in the mirror”.

A loving memory of: Andrew Smith

“He would always give love while trying to teach a lesson or just sharing advice, He was able to capture most values in life. Will always be loved and missed no matter how far away”.

A loving memory of: Aaron Smith- Evans

“One fun memory of Ryan was his willingness to go with me and my Cub Scout pack. On all the deep sea fishing trips, our outdoor adventure camping. He also worked with me so I could learn all my scouting knots. These are things that I will now pass down to my children.”

A loving memory of: Joey Cronk

“My memory of my brother Ryan. It's hard to choose one fond memory of my brother, there are so many. There is one memory that always fills my heart with love and makes me smile. When we were young, still in elementary school, I was playing at a friend's house, just down the street. Ryan came knocking at the door. He told me that our mom told him to come get me, that I had to come home. Only to find out that our mom did no such thing. When I asked Ryan why he did that, why did you make me come home. He

simply replied, I wanted you here playing with me. I stayed home, and we played in his room with his "Hot Wheels "".

A loving memory of: Reena Evans

Events

JUL 17 Private visitation for family --Delivery by 10am 10:00AM - 11:00AM

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Cortner Chapel

221 Brookside Avenue, Redlands, CA, US, 92373

JUL 17 Visitation 11:00AM - 12:00PM

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Cortner Chapel

221 Brookside Avenue, Redlands, CA, US, 92373

JUL 17 Funeral Service 01:00PM - 02:00PM

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Cortner Chapel

221 Brookside Avenue, Redlands, CA, US, 92373

Comments



“ The Tarkany, Warren and Cano Families purchased the Simply Elegant Spathiphyllum for the family of Ryan Matthew Evans.



The Tarkany, Warren and Cano Families - July 15, 2021 at 01:44 PM