



## Keith

January 23, 1941 - January 10, 2024

In memory of my dad, Keith Griswold, who went to be with the Lord in the early morning of January 10th, 2024.

In skiing, there is more than one way down a mountain. You can choose the "pizza" maneuver, putting your legs into a triangle, which is considered the easiest way down. Then there is the "French fries" position, where your skis are parallel to one another, but as my dad told me, the true skill lies in your ability to ski on one leg at a time. And that's how he lived his life, taking each stride in grace and never worrying or overthinking anything.

If my dad's life was a ski slope, it was a long and scenic green, and he was skillfully sliding his way down on one ski like the true master he was. I'd call it "Griswold's Glide", because of his joyfully positive outlook about everything that came his way. It would forever be a bluebird day with abundant sunshine bringing out the sparkles in the fresh powder where he always got the first tracks. It would have the bountiful wildlife and birds he loved to photograph; the lakes and oceans near that he loved to sail, and the mountain lodges would never run out of Root Beer or his delicious homemade popcorn.

The first stretch of Griswold's Glide began in Soda Springs, California where my dad was taught the art of skiing in his youth by a Norwegian ski instructor. What began as a childhood enjoyment kicked off a fruitful career in

professional downhill ski racing including winning many trophies, medals and most notably, coaching the US Ski Team. Skiing enabled him to travel the world and he truly lived every moment and no matter what tree stumps came into view, he was able to gracefully ski around it. And if he ever did wipe out, he'd get right back up again, along with his witty humor and unexpected quips that made everyone laugh.

His run would have several gondolas that would bring the people he loved into his life, including my mother, Sherry, whom he was with for 42 years. Another would bring his son, Ryan, and then myself, his daughter Cassandra. The slopes would lead his family to life in Oregon, where Keith would live for the rest of his life. Many pawprints can be found in the snow throughout different times, as he was a huge animal lover and along with my mother, rescued countless cats and four dogs.

The final stretch to the finish line would include many courageous battles with illnesses, but he never stopped smiling (or making us laugh), and he passed away peacefully with his family at his side.

Keith is survived by his wife, Sherry; his son, Ryan (Chelsea) and their children: Grayson, Scarlett, Everett, and Hudson; his daughter, Cassandra (Chad); and his beloved dog, Edward.

On Griswold's Glide, instead of a ski patroller, he had his faith in God. And we take comfort to know he's skiing once again in heaven. This isn't goodbye; but like he used to say when he'd hang up the phone, "Ciao for now", dad. I'll miss you.

# Tribute Wall



“ 1 file added to the tribute wall

Keith Griswold, dad, husband, grandfather, US Ski Team downhill racer, sailor, rock climber, Vietnam veteran. Died just a few days short of his 83rd birthday.



Sherry Griswold - December 13, 2025 at 06:28 PM



Such a beautiful sentiment to your Dad Ryan ❤️🙏

Sherry Griswold - December 13, 2025 at 06:29 PM



“ 20 files added to the album Memories Album



Hillside Chapel - January 12, 2024 at 01:39 PM



I love you Keith and miss you every day ❤️

Sherry Griswold - December 29, 2024 at 10:11 PM