# Parker Pratt Robison

*June 10, 1928 ~ May 27, 2019*

Parker Pratt Robison, Jr. passed away at home in the early morning hours of May 27, 2019. He came close to reaching his ninety-first birthday. Dad, Grandpa, and Great-Grandpa was one of the kindest and gentlest men on earth. He loved his family and always complimented them on any achievement, no matter how small. He accomplished many things in his life, but mostly he enjoyed working to craft his "castle" on Sunnyside Avenue in some truly unique ways, including a secret passage and room "behind zee bookcase," which the great-grandchildren loved to explore. At a relatively young age Dad built that home mostly himself, including assigning his sons to dig out the large basement with pick and shovel, moving tons of hard rock and clay by hand. He did his best to convince them it was to "better build their personal characters." They wore out two wheelbarrows and five shovels (literally!) in the process.

Over the years his children and some of his grandchildren worked alongside Grandpa on the home and yard, but more often on whatever project that grandchild happen to be interested in at the time. Dad never was too busy to drop what he was doing to discuss any pressing matter, or to assist with any special activity the kids or grandkids needed. He was the kind of man that children or adults loved to be with and to learn from.

He was the youngest child in his family, born in Fillmore, Utah right at the start of the Great Depression. He learned to ride horses at an early age and got his driver's license at fourteen (in Idaho). He was always tall for his age, ending up standing six-foot, five inches. As a boy he captured a thief using his .22 rifle who was trying to steal family items from the garage. The Deseret News did a feature article on the "boy who got the drop on an urban desperado." At sixteen he learned to fly airplanes, ending up owning a vintage Ryan PT23 trainer aircraft with an open cockpit. Later, he was hired by the Utah Aeronautics Commission and flew search and rescue missions throughout the West. He has landed on many of Utah's remotest rural dirt runways, which most Utahans don't even know exist.

Graduating from East High School in Salt Lake City, Dad was a popular athlete, playing basketball, football, and running track. He was chosen "Mr. Dreamboat" for a major dance. He served a mission for the LDS Church in the New England States where he often traveled throughout the backwoods of Maine for months at a time "without purse or scrip." He was assigned to be the Assistant to President S. Dilworth Young.

In 1951, while attending BYU, Dad met "the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen," Georgia Jean Nock, from the wilds of Central Idaho. They were married the summer of 1951, in the Salt Lake Temple. But within one day of getting engaged, dad was drafted into the Army. The Korean War was raging. Dad and Mom ended up at Camp (Fort) Gordon, Georgia, where their first born (Richard) joined them. Dad was assigned to the MPs, and later transferred into the CID (Criminal Investigation Division).

Following their service, Dad and Mom returned with their infant son to Salt Lake City where they opened a decorative ironworks shop. Over the years Dad took on a variety of jobs to support his growing family, including the risky work as a professional collector and vehicle repossession specialist, traveling all over the Western States. Later Dad worked for several years flying parachute jumpers in various small aircraft he was hired to operate at the old Alta Air Park in the southeast area of the valley, which is Sandy-Draper today.

When he finally decided to do something a bit more tame, he ran for Salt Lake City Commissioner, then later for Salt Lake County Commissioner. Though unsuccessful in both races, he made a lot of friends and worked to encourage honest, conservative government in the State of Utah. Though some of his closest friends were definitely NOT Republicans, he still loved them just the same.

Eventually he settled down as Deputy Salt Lake County Court Clerk, and later was appointed as Head of the Salt Lake County Purchasing Department. He had many wonderful people working with him, people he always admired and respected. He remained in politics, however, for a number of years, supporting worthy and honest candidates. Dad and Mom served together on a mission for several years at the Joseph Smith Building, and also served at the Veterans LDS Branch at the VA Hospital in Salt Lake, and had many other ward and stake callings.

Retiring, both Dad and Mom loved to spend their winters in San Diego. There they'd welcome their treasured friends to come stay with them, as well as children and grandchildren for a few warmly remembered and enjoyed weeks of California sun.

Dad was preceded in death by his wife, Georgia Jean Nock Robison, his father, Parker Pratt Robison, Sr., mother, Florence Johnson Robison, four older sisters, and one older brother.

He is survived by his children, Richard Parker (Robin), Robert George, Roger N. (Linay), and Rosemary Jean Evans (Glen), and by nine grandchildren and twelve great-grandchildren. He will be interred in the Salt Lake Cemetery resting next to his beloved bride of 67 years.

We love you, Dad.

Services will be held Tuesday, Jun 4, 12:00 PM, at the Yalecrest Ward Building, 1035 South 1800 East, Salt Lake City, Utah. Friends may call that Tuesday, 10:30 , 11:45 AM at the above address.