

Eleanor White Robinson

October 15, 1926 ~ August 5, 2020

Eleanor White Robinson was born Oct. 15, 1926, to Beatrice Mitchell and John Marlow White in Salt Lake City, Utah. She died at home in her sleep on Aug. 5, 2020, having served faithfully her entire life. While we are heartbroken, we know that Eleanor has waited nine long years to join her beloved husband. In his arms is exactly where she wants to be.

Eleanor grew up in Salt Lake City, one of three children. She graduated from Granite High School. She married Ken Seegmiller Robinson on Aug. 19, 1946, sealed for eternity in the Salt Lake Temple. Together, they raised eight children, six boys and two girls.

She worked as a legal secretary while she was in high school, leaving the position after she married Ken. She embraced her role as a housewife, taking care of Ken and their children, reading, cultivating her culinary skills, and tending her large and incredible garden. She knew how to can everything from horseradish to pickles, green beans to jam.

Eleanor was elegant, humble, honest, and never lost her temper, not even with eight children at home. She was quiet, relished her privacy, and when she needed an escape from her children you could find her in the garden because her kids would never follow her there. She also loved to go dancing with Ken and get together with their friend groups, which they kept their entire lives.

Eleanor is survived by her children Ann (Pat) Rose, Steve (Nadine) Robinson, Karl (Jan) Robinson, Jim (Jamie) Robinson, Keith (Laurie) Robinson, Don (Hilarie) Robinson, daughter-in-law Sue Robinson, 28 grandchildren, 49 great-grandchildren, and four great-great-grandchildren. She was proceeded in death by her parents, husband, sister Marjorie Curtis, brother Glenn White, daughter Ilene Sooklaris, son Dale Robinson, son-in-law Pat Rose, granddaughter Jessi Robinson, and grandson Scott Robinson.

Due to COVID-19 restrictions, Eleanor's funeral will be private. If you want to honor her, though, watch a Jazz game, work in your garden, pick up an Anita Stansfield novel, or eat a fresh tomato or cucumber.