

Carol Schleckman Brophy

June 15, 1940 ~ November 6, 2023

On Monday, November 6, 2023, my world darkened a bit as I had to say goodbye to my mom.

Born June 15, 1940, in Salt Lake City to Karl and Ruth Schleckman, she was shortly joined by her sister Dian. She grew up on Harvard Avenue, attended East High School and graduated from the University of Utah (this and her dad's affiliation with the U made her a die-hard lifetime Utah lady).

She married Edward A. Brophy Jr. (later divorced) and welcomed me, the numerous children she wanted wrapped into one. It was both a test and strengthening of her heart, but we made it! Through the years she worked as an administrative assistant at Hercules, IML Freight, VBC&M and finally Utah Transit. I believe her most important job was that of being my mom. She was eventually promoted to Grandma, and later GiGi.

She was well versed in practical jokes, a champion leg wrestler, fantastic gardener, avid Utah football fan, proud supporter of anything made of potatoes (especially chips and mashed potatoes), and lover of all my four-legged siblings, as well as her grand and great-grand dogs and cats. She loved a good thunderstorm, Johnny Mathis, and was known to break out in dance while cleaning house to the Bee Gees. The Utah mountains never failed to amaze her, and she spent a lot of time in them. I am glad she got to enjoy them one last time while they were at their best.

Carol is survived by her Daughter, Angela Petersen; grandson, Nicholas Petersen; granddaughter, Emmalyn Petersen; sister, Dian Crystal; nephews John and Stuart Brearton; as well as extended family members and an amazing group of people she lovingly called her friends. Waiting to welcome her were her dad and forever hero, Karl; her mother, Ruth; her first-born granddaughter, Jessica; all our sweet four-legged companions; and special people she lost along the way.

At her request, there will be no formal services. At my request, take some time to enjoy your favorite potato chips (make sure you get the crumbs at the bottom of the bag, it's important) and remember her fondly, as she remembers you.

She was very concerned that I would be okay without her. My response was, "Are you kidding me? Do you know the lady who raised me? She was really strong, and I am too. Besides, I know you love me…" and she finished, "And I know you love me." And so it shall be forever.