

George Erekson Holt

December 20, 1936 ~ June 21, 2025

On Saturday, June 21st, 2025, George Holt (Dad), our beloved father, grandfather, great-grandfather, ex-husband, brother, and friend, passed away peacefully in Salt Lake City, at the wonderful age of 88. His passing was an expected and hallowed event, and he spent his final weeks surrounded by his dear family, expressing love and affection for all of the people in his life. In this final time, he was only following the pattern he established throughout his life, of letting others know how loved and how important they were.

From his earliest years, Dad was a loving son and brother. George Erekson Holt was born December 20, 1936, in Salt Lake City, the fourth of thirteen children, to William F. Holt and Irma Marie Erekson. He was an adventurous youngster, and helped his father in the family's numerous gas station, auto repair, and agricultural ventures. He loved working in the yard, exploring (especially in the gully behind the family home on Yale Avenue), swimming, and riding horses. As much as Dad respected and emulated his father, he loved and admired his mother, who was widely known for her welcoming household, delicious meals, and kind attention. George lived a blessed childhood, and kept in contact with many of his childhood friends throughout his life, including especially those in his East High School Class of 1955. A lifelong member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Dad served a two-and-a-half-year mission in West Germany at 19.

Dad's professional life was genuinely the stuff of legend. He served as District Attorney in Clark County, Nevada, through the mid-1970s, when Las Vegas was by far the best known of the very few places featuring legalized gambling. This was a place and time more related to the Wild West than the present day, a time when the corruption of its origins had not yet been fully discovered, when organized crime ran rampant, and when the city was growing from tourist destination with town attached to a big city in its own right.

Dad studied Political Science and Law at the University of Utah in the late '50s and early '60s. He married Jerilyn Jones (Mom), a native Las Vegan, in December of 1960, and they moved their young family to Vegas after graduation. He then enjoyed a distinguished career as an attorney in Las Vegas. As an elected D.A., Dad fought every day to protect the innocent and to take criminals off the streets, meanwhile surviving attempts on his life, vandalism, threats, bribe attempts, and jury scandals. In private practice, as a partner to his father-in-law and brother-in-law Robert E. and R. Clive Jones, he fought to bring justice and satisfaction to those in trouble or need. By the time of his retirement, Dad's name commanded respect from everyone from law enforcement to casino owners, from civic to religious leaders, from work associates to distant acquaintances, and from one side of the valley to the other.

Throughout these years, in the family's various homes, especially the one on Eldora Avenue, Dad loved raising animals and trees, truly creating an oasis in the desert. At various times, he milked and raised goats, held horses,

raised rabbits, kept ducks and geese, and bred dogs. Before heading into his law office, he took time every day to water his trees, many of them fruiting, including apricots, peaches, pomegranates, plums, figs, mulberries, apples, nectarines, and almonds. He never shied away from hard work, and was richly blessed as a result. He never took this for granted, however.

If you asked those who knew him to sum up Dad in a single word, that word would, without a doubt, be “generous.” He was generous with money, yes, but he was also generous with his time, attention, and kindness, to strangers as well as with those he loved. Even at his most busy, he always had time to drop his children off at school, with a hug, a kiss, and some variation of “See you later, alligator.” He believed strongly in—you might say he even embodied—the principle of abundance: the idea that sharing and gratitude engenders ever more to share and be grateful for.

George loved God and Jesus Christ. For years, he would often be caught reading his favorite book, *Jesus the Christ*, and if you remarked on it, he’d give you a copy. He spent decades serving as a Scoutmaster and youth advisor, guiding and mentoring many young men on their path to manhood. He taught his children the principles of hard work, honesty, generosity, and kindness. He was married to the mother of his children for 37 years, and, even in divorce, maintained a warm and kind relationship with her throughout his life.

Dad had a very humorous, even silly, side, and always had a joke waiting. Most of the time these were “dad jokes,” but he also loved to share funny movie quotes, impromptu dances, or even creep up on you in one of his (in)famous collection of full-head masks, and if you weren’t careful, you’d find yourself facing Dracula, Frankenstein, or a Caveman when you thought you were safe in the living room.

In his early retirement, Dad traveled extensively in Europe, South America, and Asia with his partner Liz Mapelli, and gained many dear friends all over the world, and in their homes in Washington’s Columbia River Gorge, and later in Guanajuato, Mexico.

Dad lived his final years in the devoted care of his dear daughter Valerie, who gave him the kind of loving attention he had given to so many. Because of this, his time on earth was greatly extended, as was his enjoyment of his old age and the ability of his many friends and descendants to be with him. For this, we are all forever grateful.

He is preceded in death by his brothers Bill, Don, and Dwight, his sisters Marlise and Kalma, his daughter Jennifer, and by several descendants of the first, second, and third generations who, though anxiously anticipated, never fully arrived on earth. With them, among many others, he is now blessedly reunited. He is survived by Jerilyn, brothers Eric, Mark, Todd, Lynn, and Tim, sisters Karma and Yvonne, his children Jillmarie, William James, Katherine, Valerie, Rebecca, Mark, and Timothy, his 19 grandchildren, and his 24 great-grandchildren, with more on the way. We all miss him keenly.

Funeral services will be held on Thursday, July 3rd, at the Grace Street LDS Chapel, 3100 East 3000 South in Salt Lake. The viewing will take place from 9:30 to 10:30 AM, followed by the funeral at 11:00 to 12:30. Please join us in celebrating his life, his love, and his laughter.

See you later, alligator, when your legs are straighter.