

Janet Borg Erkelens

July 22, 1947 ~ February 20, 2026

Janet Borg Erkelens passed away on February 20, 2026, in her beautiful home in Millcreek, Utah, surrounded by her loving daughters and grandchildren. She was 78. Officially, she died of old age. Unofficially, of a broken heart. She missed Jerry every day.

Born on July 22, 1947, in Sandy, Utah, to Donna and Merrill Borg, Janet grew up alongside her siblings Bonnie, Allan, Don, and Steven. She met Jerry, the love of her life, the first day of ninth grade at the school bus stop in front of the Borg family home. When Jerry showed up with a bad attitude, she told him if he was going to be such a grump, he could wait on the corner. Feisty, funny retorts would become one of her calling cards.

Janet and Jerry married and had baby Marnie at 19, when they were still babies themselves. Jenny followed 5 years later after Jerry returned from Vietnam, and Robyn, 5 years after that. They had a long, often tumultuous, but deeply devoted marriage. She liked to say Jerry was the smartest man she knew, but he had no common sense. She believed he made her braver. It is widely agreed that she kept *him* out of jail.

Janet was not a June Cleaver mother. She was so much more.

She worked in group sales at Blue Cross and Blue Shield of Utah and made President's Club nearly every year. She taught her daughters that hard work could be fun and glamorous. She was beautiful, impeccably stylish and always unapologetically herself. We were so proud of her.

She made every day an adventure. Janet had a way of making each one of her daughters and grandchildren feel uniquely loved and adored. She shared special moments and special rituals with each one of us. She could turn even the sharing of something as common as a Hostess Sno Ball, into a deeply cherished memory.

Janet never lost her feisty sense of adventure. Just the summer before last at the age of 77, with the top down on her silver Mercedes, white hair flying in the wind, and beautiful, blue eyes sparkling with mischief, she drag-raced a couple of boys on bullet bikes, and left them in the dust.

She created homes, adventures, and a beautiful life where every detail was meticulously attended to. She spun straw into gold to make every holiday magical, even when they had no money. She was a collector. To say that she had a lot of Christmas decorations would be like saying Imelda Marcos had a lot of shoes. The elegance and magic of Janet's Christmas décor was beyond description. But holiday details weren't just about the decorations. She planned bingo parties, relay races, Easter baskets, and made Valentine's boxes worthy of display windows. She hosted most family parties because no one could entertain quite like Janet could. She had only one steadfast rule: No Christmas decorations up past the New Year.

Her homes were glamorous, elegant, filled with art, but more than anything, they were welcoming. They were part showroom, part curiosity shop, part sanctuary. She and Jerry renovated home after home, culminating with their

masterpiece. For 30 years, they worked to restore an old, dilapidated farmhouse in Paris, Idaho. The historically significant James Nye House was a piece of history that might have been lost without them. Every weekend for three decades, they made the drive to Idaho with their truck loaded with plants, lumber, tools, paint, and often grandkids. Together, they transformed a crumbling piece of history into a picture-perfect piece of Americana. The gardens were legendary. Busloads of tourists stopped every year to take photos in front of the hollyhocks and picket fence.

But Paris was so much more than a weekend project. It was where the grandkids grew up, where summers were spent, where Janet and Jerry taught us to cut-in a perfect paint line and make 4th of July parade floats. It was where they built not just a home, but a legacy of beauty, hard work, and family memories that will last forever. Janet finished the renovation last summer, wrapping up their life's work. It was a final act of love and devotion to Jerry and the legacy they built together.

She was beautiful and never quite believed it. She was brave, not because Jerry made her so, but because it's who she was. She had an inner compass that guided the whole family. She loved us without question and without condition. Just like we will always love her.

In Janet’s own words: "Jer, I'm off to find you in the great beyond." Knowing Jerry, she will find him getting into trouble, but Janet will go straight to work making things more beautiful than she found them.

She is survived by her siblings, her daughters Marnie, Jenny, and Robyn, and her grandchildren Victoria, Gracie, Johnny, and Ruby.

There will be a small, memorial service on April 3, at 10:30 am at Larking Sunset Lawn Mortuary and Cemetery (2350 E. 1300 S.), followed by one last party at her beautiful home for close friends and family.