# Grete Raun Jensen

*July 23, 1937 ~ December 23, 2016*

Grete R. Jensen was born in Oslo Norway on July 23rd 1937. The youngest of two daughters to Randi and Ole Raun. She grew up in the middle of WWII living under the Nazi occupation of her homeland. Because of the war as a child, her life including schooling was chaotic. Her schools were conducted in converted businesses, post offices, a candy factory, and other non-traditional settings. Her parents divorced when she was quite young and she grew up with her sister, Kari, in a contentious post marriage environment, splitting time between households. Her mother eventually remarried and life settled a bit with her new and kind step-father Sverre. Eventually, the war/occupation ended in 1945, and life in Oslo began a slow process of restoration.

By the time she graduated high school, mom began looking at options. Lured by legend of streets paved in gold, and enticed by an Aunt and Uncle living in Chicago, mom made her way to America, leaving her mother, step father, sister Kari and father behind. Initially, she stayed with her relatives in Chicago, and while living there, she met two young Mormon missionaries, listened to their lessons, and converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. Her conversion was the impetus to a move to Salt Lake City in 1957. There she re-united with her long time childhood best friend Solveig and several other Norwegian immigrants including a new Danish friend and room-mate named Ina.

Living in a downtown apartment, mom got a clerical job and soon enough, was introduced to Ina\s friend from Copenhagen, Felix, a young Danish student at the University of Utah who also was serving on the Salt Lake City Police force. Within a few weeks, mom and Felix were engaged. On July 11th 1958, they married. After spending a "glamorous" honeymoon camping at Moon Lake in the nearby Uintah mountains, Felix and Grete began their long storied life together.

Kim, was born first, and mom quickly changed her focus to being a full time stay at home mother. Russ followed only14 months later, then she was patient enough to get things right and I was born in 1962. Shortly afterwards, we moved to Redondo Beach, a small quite suburb of Los Angeles. There, dad continued his schooling at UCLA and worked as a Police Officer in Los Angeles. Desperately missing extended family in Salt Lake, they returned after four years.

In 1969 \"Sis\" (Michelle) the first girl was born. Mom had a stillborn baby five years after sis, and then Boofy (Melissa) followed after a couple of years. As a family, we had settled down in Cottonwood Heights in the southern part of the Salt Lake City valley, and mom had her hands full with 3 boys, 2 girls, and at various times, dogs, baby alligators that we tried raising in the bathtubs, a monkey named Maggie who became a third sister, and an awesome neighborhood community filled with great friends and families.

Sometime in the late sixties/early seventies, mom convinced her sister Kari and husband George to move to Salt Lake. The Olsen clan (Geir, Bjorn,Terje Olsen,Heidi Kahlke,Roy OlsenandRoger Olsen) was a central part of my life growing up, and today this awesome group of cousins remain as rock solid as ever. One of our favorite things about the Olsen family is their penchant for wanting to work to hard and they like to own bakeries. That\s not a bad thing when you don\t have to do the work, but get to enjoy the benefits...(try Bake 360 in Draper to see what I mean). Sadly, on December 22 of 1986, mom\s sister Kari passed away from cancer and in a somewhat beautifully tragic sort of way, mom\s passing was only hours from the 30th anniversary of her sister\s.

The central themes to mom\s life were her kids and her church community. Her conversion to the LDS faith was profound, and she never wavered in that faith. As her children would attest, we probably weren\t the easiest of creatures, and apart from hearing the word \"damn\" a couple of times, we don\t think we ever heard mom cuss. She raised us within the guidelines of the Church\s doctrine, providing us with a sound foundation upon which to build our own lives. One by one as we grew and left the nest, got married and had families, mom evolved in to a loving a caring grand-mother though she never let us forget she was still our mother.

Sometime in the late 90\s mom began suffering from several small strokes called Transient Ischimic Attacks (TIA\s). Though they didn\t leave typical physical disabilities such as slurred speech or lame limbs, the damage was a slow accumulation of plaque in her brain. At first she was just confused at times, forgetting words and dates, and events. As her dementia progressed, it was getting harder and harder for mom to remember even basic things. Towards the end, she was confused about her home and family members. Though this disease robbed her of her memory and tried to take her dignity, mom fought with the true warrior spirit of her Viking ancestry. She passed in her home with all of us at her bedside.

She leaves behind her loving and heartbroken husband, children, grand-children, four and a half great-grandchildren and many nieces and nephews.

In her loss, we have never known a pain so exquisite, so complete. We lack a command of the language to adequately describe the dual utter sorrow of our souls coupled with the great sense of relief that she is no longer suffering and is united with so many of our loved ones who preceded her in death. We hope she finds our great long lost dog \"Lady\" quickly, gets some cooking tips from Brabra our dear grandmother, hugs her sister Kari and looks down on all of us with a big sigh of relief and a tremendous sense of accomplishment for a life will lived.

May we all live up to her expectations and continue her legacy of family devotion, conviction in our beliefs and dedication to our own causes. We will forever miss you.

To those already in Valhalla, be prepared...

A memorial service will be held on Wednesday, December 28, 2016 at 2:00pm at Larkin Sunset Gardens, 1950 E. Dimple Dell Rd. (10600 S.) in Sandy.

Grete R. Jensen aka "Mus," (mouse in English) born July 23, 1937 in Oslo, Norway passed away on December 23, 2016 surrounded by her loving family in Sandy, Utah. She survived WWII as a young girl in Norway, emigrated to the United States as a teenager starting in Chicago, and eventually made her way to Salt Lake City at 18 years old. She met her husband Felix through a mutual friend, were engaged after a very brief dating period and were married on July 11, 1958. Grete is survived by her loving husband, Felix, her five children, Kim (Krystie), Russell (Shanna), Curtis (Bev), "Sis" aka Michelle (Eric) and "Boofy" aka Melissa (Brandon), in addition to 13 grandchildren, 4 Ω great-grandchildren and lots of adoring nieces and nephews. Grete's love for her family was the central tenant of her life. She was a faithful member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints and will be buried along-side her beloved sister, Kari, her father Ole, her mother, Randi, and her step-father Sverre. Grete will be greatly missed by all whose lives were touched by her smile and love. To those already in Valhalla, be prepared,Ä¶