

Robert Graham Bennion

September 14, 1959 ~ January 9, 2021

It’s actually been awhile since i’ve seen Rob’s trademark grin…. mischievous, friendly, open-to-anything grin. The twinkle in his eyes that meant he was doing - or about to do - something devilish..tell a joke or laugh with someone else.

You know.. The one when he got when he found himself with some friends; fired up the barbeque and threw on a few steaks, or drove up to Ocker’s cabin in his V-Dub Bug, or his low-rider Camaro to roar over the creek only getting stuck once or twice. They took their guns, but it was not so much hunting, but more an excuse to get out of the city to hang out…of course I know there were occasionally beaver dams and dynamite caps involved.

The time spent with Kari in California, epic saga/journey to Mexico with Gray, road trips with Wood in Europe with the serendipitous meetings with family along the way, broadened his horizons and gave him a wider perspective on the world. His willingness to share his super stylish Levi’s perfectly split at the ankle and polyester scene shirts with Brooke made him a fashion guru.

In later years he became something of a hermit… a familiar figure on the porch up Emigration, casting a philosophic eye on the bikers and walkers and neighbors as an ever changing panorama… occasional visits and phone calls from new friends and old.. Content with his own company, a good movie, CNN, and a good fat book.

But lately, he hasn’t been a voluntary hermit. His difficulty in getting around, driving his truck with the clutch, running his own life…. Being his own man… had diminished. His pleasures became limited; so many friends passed on… moved away.. family obligations..

Determinedly making his way up the stairs to lend companionship to his mother by spending evenings with her... hanging out mornings with me, discussing the world…sharing memories of his younger days that, frankly, raised my eyebrows hearing them for the first time…..but he was ready for a change.

Ready to go see some of the folks who had already crossed the rainbow bridge. Dad… and Ocker... To see his beloved Lab, Missy and throw her a few tennis balls; To renew those old connections…. I swear I can hear classic rock blaring and smell the steaks all the way from here. A real celebration.

I know he loved us all... wanted us to be happy...to love each other…

but the siren song of no more cane, no more falls, no more troubles… a new start...a new adventure. … were just too tempting. He chose not to fight, but to let go and fly up….

We love you Rob. thanks for sharing our lives.

Parents: Robert Graham Bennion & Robin Winnifred Gray Bennion

Siblings: Gray Neville Bennion (Brenda Walsh) Robin Jane Bennion
Kari Bennion Snell (William Snell) Brooke Bennion Jensen, Wood Harker Bennion (Nevenka Kapitan Bennion)

Nieces & Nephews: Jacolbi Graham Bennion, Branwynne May Bennion, Bennion James Archer, Gray “Tad” Bennion, Scott Taylor Bennion, Taylor Bennion Snell, Robert Walton Bennion, Tatum May Jensen, Taylor Bennion Snell,

Graveside Services Tuesday January 19th 1 pm
Salt Lake Cemetery 200 N “N” St

Please follow the map for specific routing directions due to continuing clean up of storm damage

Enter cemetery on 240 N “N” St, Go east to Main St North to Hillside
Hillside to 415 N East to 940 E South to bottom and west

Leaving cemetery

West to 930 E South to 330 N West up and around curve and west
Out 355 N to Main So to 350 N West out of cemetery