



Linda Lee Smernoff-Jensen

September 23, 1942 - November 5, 2019

Linda Lee Smernoff, cherished daughter to Hyman & Noreen Smernoff, survived by son Bryan Fessenden and spouse, J. Christopher Wraspir, returned home on November 5th, 2019 after a long thirty-five year battle with Multiple Sclerosis (MS).

A fiercely independent woman, Linda loved native American goddess imagery and drew strength from native culture, art and spirituality. Her love for natural beauty and animals began early on.

Linda enjoyed traveling with her son on outings across the four corners area. Bryan recalls an early rainy morning in the Hovenweep National Monument area located on land in southwestern Colorado and southeastern Utah, between Cortez, Colorado, when a sudden shard of yellow light cracked open the dark inky clouds, landing on a prehistoric Puebloan-era village off in the distance. This was a very special event for the family, captured in a beautiful image by Frank Jensen. The day after Linda's passing, while going through belongings this picture stood out and that moment was relived as he remembered his mother.

Linda had a large impact on the community in which she lived, serving on the executive Committee for the Salt Lake Chamber of Commerce promoting women's rights, she was also a founding member of NOW, National Organization of Women.

She always championed diversity and those less fortunate including LGBTQ families and

homeless animals. She loved her boys spent many joyous times with them laughing, chatting, playing online multiplayer games, trips to Disneyland and Red Canyon Lodge at Flaming Gorge.

Linda has walked into a beautiful new destination, free from pain and now able to reconnect with dear departed loved ones and new experiences. We were fortunate to have experienced all she was. We always feel your presence mom.

“Do not stand by my grave and weep. I am not there. I do not sleep.

I am a thousand winds that blow. I am the diamond glints of snow.

I am the sunlight on ripened grain. I am the gentle Autumn’s rain.

When you awaken in the morning hush, I am the swift up-lifting rush of quiet birds in circled flight. I am the soft stars that shine in the night.

Do not stand on my grave and weep. I am not there. I do not sleep.”

- Hopi Prayer

Linda wished to be cremated and returned to the mother earth. In lieu of flowers or gifts please give to the MS Society in Linda's name by going to the mymsaa.org web page. Click on Donate, then Honor & Memorial Donations.

If you need anything please reach out to myself or Bryan Fessenden at: gbf63@pm.me

Thank you

J. Christopher Wraspir

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