



Marion W. Dentzel

November 4, 1926 - December 30, 2017

Marion Wilma Dentzel was born on November 4, 1926 in Springfield Massachusetts to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur and Barbara Murray. She was the fourth of five gifted children born to grand, smiling parents who often required their children at the dinner table to run and get the Bible, the Shakespeare Anthology, a History book or encyclopedia, or some worn volume of poetry, perhaps a dictionary in order to settle nightly contests over a stanza, a name or date, a verse, the spelling of obfuscating words, even the lyrics of a current tune on the radio.

She fell in love with Bill, William Henry Dentzel II, the love of her life, while recovering from tonsillitis in Florida during the great blizzard of '47, to where Bill had also escaped the weather during his final years at Georgetown Law School. A tale we all know by heart. Marion attended Columbia University and graduated from Beaver College. Bill proposed and they married on September 11, 1948 in Old Greenwich Connecticut where the family resided in a rambling house on Todd's Driftway. It was there that Marion introduced her California born Eagle Scout husband to her Easterner's love of sailing.

They raised their own family of four children in the newly developing 'sunny' San Fernando Valley, just over the hill from her husband's parents. From breaking ground to holding court, to charting the family's course, she drew up the design plan to her little hill top with sweeping views, a mid-century adobe in the valley, on a bread board with a baby on her hip and three toddlers banging pots. We will call her a supreme home maker, but/and her brilliance, her expansive and happy mind and heart showered her family with adventure, emotional safety, love, good food, sailing, skiing, travels around the world and an unwavering support for every and any endeavor her husband or children presented. She was everyone's champion. She chaired the local Lawyer's wives group, the Los Angeles Children's Hospital, studied languages at night at the then Valley State College, (now Cal State University Northridge), taught Spanish classes to neighborhood kids and her own in the summer time in the garage play room on old iron desks she found at a garage sale, co-created The World Peace Through Law Center subsidiary of The United Nations, active in the National Carousel Foundation, and sat in many a courtroom trial in down town L A taking notes for her husband as his legal secretary.

It was she who tactfully steered her Bill to take their family in 1967 to live abroad for a

term in Switzerland while he volunteered in Geneva at the United Nations for The World Peace Through Law Center. And a few years later with her gentle yet firm hand, (she was wicker at bridge in College and here at the Santa Barbara Yacht Club), Marion realized a long, covert and overt dream to move the family to the city of Santa Barbara come hell or high water. She had fallen in love with this jewel of a town years before as a young newlywed when her father in law drove her and her sister in law up the old coast road in 1948 to have lunch at the Biltmore. It was only a matter of time. Before long she planned summers in Carpinteria and Santa Barbara, found a property to own that later she and Bill developed into the first condominium project in Santa Barbara. She transformed her husband into a celestial navigating sea man and the family consequently had boats in the harbor where they would come on weekends to go to the islands, or trail a boat to Baja and barely survive chubascos, or navigate through storms and orca pods in the Olympic Peninsula and Canada. After studying celestial navigation the two of them sailed the Caribbean. Finally, in 1973 Marion found her dream home on Cima Linda Lane, another story, where she and her loving husband enjoyed a rich life, with kids and grandchildren coming and going.

It did not take long for her to spread her light around town. Having settled in she proceeded to enroll at UCSB for one more degree in Law and Society. Bill and Marion joined the Santa Barbara Museum of Art where Marion and the director, Paul Mills together created the Flag Committee Project on the breakwater and oversaw it for many years. Marion joined the Board of Trustees at the Natural History Museum and promptly co created and directed the Art Walk.

A beloved and typically delightful quality of hers, was her love of singing. She sang show tunes and 40's tunes every night while cooking dinner, and every evening while putting her children to bed, after first singing The Lord's Prayer, and every single morning soon as she woke up and said, what a beautiful day it is, until the moment she joined the Holy Choir, she entertained who ever was by her side or on the phone, with a tune.

At Christmas Eve dinner this year, after saying grace, her closing instruction was and is; "always remember the one moral imperative; to be kind". She was and will remain for eternity a treasure of the highest order and a blessing to all who have had the great privilege of knowing her. She loved unconditionally each of her children equally and everyone of her adored grand children and great grandson, and for them gave thanks every single day of her life. Not a day will go by without each and every one of us wrapped in her total love, light and strength. Our gratitude is bursting beyond our grasp. We love you and dad, Opa and Oma, to the ends of time.

Marion is survived by her youngest brother William D.G. Murray, her children William H Dentzel III and his wife Penny and their children Zaryn, Sophia and Noah; son Christopher Paul Dentzel and his wife Liz Dentzel, his former wife Alyson Alexander and their children Lexi and Emily; daughter Barbara Dentzel Cleary, widowed, and her children Mariella and

Adrian with his wife Danielle and their son Anton and Barbara's step daughter Zoe; son David Murray Dentzel and his wife Jeanne and their son Charlie. Burial and the Santa Barbara Cemetery and Service at El Montecito Presbyterian is private. To all who know and knew her, we thank you for your love and friendship, and if you know us, we are here.