



Urbana Gimenez

March 29, 1929 - July 16, 2019

El día 16 de julio de 2019, después de una larga vida y rodeada de su familia, amigos y profesionales, Urbana “de Jesús” Giménez falleció en Orem, Utah, EE. UU., a los 90 años. Urbana nació el 29 de mayo de 1929 en Hoyos, Departamento Avellaneda, Santiago del Estero, Argentina. En 1998 emigró de Argentina para vivir junto a sus hijas en el condado de Utah, Estados Unidos. Desde allí siempre le ha gustado esta parte del mundo en la cuál ella sentía mucha paz y se afianzó en vivir el Evangelio lo más que pudo.

Hija de José Eleuterio Giménez y Micaela Ledesma. Urbana era la tercera de 8 hermanos [Luisa, Mauricia, Benita, Valentín, Juan, Narcisa Micaela (Blanca) y Narcisa Emperatriz (Negra)].

Urbana se casó con Braulio Guzmán el 18 de octubre de 1952, en Atamisqui, Santiago del Estero, Argentina. Juntos tuvieron tres hijas: Mirta, Lía y Nery.

Al momento de fallecer contaba con tres hijas, un yerno, nueve nietos y dieciséis bisnietos.

Los familiares más cercanos que la precedieron fueron sus padres, esposo, hermanos y hermanas, yernos y nieto.

El servicio fúnebre se llevará a cabo en la intimidad familiar y amigos muy cercanos. El mismo se llevará a cabo el día 19 de julio de 2019, en las instalaciones de la cochería Premier Funeral Services [1160 North 1200 West, Orem, UT] de 10:00 a 13:00 hrs. El sepelio será en el cementerio de la ciudad de Orem a las 13:30 hrs.

Urbana ‘de Jesus’ Gimenez passed away on July 16, 2019 in Orem, Utah, surrounded by family, friends, and loved ones. Urbana was born on May 29, 1929 in Santiago del Estero,

Argentina. She was the third of eight children born to Jose Gimenez and Micaela Ledesma. In 1952 she married Braulio Guzman and together they had three daughters: Mirta, Lia, and Nery. Urbana loved to dance to Argentinian Folk music, clean everything she could get her hands on, and was loved for her homemade empanadas. She enjoyed eating and talking with everybody she knew and especially liked drinking Mate. In 1998, Urbana moved to the United states and fell in love with her new country. She loved the mountains she found in Utah and the lifestyle of the American people. Urbana became a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints several months after arriving in the U.S. She lived a long and incredible life and will be greatly missed.

Urbana is survived by her sisters Benita and Narcisa Emperatriz, her three daughters and son-in-law, nine grandchildren, and sixteen great-grandchildren. She is preceded in death by her husband Braulio, her parents Jose & Micaela, five siblings, several sons-in-law, and her grandson Diego.

A viewing will be held in the intimacy of family and close friends on Friday, July 19, 2019 from 10:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. at Premier Funeral Service (1160 North 1200 West, Orem, UT). The burial will take place in the Orem City Cemetery at 1:30 p.m.

Tribute Wall

WA

“ Me acuerdo mucho cuando me ordenaba las capsulas de Cardio para su corazón y siempre que iba a entregarsela me contaba la misma historia de lo que el Doctor le había diagnosticado y recomendado, la verdad era divertido escucharla Yo sabia que tenia que apartar de 30 a 40 minutos para ella.. 🙏

Walter Alor - July 25, 2019 at 11:45 PM

ER

“ Mi recuerdo de Urbana es el de una buena mujer, alegre y cariñosa...con un gran cariño a mi madre, antes de ser familia fuimos vecinas así que es mucho el tiempo que llevaba de conocerla, la recordare con esa gran sonrisa que he visto en su rostro por última vez cuando nos encontramos en Plaeasant Grove, buen viaje Urbana, Jesús está contigo!!

Erna - July 17, 2019 at 01:07 PM

“ *Abuela Urbana would always share this memory with me: When I was a little kid, my parents left me with Abuela Urbana to babysit me. A couple of hours rolled by and I was talking my Abuela’s ear off, and then she would talk my ear off and we would go on and on. Everything was fun and games until Abuela Urbana said something I didn’t understand, so I asked in spanish “Que spififica?” (Translation: What does that mean?, said in a lisp b/c I was missing my two front teeth) and she corrected me by enunciating: “Que SIG-NI-FI-CA”.*

Every time she tells this story, she stops at this moment and says “ohhhhhhhhhhhh my, you got soooooooo mad!”. Apparently, I was very upset with her correcting the way I pronounced words that I stormed off. She could not stop laughing at how I stormed off with my little body.

Since the incident, it became a very habitual tradition to tell this story to me every time we saw each other. It developed into our little inside joke. Every time I wanted to make Abuela laugh, I would just say the word “Spififica” and you could see her eyes brighten up and hear that pronounced cackle and would start to retell the story all over again.

Even though the emotions within the story are not very inspiring, the constant telling of it every time she saw me and making it into our inside joke, and both laughing about it will always stay close to my heart. For me, it is a story in which we both are a part of and a memory in which we both created. It is a constant reminder for me that as this story united us, we will be together forever. I love my Abuela so much and I am so grateful for all the subtle teachings she left with me. Abuela Urbana, you are never forgot, and always loved. Thank you.

- Marcos Muller (Granson)

Marcos Muller - July 17, 2019 at 12:59 PM

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- Marcos Muller (Grandson)

Marcos Muller - July 17, 2019 at 12:49 PM