



Donald Mitchell Robertson

September 6, 2009

Robertson, Donald, L. M., 71, passed away on Sunday, September 6, 2009, in Richmond, VA, after a brief battle with lung cancer. He is survived by his three daughters, Debra Brewer, Marilee Reddin and Suzanne Mummert, and their mother, Rita McLennan; seven grandchildren, David Brewer, Paige Brewer, Sarah Brewer, Marilee Osborne, Seth Weatherford, Shawn Weatherford and U S Army SPC Robertson, Kenneth A.; and three great-grandchildren, Calum Foldenaur, Cherish Ashcraft, and Kylee Weatherford. Additionally, Don leaves behind his best friend and traveling companion, Daisy Welch, and three brothers, Ian Robertson, Douglas Robertson, and Lawrie Robertson. Don grew up in Seattle, Washington , where he grew to love not only the sea but all of the earth's natural beauty. As a result, there are few places that Don called "home" for very long throughout his life – he was a citizen of the world. After serving in the United States Navy as a guided missileman, he joined the merchant marine and served on satellite tracking ships. He went with his family to Texas to work on many of the Apollo Space projects with NASA. Returning to the West Coast, he began a career with Fluor Daniel in Irvine, California as a cost and scheduling engineer for various power plant projects in South Africa and Venezuela . Later on, contracts brought him to the East Coast to work in New York and Virginia . Upon retirement, his life's passion began, traveling the United States in his RV. His summer travels were especially memorable, as he shared those trips with his grandson Ken; from the Dakotas to the Arctic Circle , Donald had his grandson in tow. Don most

often was a workamper, serving in various capacities to pay for his camp site. At the Pacific Southwest Railway Museum in Campo, California, he was asked to dress as Santa for the Christmas trains. At first, this seemed a little out of character, but once Don grew his long white beard, he really looked the part and turned out to be the best Santa they had ever had; the children loved him. Now, all the Robertson children realize that, in spite of all those years when they had been told as children that there was no Santa, their Daddy was the real Santa all along. It's true, Santa really is our Daddy! Don was a regular on many email lists where he helped people enjoy the RV life and he got his Ham Radio license last summer. While at the Railroad Museum in Campo, he qualified first as a motorcar operator, then as a brakeman, so he could work on the trains. At his last job, as manager of the Front Desk at the North Rim of the Grand Canyon, he loved welcoming the guests, and with the help of his staff members, worked to make sure that many folks enjoyed a memorable stay. When a new RV arrived at any campground, Don was the first to welcome them, and share travel tales. If they had any trouble with their RV, he was the first to be there to help out. We have been led to believe that Santa travels only on Christmas Eve, in a sleigh. The real Santa traveled the back roads of America all year long, bringing smiles and assistance instead of toys and he will be missed by all who came to know him. Services will be held at a later date as Don requested to have his ashes scattered at Yankee Boy Basin, Colorado, among the springtime flowers where he met his best friend, Daisy, and at Puget Sound, Washington where he grew up. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to Bon Secours Richmond Health Care Foundation, Bon Secours Hospice, 5875 Bremo Road Suite 710, Richmond, VA 23226 or New Kent Volunteer Rescue Squad, Providence Forge 23140. Condolences can be registered at www.vincentfh.com. Pictures may be viewed at <http://picasaweb.google.com/dazeontheroad/DLMR#>