Eleanor was born January 31, 1935 in Mott, the daughter of John and Carolina (Kirschenman) Hummel. She grew up and attended school in Mott, graduating with the class of 1953. She then attended the National College of Business in Rapid City, SD. Eleanor returned to Dickinson where she met Robert “Bob” Johnson and they were married on June 3, 1956. To this union, Cordell and Dale were born. The family made their home in New England for a short time, before making their home in Dickinson. Eleanor worked for Cloverdale Dairy. After the move to Dickinson, she began working as a billing clerk for West Plains Electric until she retired. Eleanor enjoyed crafts, cooking, spending time with her family and friends, and she especially loved bingo and playing for quarters. Eleanor was a member of 1st Congregational Church, American Legion Auxiliary, and St. Joseph Hospital Auxiliary. Eleanor passed away Tuesday, April 29, 2014 at St. Benedict’s Health Center in Dickinson. Eleanor is survived by her sons, Cordell (Candy) and Dale (Judy) of Dickinson; brother, Art (Marilyn) Hummel of Bismarck; sister, Meridean Sprecher of Mott; sisters-in-law, Corrine Hummel and Carol Hummel; grandchildren, Erich and Casey Johnson, Denise and Jennifer Johnson; step-grandchild, Dayton Getz; and step-great-grandchildren, Myra and Destiny Getz. She was preceded in death by husband, Robert “Bob” Johnson; brothers, Johnny (Claudia), Jackie (Esther), Edwin, and Alvin Hummel, Willie (Edith) Forsch; sister, Hilda (Albert) Gruebeler; and brother-in-law, Gary Sprecher. The family would like to extend a special thank you to all the caregivers and nurses at St. Benedict’s Health Center for all their comfort, compassion, and care for Eleanor.
IF THIS WERE MY LAST DAY . . .

I'm almost sure, I'd spend it working in my garden. I would dig about my little plants, and try to make them happy, so they would endure long after me. Then I would hide secure where my green arbor shades me from the sky, and watch how bird and bee and butterfly came hovering to every flowery lure. Then, as I rested, perhaps a friend or two, lovers of flowers would come, and we would walk about my little garden paths and talk of peaceful times when all the world seemed true. This may be my last day, for all I know; What a temptation just to spend it so!

Anne Higginson Spicer