



Carol Northrop Mitchell

March 9, 2013

Rye - Carol Sherman Northrop Mitchell of Rye died at home on March 9, 2013. She was born on June 17, 1916 in Watertown, New York, the eldest child of Squire Brown and Constance Remington Northrop. Her four siblings predeceased her.

She attended Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School in Boston and worked at the Arnold Arboretum and at Harvard University before her marriage to Robert D. Mitchell in 1939. After World War II, the couple moved to Teaneck, New Jersey. Once her children were grown she went back to work, retiring from her job as clergy secretary at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Englewood, New Jersey, before she and her husband relocated to Rye in 1976.

Carol was an avid reader as well as a passionate supporter of the arts and music and regularly attended Boston Symphony concerts and area museums. She was an accomplished hostess and enjoyed entertaining. She was active in the Rye Art Study Group, the Driftwood Garden Club, the Newcomers Club, the Strawberry Banke Guild, took courses in painting and rug hooking, and enjoyed playing golf. She was a member of the Rye Congregational Church. Carol and her husband traveled extensively here and abroad, documenting with her camera their interest in birds and different cultures.

In 2005, the Mitchells moved to the Webster-at-Rye Retirement Community

where Carol developed new friendships and took part in art classes, the poetry group, and the book club among other activities.

Carol is survived by her husband, son Bob Mitchell of Stratham, daughter Connie Mitchell of Barnstead, grandson Andy Mitchell of Franklin, granddaughter Nancy Boyd of Waterford, Michigan, and two great-grandchildren.

A memorial service and interment in Central Cemetery in Rye will be held at a later date.

Tribute Wall



“ *Carol Northrop Mitchell*

September 18, 2022 at 12:49 AM



“ *So sorry to see the passing of Aunt Carol. As the youngest Northrop, my memories of Aunt Carol are pretty foggy. I do remember one beautiful day on the St.Lawrence River on my Dad's houseboat when Bob and Carol came to visit Dad and Ann. My son Johnny was just a few months old, and we have some wonderful photos of Aunt Carol holding Johnny, laughing and having a grand old time. That was 27 years ago, and Johnny is now married, with a son due in May. Time flies by. My condolences to Uncle Bob, Connie and Bobby and their families. Carol can now join her brothers and sisters in heaven, and if I close my eyes, I can hear the laughter from Aunt Deannie and Aunt Carol.*

David Northrop - May 07, 2013 at 02:47 PM