

WILLIAM MONTANA TIMMINS, JR.



William Montana Timmins, Jr. was born March 13, 1936 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah to William Montana Timmins, Sr. and Mary Brighton. Married Theda Laws October 14, 1960. They had five children: two sons and three daughters. Died February 26, 1989 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah. Buried in Smithfield, Cache, Utah.

When William Montana, Jr. (Bill) was born his parents were still living with his grandmother in the home his mother had been born in, 841 East First South. Within In the summer of 1947 Bill and Jim went to Smithfield to visit with the Clark Thornley family. Uncle Clark brought the boys back home on his way to Provo. Bill's mother says, "he was so thrilled to get home that he jumped out of the car when it reached the driveway, ran through the house with his bag, putting it down and going on through the back door. As he later remembered the still small voice told him to go upstairs, but being a child he didn't pay attention to it,

two weeks they moved into their new home at 167 "L" Street. A little over a year later another son, Jim, was born. Bill and Jim became inseparable.

Bill and Jim were placed in a nursery while their parents worked. The nursery was unacceptable so they were placed in the home of a neighborhood woman who watched them during the day.

Bill contracted rheumatic fever as a young boy. He was in the LDS hospital. Because the doctor and hospital bills were piling up the doctor suggested they move him to the Primary Children's Hospital where it wouldn't be so expensive. The danger was past but he needed time for his body to mend which required lying quietly in bed. He stayed there for thirteen months.

While Bill was there he entertained the other children by reading to them and telling them stories. He would spread a peace and calm that had not been there before. Bill also maintained an excellent record in his school work while there.

Because of lack of outside activity, Bill's father would bring a picture show to the children once a week. His father, a mailman, also requested the mail route that included the hospital. Bill would look out the window every day and wave to his father as he passed. Bill came home from the hospital in time to start school with the sign, "No Activity," tacked onto him.

thinking if he ran out he could open the garage doors for Clark. As he passed the back porch and saw the basket filled with milk cartons, he automatically picked up the basket and emptied it outside in the incinerator and lit a match to it — all done so quickly it is hard to think anything so tragic could happen so fast. At the fire burned he turned to the garage doors and something went poof! He felt a sting in his eye and saw blood. He was rushed to a doctor."

Bill was taken to the hospital and kept there for almost a month with paper cones over his eyes. One evening as his parents approached Bill heard them coming and called out, "The most wonderful thing has happened daddy, I have had an important person here. I was lying here when a voice said, 'Is Bill Timmins here?' And when he came over to my bed and laid his hands on my head I felt a tingle go all through me from my head to my feet, and I knew he was someone of importance." This was President George Albert Smith, the prophet of the Church. He gave Bill a blessing promising him that all would be well and his sight would not be impaired. This was all Bill could remember.

After a month in the hospital Bill was told that the injured eye must be removed. The night before surgery, Apostle Spencer W. Kimball blessed Bill and said, "I have a good feeling about it, all is well, Bill." Bill replied, "Yes, Brother Kimball, I know if I must lose my eye that it is for a wise purpose." Faith at a young age. A faith that stayed with him for the rest of his life.

Bill had a hard time adjusting to the loss of his eye. He became a recluse. When company would come he'd stay out of sight. Because he wanted to be alone so much he became interested in stamp collecting. He continued the hobby for the rest of his life.

Bill wrote stories, poems, and had the gift of drawing. He loved to draw and had the ability to put on paper what other people expressed in words. He thought he would like to be an author, writing and illustrating his own books. He had a large vocabulary and worked to increase it.

Bill graduated from East High and attended the University of Utah. From 1956 to 1958 he served a successful mission in Southern California.

Bill was always serving in the Church: bishop, counselor, high priest group leader,

When he returned from his mission he became a very popular speaker at Church and firesides. It was not long until he was asked to speak on "Church of the Air", a program on the radio that aired every Sunday night at 9 p.m. for fifteen minutes and addressed a gospel principle. For fourteen consecutive weeks he did this. (When Theda first took Bill to meet her grandmother she kept them waiting a few minutes while she finished listening to this fantastic young missionary that was speaking on Church of the Air. Imagine her surprise to meet that fantastic young missionary.) Bill's mother said, "He gave one of the best series of talks yet given over that program."

"Upon my return from the mission field I first saw Theda in Church on my first Sunday morning home. She passed me in a hallway and I recall turning around to watch her go on down the hall. I asked my friend, 'Who is that!?' and was truly amazed to find out it was 'Dwight's little sister.' (Dwight Laws had been one of my Explorers before I left on my mission.) There had obviously been many changes in the past two years! Our courtship began, on my side at least, immediately."

Shortly after Bill and Theda were married they left Utah for Massachusetts where Bill attended Harvard University. He served as second counselor in the Mission Presidency of the Harvard Branch. After he received his Master's Degree they returned to Utah.

Bill worked for the Governor's office (Assistant State Planning Coordinator); State Merit System (Assistant and Personnel Director); City of Salt Lake (acting Personnel Director); the University of Utah (Assistant Vice President and Assistant Dean of Continuing Education); the State Board of Education (Director of Interstate Projects); and finally settled at Brigham Young University as a professor in the School of Management.

stake mission president, gospel doctrine teacher, scout master, den leader, and

constantly bearing his testimony and being a missionary.

Bill still had time for volunteer work. He served in many organizations. His service was not without rewards, however, as he was listed in Who's Who in the West, Who's Who in Politics, Who's Who of Contemporary Achievement and received the Silver Beaver from the Boy Scouts of America.

Bill's brother-in-law, Dwight, spoke at his funeral and the following is an excerpt from his talk:

"Bill was extremely productive in writing, research, talks, conferences and contributions to the community. He was a member of 53 organizations, performed volunteer services for 179 different entities during his lifetime and did consulting work for 51 organizations. He received sixteen prestigious awards. He published 83 articles in professional journals and two books. He traveled a great deal and was constantly a missionary. He was a popular lecturer and tour director for BYU Travel Study programs. He gave untold hours of welfare service. He financially supported many people in their time of need. He had a rare gift for listening, really listening, and then moving to action if needed, or counseling in a non-judgmental way and with unconditional love."

In 1986 Bill wrote in his journal: "I had an emergency appendectomy one day after Thanksgiving — really an emergency. I quit breathing during surgery and they had a rough time bringing me back to life."

In April 1989 Bill was diagnosed with cancer (multiple myeloma) and kidney failure. The doctor told him he had three months to live, but his determination and strong will allowed him to live nine months.

Bill wrote the following poem May 29, 1988:

To Each of My Children

Please remember me in years to come

Bill's testimony to his children:

"I know the gospel is true. I bear my

When you have children on your knee.
Do not forget me when I'm gone
Because I left too early.

Especially, please, when you recall
What I was like with you,
Please do not see me thin and sick
In bed, curled up, a burden, too.

I ask you all your lives to see instead
Your dad on mountain top and glen.
Laughing and yelling in high surf,
On water slides, a kid again.

Remember me a bishop
With youth on a river run;
Preaching at a pulpit, strong and tall;
Awake at dawn to see the canyon's sun.

See me a leader of boards and hospitals,
A consultant across the land.
My teaching years at BYU, the best;
As a speaker in great demand.

Kissing and hugging your mother,
Holding her hand so tight.
On cruises, tours and trips abroad,
Holding her close at night.

Please, in years ahead when I am gone,
Recall me in our golden years;
The prayers, the books, the games, the trips,
The fun, the rockets, the hurts and fears.

But do not think of me when I was sick.
That was the merest shadow of the man.
Think instead of surf and sun
And the dad who ran across the sand.

No memory means more to me
Than times we talked of Gospel truth.
So think of me, when and if you do,
As strong and vigorous, in my youth.

It is my hope and earnest prayer
That we'll be a family - celestial.
But I want you all to remember me
During my healthy years - terrestrial.

witness the Church is divine. My feelings
on death and dying are in an article I wrote

for the Ensign magazine. [April, 1989] I close my life with a firm, assured, certain witness and testimony that the Church is God's Kingdom. I'm more sure now than when I spoke on CBS radio's 'Church of the Air' in 1959. Death has nothing to do with it. I love your Mother with all my heart and soul."