



The Face of Fillmore

By Sherry Shepard
October 3, 2012

The Face of Fillmore this week celebrates just that – the faces that have made up the population of Fillmore over the last 160 years.

A visit to the Territorial Statehouse Museum brings a person face to face with those of early settlers and other prominent citizens of the development of the community of Fillmore. Looking into their eyes makes one wonder what kinds of personalities they had behind the austere glazes recorded in the quiet passageways of the old building. While we don't know them in great detail, we know of their accomplishments and trials. Life could not have been easy as Fillmore was established, but those of us enjoying life here now are grateful for their work and sacrifices.



In the ensuing years, Fillmore was and is filled with more great people. Some stand out as city leaders, business owners, civic volunteers, and more, while others quietly add to the friendly reputation of our great little city.

One of those I will focus on in this column.

Conway Tingey came to Fillmore from Centerville with his wife Berdine just eight years ago, but in that time he left his mark on our lives and in our hearts.

Conway was a farmer at heart, being raised on one as a boy and carrying that interest into adulthood. As Centerville became more congested with homes and businesses, he opted for a more rural way of life where he could raise sheep and a goat who thinks it is a sheep, along with chickens and ducks and whatever else he managed to add to the mix. He often told that his wife drew the line before he was able to get a llama.



He loved the people of Fillmore and quickly attached himself to many who were his close friends – dozens of them. He knew where people lived, what they did for a living, who their families were and what they were doing, and assorted other facts that he used to show his love and interest in everyone. He went on frequent rides around town to see what people were out and about doing. He enjoyed stopping by for a brief visit and called almost every day to talk over what was happening in our lives.

An evening call from Conway would include questions about school. “How are all the little kiddes today. Are they still alive?” Then there would be the usual debate with my husband about Polaris and Hondas or Fords and Chevys. Talks about family and health were a daily occurrence as well as teasing about our next church calling. These always ended in an abrupt good-bye as soon as he had said his piece for the time being. All the time these were happening, you got the feeling Conway truly cared about you, and you also knew that after your phone call or visit, there would be another to someone else, even though he had made you feel you were his all-time favorite friend.

Conway passed away a couple of weeks ago. His passing leaves a huge hole in the hearts of those who knew and loved him, as he loved all of us. No longer will he be seen on his usual tour of Fillmore and we will think fondly of the last words in his obituary which read, “Get in the truck. We’re taking the scenic road home.”