



Willie Lane

May 15, 1935 - December 17, 2019

Was born May 15, 1935 and passed away Dec 17, 2019.

He was a loving husband, father, grandfather and great-grandfather. He will truly be missed by all who met him.

He was born to his mother Sarah on May 15, 1935 in Tuba City AZ, and from there started the story of a lifetime. When he was a young man he married and had a son Michael and a daughter Maile. Later life had changed, and he remarried this time to the love of his life, Katrina.

Willie and Katrina were married June 27th, 1977, and resided in Midvale UT for a short time, and settled in West Jordan, UT. With Katrina he had a daughter Sarah, and son Keith, also adopted Katrina's daughter from a previous marriage, Kristine.

Life was full of adventures, he worked at Kennecott Copper Mine for 30 years. He loved to go camping and fishing with his family. Many camping trips to WY and the mountains all over UT. He made many friends along his journey, many he kept in touch with after retirement and moving to AZ. But before the move to AZ an amazing thing happened, Willie's son Michael had finally ended his long search for his father who he had not seen in 29 years. They were reunited and have been great for each other since that summery day in 1993.

Willie went on to have many granddaughters. 2 granddaughters from Sarah and her late husband Jason - Shaliese and Eryka. Then 2 more from Keith and Marjorie - Nizhoni and Emerald. And to keep it going 3 more from Kristine - Jolynne, Kaelynne and Blossom. And then he finally came.... the only grandson, Jace born to his daughter Sarah. But not to be out done Keith's oldest daughter Nizhoni had the one and only great grandson of Willie Lane, Keenan.

Willie has lived in AZ with his wife since 1994. And then in 1999 took on the role of raising his granddaughter Kaelynne. He had enjoyed retired life in AZ around his family and friends, getting visits from his kids and grandkids throughout the years. This cute little old man was the sweetest man you had ever met, always smiling and shaking hands with all who came into his life, although to some it was a risky chance to shake his hand, sometimes you had to get passed his watch dog always in his lap, a little chihuahua. He had two in his lifetime, both with the same temperament, very protective of him.

There are many stories to tell of Willie through out his life, always telling them with a smile on your face, he will be greatly missed and always loved.

Please read for some words from his Son Michel –

Here are a few words about my Father, Willie Lane. My name is Michel, I was born in 1958. The first 6 years of my life I grew up with my Mother and father, I had a sister Maile who was born in 1961. Then my Mother and Father got a divorce and I had lost touch with my Father for 29 years. I found my Father again in 1993.

What I knew about my Father is that his name was Willie, Willie was a full-blood Navajo who left his family and the reservation in Arizona when he was in his early teens. He moved to Utah and at first worked at various odd jobs. Next he worked on the track gang at the Bingham Canyon Copper Mine. In the process of searching for my father I wrote a letter to the Navajo reservation inquiring about my father, Willie Lane in the spring of 1990, when I was thirty-one years old. Their reply was that they needed more specific information, so I traveled to Window Rock, Arizona. At Window Rock I became registered into the Navajo tribe, but not as half Navajo, but as one-fourth Navajo. They said my father was not full-blooded, but they could not provide me with any additional information about him. So, my search continued. I went to the Santa Clara LDS Branch Library looking for information about Lanes that lived in Arizona. I found a record of Herman Jackson Lane born in Cameron Copper Mines in Coconino county in 1938. From my father's birth certificate, I knew my father was born in 1935 or 1936 in Cameron, so I made the assumption that this man was the brother of my father. This record also listed Herman's mother as Sarah and father as Alfred Jackson Lane. Assuming that Herman was my uncle. I planned a trip to Salt Lake to look at the microfiche in the library there. At the Family History Library, I located the microfilm that contained the Herman Jackson Lane record. Next I expanded my search to look for Ken Touchin. I found a Dan Taucheene in the ancestral file but when I looked up the sources, I found that the records were in special collections, only available to relatives. I assumed that Dan Touchin was Ken's father, and that Ken Touchin was my great-grandfather. In a few minutes I had the copies of the records I had been looking for. I found that Ken was the son of Dan Taucheene, and Ken had married Alma Lane. I found that Alma Lane's father was Keith Lane. I also found that Alma and Ken had a daughter named Patty Touchin. At this point we needed to prove that Sarah and Alma were sisters. We received help from an Indian woman named Pat who worked part time at the library. Pat directed us to the 1920 and 1930 Navajo census. From these records I was able to verify that Alma and Sarah were indeed sisters. In special collections I found the name and address of Ilene Begay who was the daughter of Ken and Alma. I wrote a letter asking if she knew where my father was, and I enclosed pictures of myself and Willie. A week later, on June 15, 1993 I received a reply from Ilene. She told me how the family talks about me and how glad they were glad to know that I wished to be

reunited with my father. After reading this letter I placed a phone call and spoke with my father for the first time in twenty-nine years! We talked for two hours and at the end of the call my father said, "Goodbye son, I love you." I felt I became a son of Willie again.

I became reunited with my father and found that I had Keith and Sarah as my brother and sister. I met Katrina who loved my Father very much. I then came to know Kaelynne, Willie and Tina's granddaughter was. I am fortunate to have found my Father and his loving family which is my family. I have wonderful memories of learning about my father, one story is that my hair was turning grey then white while Willie had black hair. Come to find out that my Father dyed his hair – that is why it was black.

My Father had a great sense of humor and I appreciated that. I will miss my father, and I know he is not suffering, I am glad I found him and got to know him.

Cemetery

Redwood Memorial Estates

6500 S Redwood Road
Salt Lake City, UT, 84123

Events

JAN **Viewing** 10:00AM - 11:00AM

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Seventh-Day Adventist Church
2125 West 9000 South, West Jordan, UT, US

JAN **Funeral Service** 11:00AM - 12:00PM

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Comments



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