



Nathaniel "Nate" Thomas Weeks

April 10, 1966 - July 4, 2023

On July 4, 2023, Nathaniel "Nate" Thomas Weeks passed away at the age of 57 years at his home in West Jordan, Utah. Nate was born on April 10, 1966, in Livermore, California to parents Martin S Weeks and Leah Jean Tidwell Weeks. Nate was the oldest of seven children and lived most of his childhood in Lindon, Utah.

After graduating from Pleasant Grove High School, Nate moved to Arizona to study art and while there he began a long career in the plastics industry. A mechanic by trade, Nate specialized in robotics maintenance.

Nate was an avid outdoorsman. He loved to ski on fresh powder snow, hike the canyons, fish the rivers, and ride the trails.

He was a lifelong member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints and spent countless hours volunteering with the Boy Scouts and with youth groups. Nate married his sweetheart, Kristen Sipe, in the Mount Timpanogos Temple in 2005.

Nate loved his family with all of his heart. He is survived by his wife, Kristen, and children Avery and Bridger.

Funeral services will be held on July 12 at 10:00 am at 6364 S. 3200 W.,

Taylorsville, Utah.

Previous Events

Visitation

JUL 12. 10:00 AM - 10:45 AM (MT)

Westbrook 7th LDS Ward
6364 S 3200 W
West Jordan, UT

Funeral Service

JUL 12. 11:00 AM - 12:30 PM (MT)

Westbrook 7th LDS Ward
6364 S 3200 W
West Jordan, UT

Tribute Wall

“ Dear Family & Friends- Where to begin... I've just learned of My Old Dear Best Friend's passing. I remember the young brotherhood friendship we shared so many decades ago in Tempe, Arizona- when Nate was out discovering who he was and who he wanted to be - when he grew up, and the life decisions and choices that would guide him down his life path, and I was on my journey too. We were best-friends and roommates. The young and fearless Nathaniel. He was always exploring and enjoying the world. Nate was such a hard worker. Nate had a special spiritual temperance about himself, it shined through. I still remember some of his artwork he painted. Nate was loyal and true. Nate was that friend that all could count on. I remember his funny slogans and jokes, he would refer to; Such as; Monkey Wards - for Montgomery Wards. Nate and his smile. Down to Earth All American Heartland Kid/Lad. Nate was truly my first real friend and best friend. I loved Nate. His memory is carried with me throughout these three decades plus and going on almost four decades full. His Soul touched mine. Unfortunately, Nate was involved in a collision on his motorcycle. Some vehicle struck him. I believe it was a van, if I recall correctly and vividly. How life changed for us, and especially Nathaniel. Nate was close to death, once from the accident and in the hospital from like 15/16 hours of surgeries with recovery time in the hospital and out of the hospital - but his time to be called - to day and hour and minute and second that is written for each of us hadn't arrived yet! We all need to know- and be reminded of- There is a time to be born and a time to die. We must surrender and accept this. We don't have to like how the ones we love go though. And we all need to practice without procrastination to share how we truly care and love our friends and family. We don't live forever in this life in this human flesh as we live now. Time is precious. Time is the most valuable possession we have. It's called Spiritual Currency. Spend it wisely. We don't know when the time of others will occur. Don't wait or hesitate or you'll regret it. Things happen to us to grab are attention. I firmly believe that the accident served a higher purpose to Nate. But in the hospital on an office visit. Martin - Nate's Earthly Father was going to read some of The Book of Mormon to him. Nate says let Chris

read it. I said- okay- it was the Book of Alma and I read less than two sentences in that paragraph. And whamo! Martin says I've never seen it happy that fast. The truth being revealed to me. Prior to this accident- Nate had taken me on that same motorcycle, as a passenger to The Mesa Temple to share the truth with his brother he found on this Earth. It was an experience I'll always remember. But it didn't strike me like the reading. And when Nate suffered his tragedy. I went to The Temple for help and reached out to Martin. It amazes me how so many came involved to help Nate. Of course, his Father did everything a Father could do and more. That was expected. And fulfilled. But this special friendship saved my life in so many ways. This Brotherhood and Friendship changed my life. And as played out all my life. The power of friendship and sharing the truth of The Book of Mormon. Know this My Brothers and Sisters. You are more powerful than you think. By your actions and deeds and words. They last a lifetime in the layers of living. Know this to be true. I bear testimony to this. (NOTE): The last time I spoke to Nate was in 1994. We had a good conversation, but I remember Nate saying to me in that chat; I can't believe "You're not dead or in prison yet." It hurt my feelings. But I got the message. I lived recklessly at times. It was the truth and it bothered me. Nate had a way to find others who always didn't live righteously and be a friend and lead them to the truth. Nate had a foundation that he wanted to share. He carried a special burning torch and was always handing off the truth torch. To make an impact and difference. In your life. And he did. I'll carry a piece of Nathaniel with me forever till this last human breath. His memory and the memories we created dwell within me. I'm grateful to have known Nate. He had been on my mind heavily in 2022, as I had just learned that Martin had recently lost his wife and the love of his life. I was planning on reaching out to Nate. As I had a few things I wanted to send him. That I've kept all these many years. To demonstrate the love I carried for him. But other things came to be during and I procrastinated and now I fully regret. So don't procrastinate, be a true friend, and share The Book of Mormon. For I offer testimony that it is true. Let it be known that Nathaniel Thomas Weeks changed my life. Through his almighty friendship, loyalty, honor, and his brotherhood with truth. He passed

a truth torch to me. And I'll always remember The Great Nate. Thank You Nate for being my friend, best friend and brother. We will have a reunion together at a later date. I apologize to you My Brother I was too late on reaching out. I'm truly sad for this. I'm truly sad to know your day, hour, minute and second was up. We need more Nate's in the world.

Chris S - February 18, 2024 at 09:43 PM



“ *Nathaniel "Nate" Thomas Weeks*

October 05, 2023 at 07:49 PM



“ *26 files added to the album The wanderer*



Richard Weeks - July 09, 2023 at 12:09 PM

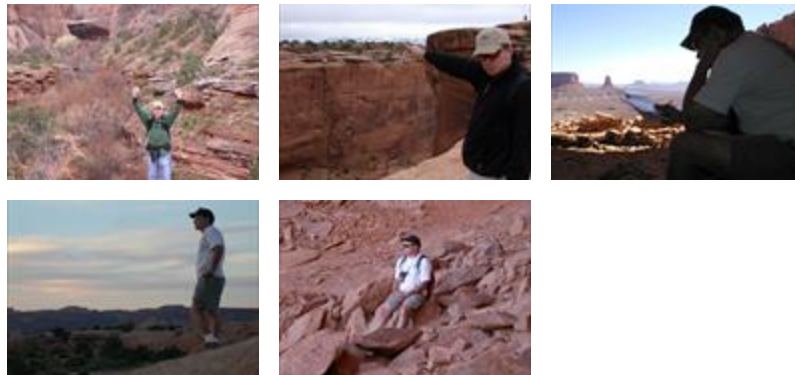


“ A few years ago..... when I was younger, Nate served as our scout master. On one of our initial activities, we gathered at the Week's house to prepare some chili. Richie Nicolia, a new member in our ward, displayed a talent for cooking and efficiently sliced the peppers. Nate swiftly praised him and even referred to him as a master chef. Inspired by this, I too aimed for a compliment. I attempted to chop up as many peppers as possible, working at a rapid pace. However, instead of receiving a compliment, I recall Nate jokingly remarking, "That's a hot bowl of chili you made," as we disposed of the unsuccessful batch and started over. It was always the Weeks' way to make you feel good, even when you destroyed a good batch of chili!

Griffin Anderson - July 09, 2023 at 02:26 AM

RW

“ 12 files added to the album *The wanderer*

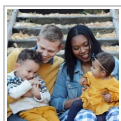


Richard Weeks - July 08, 2023 at 09:45 PM

NO

“ Many years ago on a camping trip in the Unitas with Nate, Kristen and friends, I went out into the woods to conduct some “business“. It was dark and I didn’t think I needed a flashlight. On the way back to the campfire, my bum started burning. Turns out that my chosen spot was right over a stinging nettle bush. Nate pointed to the back of his pickup and was a real gentleman to bring me a bandana full of ice. The following morning, after being giving the “Indian” name Squatting Nettle, we all had a good laugh and made burning bum jokes for the rest of the trip. -Norah

Norah - July 08, 2023 at 08:07 PM



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Griffin Anderson - July 09, 2023 at 01:50 AM

AM

Nate and I went to the NPE (National Plastics Expo) to visit with vendors we worked with and look for new cost improvement opportunities. While we were there I tagged Nate as the King of SWAG, a.k.a. promotional products for marketing and giveaways! The trip was a great success, but the fun we had was the bigger bonus!!!

Alan Manley - July 09, 2023 at 10:35 AM