

Frederick Lee Taylor

February 10, 1930 ~ November 30, 2023

Frederick Lee Taylor passed away peacefully in his home on November 30, 2023 of natural causes exacerbated by asthma. He was 93 years old.

Lee was born on February 10, 1930 to Frederick John Taylor and Maudelynn Beatrice Fillmore, the youngest child and third son to the couple. At 18-months-old, Lee's mother left him and his older brothers, J.R. and Darrell, in the care of the Lund Home for Boys, an orphanage in Centerville, Utah operated by The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

At the orphanage, Lee was well-cared for and magnified the humble chore of milking cows. He developed a distaste for WWI surplus peanut butter but a love for the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He worked hard and played hard, famously known for jumping off a barn with an umbrella to see if he could fly. At fourteen, his paternal grandmother allowed them to stay in her home, provided he could pay his way. Lee began working multiple jobs, often in hard labor, to ensure his place with his family. The long hours often led him to catch up on sleep on the bleachers of West High School, where he was studying to be a machinist.

After graduation, Lee was smitten by a beautiful blue-eyed girl living down the alley from his grandmother's home. Joyce Marie Crow was a popular and proper girl. Lee's strategy was simple: detour down the alley on his motorcycle, catch Joyce for a long chat out on the porch, and, if money and time allowed, take her out for a Snellie. The two would marry in 1949 in the Idaho Falls Temple and would remain inseparable for the next 74 years.

Determined to build a family of his own, Lee left his current plastering job and began working nights in the mining business. He started selling explosives for various companies across the United States. His work initially took the family to Minnesota, in a miserable town with dirty water, freezing winters, and intermittent electricity. Joyce struggled to adapt and, ultimately, left for Salt Lake City with their two children, Paul and Joylee. Without hesitation, Lee followed her. The family settled in St. Louis, Missouri where they welcomed their youngest child, David. Again, Joyce struggled to build a home so far away from Salt Lake City and refused to follow Lee for work internationally. So, in 1966, Lee brought the family to Utah to stay, building a home in Millcreek that they would enjoy for decades to come.

Life in Salt Lake still had struggles. Lee's work took him all over the country to remote mines and tiny towns. He would leave for work Monday morning and return Friday night, each arrival and departure accompanied by a kiss. He would call long distance every night, where Joyce would regale him with all the trouble his children had wrought. When he was home, he made the most of his time. He taught his boys fishing, shooting, reloading, and mechanics. He took his daughter to parks and watched her artistic talents decorate their home before her unexpected passing

in 1977. He was on the church pew every Sunday morning while Joyce played the organ and on the couch every Sunday night watching football with his sons. All the while, Joyce and Lee worked together in their yard, cultivating vegetables and hundreds of flowers, ensuring not a single twig was out of place.

Lee gave everything to ensure his family wanted for nothing. He expanded his efforts, starting a trucking business and running a chemical plant to guarantee his wife could perfectly mother their children, something he never had. After the children were grown, the financial security allowed him to purchase a condo for winters in St. George, Utah, and to travel the world with his wife, enjoying time in Italy, Greece, Spain, Russia, and New Zealand. Lee would ultimately retire in 2002, spending many summer evenings doing the thing that started it all: chatting with Joyce on the porch.

After retirement, Lee devoted his full attention to his family which had now grown to include five grandchildren. He and Joyce would be at every recital, holiday dinner, Christmas morning, tournament, wedding, Primary program, and sports game. He and Joyce would endlessly babysit, support never-ending carpooling, and ensure a delicious meal and warm bed when overnight stays were necessary.

In 2018, Lee would bury his son, Paul, who also passed away unexpectedly. He would remain strong, but the emotional blow was too much for Joyce to bear, and her health began to decline. Lee dutifully and lovingly cared for his beloved wife until her passing in May 2023, leaving her, as he always did, with a kiss. Lee would spend his final months trying to keep the embers alive with the light of his great-grandchildren. In November, a respiratory infection left him in hospice care. His surviving son, David, would remain by his side, ensuring that he wanted for nothing this time, and giving him his final wish to pass in his bed, reuniting with his wife in an unbreakable and eternal union.

Lee is preceded in death by his mother, Maudelynn; father, John; brothers J.R. and Darrell; wife, Joyce; son, Paul; and daughter, Joylee. He is survived by his son, David (Marie); his grandchildren, Paul Jr. (Mandy), Alisa, Christopher (Kia), Steven (Lynae), and Emilee (Scott); and his great-grandchildren Paisley, Charlie, Emma, Charlotte, and Grayson.

Viewing services will be held at the East Millcreek 9th Ward Building (3750 S Hillside Lane Salt Lake City, UT) at 10:00 AM on Saturday, December 9, 2023. The family will then travel to Wasatch Lawn Memorial Park (3401 S Highland Drive, Millcreek, UT) for a small graveside service and dedication at 11:30 AM.

The Taylor Family wishes to express profound and sincere gratitude to members of the 9th Ward, friends of Lee and Joyce, and the exceptional medical providers that assisted in Lee's care during his final days.