



The war has raged; the battles have been fierce and long but fought bravely. He fought well and has always been submissive under God, The General. His attitude has always been "I don't control the battle plans!" Now the prize is won; peace reigns. The world lost a wonderful, gentle, kind man on November 10, 2010 during the first gentle snows of Autumn after glorious days of beauty and sunshine.

He will not be remembered as one who "made a name for himself;" he will never have his name inscribed on a monument; and you'll never read about him in a book. But he was a model of a servant; a man who loved his wife and children; a man of integrity and affection. He was a person who was never bitter about his Parkinson's and dementia but struggled mightily for 18 years with diseases that robbed him of almost everything in life physically and mentally. He was the "Papa" that his 6 grandchildren never really knew for the great person he was.

Francis Timothy Batts was born February 20, 1943, to Dr. Martin Batts and Melania Potratz Batts in Grand Rapids, Michigan on his sister's birthday. His father, an orthopedic surgeon at Mayo Clinic, died during World War II of leukemia when Tim was 18 months old. He spent his early childhood in Michigan. In August 1959, when Tim was 16, his mother married Dr. Roland G. Scherer, a doctor from Bozeman and two families combined and grew from 4 to 8 when his family moved to Montana. He went to Hampden DuBose Academy in Zellwood, Florida. He graduated from Bozeman High School in 1961. While at Hampden Dubose he became a born-again Christian during a chapel service.

He loved Montana and "cruised" around the country in his Jeep, getting bogged down in countless mud holes on dirt roads and stuck in snow banks and drifts that were impassable. He and his step brother, David Scherer, who was the same age, had many escapades in the mountains, working in Yellowstone Park, camping even in the dead of winter, canoeing rivers, and creating scores of memories living in a place he loved. He said he would rather wash elephants at 5 cents a herd than move back to Michigan. He went to Montana State College for 1 year and then enlisted in the Navy in 1963 and served on the destroyer USS Trathen as an Interior Communications Electrician, Private 1st Class, stationed in San Diego. When that ship was decommissioned in 1965, he served on the USS Providence, a light guided missile cruiser, until he was discharged in 1966, his tour of duty extended because of the beginning of the Viet Nam War. When he was discharged he went back to school at Montana State College and worked at Instrument Service, a lab that invented and machined instruments that professors put forth as ideas. He graduated from MSC in Mechanical Technology March 1970 and went to work at Ideal Cement (later Holnam and then Holcim) in 1970. He worked there until Parkinson's disease forced him to quit in 2001. Because he always looked for a better way of doing things and had a very creative mind, he could fix anything and was an electrician, plumber, inventor, builder, mechanic, and carpenter.

He married Janice Schoenleber June 27, 1969. They lived in Manhattan and remodeled an old church into a home with Tim doing everything to make it happen and his workmanship is exquisite and beautiful. They had two daughters-Jennifer (Morgan) Hinesley and Tosha (Kent) Bos.

Tim laughed a lot, was positive and very gentle and loving. He was a hard worker who hated to be idle and was never "in a rush or a tizzy." He loved God and took care of his family well. He made all of us laugh with his wonderful sense of humor and quick wit even though he was a quiet man. Those who took the time to get to know him were the fortunate ones. He could do anything he set his mind to and always stuck to the task until it was accomplished and was a wonderful dad who would interrupt his projects to play with his and all the neighborhood kids-taking them swimming, sledding (pulling them behind a motor bike on an inner tube), skating, flying kites, playing, camping, going for rides so Jan could take pictures of everything, and enjoying life and appreciating the little things in life along with his hard work. (He built from scratch a "putt car" for his kids that was the envy of all the neighborhood kids.) He gave all the neighborhood kids nicknames and they would often come to the door asking if Tim could come out and play. He was a practical joker with a mischievous glimmer in his eyes and his daughter's friends will never forget a birthday party where he dressed up as a "monster" and scared them almost to death. He would help anyone fix anything he could and always put others first-doing lawns and raking leaves for neighbors and building and fixing things at the Manhattan Bible Church, his church home. He hardly ever watched TV but was busy with "projects" and helping others. He exemplified a servant's heart to the fullest degree, always putting other's needs above his own.

Parkinson's disease took much from a wonderful man at a very early age, but he never, ever complained and always had his sweet spirit. He was no longer able to do the "tinkering" that he always so enjoyed doing and still had the desire for. He loved his grandchildren: Callin, Addison, and Emma Bos and Ethan, twins Aidan and Christian Hinesley; however, they never knew the person he truly was because the disease had changed him so much by the time they were born. That was one of the things his daughters regretted, that their children never got to know the wonderful dad they had known growing up ... He would have made a great grandpa because he loved being silly and funny and was always game to play and have fun. They will only really know him by hearing his wonderful stories and the joy he was by other's telling them. We all have been blessed to know such a man and have beautiful memories that he helped create. And now he is in Heaven with his LORD and Savior Jesus Christ and "tinkering" to his heart's content-probably building mansions for when we meet him there one day.

He lived and loved well and we are sure God welcomed him with "well done, thou good and faithful servant." He brought joy and myrrh into all our lives and we will miss him terribly but know God has used this man for His greater purposes and for His Kingdom and glory: and even though we don't understand all the mysteries of God, we praise Him that Tim is suffering no more and know that God does all things well-To God be all glory, honor and praise.

He is survived by his wife, both daughters and sons-in law and 6 grandchildren; his mother, Melania Scherer of Green Valley, AZ; his brothers Martin Batts (Rena); David Scherer (Maryellen); sister Pieternella Batts Faber (Ken); brother-in-law Allan Skillman. Sister, Julie Skillman and brother Roland Scherer preceded him in death. He has many nieces and nephews that loved him very much.

A Memorial Service will be at Manhattan Bible Church in Manhattan, Thursday, November 18, 2010 at 2 p.m..

A huge thanks to Rocky Mountain Hospice and all our dear friends for helping him die well in this last year of his life. They all were so compassionate and kind to him.

If you desire a memorial we have chosen Samaritan's Purse, POB 3000, Boone, NC 28607-3000.