



## Timothy "Tim" Kinsey

December 28, 1957 - December 8, 2011

Glendive, Montana: Timothy "Tim" Kinsey affectionately known as "Hopsing" passed away with his family by his side on Saturday, December 3, 2011, at the Glendive Medical Center in Glendive. Visitation will be held from 1:00 P.M. until 5:00 P.M. and from 6:00 P.M. until 8:00 P.M. on Wednesday, December 7, 2011 at the Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home in Glendive. A Life Tribute Service will be held at 10:00 A.M. on Thursday, December 8, 2011 at the United Methodist Church in Glendive with Celebrant Sandy Silha and Pastor Ruth McKenzie officiating. Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home of Glendive has been entrusted with the arrangements. Tim was born on December 28, 1957 in Glendive, son of Howard and Esther Joyce (Konig) Kinsey. He was raised and educated in Glendive graduating from Dawson County High School with the class of 1976. While Tim was in high school he wrestled for the Red Devils. Tim started working for the Burlington Northern Railroad just a day after graduating high school, while also attending Dawson Community College during the evening to further his education. In 2009, Tim's health forced him to retire after working for the railroad for thirty-three good years. On June 23, 1979, Tim married Michelle Dufner in Glendive and to this union two sons were born. Tim was a member of the Elks Lodge #1324 and the Elk's Hoop Shoot. He was a wonderful father, brother and son who had a wonderful sense of humor, always being a practical joker even at his own expense and he never missed out on any sporting events that his sons had. Tim enjoyed hunting, fishing, collecting agates, AAU Wrestling, gardening and landscaping

in which he took great pride in. He was always considered his mother's golden boy. Tim cherished his time spent with family and friends, especially his grandsons and was eager to meet his granddaughter. Tim was preceded in death by his father, Howard; grandparents; niece, Heather Jimison and brother-in-law, Allen Jimison. Survivors include his mother, Joyce Kinsey of Glendive; sons, Brad (Danelle) Kinsey and Jason (Leslee Rogers) Kinsey both of Glendive; sister, Pamela Jimison of Bismarck, North Dakota; brothers, Bruce (Shelly) Kinsey of Coos Bay, Oregon, Randy (Joy) Kinsey of Billings, Montana, Chuck (Shari) Kinsey of Glendive and Clarence (Natalie) Kinsey of Gilbert, Arizona; grandsons, Beckham Warren Kinsey and Roeper Torell; granddaughter due December 23, 2011, Aurora Jade Kinsey and numerous nieces and nephews. Remembrances and condolences may be shared with the family at: [www.silvernale-silhafuneralhome.com](http://www.silvernale-silhafuneralhome.com) We all have people in our lives, who when we think of them, they make us smile. Tim Kinsey was such a person; laid back, easy going, always smiling, the eternal optimist, Tim was a part of many good times, many excellent adventures and misadventures, many memorable moments shared with both family and friends. Even Tim's nicknames, "the Golden Child" and "Hopsing" bring a smile. Tim was a quiet, likeable fellow, never a leader, but always a willing participant in life. When asked "what do you want to do?" Hopsing's standard response would be, "oh, it don't matter." What did matter was the friendship and comradarie. What mattered was being with people he cared about, working and playing together, enjoying the moment. And with his wry sense of humor, Tim helped others enjoy those moments too. How did a man such as Tim come to be? His mother Joyce can give some insight into her "golden child". Tim was born with black hair down to his shoulders. Someone told Joyce if she wrapped him up in a bundle and put Tim on her back he could pass for an Indian baby. Joyce says Tim was his grandpa Kinsey all over again, right down to being left-handed. Tim was a quiet kid, with a bit of a speech impediment, he could not say his es's; the word horse came out as "horf." He was accident prone, but that may in part have been due to his rowdy family; a sister who could throw

forks and spear you in the leg, or four brothers who loved to roughhouse, including BB gun battles, “bare skin is fair skin”. It was good that Tim was tough. Tim was a good student, especially in math and science. The school sport he loved was wrestling. He once won the Miles City invitational, and he also had the opportunity to wrestle against a Japanese all-star team. Tim said of his match with the Japanese it was the quickest he was ever brought to the mat for a pin. Tim was a scrapper and he never would let a friend go it alone. At a football game in Miles city, Tim, Kevin Dorwart, Brad Kolberg, and Mike Roe were gathered behind the stands when a call was made on the football field that someone apparently didn’t understand. Soon Tim was on the ground helping a friend explain the rules of football to a Miles City fan. They all had to leave the game early exiting over the fence. After graduation, Tim immediately began working for Burlington Northern Railroad, and at the same time attended Dawson Community College. He married Michelle Dufner and they had two sons, Brad and Jason. Tim was a devoted husband and father. He shared his love of hunting, fishing and camping with his boys. Tim became involved in AAU wrestling, a sport both sons competed in. Brad wrestled in high school, while Jason dropped wrestling and took up golf. Tim was an ardent supporter of his sons’ activities. He coached them in wrestling, caddied for Jason at a state tournament, and was big fan on the sidelines. Tim himself took up golfing. He and Leroy Dufner, Tim’s father-in-law, even entered a hospital tourney and hacked their way through it. Leroy tells that they started on the 4th hole and Leroy told Tim to really whop it. Tim’s ball landed out of bounds. Leroy broke into laughter at Tim, so Tim said he was going to hit another ball and he did, right into a tree. The ball bounced back and landed behind the tee box. But they had a lot of laughs, at least Leroy did. Tim probably did too, because Tim knew how to laugh at himself. He had a wonderful sense of humor and was a great practical joker. Tim made his niece, Candi, her first boyfriend. He cut a figure out of wood, dressed it in his clothes, and put the face of the actor, Cameron Kirk on the head. Tim gave

this “boyfriend” to Candi for Christmas. You didn’t want to doze off in front of Tim. When Tim was receiving treatment in Arizona, he stayed with his brother, Clarence. Clarence dozed off in his recliner one evening, and he awoke the next morning when his phone rang. When he opened his phone, his screensaver had been changed to a photo of him asleep in his recliner, wearing purple earmuffs and a little girl’s purple tutu around his neck. Courtesy of, guess who! Tim’s sister-in-law, Shari, also made the mistake of dozing off one Christmas and awoke to find herself decorated with Christmas lights and ornaments. Tim and his brother, Chuck, were not just brothers, but best friends. They spent a great deal of time together, enjoyed the same activities, and were involved in many escapades over the years. One memorable one was when Tim was riding with Chuck and they were out herding cows. Chuck was talking to Tim but not looking at him when Chuck suddenly took a sharp corner at high speed and Tim flew out the door. Chuck just kept on talking and driving for a minute not realizing Tim was gone. When it dawned on Chuck that he was alone, he did go find Tim and pick him up. Tim seemed pretty much okay. Later Tim was somewhere and he reached to get money out of his wallet. No money, no wallet. Tim called Chuck and sent him back to the pasture to see if he could find Tim’s money. There were 20’s everywhere, and Chuck really appreciated Tim trying to plant money for him to farm. When Tim came into the funeral home to visit about his end of life wishes, he also was telling Lance about his treatments for cancer and how he had physically been feeling in general. Tim smiled a bit when he said that he was weak from the treatments, and it probably was the one time in his life that his brother Chuck could probably whoop him. A family activity that Tim learned as a youngster and came to love was agate hunting. His Grandpa spent many hours hunting agates with Tim and his brothers. Tim picked agates his whole life. These last years when Tim was fighting cancer and his energy was limited, Joyce taught him to cut and polish the agates. Tim was an avid gardener, raising flowers, particularly gorgeous roses, in his back yard. He used his creative side for landscaping his yard and for landscaping at his

parents. Joyce's driveway to the house was designed and built by Tim. He also did the landscaping around the flag in his parent's back yard. Tim enjoyed decorating his home. His last project was to hang all the antlers from deer taken over the years around his bar in the downstairs of his house, along with photos of all the important people in his life. Tim was an avid New England Patriots and Griz fan. He enjoyed board games, especially Redneck Life. He played the poker machines and was very lucky. Tim's favorite holiday was Christmas; the decorating, the poinsettias, and the tradition of a ceramic pickle hidden in the tree. Tim enjoyed doing things with and for his parents. Tim truly enjoyed his beer. While taking chemo, he also would stop at the brewery each day and have a couple of Bud Lites. Tim claimed it was part of his treatment. His doctors were astounded, but could not dispute the results. Tim felt good. Tim learned to love hunting, fishing, and camping at a young age, as the Kinsey family spent a lot of time doing these activities. The hunting, fishing and camping was something Tim also did with friends, and later his own two sons. A favorite fishing trip was with friends Kevin Dorwart and Mike Roe to Cooke City and Silvergate, Montana. One memorable drive over to Silvergate, the boys were enjoying their beverages. They stopped by the side of the road and were standing behind the vehicle relieving themselves. Suddenly Tim mentioned that his feet were sure getting warm. Tim was downhill from the others and found himself riding the rest of the way with wet socks. Along with the fishing, which they really did do, Tim especially liked sitting around a campfire, sipping a beer, and maybe listening to Vic Young's "Steiger Lee", a poem that runs about 15 minutes. Gary Carlson shares a fishing story about Tim, Chuck, and Gary fishing at Fort Peck in Chuck's little boat, the HMS Tub, carrying lots of beer and not much bait. After hours of 'fishing' the wind came up and the waves became too much for the Tub. The collective brain pool decided to head back in. Gary stayed in the front of the boat, because he couldn't make it to the rear without falling in, and Tim and Chuck stayed in the back hoping that would help the boat plane out. With Gary up front and the Tub's small motor, the boat could barely plow

through the water. Gary was having a great time up front, somewhat like a scene from the Titanic, his arms out, inadvertently splashing water on the rear passengers. Tim hollered at Gary "Get back here", but Gary thought he asked "Do you need a beer?" to which Gary replied "No, I've got one, thanks". So Tim hollered again, to which Gary responded "that's OK, I'm good, I still have half a beer." Finally Gary needed a beer and turned to get one, noticing how wet Tim and Chuck were. Gary asked nicely "how did you guys get so wet?" and they angrily proceeded to tell Gary how his splish-splashing up front had almost swamped the boat. Gary had a hard time understanding how them getting wet in rough water was his fault, but like many adventures with Tim, there was lots of beer. But it was not just Tim's easy-going manner and his willingness to participate in any adventure and have fun that endeared Tim to friends and family. It was also his willingness to help out and provide support. He was patient, he was honest, he had a solid work ethic. When Tim got cancer and then went into remission, the railroad suggested he go on disability. Tim wouldn't, he said he wasn't sick, he felt good, and he continued to work until he physically no longer could. People liked that Tim liked them. He accepted Brad's Danelle and Roper immediately into the family, having morning coffee with them and picking huckleberries. He was a big tease and had nicknames for everyone. He would greet his great-nephew, Dillon, with a "hey, cupcake." He would tease his great-niece, Shaye, right out of her shyness. He would text his great-niece, Kali, the rare clean jokes he knew and ask her when the cookies and brownies would show up. He called Jason's LesLee, MorLee, because more is better than less. Pam's daughters, Brandi and Candi, spoke of how Tim spoiled them, and was their go to guy. He helped them, along with their brother, Travis, and his own boys building their 7th grade science projects, changing it a bit each year so the project was not a copy of a previous one. Tim was the first one there for them when their dad, Allen, died. Tim was an amazing uncle. As a grandfather, having only done it a short time, Tim was a natural. Along with grandsons, Beckham and Roper,

Tim was looking forward to his first granddaughter, Aurora, scheduled to be born later this month. Tim's greatest accomplishment was his family and he loved them and treasured them. During his life, Tim was an important person to many. He touched the lives and hearts of friends and family with his smile, his easy-going personality, his honest and direct style of having fun, his caring manner for the people in his life. Tim Kinsey will be greatly missed.

# Tribute Wall



“ *Timothy "Tim" Kinsey*

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