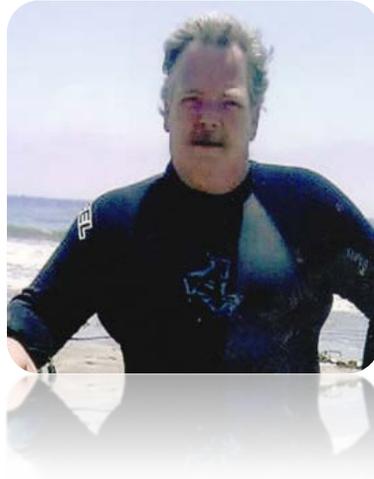


October 21, 2015



Tim Wilson, 49

~ 5/2/1960 - 1/30/2010 ~

Cargill Meat Solutions (Excel Specialty Products) in Nebraska

by Bethany Lyn Colyar

Timothy Lee Wilson was killed on January 30th, 2010 when the scissor-lift he was on became top heavy and toppled over at the Cargill Meat Processing Facility in Nebraska City, NE. The 911 was placed at 3:59 am, and at 5:31 am my father was dead. The impact of the fall had caused extensive internal injuries. My siblings and I were unable to say goodbye.

Cargill was originally fined \$9,500. According to the Lincoln Journal Star “The violations stem from the mobile scaffold being loaded to excess and failing to train workers on how to operate powered industrial trucks. OSHA issues a serious citation when death or serious physical harm is likely to result from a hazard about which an employer knew or should have known.” These violations were reduced after Cargill made changes to their safety policies.

This loss was a devastating blow to my family. My father was the grounding force in our family. I am the oldest of 5 children and my father was our rock. When something went wrong or we needed advice, our father was there. But now he’s not. Because of this incident, my father has missed 2 college graduations, 2 divorces, 1 wedding, 1 adoption, and he has missed the birth of 3 (soon to be 4) of his grandchildren. This is what hurts the most. My father relished the role of being a grandfather. He absolutely loved his babies. He would spend hours soothing a crying baby, playing outdoors with an

older child, and searching for insects with a toddler. When he died, my niece was 5, my nephew was 3, and my oldest daughter had just turned 1. Approximately 6 weeks after his death, I found out that I was 6 weeks pregnant with my youngest daughter. On November 9th, 2010, Grace Lee Colyar was born.

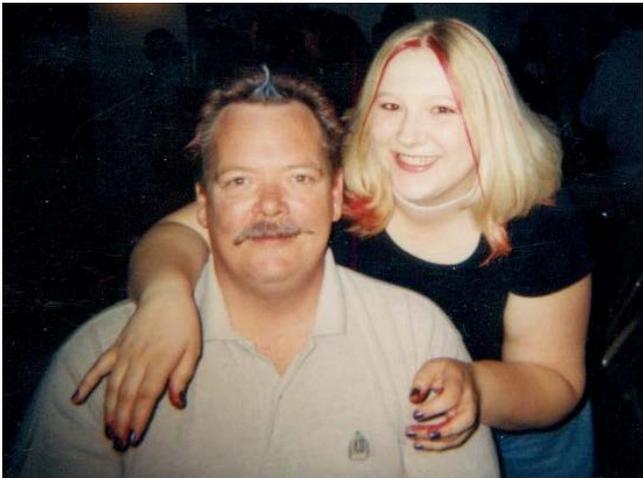
She will never know my father. She will never understand just how wonderful this man was. She will never get the opportunity to sing along with him as he plays his 12-string guitar at the kitchen table. As will the children that have been born since his passing. They will never hear his rich voice reading them a story, or singing them a lullaby.

It has been 5 years since the incident, I now live in a different state but I was recently in Nebraska City. As I was driving past the Cargill where my father died, I saw that they had put out a banner on their front lawn stating “We believe that every job can be done safely!” They brag about their safety record when an innocent man died as a result of their error. My siblings and I will never hear our father’s voice again. We will never be able to hear him tell us that he loves us again. We will never be able to thank him for the impact he made on us. For teaching us core values and molding us into the strong adults we are today. The children that were alive when he died have since forgotten his voice, his smell, his touch. And the ones who were not yet born will never know these wonderful things. These precious moments were stolen from us because of an error that Cargill made. And yet they had their fines reduced and are able to publicly brag about their safety record.

5 years later and I still think about my father daily. Time hasn’t healed this wound. In fact, some days it feels just as raw as it did the moment I got the phone call saying that my father was dead. There is no sense of resolution or justice. The only things I can be grateful for are the fact that his death was quick and that my siblings and I were older when he died so we at least got to grow up with him in the household. I know I speak for the rest of my family when I say, we miss him so much that it physically hurts.



This is the sign outside of Cargill.



This was my father and I at a youth retreat in 2002.



This is my father and Katelyn on her first birthday.



These are 4 of Timothy's grandchildren.

From left to right: Nicholas Oelke, Katelyn Colyar, Gracie Colyar, and Alexandria Oelke. Nicholas was 3 when my father died, Katelyn was 1, Alexandria was 5, and Gracie was born 40 weeks and 3 days after his death. Not pictured are Braxton Timothy (born approximately 3 years and 6 months after the incident) and (soon to be) Briar Howell, and Declan Lee Putney (Born 5 years, 5 months, and 15 days after my father's death).