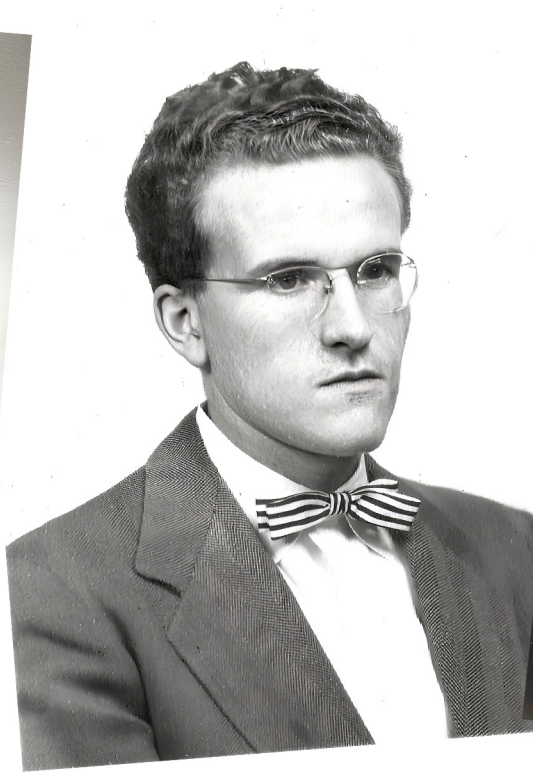


FREDERICK ADAIR

November 24, 1930 - April 1, 2023



On November 24, 1930, Fred and Gladys Adair of Osceola in Iowa welcomed a precious son into the world and named him Frederick Baird Adair.

Young “Freddy” was the baby of the family, with his brothers and sisters all fifteen to twenty years older than him. And his parents doted on him. His father was a candy and fudge maker who would take his little boy with him on in-person sales calls.

“Of course, I thought he was so sweet and cute that by taking him right in the home with me would be a big boost [to sales],” his father wrote about those trips. And the family’s candy business needed all the help it could get. After all, it was supporting the family during the Great Depression.

Soon they moved to Wyoming and then San Francisco. There, Fred discovered the joy of riding the trolleys. He also learned how to be resourceful and detailed. Those traits served him well when his parents died in his teens.

At 17, he found himself back in Iowa, parentless and relying on himself. He worked, put himself through school, and was able to work in the field of accounting. In his off hours, as a young man, he loved art and nature and found joy in the simple things of life, like a delicious meal. But yet, something was missing.

What was missing? A close relationship with his heavenly Father, Jehovah. Thankfully, Fred learned the true purpose of life when studying the Bible with Jehovah’s Witnesses.

And at 26, he dedicated his life to serving God forever. He got baptized on July 12, 1957, at a five-day convention in Seattle that included special talks by those taking the lead with Jehovah's Witnesses, such as Nathan H. Knorr. Fred was one of 289 that got baptized in the nearby Lake Sammamish.

Fred was a zealous lover of true worship. He was a keen student of God's word and loved digging into the deep things of God in his study.

As an elder, he defended Bible principles and upheld Jehovah's righteous standards. While usually quiet and mild-mannered, if he felt something violated God's principles, his personality reflected Jesus' zeal in driving the merchants from the temple. Fred also loved the ministry. Even in his later years, he did what he could to advance the good news.



He met a lovely sister named Twyla, who shared his passion for spiritual things. And on February 24, 1978, they married. He truly valued her and loved traveling the world by her side. Together they visited Thailand, England, Scotland and cruised around the Mediterranean.

This also allowed him to visit museums and spend hours looking at art. He also had a lifelong appreciation for the art of Jehovah's creation. Whether on the golf course or in the ministry with the brothers, he loved a blue, sunny day.

He also looked for every opportunity to take an interest in others, give a good nature tease, and train and mentor younger ones. His friends described him as "never overly serious, just fun," and kind and ready to help.

In 1992, Fred and Twyla decided to move to St. George, Utah. It was a small, need-is-great congregation that they helped grow and thrive over the decades. Many have fond memories of reviewing the questions with Fred to become a publisher or baptized. One of the special joys of Fred's life was helping Geoffrey Lee become Jehovah's friend to the point of dedication.

The rest of the elder body enjoyed serving with Fred and appreciated his hard work as the congregation secretary for many years. He also served as the circuit accounts servant for a time. His detail-oriented nature helped him keep field service reports and accounting records. He never procrastinated and kept everything up-to-date and accurate.

Frederick Adair loved Twyla, his family, his friends, his congregation, and, most importantly, his God, Jehovah, until he went to sleep on April 1, 2023.

Just a few weeks before his death, his great-nephew Ken Scroggins, saw him eating grapes, slowly, carefully, taking a few bites in each one. He asked him what he was doing. "These grapes taste so good," Fred replied, "I'm enjoying every taste."



Fred was unassuming and appreciative of everything that Jehovah gave him. He was an unselfish man, interested in helping others whenever he could. And he did help many over the years in many different ways.

Even though the last few years were difficult for him, he was so amicable and kind to those taking care of him and visiting him. He always had a ‘thank you’ to share with ones who helped him. Just days before he died, when asked what he was concerned about, his first thought was not himself, but his answer was, “Twyla.”

Fred is survived by his wife, Twyla.

