



William J. Hillier

William J. Hillier of Houston, 84, passed away peacefully at home surrounded by his loving family on Wednesday, November 11, 2015. He was born in Madison, Ohio on March 28, 1931, to the late Glenn and Glenice Hillier. He was raised in Geneva, Ohio, served four years in the U.S. Navy during the Korean War, and then graduated from Miami University in Oxford, Ohio with a degree in accounting. His successful accounting career included ten years with Gerber Foods International where he became treasurer of the Mexico City division. He continued his work internationally and retired in 1991 after 20 years as a controller with the United States Agency for International Development serving in Central America, South America, and Egypt. William is survived by Ana, his wife of 52 years, and children Yvonne Hillier and Mary Snyder of Houston, William G. Hillier and wife Dianna of Arlington, Lisa Castle of Saybrook, Ohio, Amy Bagg and husband Guy of Hummelstown, Pennsylvania, and Laura Orenski and husband Jim of Humble. He also leaves behind grandchildren Caitlan Hillier, Jhenna Hillier, Bobby Hillier, Brian Castle and wife Angela, Laura Marchigiano and husband Tony, Jeffrey Bagg, and great-grandchildren Willa and Penelope Castle. There will be no memorial service. Bill requested that his remains be buried at sea and his family will honor this request at a later date with a private ceremony. Memorial donations may be made to either: Houston Hospice 1905 Holcomb Blvd. Houston, TX 77030 Texas Children's Hospital Volunteer Services Make checks payable to: Auxiliary of Texas Children's Hospital 6621 Fannin Ste. A-135 Houston, TX

77030 Hillier Ship Gone From My Sight I am standing upon the seashore. A ship at my side spreads its white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. It is an object of beauty and strength. I stand and watch it until at length it hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come to mingle with each other. Then someone at my side says: "There, it is gone!" "Gone where?" Gone from my sight. That is all. It is just as large in mast and hull as it was when it left my side and just as able to bear the load of living freight to its destined port. Its diminished size is in me, not in it. And just at the moment when someone at my side says: "There, it is gone!" There are other eyes watching it coming, and other voices ready to take up the glad shout: "Here it comes!" And that is dying...