



Mr. William Thomas Martin

August 31, 1962 - May 24, 2017

Mr. William Thomas Martin, 54 of Somerville, Al., The West Point community, died Wednesday May 24, 2017 at Crestwood Medical Center of Huntsville. Mr. Martin was born August 31, 1962 in Mississippi to William Thomas Martin Sr. and Patricia Gorton Martin. He was a photo journalist for the Decatur Daily. He was a member of the Huntsville Amateur Club and Madison County Amateur radio emergency service. Mr. Martin was a member of New Canaan Baptist Church in the Union Hill community of Morgan County.

Mr. Martin is survived by his wife, Meridith K. Martin, his parents: Rev. Bill and Pat Martin: one brother and sister in law: Jim and Barbara Martin, a niece: Ashley and husband Tyler Heckman.

Pallbearers will be Marshall Miller, Billy King, Bill King, Wyatt Starnes, Lonnie Starnes and Luke Wolfe.

Funeral service will be 2:00p.m. Saturday May 27, 2017 at Brindlee Mtn. Chapel Morgan City. Rev. Robert Cruise, officiating. Burial will be in West Point Cemetery with Arab Heritage Memorial Chapel and Brindlee Mtn. Chapel directing.

Visitation will be from 6:00 – 8:00p.m. Friday May 26,2017 at Brindlee Chapel Morgan City.

Cemetery Details

West Point Cemetery

903 West Point Road
(Morgan County)
Somerville, AL 35670

Previous Events

Visitation

MAY 26. 6:00 PM - 8:00 PM (CT)

Brindlee Mountain Chapel Funeral Home
3552 Highway 231
Lacey's Spring, AL 35754
(256) 498-7100

Service

MAY 27. 2:00 PM (CT)

Brindlee Mountain Chapel Funeral Home
3552 Highway 231
Lacey's Spring, AL 35754
(256) 498-7100

Tribute Wall

PM

“ 3 files added to the tribute wall



Patricia Martin - March 10, 2018 at 04:33 PM

DB

“ Diane And Jody Blake lit a candle in memory of Mr. William Thomas Martin



Diane and Jody Blake - June 06, 2017 at 06:25 PM

AM

“ I found out today that William T. Martin passed away. He was the chief photographer for the Rome News-Tribune (News Publishing Company) when I first started working for the company at The Cedartown Standard. He'd been at the RNT for years, not sure how long, but I admired his work. Most mornings when I arrived at the office, I would take a few minutes to look over the Rome News. I loved taking photographs back then, but I wasn't very good at it, and I wanted to get better. I studied the photos that he took, trying to figure out how he took them and what he was going for when he took them.

For several years, I just knew his name. In fact, his name, written out in every photo credit -- always with his middle initial -- is why I started using my middle initial in my by-line. I still use my middle initial (albeit it's different today) for everything I put my name on. Imitation is flattery they say -- and I wanted my work to look like his did, even down to the way the credit looked.

A few years passed, and I ended up meeting him in person at a company insurance meeting. Every time I saw him after that, he always had on a tan photographer's vest and most times an "Indiana Jones" hat. I think he thought of me like a senior thinks about freshmen -- wet behind the ears, annoying and not worth his time.

But something happened that changed that. I can't remember what assignment it was, but I had to shoot something for him and whatever it was, he liked. Maybe he saw some potential there. He started giving me chances to shoot for the RNT and I took them. I have no idea if I actually got paid, probably not. I do remember it was mainly sports assignments and we would meet up for lunch at Arby's after. That's when I learned about his love of trains.

Another time, I met him at the corner of Glenn Milner and East Second Avenue. Workers were installing a new traffic light. He handed me his Nikon and said shoot. He let me go for a few minutes before stopping and taking it back. We compared our shots when we got back to the office. Mine were from a distance, nothing special, really. His focused on the traffic light itself, the worker that was connecting it to the line. The man was tiny compared to the

huge traffic light. He said: People don't realize how big traffic lights are. Our job is to show them that. Always find perspective. I've never forgotten that. I learned about the rule of thirds that day, too. We worked the local aftermath of Hurricane Katrina together (Cedartown got hammered by several tornadoes) and he drove down from Rome and got his green Xterra stuck in a swollen, muddy ditch. Over a Snickers bar, he told me he wanted to live in an RV and chase storms and trains all over the country. Sounded fun to me. I don't suppose he got the chance to ever do that. Maybe he did. I haven't seen or spoken to him in years.

He shot the G8 Summit at Sea Island. Brought me back a few photos and a T-shirt. He called me one day while in Cedartown and told me to meet him at Jones and East Gibson. For what, I wasn't sure. He had just purchased a new baby. A Mamiya Medium Format camera with a shutter release cable. Apparently, in the train world, there is something special about the track around that area.

Something about a switch maybe. I can't recall what he was excited about, but he certainly was. I stayed there about an hour and pushed the cable button a few times and left. He stayed there for hours.

I was in Cartersville just a few weeks ago, downtown, and heard the train coming. For a brief moment, I wondered what he was up to. Today, when I saw his picture scroll up on my phone, I was anticipating a story about a photography award or something about trains. Instead, I just kinda stared at the headline for a second in order to understand that it was his obit.

"Photography is a way of feeling, of touching ... What you have caught on film is captured forever. It remembers little things, long after you have forgotten everything." -- Siskind

Aimee H Madden - June 01, 2017 at 09:06 AM

DW

“Meridith, so sorry for your loss. We have you in our prayers. Donna & Steve Webster

Donna Webster - May 26, 2017 at 09:30 AM