

For more photos and stories [visit Tim on Facebook](#).

*Distributed by Tim's Friend *Big Loveable*

Stories of love, friendship, and brotherhood.

When the world weighs heavy on you come to Tim Stories to lighten your load, put a smile on your face. Tim is both a person and a state-of-mind. Meeting Tim is an experience you'll always remember. His innocence and playfulness wears on you in a good way. His laughter and smile are infectious because they always come from the heart. People naturally want to hug him!

 Gretchen Van Almen Nicholas
I can be sad/bored, depressed/whatever and this face always puts a smile on my face!

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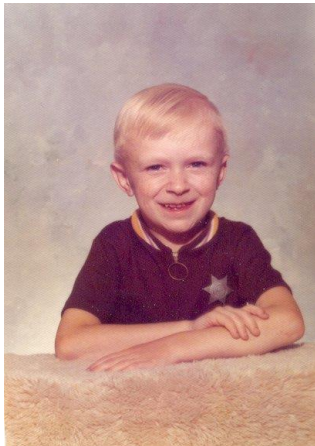
 Author
Tim Stories
He makes puppies and children smile wherever he goes! 😊

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Hi, I'm Dan, Tim's older brother and protector. I AM my brother's Keeper! It's a role I was destined for and one I have whole-heartedly embraced. I would not have it any other way.

Tim Stories began on Facebook when I wrote a little story about Tim. I planned on writing only one and moving on. But people kept egging me on for another and another, so I just kept writing of our experiences together.

This is a collection of what I considered to be the best Tim Stories. People have been asking for a book. This is that book. I



Sheriff Tim at 13 years of age.

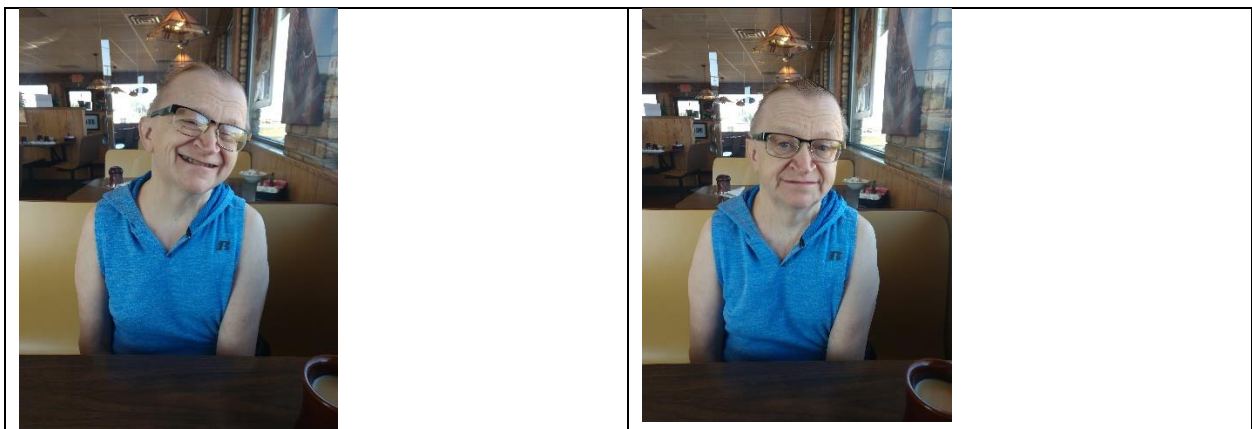
hope you enjoy it, and that Tim grows in your heart as he has in so many others. He's unique in every way imaginable. From the way he looks, talks, and thinks. Tim is a truly one-of-a-kind guy! If you come across Tim be sure to give him a shout out. People on the street and at the mall have approached him for hugs. Total strangers who were no longer strangers after a single hug!

About Tim

As I write this Tim is in his 59th year. He's a small guy whom many mistaken to be a woman because of his size. But he just laughs it off. I remember one time sitting down at a restaurant where the waiter made it a point to tell Tim where the Lady's Room was located. Tim thanked him and winked at me!

"I now know where to hang out in here." He said with a laugh. I don't think that waiter ever got over it.

He works as a dishwasher in a school for mentally challenged children. It's a job he cherishes. In the Summer when there isn't school, he would work other jobs. And they always wanted to hire him in full-time. But he wanted to get back to the school where the kids are. One of his proudest moments came when he was taken off the Temp Worker list and hired in. It meant a lot to him. For him it was a moment of acceptance. Oh, and the fact that now his Summers are paid time off! After all, he's no dummy!





Thrills in Unexpected Places

One thing that really gets Tim's goat is when his shoes come undone for no apparent reason. Of course, there's a reason. He didn't tie them tight enough to begin. He 'half-assed' the job.

Invariably, whenever we go anywhere, his shoes are going to come untied. I've come to expect it. "Wait for it." I tell myself. And like clockwork they come undone! "Oh, shiiiiit...." is the first indication that one of his shoes have come undone. Then he just drops over to retie the offender. No more warning.. BAM.. he drops over. Like the time he did this directly in front of me and I sent him scurrying to the floor in a fire storm of cuss words.

"You tripped me!" He cried out scampering back up.

"No, I didn't." I reply, "I ass-bunted you, pin head. There's a difference."

"Well, you knocked me down!" He said.

"Only because you threw your ass in the air at me." I smirked.

"You're lucky I didn't fall over your little bony body bonehead."

"Well, it's these shoes! They keep coming undone!" He explains. *"And YOU'RE the bonehead!"*

"Do you suppose they do this on purpose or perhaps it's because you don't spend enough time making sure your laces are secured in the first place?"

"They do it on purpose!" He laughs, *"They told me they do."*

"So now you're talking to your shoes? It's not enough that you talk to yourself now you're talking to your clothing?"

"Only because they never listen to me!" He snaps back.

"Maybe it's because you talk too much." I countered.

But the real hoot came the day we were standing in line at a Walmart. The line was long, and everyone was fidgeting as they do in a long line and Tim, who was directly in front of me suddenly, with a "Shiiiiit...", bends over as I moved forward. **BAM!** down he goes but this time his head finds its way into a "big" woman's tush standing in front of him! She does a quick jump and a yelp, as he instinctively claws at her hips in an unsuccessful attempt not to fall. Collecting himself up from the floor, cussing like a lumberjack while blushing like a fresh cherry pie, he faces the startled woman as he struggles to apologize for his sudden acrobatic show of affection.

"Oh, don't be embarrassed honey." The woman says to him straightening his ball cap, brushing his shirt, and tapping him on the cheek, *"That was the best thrill I've had in years little darling!"*



Dissecting the Frog

Falling in love is as mystical as falling out of love. We all search for the "why" but it's seldom very fruitful. Was it her eyes? Her voice? Perhaps the way she said our name? A look? The way she walked? The way she dressed? That sexy wiggle? Those legs! The way we connected on a 'higher plane' beyond the mere physical?

"Women!" Tim exclaims in frustration. *"I don't understand them."* He shakes his head. *"She drives me nuts!"*

"Welcome to reality." I muse aloud. "We're not supposed to understand them. It's like dissecting a frog. We dissect a frog to see what makes him tick but we lose the frog in the process."

I've lost him. He has no idea what I'm talking about.

"She doesn't have a frog!" He says sternly.

"Well, when you cut a frog open it's like trying to understand love. Dissecting love can kill the feeling." I struggle to explain.

"I'm not going to cut up a frog to understand Jesse!" He blurts out.

"No, I just mean when you cut up a frog you kill the frog in the process. Like if you try too hard to understand why you love someone you risk destroying the feeling." I know I need to shut up at this point because he's starting to turn red. He's pacing back and forth. New tactics are called for.

"So, tell me, what's got you all upset about Jesse?" I ask hoping to calm him.

"I have all these candy bars for her because I KNOW what she likes, and she ends up taking the ONLY ONE I LIKE!" he says. *"She's changes her mind all the time for no reason! She says one thing and then turns around and says something completely different. She can't make up her mind on anything. Now she says she never liked any of those other candy bars but ONLY the one I LIKE! I think she does this just to piss me off!"*

"Welcome to love." I smiled. **"You've just dissected the frog."**



Dog Farts

Years ago, I had this dog that would create the worse farts in the world. Just really horrible smells. And when he did one, they would disturb him so bad he'd pick up, walk in circles sniffing and *look at me!* Then after asserting the smell was in fact real, he'd come over to me to sit down!!!

Lit'l Tim, always supportive would say, *"He's trying to mask the smell!!"*

Oh That Tim!



Young Love

Tim and I were at McDonald's recently chowing down when in walks this young couple arm-in-arm. They looked good together, very hip. Playful, kissy-kissy.

Oh, young love, I thought as I watched their tender antics with one another. My mind drifted back many, many... many years ago, to my own young-love days. I smiled with the remembrance.

Then the guy's friends caught up with the couple. They hi-fived laughed and fell immediately into talking sports! And suddenly this young pretty girl lost her sparkle. She sat there stewing obviously wanting to be alone with her guy. She began to look lost in a sea of bravo and laughter. She rolled her eyes not saying a word.

Tim, always observant and particularly attuned to pretty girls, winks, and smiles at her. She returns his smile. Ahh, the beginning of a new friendship!

"You dog!" I laughed.

"Woof" he replies with a million-dollar grin.



We All Need a Friend

We're walking around the neighborhood picking up litter, laughing, joking with each other when suddenly this little mutt hell-bent on protecting his turf comes charging at us from around the corner of his house. He comes running right up to us growling and spitting. I'm getting ready to give him a boot when Tim says,

"Now, now, what's this all about?" The dog stops in mid run, sits, and begins panting. Tim talks to him a few minutes. The pooch stands up, barks once, kicks the grass backwards, turns to the house, and walks away wagging his little balled up tail.

"He's just lonely." Tim explains, **"Sometimes we all need a friend to set us straight."**



Magic

After eating a hearty breakfast Tim and I like to walk around Belden Village Mall. On this Saturday we entered at the Sears side as usual, taking in the sights and smells of "new". I'd love to buy some of that aroma in a can and spray it all around!

We exit Sears into the mall. As we approached a group of 7 or 8 elderly people on a bench, they stared at us curiously. We often get "the look" as people try to figure us out. They have questions about Tim mostly. Is he a "he" and what's wrong with him are typical thoughts that rattle around in peoples head upon first seeing him. He's used to it, we're used to it, it comes with who he is. He's unique.

No one in the group was talking or doing much of anything. Elderly people often wear such sad faces. I don't think they intend to it just sort of creeps out of them that way. Maybe it's the pain they live with, or the pills that are supposed to take away the pain! I know because I'm not too far away from them! I find certain pains creeping up on me. I often take time to study such pain in myself. Almost as if we are having a conversation, the pain and me. "Now," I say to myself, to the pain, "what is going on here?" My left hand will want to crawl itself into a ball at times. I just watch as the fingers bend in wondering how far they will actually bend inward.

Tim has pain as well. He's a funny guy. He'll give me "The Look" as he touches his knee or elbow. He registers surprise in his face. "We're only getting older." I tell him, "You old fart!"

The group on the bench shuffle a bit, the way birds on a ledge will shuffle. They stare straight ahead at us. Their sad expressions seemingly engulfing each of them in their own thoughts, their own worries. But wait, what is this coming?

Tim and I are laughing, poking each other with funny names. "Mom farted you out." I tell him. "She said she was shocked to see you, a boy-child, looking up at her. She thought you were a case of gas and there you were, smiling up at her like a nit wit."

"That's not true!" He comes back, *"Mom said she found you along the side of the road wrapped in a dog blanket pin head."*

As we came upon the group on the bench Tim, looking straight at them, stops, does a silly little dance and exclaims, **"TA DA!"** as he throws his arms wide open in a short bow to the group. All of their faces lit up! Every one of them. It was as if he threw a switch and like a string of LED lights, they all flashed on. Eyes bursting with excitement. One lady clapped as her smile took up her entire face! And in that moment no one felt pain. They were all riveted on Tim and his little performance from the heart.

"What in the hell was that you did?" I asked him after we had passed.

"Magic." he replied.



Tim "armchair shopping" in the mall where the 'magic' took place.



Let's Have Church

Sundays finds Tim up early (as with every day) to watch his religious programming. It's one of the main reasons that when he moved in with me back in 1997, I had to get a television. For fifteen years I did very well without a TV, but I knew that when Tim moved in I would have to buy one. Television is essential to him. He sees the world through television.

I can hear Tim praising the Lord, clapping, raising ruckus, singing, shouting, dancing. He's having Church and it's a spectacle to rival anything on television. A one-man show of flapping arms, grimaces, laughter, Halleluiahs, and shout outs to "his" television audience. At times I join him. We all need support in the things we enjoy, we want to share them with others. For Tim, this is one of the highlights of his week. So, I'll dance with him as we clap and make praise with the choir on his television. I always manage to get him laughing with my crazy dancing. *"Are you feeling OK?"* he'll ask.

I'm not big into Church these days. I'm not against Church either. Tim needs it, I don't. I've spent many years studying and looking into various religious concepts and ideas, counter, and pro. But I'm no expert. And in the end, we just don't know what happens after life. Tim, however, is solid in his belief. He's a little rock. So, if he enjoys it, if he gets something out of it, I'm good with that. And maybe, just maybe raising a little Heaven on Sunday is the answer to what we're looking for.

I remember watching a movie a long time ago, a John Wayne flick, wherein a Mexican fellow helps to repair a church roof. Wayne's character questioned him on this, "You're an atheist, why are you doing that?" The Mexican replies because no one can really be sure what happens when we die. He's taking out a little "insurance" by doing a good deed, just in case he's wrong.

As a kid I spent a lot of time in Church. It was a big part of our lives. And for the most part I enjoyed it. But after years and years of this, I even use to go to Church before school, carrying my church books with me. I found it losing its appeal. And somewhere along the way I just stopped going. So, Tim keeps that part of my past alive in me. He never wavers.

Upstairs, before his Big Screen television Tim's giving a rendition of, *Amazing Grace*, that is unlike **anything** else you've ever heard. He holds his remote control (he calls it simply his "mote") to his mouth like a microphone and dances with the choir on his television.

"massing gace how weet da bound

saved wench like me!

loss, now bound

bind, now pee

gace talk me beer

gace my beers relive

presushon gace a pare

hour I be leeved.

twot gace talked my herd to beer

grace my beers re lived

presushon gace a pare

how I peeeeed."

It's a one-of-a-kind performance which, for good or bad, I have a front row seat to. And it goes on..

every..

single..

Sunday,

in our home.



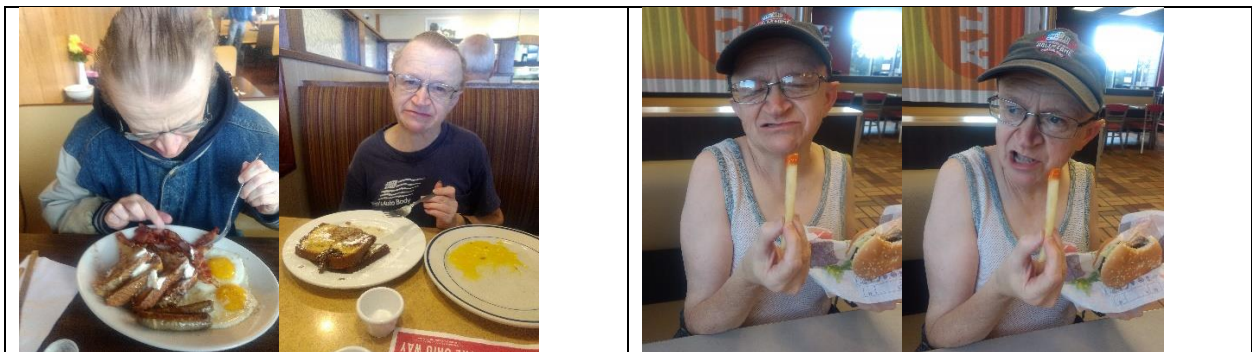


Tim as 'Dirty Harry'.



Art Garfunkel

Sunshine Café





Maria with her "Favorite Customer". Tim brings out the smiles! [Sunshine Café](#).



Rocky Times

Tim's had rocky times with his best friend Jim "Bob" that could have destroyed their friendship but for Tim's capacity for forgiveness.

Jim-Bob stole Tim's girlfriend Ruth away. The ultimate man-insult between friends. I had a similar experience.

I thought I was safe introducing this beautiful woman to a friend of mine. He stank, he was downtrodden all the time. He was often dirty. I thought I was safe! WRONG! Live and learn, right?

It was a problem between Tim and Jim Bob for quite a while. I didn't like seeing him like this because for the most part Tim is pretty positive. He lost his girlfriend AND best friend -- *the double whammy!* But if anything, Tim is a survivor.

Jim ended up marrying Ruth, but Tim and Jim Bob have renewed their friendship in a beautiful way. Recently I asked Tim how is it going between them since those horribly dark days.

"I got over it, but Jim-Bob is still suffering." he smiled

Tim the Watercolorist.



It's demanding work!





Lost Receipt

Tim saw a group of city workers digging a hole. Well, one digging, three watching.

He told them they needed to be digging further down Market Avenue, near the library.

"That's where I lost my receipt." He said.



Garbage and Gold Coins

After the Christmas holidays, we had a heck of a time getting the garbage picked up. It seems to happen every Christmas. It's as if the Sanitation folks decide they can just ignore a few houses and all is well.

And so, the garbage piles up. I call, they say they couldn't find it! Called again, closed. Decided to place a bag out front with a note directing the guys to behind the building where it's been collected since, oh, the 60s! They took that one bag, left the rest. I figured they couldn't read.

So, my next-door neighbor gets involved, he calls, they came out, picked up the trash. Next week rolls around, no pickup! More calls. They come to get it.

Another week comes by and Tim sees they are about to leave without picking up the trash! He yells out to them something like, *"Hey! I dropped abunchofgoldcoinsoutbackhelpmefindthem!"*

The guys rush to the back of the building where Tim tells them now that they are there they can take the six bags of trash with them!

Oh that Tim!



Dr. Phil

I can hear Tim upstairs in his bedroom yelling at his television. This time he's not raising Cain in union with a televangelist. This time he's cheering Dr. Phil on. Today Tim, like Dr. Phil, is a Psychiatrist.

I don't know, nor do I want to know, who's the victim of Tim's Psychoanalysis. But he's getting really worked up. He's shouting out laws I've never heard of. He's clapping, dancing, laughing, screaming, preaching, prancing. I can hear it all from my 'easy chair' in the living room where I am trying to concentrate on my book. Occasionally I look up to make sure the chandelier isn't about to come crashing down.

Then upon those famous Dr. Phil words, "berightback", Tim makes a break to dash down the stairs to announce,

"BOY! There are some REAL NUTS in this world!"

"Obviously." I reply dryly.



No Intro Needed

Tim and I were chilling at the park today when a woman neither of us know ran up to the car, smiled and waved at Tim! Now tell me that's not being a babe-magnet?

"Do you know her?" I asked surprised.

"*Is that important?*" He replied.

Oh that Tim!



Persistent Girl

This girl was bugging Tim for a date. He's not crazy about her but she was persistent. Day after day, she wanted a date. He kept making excuses.

Then came the day he could no longer dodge her. She wanted that date! In desperation he wrote down, "*The first number that came to me.*" and handed back the slip of paper she had crushed into his hand.

It was MY phone number on that slip of paper!!!!!!

Anyone want to date a really, really, persistent girl?



Snore Trek

Tim was asleep on his bed. Star Trek on his television. He often "watches" television with his eyes closed. *"I'm just resting my eyes."* He says. But this time the snoring gives him away. He doesn't believe he, of all people, snore!

"I don't snore!" he insists.

"Yes, you do." I reply.

"NO, I DON'T!" he says.

"Your snores wake you up, so how do you know if you snore or not? Knot-head."

"I know I don't snore knuckle-butt." he replies.

He's asleep, and he's snoring. Believe me, he's snoring!

I slide to the floor at the foot of his bed and crawl around to the right side. I'm really low, flat on the floor.

"Captain Kook to Spook, are you there? Come in Mr. Spook." I say in my hands to muffle my voice. Tim mumbles to himself. I can hear him shifting his weight.

"SPOOK!" I say louder, "This is Captain Kook. I'm here with Snotty and Bonehead. Beam us up now Mr. Spook."

Tim rolls over onto his side facing the wall. I shake his mattress lightly. "Beam us up Spook." I say again. He mumbles to himself. He's awake now, but not by much. He rolls to the edge of the bed, the edge where I'm laying just below. I shake the mattress again.

Tim is a huge Star Trek fan. He has several models of the U.S.S Enterprise dotted around his bedroom. I printed posters of the famed spaceship for his walls. He has a huge poster of some of the main characters in a wooden frame at the head of his bed. He can't pass a Star Trek magazine up without wanting a copy. He doesn't read but he can extract a lot of information just by looking at the photos. It amazes me how observant he can be when he wants to be. I get up really early in the morning to study the Old Masters before trotting off to work. There is so much information in one great drawing by these men, and women, it can be a bit overwhelming. For the Masters didn't just turn up a lip, an entire array of muscles are involved and if you know what you are looking at you'll see how they all interrelate. Tim is that way with his Star Trek. He knows the characters, and the episodes. He never tires of it.

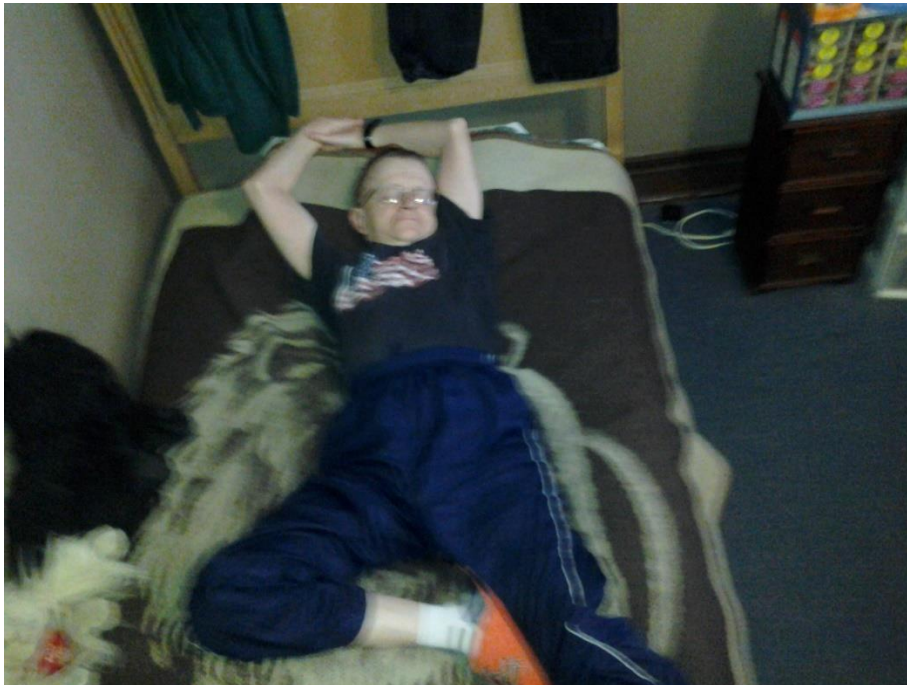
"Spook, this is Captain Kook, Snotty, and Bone-Head. DAMN IT MAN BEAM US UP! THAT IS AN ORDER! We've found your brain."

"I'll beam you up." He says still groggy, "And your nose will find my fist along the way."

"Is that any way to talk to your Captain?" I ask. He shakes a fist at me. Then his arm falls over the edge of the bed.

He's snoring again. Beaming anywhere is out of the question, for now.

Snore Trek waits for no one.





Head held back.. what could it mean? We don't know! Only Big Jim-Bob knows the secret meaning.

The Black Top Gang

Tim and I enjoy our visits to what we've dubbed, "Our Favorite Restaurant", ie, [Sunshine Cafe](#) on Rt 62. This is where many of the photos of Tim are taken. You see his smiling, happy face, as he's about to dive into yet another plate of pure happiness. But there is a darker side to him we need to address here.

Sunshine Cafe is a comfortable little restaurant run by Gus and Maria. Gus tells me he used to have a big restaurant in Cleveland but that it became too much for him and his family. Cleveland's loss is our gain!

These are wonderful people. Every year they pack up and travel back to Greece. And every year Tim and I await their return eagerly. We love to give them a small gift when they do return just to let them know how much we appreciate them. For it was a lucky day for us when we were forced to search out a new eatery after our old one closed on us. Seek and ye shall find, right? And it's here, at the Sunshine Cafe (OFR), that the Black Top Gang took root.

The Black Top Gang is a very unique gang in that during the day they tear things up but at night they completely restore everything. The perpetrators of this wild mayhem are Tim and his accomplice "Big

Jim-Bob". Gus likes to keep a running tally of their activities on his iPhone. He makes weekly inquiries into their shenanigans. He asks me how many times the police were called. What Tim had been up to during the week. How and where were the greatest destructions carried out. Were there injuries? Fires? Burglaries? Robberies? Who were the victims? Were the police involved? Do they know where Tim has been holding up during the week? And so forth.

"Back in the day.." there was a mafia guy known as 'The Chin'. His underlings were never allowed to mention his name, ever. The penalty for doing so was a swift death. The guys would only touch their chins to indicate who were sending commands to them.

With Tim it's his donuts. Yes, his donuts. When he's eating a donut, he is secretly sending commands to his "enforcer", Big Jim-Bob. It's like the hand signals other gang members use. But with Tim the signaling is done by the way he's *holding* his donut. Or the way he *throws his head back* while holding a donut. It could be the way he *tweaks his neck to one side* while holding a donut. He may elect to simply *contemplate his donut* to send a signal. Maybe it's a certain *mugging he does* while holding a donut. A *coyness in the way he looks out* at his audience while holding a donut ever so gently. In this way he conceals his communications from the public and the police. That is, until he actually eats his donut.

Then it's anybody's guess as to what in the Hell he is saying!



Contemplating his donut. What does that mean?



Head cocked to one side. Donut held delicately. What could it possibly mean?



The "Mug". What could THAT mean? Again, donut held delicately.



That special "Look" only with donut held delicately, tempting a conversation. But only "Big Jim-Bob" knows the secret messaging.



The EATING of the donut! What could that final act mean?



The Bank Doesn't Make Mistakes

Here's the IRS at work. Two weeks ago, we received two checks from the IRS, each for a little over \$523 but each different. They said they owed Tim \$500+. Some tax credit thing.

I deposited one check, threw the other in a drawer to await the "You made a mistake" letter, it's never their mistake, OK?

The other day I received two letters thinking the "you made a mistake" letter arrived but noooo. Both letters state the IRS is, or has, sent us a check for \$519!

This reminds me of the time a bank teller accidentally doled out \$300 to Little Tim and later insisted they did not make a mistake! My mother could not get them to take the money back. It didn't come from her account. What should she do she asked me? Deposit it! I said. After all, *the bank doesn't make mistakes!*



When the Phone Rings

Tim's upstairs in his room going crazy. The cable box is acting up. He's in a rage, spitting, stomping, kicking an imaginary foe. It sounds like a small tornado has landed in his bedroom. I'm keeping my distance; I DON'T KNOW NOTHING! as I listen to him verbally assault his television.

Few things can get Lit'l Tim this worked up. Television is one of them. But also his friend "Jim-Bob" has a knack of calling at the exact time which Tim explicitly tells him *not* to call... during one of his "must see" shows. Jim calls him every time. And worse, he lets the phone ring and ring and ring, insisting Tim picks up because he knows he's there watching one of his favorite shows! It's a vivacious circle with these two. It's a circle I prefer to stay out of as it completely changes Tim from this friendly, sweet guy, into a raging lunatic, mad psychopathic creature, yelling at the phone which he refuses to pick up. Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Tim!

Today, it's the cable box. He dashes downstairs to interrupt me with the latest "news" about what his cable box is doing. He has sound, but no picture. The thing is doing a count down. I tell him to hang tight, that the cable company is probably doing something to the system.

He dashes back upstairs. More yelling, screaming, stomping, crazy talk of suing someone, anyone!

Back downstairs he scurries, another out-of-breath (and unwanted) "update". He runs through a list of stations he can get and those he cannot. The can-nots outnumber the cans. He's not a happy camper. His face is red, the veins in his neck bulging.

"You're not going to explode?" I ask him. He ignores me, dashes back up the stairs.

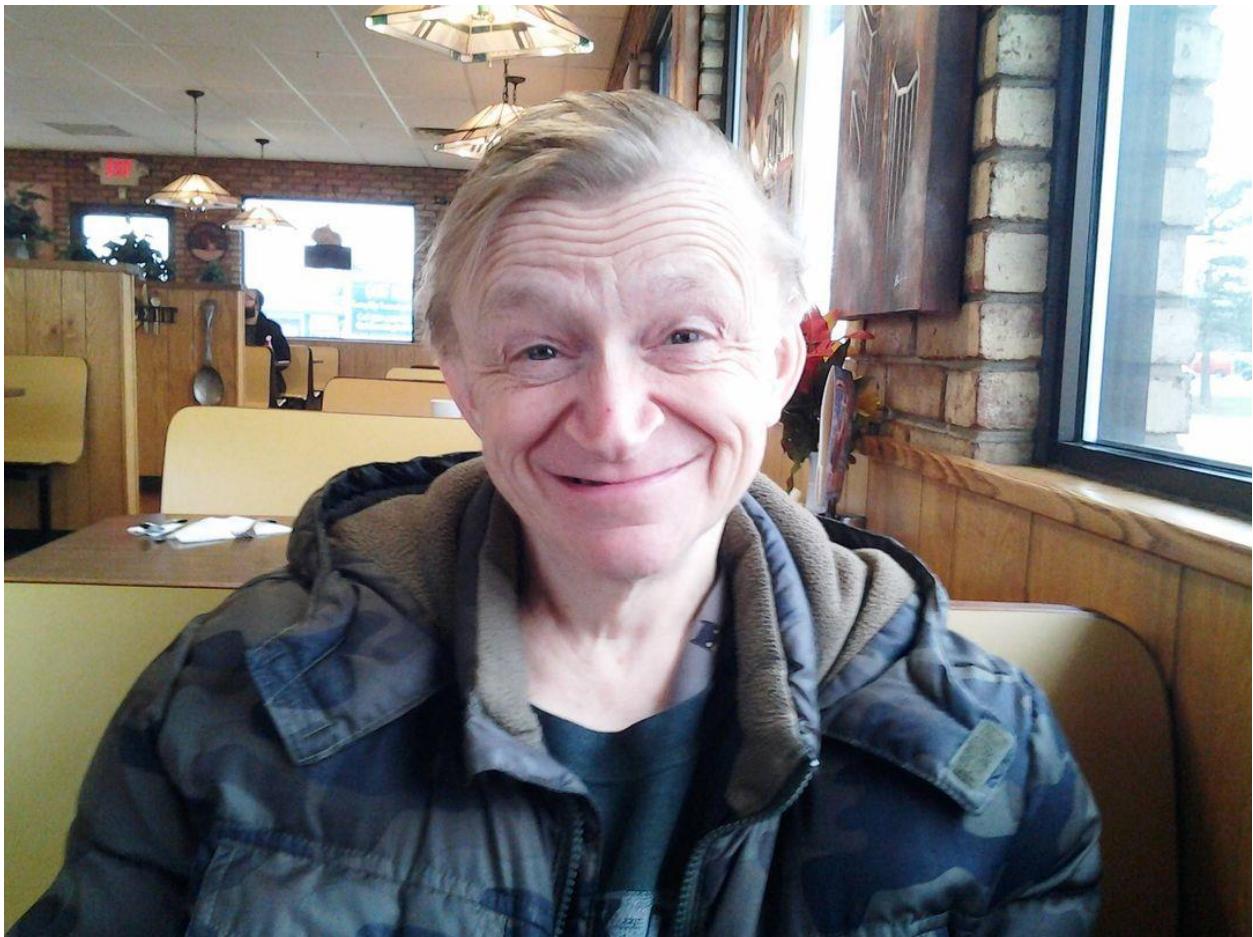
Good Lord, I say to myself, is this one of those tests we hear about? Can't you just shoot me?

Now Tim is really mad! I can hear him kicking things in his room. He's screeching. I laugh to myself. What a little nitwit. Then nothing. Silence. I listen, and it's quite up there. Do I go and investigate? **NO!** Best to stay put in my 'easy chair', maybe he fell asleep, why wake a dragon, right?

After a while Tim comes down to fetch his coffee pot. He's calm, relaxed, under control. He gets his coffee to haul upstairs and walks by me with a grin on his face. He's happy, I'm happy, everything is right with the world once again. I say nothing, I ask nothing, why spoil things?

Now I begin to hear the voices from one of his favorite shows, which accounts for the serenity on his elfish face. As he begins to ascend the stairs with anticipation and a fresh pot of coffee in hand ...

... the phone rings.



I'm So Happy

Tim's been laughing all weekend. Everywhere we've gone he's been laughing. So much so that several people commented on it. The Security Guard at Giant Eagle said he sounded like a hyena laughing so much!

When I asked him why he is laughing so much he replied, *"I'm so happy!"*

Works for me! We need more happy people in this world.



A laugh and a smile you will never forget!

The Miracle of Tim

Tim puts a smile on people's faces. His laugh is contagious. Wherever we go and he's laughing, people will be smiling and laughing with him. Which is funny because most of the time they don't know why he's laughing, only that he's laughing and having such a great time of it.

I think people smile and laugh with Tim because his laughter is not only abundant but pure. There is no faking it with Tim. He laughs because something amuses him, and people sense a sincerity and innocence in his laughter.

Anything might set him off laughing. He was once surprised to see a spider hanging from a hat rack. That had him laughing heartily. There was the time he saw a squirrel looking down at him from a weathervane. more laughter. A small child looked up at him and said, "Freeep", and Tim was off and laughing.

Laughter is the opiate for depression. It can get us through rough days. And when we can laugh at ourselves, at all the stupid things we are bound to do, or say, we know we can face just about anything and come out alright. Our brains need to know we do not take ourselves too seriously. We need to laugh. We are designed to laugh and to enjoy the world around us. Tim does this very well. He sees humor where others see nothing at all. Or, because their busy lives make them overlook common place joys they miss out on insight and laughter.

Tim is my reminder not to take myself too seriously. There are serious events in our lives but ultimately, we are all Temps. We're here on a temporary basis. We don't know for how long, or under what circumstances our lives will be concluded but as long as we are here, we need to make room for laughter and joy in our lives.

The Miracle of Tim is by being just who he is, who God made him, and not pretending to be any more than that, he brings smiles and laughter to both friends and strangers a like. If you ever meet him, you will not forget him. He is truly one of a kind, unique, and in my view, a miracle I need in my life.





A Time for Tim

I never tire of spending time with Tim. When we are apart, I'm always anxious about getting together again. Years ago, a girlfriend asked if we got married what would we do with Tim? The answer was clear to me, she's gone and he's still here! We come as a package deal or we don't come at all. I've never lost a moment sleep on that decision!

I've been told I need to live my life, now. I do. It's with Tim. He's not holding me back; he's lifting me up. I gave up bar-hopping a long time ago. That's a time in my life I don't care to revisit. It was fun at the time, it isn't any more. Tim's not really a "bar-type". And neither am I. I've had fun, but those days are behind me. And thank God! Our father spent his best days riding a bar stool. *We're not him!*

Once I blew through a red light anxious to pick Tim up from his friend Jimmy's house. The Sheriff deputy said, "I know you were trying to slow down for that light." I said, yes sir, but I wasn't. I simply blew through it with a whole string of cars behind me. The officer tapped his fingers and said, "Well, you have a safe year sir." and walked away! *He walked away!* Never even bothered to look at my driver's license,

proof of insurance, etc., he just walked away. The whole thing took less than 60 seconds. What? I was on a mission to pick Tim up and someone, somewhere, was looking out for me. I've slowed down since. No sense in pushing my luck, endangering everyone else in the process.

"I kept telling mom I wanted to live with Danny." Tim says, "Danny, Danny, Danny!" When she could no longer look after him, he moved in with me. We've been together for nearly 20 years now and I can only think of one time we had a falling out. And it was due to me. Stress just got to me and I ended up breaking his radio by accident. His painful cry stays with me to this day. It was as if I stuck a knife in my own heart. A part of me felt crushed for a long, long time. It was a stupid incident but if you've ever loved someone and ended up hurting them you know the feeling. It never happened again.

But our record together is a good one overall. Tim is a great brother, a friend, someone I can trust 100%. My only regret is that I can't clone him for the rest of the world. And that is a shame more than you'll ever know.



Tim swears he saw a Mermaid. Probably creek-gas!



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