

Thank You, Timi's Family and Friends
Thank You, Timi

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Thank You, Timi's Family and Friends

Thank You, Timi

I want to thank all of Timi's family and friends for the love and support that they gave to her and to me, during the many months of her illness. Thank you for being her friend.

Timi had so many friends. The cards and letters still keep coming in. Rather than send each of you a short note, I have decided to send each of you this letter, telling you of the many ways in which you all helped to make Timi's last months a period of quality life, in which she was active, busy, surrounded by loving and caring friends, and able to die in peace, love and dignity. I will make no attempt to mention every kind thing that each of you did; that would be impossible. The countless cards, letters, phone calls, meals, visits, outings, bridge games, and shopping trips were far too numerous for me to recount. Rather, I will simply tell you a few of the memories that I have, of my last few months with Timi. These memories include you, her family and friends, because we all shared her. Relating these memories to you is my way of saying, "Thank you," to you. They are also my way of saying, "Thank you," to Timi, of expressing my love, affection, and appreciation for her, of saying the Goodbye that she would never let me say before she died.

Timi's Response to Cancer

Timi found out that she had cancer in early April, 1988. After diagnosis, she underwent a mastectomy in May, and chemotherapy and radiation in the summer and fall. Although the outlook was never promising, Timi never stopped fighting the disease. Last fall, it appeared to be in remission.

The confident, competent, and loving care of Dr. Salmon and the staff of the Arizona Cancer Center – Karen, Ardie, Vicki, and Anita – was, I believe, a major factor in her staying the course of the cruel disease for as long as she did.

In January, however, signs reappeared. Timi began chemotherapy again for a brief time, but concluded that it was not working. In late March, in the hospital, realizing that she was losing the battle, she sobbed, "Oh, Georgie, I'm not going to make it."

Because she had so many friends in Tucson, she wished to spend her final months in Tucson, and so we moved from our home in Sierra Vista to the Cimarron Place apartment in Tucson.

The Hospice Program

When Timi became convinced that aggressive treatment measures were not slowing the disease, she entered the St. Mary's Hospice program. As you are aware, the objective of the Hospice program is to provide palliative care to promote quality of life for terminally ill persons. It helps them to get the most out of their final time, and enables them to die at home, in a very human way, among family and friends.

The Hospice program was exactly what Timi needed when she abandoned aggressive treatment. Once she was convinced that the end was near, she did not want to waste any time on further treatment, when she could spend it with her friends, instead. The Hospice program gave her the means to spend her time in a meaningful, active, happy way, with her friends, until the day she died.

In spite of the grave prognosis, Timi lived the last months of her life to the fullest. In my view, she was able to accomplish this goal, not only because of her indomitable spirit and will to live, but also

because of the tremendous support of her family, friends, and physicians and staff of the Arizona Cancer Center and the St. Mary's Hospice program.

Timi loved many things. Most of all, she loved to be with people. She derived much pleasure from the social interaction and intellectual stimulation of duplicate contract bridge. She loved to cook, to shop, to go for rides in the car and on picnics, to knit, to quilt, to show her relatives and friends Arizona, to get ready for Christmas and Thanksgiving, to go to church, to keep house, to interior design and landscape her home, to sit by the pool. With the support of her family, friends, and medical staff, Timi was able to continue to do many of these things.

Until the last two weeks of her life, Timi rose early – at 6 or 7 a.m. – and fixed breakfast. All her life, Timi was a superb cook, and she usually spent several hours in the afternoon preparing a "gourmet delight" for the evening meal. Even in the last few months, she made an effort to prepare a few complete dinners. To compensate for her inability to serve her family elaborate dinners, her friends brought much food and prepared many an evening meal in the last few months.

Timi loved to be with people – to talk with them on the phone, to visit with them, to help them with their problems, to shop with them, to play bridge with them. When, at the beginning of April of this year, Timi came home from the hospital, she was recovering from a serious infection. Gradually, under St. Mary's Hospice care, she regained her strength. Words cannot express my gratitude to the Hospice program for enabling Timi to recover, and to have the energy and freedom from pain to carry on.

At age 13, Timi spent several months in the hospital, after a back operation. Since that time, she vowed never to spend time in bed. Throughout her life, no matter how bad she felt, she got up and

kept going. From the time she returned from the hospital and recovered from the infection at the beginning of April, she never spent one day in bed. She kept going until the day she died. Although Timi was never to spend time in bed, I know that, if the St. Mary's Hospice program had not kept her appetite up and kept her out of pain, she would likely not have achieved that goal.

I can't emphasize how well the St. Mary's Hospice program succeeded in giving Timi "quality time." The morphine and Percocets kept her out of pain, the diazepam/Valium reduced her anxiety and helped her breathe, the dexone kept her energy level and appetite up to the end. And, of course, without the miracle of portable oxygen, she could never have kept going out and being active.

Timi Never Complained

Throughout her life, Timi never complained about aches and pains, even though she was often troubled with back pain. Through her entire illness, she never complained. She never complained about the prospect of dying young, or her mastectomy, or the nausea and hair loss from chemotherapy, or the infections, or the edema and skin problems, or the destruction of her lungs, or having to sit up all day long and all night long for six months, or the dry mouth, or having food get stuck in her esophagus, or the constipation, or the sweats, or the restlessness, or the insomnia, or gaining fifty pounds, or her swollen arm.

Timi Was So Strong

Timi's illness was an emotional roller coaster. The devastation of hearing the initial diagnosis. The anxious hope that modern science could cure the disease, that the one-in-a-million miracle would be hers. The crushing realization that a remission was over, when symptoms and signs reappeared. Biting one's lip, and

keeping one's composure, when the doctor breaks the bad news. Coping with the media blitz that asserted that, if one imaged enough, or visualized enough, or laughed enough, or meditated enough, or relaxed enough, or ate all the right foods, the battle would be won. Coping with the sense of failure when nothing worked, and the disease resurged with increasing fury. The guilt of "Why me?" Why so much suffering and a cruel death for a good person?

I am so very proud that she fought on, never complaining, in the face of the relentless and inexorable progress of the disease. I know that I could never go through what she did – a cruel death for a good person – without a single complaint. As Larry DeLucia remarked on the note accompanying the flowers sent by ACBL Unit 356 – "To our redoubtable Timi, with Love." I am so very proud of you; so honored of having the opportunity of sharing your life and your fight; of seeing your victory over cancer. It may have destroyed your body, but you never gave in. You fought the good fight. The disease never broke your spirit. The victory is truly yours. I feel so honored to have served you in your trial; yet I feel so very humbled and inadequate in the face of your tremendous strength of character. I so admire your courage and ability to stay cheerful and to continue with life, and to continue to hope, no matter what.

I wanted so much to say goodbye. We had 18 months to say goodbye, but never did. Right at the beginning, Timi declared that, "There aren't going to be any 'hang-dog' looks around here." One day, near the end, I was looking at her across the table, on the verge of tears. She evidently read my mind. "Now don't be getting teary-eyed," she admonished. Except for the single statement in the hospital, Timi never cried. Timi was a sensitive, caring person. Throughout her life, Timi cried many tears for many people, but, with that single exception in the hospital at the end of March, I never saw her shed a tear for herself.

Timi was a remarkable woman. She faced her ravaging illness and death so bravely. She has set an example that is so hard to follow. She died hard, but well, with bravery, dignity, and grace.

"And the Roman asked:

'Was this well done of your lady?'

And the servant answered:

'Extremely well, as befitting the last of so many noble rulers.'"

Timi Was So Full of Life

She had lots of energy – perhaps too much at times. Initially in the program, she did not sleep well. The steroids had given her a good appetite and lots of energy, and she could get by on just a few hours' sleep a night. So happy just to be alive and recovered from her infection, Timi would get up very early to fix breakfast. One morning, I awoke – at 4 a.m. – to the sound of singing in the kitchen and the smell of bacon and eggs. She was so pleased and proud to have fixed breakfast. I was so proud I wanted to cry. The next morning, at 3:30 a.m., I woke again to the sound of singing and the smells of cooking in the kitchen. Incredible as it sounds, when I entered the kitchen, she was at the sink, dancing a little jig, and singing, "Hey, diddle diddle, The cat and the fiddle." She was so full of life. My heart was breaking.

A few days later, she was dancing and singing again – this time, "Rub a dub dub, three men in a tub."

No more "Hey diddle diddle." No more "Rub a dub dub."

Timi had remarked on several occasions to her friend, Pat, that, "The good ones are always the first to go." She told me when we were first married that she would die young. Long before her

illness, she had commented on several occasions that she would never see her grandchildren. Although she saw much sorrow in her life, she never lost her joy of living, her happiness, or her commitment to her family and friends. Although she may have felt regret for dying early, she was never bitter.

Timi's Faith Was Unshakable

As you know, Timi was a woman of strong religious faith – a true Christian woman. Timi kept the family going to Church every Sunday. Up to a week before she died, she and I attended Northminster Church every Sunday, no matter what – in the wheelchair, on oxygen. Every day, for as long as she was able, she read the daily devotionals printed in the church bulletin. She insisted that we read them before we read the morning paper. Near the end, her eyes started to fail, and she asked me to read them aloud to her, and to read Psalms from her large-print Bible. I know she must have wondered why she was to see so much tragedy in her life, and was to die a slow, premature death, her body gradually destroyed. But she never lost faith or hope. Her faith in God was unfailing.

She had a lot of faith in me – certainly more than I deserved. One day, two weeks before the end, she had a rough weekend. A few days later, I told her that Jackie Thomeczek's church had prayed for her, that my parents and their church had prayed for her, and that I had prayed for her. She told me, "I would get better if you got down on your knees and prayed." I did, but it just didn't work. I felt so helpless. My poor baby. I love you so.

Timi Was Strong-Willed

Timi was a strong-willed, "take charge" woman, and she enjoyed being in charge of the household. Just a few weeks before the end, one of our cars had broken down, and was parked near the Double

Tree Hotel. I was going to get it in the morning. No way, she insisted; it just wouldn't do to leave the car parked on the street. She made a call to find out just where the car was, and called her friend, Pat. We got the car that evening.

After just a few weeks in the Hospice program, Barb, her Hospice nurse, told me that, in her view, Timi, with her determination, would keep going until the day she dropped – and she did. When Timi's friend, Pat, asked Helen, Timi's other Hospice nurse, how Timi could keep on going, Helen told her it was just sheer force of will.

Timi had always been a strong-willed, take-charge person. As her Aunt Florence related to me in a recent letter, "I remember how she was always a leader, head of the pack. I can see all of Woodland Street traipsing behind her as they marched in and out of the house with Timi at the head. And it was the same on Mills Avenue. Timi always in the forefront with a string of willing followers behind her. They were always doing something or planning something or going somewhere, usually in such a hurry they didn't have time to wait for 1:00 lunch, so they fixed their own snacks and took off."

Timi Loved Me

Timi loved me so, and wanted to be near me. She quickly abandoned the hospital-type bed that we had rented, preferring to be by my side in our own bed, even though – her assertions to the contrary notwithstanding – I strongly suspect that it was less comfortable for her.

On the Tuesday before her death, I had to go to Sierra Vista to check on the house and get the mail. She wanted to go with me. Sick as she was, she insisted on going to Sierra Vista with me, her oxygen at the six-liter-per-minute maximum level.

Timi supported me so. I won't even try to mention all of the ways – helping me through graduate school, encouraging me when I was down, being the accountant and administrator for Vista, our firm. On the morning of September 5, I had to get up early – 3 a.m. – to do some word processing on the computer. Timi insisted on sitting by my side the entire time. Finally, at 5 a.m., I couldn't bear to keep her up any longer, and insisted that we go back to bed.

Even a week before her death, she had a sense of humor. The past few days had been very difficult for her, and we could not always understand what she meant. I had commented to Dr. Amadei, and to some of her friends on the telephone, that Timi's conversation was not always rational. When I told her that we should go back to bed, she kidded, "You should be ashamed of yourself, keeping me up all this time just to prove I'm rational."

Timi Loved Life, and Arizona

Timi loved Arizona, and, in particular, Tucson. The best move we ever made was coming here. She wanted to live here and to be buried here. She loved the desert, the mountains, the sunny skies, the warm days, the casual lifestyle, her many friends.

On Saturday, the day before she died, Timi asked me to let her sit outside in the wheelchair. I told her that, with the temperature at 100 degrees, she should stay inside. She insisted; we sat outside the apartment door.

After a while, she asked me to wheel her around the Cimarron Place apartment grounds. She asked me to stop so that she could look at the Catalina Mountains. My little trooper; I'm so very proud of you.

Finally, she said, "Let's go for a drive in the car." Hardly able to walk, she made it into the car. The effort was so great that she had

to ask me to stop the car, before we left the parking lot for the road, to rally her strength. We drove up Swan Road to Baskin-Robbins, where she had me buy her a chocolate frozen yogurt cone. Then, she asked me to drive along Sunrise, down Craycroft, and along Fort Lowell Road, back to the apartment.

This was Timi's last farewell to the Arizona and Tucson she loved.

Timi Cared for People

Earlier that day, she had received a call from her friend, Ellasue Chaitt. She was so tired, she had to tell Ellasue, "I'm sorry, Ellasue, I can't talk. George will have to talk to you." We went to bed early – about 8:30 p.m. After a while, she got up, and asked me for some writing paper and a pen. She tried, half successfully, to write something. I asked her what she was trying to write. She told me that it was not nice not to talk with someone who had called you, and she wanted to tell Ellasue that she was sorry. To the end, Timi was concerned for and considerate of her friends.

The End Was Peaceful

The last few days of Timi's life were filled with calm. She dozed a lot. She just wanted for people to be with her. She listened to them as they talked to her; it seemed to soothe her. In charge to the end, she was always very specific about where each person would sit near her.

On Tuesday morning, September 5, at 5:17 a.m., Timi sat up on the side of the bed. In the last week and a half of her life, Timi dozed a lot. She was not always fully alert, and when she spoke, it was not always clear what she meant. At that time, however, she was very exact, and her words were measured. She told me the following. After hearing it, I told her that I would have to write it down to remember it, and she repeated it exactly.

She said, "Call all my family and friends together, and say to them:

'When the time is come,
And we are done,
I want everyone to know,
That she has done
Wonderful.
Amen."

Later that morning, after we got up, I asked Timi if she remembered saying this. She said no.

Timi died peacefully. During the last night, she had gotten up a number of times, and I was very tired. After she went to sleep for the last time, I did not awaken until eight o'clock. I felt that the end was near, or else she would have been up at six or seven. I didn't try to arouse her. At ten, I moved her arm. It was limp; there was no response. At noon, I called the Hospice nurse. She told me what I already knew, that Timi was in a coma.

At 1:00 p.m., Charlie and Jessie dropped by, after church. Charlie and I looked in on her. She was breathing peacefully. Charlie and I talked for a couple of minutes, while I stood in the bedroom doorway. I walked over to her. She wasn't breathing. "Charlie, I think she's gone." The tears flowed. Jessie comforted me: "Oh, George, I'm so sorry."

"For thou desirest not sacrifice; else I would give it:
Thou delightest not in burnt offerings.
The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit;
A broken and a contrite heart, O God,
Thou wilt not despise."

As Jessie later described Timi: "In death her face looked like a dozing cherub, eyes closed, lips slightly parted, her head resting on her left shoulder, the kind of cherub one might find on an ancient cathedral, on an exterior wall up high, very peaceful."

Oh, God, thank you so much for giving me this wonderful woman, for thirty-three years of love, affection, caring, companionship, and happiness. I was so blessed.

Timi was the greatest thing in my life. She was indeed wonderful. She was so full of the joy of life. I had the good fortune to be with her for over thirty years. I miss her so.

Our marriage was very good. It wasn't perfect. It was like the weather in Tucson – mostly sunny days, with occasional intense storms.

When Timi left Brenau College to join me in Pittsburgh after we were married, her chemistry professor, Dr. Fletcher, told her, "Thank God I knew you." That's exactly how I feel. Timi, Thank God I knew you.

On several occasions, Timi's friends told me that Timi was lucky to have a husband to help her so. I was always surprised at these remarks. Timi gave me thirty-three wonderful years. It was I who was the lucky one. All I could give her in return was a few months of being with her – and that required no effort at all!

From 1956 to 1989, Timi gave me thirty-three wonderful years. She loved me and helped me. There is no greater feeling in this world than having someone love you. Timi gave me thirty-three wonderful years. I shall never forget her. Sweetie, you were so wonderful. I love you. I miss you so. Thank you, Timi. Goodbye.

Some Personal Thank-You's

Thank you, all of you, for helping to make Timi's final days as filled with life as were the previous ones. Alone, I could not have accomplished this. I was only a part of her life, and she was always able to give me far more than I was able to give her. Timi loved life and people. She loved being around her many friends, hearing of their activities, their problems, talking with them, helping them. The Hospice staff kept Timi out of pain, and gave her the appetite and energy to go on. Her Dad gave her the means with which to move back to Tucson and to shop. Her friends, with her to the end, continued to fill her life with meaning. Thank you so very much.

Timi was so proud of her friends and their support of her. Her closest lifelong friend was Jill Hall, from Virginia. Jill visited in late March and in the week before her death. Her friend Ellasue Chaitt, from Maryland, also visited twice. Her family – sisters Carol and Kay, brother Steve, father Leon, Aunt Florence and Uncle Russell, all visited in the last few months. My brother Charles visited, last Thanksgiving. These visits were personal statements, from Timi's family and friends, of their love and esteem for Timi. They pleased her so. I can still hear her proudly informing her friends, on the telephone, "My friend Jill is coming to see me," or "My Dad is coming to see me." She was so proud that you cared enough of her to come.

Pat Carnes, thanks for your help and your emotional support. When Timi called for you, you always came. When she asked you for your advice about continuing with chemotherapy the second time, you told her, "Timi, how much pain do you want to go through?" You helped her know that she was making the right decision. With your constant, positive, "we-keep-going-no-matter-what" attitude, I know that you helped Timi realize that dying is a natural part of life, and made it easier for her. Thanks.

Dr. Amadei, you knew just what to say. When Timi asked you, a few months ago, how much longer she would live, you told her the story of your patient who should have died three years ago, from liver cancer. You knew just how to handle her. She never asked that question again.

Whatever the problem was, your positive attitude was, "Well, we'll fix that," or "Well, we'll just try something else." As a fighter, that was just what she wanted to hear. Timi knew she was terminally ill, but that didn't mean that she was going to roll over and die. It didn't have to be today. As long as she could, she was going to fight for every additional day of life that she could have, and enjoy them to the fullest extent possible. No resignation, no acceptance, not giving the disease any quarter, fighting every inch of the way – let's do something! What she wanted to hear was confident assurance and a plan for action, and you served her well. She had complete confidence in you.

Drs. Salmon, Rogoff and Campbell. You gave Timi full confidence that she was receiving the best possible care, and doing all that she could do to fight the disease. When well-meaning friends on occasion would call and tell her of some new cure for cancer, Timi politely listened to them, but never considered for a moment that she was not already receiving the best that science and medicine could provide. Your "bedside manners" were superb. You put her at ease. You comforted her. You explained the course of treatment. You rallied behind her in her fight.

Your staff were so wonderful – understanding, loving, and caring – Karen, Ardie, Vicki, Anita, Dorothy, Jean.

The Hospice staff were so wonderful. Her nurses Barb Hert and Helen Battiste were so upbeat, confident, and understanding. She loved to have you near. I can still remember, on Saturday, the day before she died, how Timi pleaded with Alva, her personal care

provider, to stay longer. Lynn Gransie, you know how much happiness you brought to Timi, through your counsel on her friends' reaction to her dying, and through your successful efforts to bring our family together.

Reverend Mohr, Timi's faith meant so much to her. I am sure that it is because of that faith that she never complained. She so looked forward to your visits, your reading of the Bible, your prayers. She appreciated your counseling so very much. You assured us, that although God may not grant a miracle of physical recovery, he will surely grant us the courage, strength, determination and peace of mind to live through our ordeal; that He shares our burden every step of the way; that she could face death with calm, in the knowledge that He is with us. Timi had peace of mind. Her last days were filled with calm. She had no fear. She died peacefully; she just went to bed, touched me one last time, and went to sleep.

Reverend Stevenson and Reverend Rowley, we appreciate your visits, counsel, and prayers so very much. Timi's faith in God was a central part of her life. She lived a good, Christian life, all her life, and imparted her faith to her husband and children. Her faith was always tangible – a matter of fact; she never questioned or doubted or wondered. When life got rough, her faith was the rock on which she could reglue the pieces back together again – not just for herself, but for all of us – and go on. Her faith is the reason our marriage lasted; it was the source of strength that she could give to our children and to her family and friends in their darkest hours.

Timi received much encouragement and love from church friends – Jessie and Charlie, Florence Brown, Delores Ray, Audrey Hunter, Jean Rowley.

I know that all of you helped to keep that faith firm, through the ultimate test; through the darkest hours of her devastating illness; in

the face of an untimely and undeserved death that she and I did not understand.

Jay, Chris, Steve – she loved you so much, and wanted so much to ease your burdens and keep you on a firm, right course. Jay – thanks so much for the Mother's Day poem; the first-born is so special. Chris, you are your mother's son; thanks for being a reflection of her – sensitive, caring, so able to say the right thing to comfort her. Steve – she was so proud that you are carrying on, in spite of your incredible burden.

To Mother

"What do you do when there are
no real flowers to cry over?
No bearers of bright moments
for dreary Sundays.
I looked for my gentle bloom
in the fields of franseria
yet always find it
where it will always be.
Home. Oh Home, Mother perennial,
what makes you so beautiful?
Sweet in your Spring Loving in Fall
Why must we smell the Black Flower?
The winter will not be long.
Your seeds are strong.
The welcome Spring rains
will bring the fragrance, the petal shroud
around your face, beaming sunshine
to my memory.
But these things are more than memories.
They are life itself.

– Jay

Thank you for expressing your love to her. It meant a great deal to her in her final days.

Pat – thanks for giving the eulogy, for saying all those things that I just couldn't say, at that time. Timi was comforted by the poem you read to her, and promised to read in your eulogy to her.

To Those I Love

"If I should ever leave you
 whom I love
To go along the silent way,
 grieve not,
Nor speak of me with tears,
 but laugh and talk
Of me as if I were
 beside you there.
(I'd come – I'd come,
 could I but find a way!
But would not tears and grief
 be barriers?)
And when you hear a song
 or see a bird
I loved, please do not let
 the thought of me
Be sad...for I am
 loving you just as
I always have...
 you were so good to me!
There are so many things
 I wanted still
To do – so many things
 To say to you...
Remember that I

did not fear.. it was
Just leaving you
 that was so hard to face...
We cannot see beyond...
 but this I know:
I loved you so – 'twas heaven
 here with you!

-- Isla Paschal Richardson

Timi was generous, with her time and her possessions. She was often knitting on a sweater for a friend or relative – even last year, until her eyes and concentration were no longer up to the task. When she knew she was going to die before long, she made plans to give all of her jewelry away, to her friends and relatives. Pat – thanks for taking the time to help Timi sort everything out. Although not of great monetary value, Timi's jewelry was special to her and to me. We bought much of it on vacation, around the world. On vacation, we generally spent mornings at the beach, afternoons shopping, and evenings in a restaurant. Timi delighted in poring over display cases, to find "just the right piece." Leon and Sara, Timi was indeed her mother's / father's daughter. She had to know that what she bought was not only right for her, but a good deal as well.

She always asked me what I thought of a piece she liked, before making her decision. Most pieces were special – either a Christmas / birthday / anniversary gift from me, or the result of a purchase on a vacation on which we fully enjoyed being together. She wanted her friends to share in wearing something that held pleasant memories for her. You pleased her so in expressing your delight in her gifts of love.

Kay and Carol – you were such special sisters. Kay – she picked out her special Indian jewelry pieces for you, and wanted you to

have the new clothes she bought at the end. Carol, she could talk so easily to you. Thanks for taking over on the quilt – she'd been working on it for at least a year.

Steve, she was proud of the close relationship that you and she shared at the end. Thanks for your poem about your childhood memories of her.

Leon – she was so very proud of you. She wanted the world to know how very much you were helping her near the end. She loved you so. She tried so hard to stay strong on the phone, when she was talking with you, even though her heart was breaking for the sorrow she knew you felt for her.

Timi's Dad, Leon, did much to help her near the end. He paid for the apartment in Tucson, and sent money for shopping. Timi always enjoyed shopping – she had a keen eye for style and value, and enjoyed finding a bargain. After coming home from the hospital and joining the Hospice program, Timi gained a great deal of weight – about 50 pounds. In order to keep going out – to the movies, to bridge, to shop, to Luby's Cafeteria – she needed new clothes. She delighted in shopping. Always a lady, feminine, aware of her looks, perhaps self-conscious of the ravages that cancer was wreaking on her body, she made a special effort to buy pretty clothes, to have her hair done, to dress up.

When it came to shopping, Timi was inexhaustible. Even with her body ravaged by cancer, she could outdo the rest of us. As her friend, Pat Carnes, related in her eulogy: "Timi was exceptionally generous with her time, energy and gifts. She seemed to know what we needed or could use oftentimes when we were not aware. I am reminded of one of our last shopping trips together. Timi was obviously physically uncomfortable, pushing her oxygen cart and loaded with clothes to try on and her special shopping glint in her eye. I hollered at her across the shop – 'You give a whole new

meaning to 'Shop until you drop.' Her response was: 'And don't you forget to tell them at my eulogy!'"

Thanks, Leon, for providing the wherewithal for her to shop, to buy new clothes, and to be near her friends.

Florence, you were her favorite aunt. There was a special bond between you two. Thank you for coming to see her. She enjoyed the books you sent her, especially the one with the Bible verses. I appreciate your letters, and your support of our family. You have always made me feel a welcome part of Timi's family.

Cousin Joyce, you were very special to Timi. She was proud of you, loved you, admired you, and enjoyed your company so much.

Sherrell, Timi really enjoyed the visit you and Dallas' family made, and your other visits in the hospital and to the apartment.

In addition to Timi's many friends in the bridge world, we had a number of "couples" friends outside of bridge – Charlie and Jessie Wetzel, Phil and Kathy Silvers, Marty Diamond and Paula Wilk, Conrad and Marie Welch. Not only did Timi enjoy your company, but she was very proud of your interests and special abilities. She admired your personal and professional accomplishments, and bragged on all of you to her friends.

Charlie and Jessie, we had so many good times together, especially the times in Mexico. She loved you both. She always enjoyed showing your art to our friends, Jessie, and was so impressed at how you and Charlie could dance. She admired your Christian attitudes and service, and enjoyed your company so. Thanks for being with us when she died.

Phil and Kathy, she valued your friendship and admired your Christian lives. Through your calmness, love, and exemplary lives,

you helped Timi realize strength and achieve peace of mind. She truly enjoyed your company. Thank you for the reception after the funeral.

Marty and Paula, you took the time, so many times, to visit us. Timi loved your upbeat manner, joy of living, and stimulating conversation. She enjoyed your visits, and enjoyed reflecting on the trips we took together.

Conrad and Marie, we really enjoyed our ski trip together. Thanks for keeping in touch, and sending flowers so often.

Eleanor and Ron Furtak, Timi really enjoyed the Fourth of July at the Cushing Street Bar and the fireworks display afterward. Thanks for being such a good friend and visiting so often, Eleanor. My heart aches for you both, for the loss of your son on the day of Timi's death.

As you know, Mabel, after Timi's mother, Sara, died, you became her surrogate mother. She loved you so.

Timi loved to play duplicate contract bridge, and her friends continued to support her to the end in her bridge. The concentration of the game helped tremendously in keeping her mind off her burden. She was very good at bridge – a couple of months before she died, she won three Tuesday games in a row at the Bridge Center. She played in the Desert Empire Regional Bridge Tournament in August with her friend Joane Janega. Her friends helped so much in assisting her in getting to the games – coping with the oxygen, the wheelchair, the footstool, the pillows, the fan, the ice, the frozen yogurt and tofu, her pocketbook. Although many of her friends helped, I am particularly indebted to Barbara Bray for the many times she picked up Timi and brought her home. And thank you, John Puscas and Ed French, for making Timi comfortable and very much at home at your bridge centers.

To her close bridge friends in Tucson – Joane, Oz, Royl, Lee, Kiki, Fran Frances, Percy Brown, Gordon, Enid, Peggy and Jim Miller, Peggy Halverson, Fran Marble, Jerry, Jackie Thomaczek, Helen and Chris, Sue, Barbara Bray, Jo, Sydney and Randy, Mary Helen, Barbara Downey, Marian and Peter, Zita, Steve Kaplan, Marge, Dane, and many others – thanks. I can't name all of you here, or I would have to reproduce the Unit 356 directory. As you know, Timi was always impressed by the way her bridge friends stuck with her through thick and thin. I enjoyed getting to know Timi's friends better; until we moved back to Tucson, many of you were just names in telephone conversations.

Fran and Dave Reiner – our next-door neighbors in Tucson – thanks for checking on Timi so often, fixing dinners, and helping with the groceries. Thanks to you and Enid for introducing us to Trost's bakery. Thanks for keeping the biscuit jar filled with jelly beans, and thanks for helping with the party.

Joane and Oz had us over for dinner several times, before it was too much for Timi to spend the evening out. She really loved you.

Jerry Poole Brock – you were Timi's lifelong friend – her "friend from second grade," as she would tell her friends. It pleased her so to tell her friends of your long friendship, and your many telephone calls.

Thanks to my many friends at Bell – Conrad, Howard, and all the others. Timi was delighted with the biscuit jar which you gave her – thanks for selecting such a special gift, Wendy.

To my friends, Bill and Eric, thanks for your many offers to spend time with me during the last months of Timi's illness. I really appreciated your offers, and you probably wonder why I rarely accepted. I simply didn't want to be away from Timi. Although her

dying was painful, being with Timi was never a burden – I just wanted to be with her all of the time.

To Connie, thanks for your poem. Timi really enjoyed visiting you and Paul in your home. Timi felt a special bond with you. Southern girls stick together.

Timi

For Timi, who taught me the meaning of courage

"When it was time to make your last call
your wonderful spirits lightened us all
Your smile will stay with me the rest of my life
and it was always there – through sadness and strife
They say that God always picks the loveliest flowers
and I suppose it's true, since he took ours.
There are so many friends who will miss you so much
and all of your partners who will miss your light touch.
For now, all of your bright light is gone
and it is for us who knew and loved you to carry on.
We will try, through or tears, to remember with a smile
for we know we are apart for only a while."

-- Connie Whitehead

So many people helped and offered help – Laurie and Judy Planting, Melodee Stankus, many others. I am very impressed with how kind people are. At Luby's, Eleanor went out of her way to make sure that Timi was comfortable, and felt at home. At the various shops Timi visited – the Women's Collection, Lady Madonna – the staff were so attentive and caring.

Elfie's and Abstrax Hair Salons – you were so helpful. Timi was a lady, feminine, to the end. She never stopped caring about her

appearance, and the appearance of our home. She got her hair done regularly – thanks, Elfie, Veronica and Christy – for helping to make her feel like a lady to the end.

Winnie – thanks for those cards from all over Europe.

Maria, you were so special. Timi admired you so, and loved you.

Joan Lloyd, you were a special help. Thanks.

To our friends in Sierra Vista, thanks for your help and offers of help – Florence Brown, Diana Smith, Margarete Gallaer, Jessie and JB King, Joyce and Elaine, Doi and Roger. Peggy and Harry Wilder – thanks for taking the time to write, during your own grief.

To Timi's friends from Virginia – Joan, Martha, Jean, Bette, Frieda, Jackie and Ziggy, Marilyn and Joe, and many others – thanks for keeping in touch.

Mom and Dad: Mom, Timi loved you so. As you know, you and she had a perfect mother-in-law / daughter-in-law relationship. She talked of you often. She was so impressed that you never had an unkind word for anyone. She loved you so. Dad, thanks for your support in these trying times. Timi was so pleased at the role that religion has played in your life in recent years, and told me she loved you.

Anita and Don, Timi always looked forward to your visits, because she enjoyed your company so much, because you are kind, like to talk, and like to shop.

Timi really enjoyed your visit at Thanksgiving, Charles.

Phyllis – Timi was so impressed with Aunt Margaret. She never forgot our visit with you in 1970.

To Cimarron Place apartments – Sylvia and Cassandra – thanks for giving us a beautiful, peaceful, quiet place to live, during Timi's last days.

Abbey Medical – your very pleasant staff took extra care to insure that Timi's oxygen supply was uninterrupted. And Walgreens – thanks for being available 24 hours a day, and filling Timi's many prescriptions fast and courteously.

To all our friends who helped and offered to help, I hope that no one was offended when we declined help. The offers were more than we could accept.

To all of Timi's friends, thanks so much for all the flowers, cards, visits, gifts, food, dinners, telephone calls. Thanks for your contributions to the American Cancer Society and other charities on Timi's behalf. I apologize for not mentioning all of her many friends and their expressions of love and support – there were so many.

She loved you all.

Saying Goodbye

I hope that you will indulge me this opportunity – this catharsis – of expressing my thanks to Timi, and saying to all of you – her family and friends – the Goodbye she never allow me to say, and I just couldn't say, before she died.

"Are you going away with no word of farewell
Will there be not a trace left behind
I could have loved you better
Didn't mean to be unkind
You know that was the last thing on my mind"

When Timi first got sick, I used to comfort her by reminding her that we are all going to die – that she was just "leaving the party and going home a little early." I told her and myself that the many months of her illness would give us a long time to say goodbye. I really thought that we would get to say goodbye. One of the things that hurts so much now, however, is that we never said goodbye. Oh, how I wanted to let my emotions go, to tell her how sorry I was that she had to suffer so; to beg her for forgiveness for the many mistakes I'd made, for not being a better husband, for being such a difficult person to live with; to tell her that I couldn't bear for her to leave; to let her know my pain. But this was not to be. At the very beginning, she had declared, "There aren't going to be any 'hang-dog' looks around here!" If she, enduring suffering and facing death so bravely, could be so strong, how could I do less.

"God gave me that girl to lean on
Then he put me on my own
Heaven help me be a man
And find the strength to stand alone
I don't like it, but I guess things happen that way"

Timi was my lifelong wife, my best friend, my constant companion, my reason for getting up in the morning, the love of my life. The thought of losing her was unbearable. I simply refused to dwell on the probable outcome of her illness. I got through our ordeal by telling myself, "You play the hand you're dealt," and by living each day one day at a time. Timi was here today; we were together. That was all that mattered. Being with Timi was easy. Being without her is not.

"I'm only human
I'm just a man
Help me believe in what I could be
And all that I am
Show me the stairway

I have to climb
Lord, for my sake
Teach me to take
One day at a time
One day at a time, sweet Jesus
That's all I'm asking from you
Just give me the strength
To do every day
What I have to do
Yesterday's gone, sweet Jesus
And tomorrow may never by mine
Lord, help me today
Show me the way
One day at a time"

Timi never broke down, so how could I? To keep from doing so, I simply put the final event out of my mind, and lived one day at a time.

The Loneliness

Music has always meant a lot to me; I have enjoyed it very much. My favorite music is songs about life – ballads about love, happiness, sadness. It seems strange that most of my favorites have always been about losing the one you love. Must our worst fears be realized?

All through my life, when I heard these songs, I would relate to Timi. On the numerous trips to Sierra Vista in the past few months to care for the house and pick up the mail, I would listen to them. Timi heard these songs scores of times, but although she never said it, I'm sure that many times she listened just out of consideration for me.

These songs express my feelings in a way that I never could.
When things go wrong, the words hit home.

Oh, Tim, why did you have to leave? I didn't know it would hurt so bad; I didn't know I could hurt so bad.

"Well, this is it
That day is here
The day I knew would come
When you would leave me, dear
Well, here I sit
While teardrops fall
And wonder why I care
When you don't care at all
Well, this is it
That day is here
It's no surprise and yet
I can't hold back the tears
Well, here I sit
And try to guess
How such an empty room
Can be so full of loneliness"

"The easy part's over now
It's time to cry
The easiest part of all
Was saying goodbye
The easy part's over now
And you are gone
Now comes the hardest part
Being alone
Time is the only friend
That I have left here with me
But can that healing hand of time
Erase your memory?

The easy part's over now
We've come to the end
The easy part's over now
And the hard part begins"

"Is it really over?
Is this the end of the line?
Don't tell me I'm losing
The love that was mine
If you're really leaving
Take some part of me
So I'll always remember
How sweet love used to be"

"Evening shadows make me blue
When each weary day is through
How I long to be with you
My happiness
Every day I reminisce
Dreaming of your tender kiss
Always thinking how I miss
My happiness
A million years it seems
Have gone by since we shared our dreams
But I'll hold you again
There'll be no blue memories then
Whether skies are gray or blue
Anyplace on Earth will do
Just as long as I'm with you
My happiness"

"So I feel so blue at times, I want to die
And so I've got a broken heart, so what
They say that time will heal all wounds in mice and men
And I know that someday I'll forget and love again

But just between you and me
I've got my doubts about it
'Cause just between you and me
You're too much to forget
So I've lost the only girl I ever loved
And so I've never felt so bad, so what
I'll just tell myself each time I want to cry
That someday time will dry these teardrops from my eyes
But just between you and me
I'm not so sure about it
'Cause just between you and me
You're too much to forget"

The Memory

Timi, I shall never forget you.

"I remember you
You're the one who made my dreams come true
A few
Kisses ago
Ah, I remember you
You're the one who said
I do
Didn't you know
I remember too
A distant bell
And stars that fell
Like the rain
Out of the blue
When my life is through
And the angels ask me to recall
The thrill of them all
Then I will tell them
I remember you"

"It's such a pretty world today
Look at the sunshine
And every day's the same
Since I met you
It's such a pretty world today
Knowing that you're mine
And happiness is being close to you
And though the rain may fall
Our skies will all be blue
If I look close enough
The sun will come shining through
It's such a pretty world today
Look at the sunshine
Today and every day
Since I met you"

"If I had to do it all over again
I'd do it with you"

"With this ring I thee wed
An angel here beside me
Just a moment more
And heaven will be mine
With this ring I thee wed
As every dream inside me
Comes true each time I hear the church bells chime
This little band of gold I hold
Will soon be on your finger
A kiss, a vow, a moment so divine
With this ring I thee wed
And now you're mine forever
To have and hold until the end of time
With our hearts tied as one
We leave the church together

Together as we know we'll always be
In a life just begun
This day will live forever
Like blossoms in a treasured memory
Your big bouquet may fade away
But as the years go by, dear
I'll take your hand and say each day anew
With this ring I thee wed
I vow I love you truly
And every day will hear me say, 'I do'"

"She wears my ring
To show the world
That she belongs to me
She wears my ring
To show the world
She's mine eternally
With loving care
I placed it on her finger
To show my love
For all the world to see
This tiny ring
Is a token of tender devotion
An endless pool of love
That's as deep as the ocean
She swears to wear it
With eternal devotion
That's why I sing
Because she wears my ring"

"Have I told you lately that I love you
Could I tell you once again somehow
Have I told you lately that I love you
Well, darling, I'm telling you now
My world would end today if I should lose you

I'm no good without you anyhow
This heart would break in two if you'd refuse me
Well, darling, I'm telling you now
Have I told you lately how I miss you
When the stars are shining in the sky
Have I told you why the nights are long when you're not with
me?

"Well, darling, I'm telling you now"

"I can't stop loving you
I've made up my mind
To live in memory
Of old lonesome time
I can't stop loving you
It's useless to say
So I'll just live my life
In dreams of yesterday
Those happy hours
That we once knew
So long ago
Still make me blue
They say that time
Heals a broken heart
But time has stood still
Since we've been apart"

"Everybody's reaching out for someone
Everybody's knocking at some door
And long before I ever found you
You're the one that I was reaching for"

"In the misty moonlight
By the flickering firelight
Any place is all right
Long as I'm with you

In a faraway land
On the tropic sea sand
If your hand's in my hand
I won't be blue
Way up on the mountain
Or way down in the valley
I know I'll be happy
Anyplace, anywhere
I don't care
In the misty moonlight
By the flickering firelight
Anyplace is all right
Long as you are there
I could be happy in one little room
With only a table and a chair
As happy as I'd be in a kingdom by the sea
Darling, if you were there
And I could be rich, or I could be poor
But if you were by my side
I could be anyplace in this whole wide world
And I know
I'd be satisfied
Way up in the mountain
Or way down in the valley
I know I'd be happy
Anyplace, anywhere
I don't care
In the misty moonlight
By the flickering firelight
Anyplace is all right
Long as you are there"

J. George Caldwell
4540 Cerco del Corazon
Tucson, Arizona

(602)299-7371
October 10, 1989

Timi Caldwell

Timi Caldwell, wife of J. George Caldwell, died of cancer on September 10, 1989, at age 50. Née Timothy Gale Tinsley, Timi was a native of Spartanburg, South Carolina. She lived in Alexandria and Fairfax, Virginia, during 1967-1981, and in Tucson and Sierra Vista, Arizona, since 1981.

Timi graduated from Spartanburg High School in 1957. She attended Brenau College, Duquesne University, and Carnegie Mellon University. She forewent completion of her own college education in order to devote time to raising her children and to help put her husband, George, through graduate school.

With her husband, George, Timi served as principal of Vista Research Corporation. She did the firm's accounting, and administered contracts in the US, the Philippines, and Africa. In 1982, she founded Sonora Fashions, a ladies' wear shop that specialized in imported fashions from the Philippines and Mexico.

A devoted mother, Timi served as a Cub Scout Den Mother, and church school worker. She was previously an active member of the Northminster Presbyterian Church in Tucson, and a member of the Faith Presbyterian Church of Sierra Vista at the time of her death.

Timi will be missed by her friends in the Tucson, Sierra Vista, and Northern Virginia bridge communities. In 1979, she was elected President of the 2800-member Northern Virginia Bridge Association; in 1980, she earned the NVBA Woman of the Year award.

Timi is survived by her husband of 30 years, George; her three sons, Jay, Chris and Steve, all of Tucson; her father, Leon H. Tinsley of Spartanburg, South Carolina; her brother, Steve Tinsley of Charlotte, North Carolina; her sister, Kay McCallum of Pageland,

South Carolina; and her sister, Carol Huie of Greensboro, North Carolina.

A Funeral Service will be held at 9:00 a.m., Thursday, September 14 at East Lawn Mortuary, 5801 E. Grant Road, Tucson, Arizona, 85712, with interment following at East Lawn Cemetery. Friends may call Wednesday, September 13, at East Lawn Mortuary, from 5:00 to 9:00 p.m. In lieu of flowers, family and friends are asked to consider donations to the American Cancer Society.

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