

Message from Tim's Brother, Jim (in Canada). Read by Karen Masatsugu (Kwassui University)

We are, of course, shocked and saddened by the news of Tim's passing. As I know the church today is filled with his friends, colleagues and students from Japan... I thought I'd take this opportunity to describe what Tim was like as brother growing up in Canada.

Tim was born, and grew up in East York, a quiet suburb of Toronto. We lived in small house on a cul-de-sac, or crescent. Our house overlooked a ravine. For many years, we shared a room, which meant we took turns waking each other up early on Christmas mornings to race downstairs to see what presents Santa and our parents had left for us under the tree. He was three and a half years older than me, and was always introducing me to new things to read... which, in the early days, meant Superman comic books, and the Hardy Boys. Later, it meant Mad Magazine, National Lampoon, and National Geographic. Being a boy in Canada meant playing road hockey almost every day after school, during the cold winters. I can't say that Tim was a natural athlete, but I do remember he had a particularly "wicked" wrist shot that would strike fear in all my friends, as he seldom could aim with any consistency.

We shared a love of music. In those early days, we'd listen to lots of Beatles records. I remember we each chipped in a couple of dollars to buy their "Abbey Road" album when it came out. For years we listened to our growing record collection on an amplifier he had purchased for his electric guitar on which he had dabbled. We both joined a bowling league near our house, and were bowlers for many years. We spent entire summers at our family cottage, where we would both water ski every day, always towed around by our Dad. Tim would even learn how to "slalom ski", whereas I never could quite master it. Lots of swimming. Lots of pretending to be super heroes. But, really, when I look back, Tim always interested in reading. Books. School. It's likely no surprise to anyone in this room that he was a life long student.

In our high school, East York Collegiate Institute, he brought the student newspaper back to life, as served as its editor. This was before computers, and every issue had to be typed out on a typewriter, articles laid out by hand, and sent to a printer. He managed student writers, wrote stories and editorials, and chased after advertisers.

He was also interested in student politics. He wasn't interested in the glory of being elected. He just wanted it the process to be done right. In his final year of high school, he was the very active "Speaker" of the school parliament. In fact, he was the only person I had ever met who subscribed to "Hansard", the word-for-word transcription of what was spoken in the Canadian parliament.

He was always very interested in the arts. Starting in a high school, he would attend live theatre in Toronto, and would often take me along. I clearly remember him taking me to a play in a small theater to see a rather avant garde play that was set to the music of jazz great Billie Holiday. I had never heard of her before. Now, I had. He dragged me along to many concerts, and I'm glad he did. He introduced me to Bruce Springsteen, Elvis Costello, The Boomtown Rats....the list is a long one. When I was in high school, I remember Tim inviting me to the Scarborough Campus of the University of Toronto, where he was living at the time, to see a triple bill of Peter Sellers in different Pink Panther movies. So, yes, his interests were eclectic.

His university years extended beyond graduating with a Masters Degree, as he spent many additional years helping run a student co-operative housing project near the University of Toronto in the heart of downtown. He obviously loved campus life. Those are the building blocks, I suppose. But, Tim became fully formed when he came to Japan.

The economy was such at the time, that if he ever wanted to fulfill his dream of being a teacher, he would have to think of creative ways of reaching his goal. So, off to Japan to teach English as second language he went. My parents, naturally, were sad to see him go.... But, happy, and proud, when he began to build a life for himself. Not only did he build a career, he found the love of his life, Keiko... who was recruited by a mutual acquaintance... to give Tim a short tour of her town when he passed through. Apparently, that tour went on longer than originally scheduled. While many teachers like Tim would stay for a year, or maybe two, before returning to North America, Keiko made it easy to stay. He adored her.

After many years in Japan, they moved to Canada for a while, but eventually returned. As I have told my friends, after many years in Japan, he had seemed as much "Japanese", as he was "Canadian", growing used to the different customs, and the respect he received as a teacher. This time, when Tim and Keiko returned to Japan, Tim was returning "home". He loved teaching... and he loved his students. But, all of you know this part of the story better than I do. And, he loved learning. Along the way, he earned a second Master's degree. And, as many of you probably know, he had just submitted his revised doctoral thesis in the last week or so.... and, he would likely have achieved a life long goal.

He worked so hard.

We'll miss you, Tim.

Jim, Helen

Cameron and Rachel

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