



Timothy Edward Kirch

February 1, 1956 - March 30, 2020

Timothy Edward Kirch passed away on March 30th, 2020, during the twilight hours he was so known to love. Tim led a life that could fill books upon books. From boat building and cross-country truck driving to serving as a drug and alcohol counselor at Hazelden, Tim wore many hats through his 64 years of life. No matter how different each of those hats were, they were all the same in that Tim operated with the utmost integrity at his post, always aimed to do his very best, to be honest, kind and to always do right by himself and those around him. Tim was known to all as a champion for the underdog. Tim believed fiercely in advocating for those who were not able to do so for themselves. Tim never judged those who lost their way. Tim offered help to those around him at every turn, even in moments where he found himself needing help as well. He taught his daughter, Samantha, that, when you see someone in need, you should always step in. Tim stopped for every car he saw on the side of the road and always asked “If I don’t stop to help, who will?” His displays of devotion to others were endless. Tim gave CPR to a mouse through a straw after he discovered it injured. He offered his home as shelter to the weary, the lost and the recovering. He eagerly accepted every opportunity to fix a problem for those he loved, from helping Samantha remove a “terrifying” pencil-sized baby snake from her apartment to being the go-to call for friends and neighbors when their disposal went out. Tim championed others in their battles for a clean and sober life, picking them up when they fell and never judging, only reminding them someone cared for them no matter their mistakes. Tim had a golden soul, and a heart that was, at times, too gentle and kind for this world. Apart from animals and children, nothing brought him more joy than brightening someone’s day. This was the foundation from which he led his life.

Tim is laid to rest alongside his loving parents, Paul and Dixie Kirch, and his younger brother, Stevie Kirch. Tim is survived by his only child, Samantha Kirch, whose name he had tattooed on him in October 2019, proudly proclaiming he felt like a real outlaw now (His only tattoo in his life). He is survived by Samantha’s mother, Stephanie Borden, whom he enjoyed marriage with for 12 years before later blossoming a loving, supportive friendship and a never-failing devotion for their child. Tim leaves behind his future son-in-law, James Taravella, a man he would have been proud to see marry his daughter—a

man who is building their home out of tools gifted to him by Tim. He is survived by his brothers Mike Kirch (wife Theresa), David Kirch (wife Christine), and his sister Ann Wegman (husband Philip), all of whom tirelessly soared beyond the support typically offered by a sibling, who always sought to understand, even when it was hard, and who gifted Tim with acceptance and integrity in the end of his life. The champions, protectors and stewards of his life. He leaves behind cousins, nieces and nephews, all of whom have an “Uncle Tim” story or two to share. He leaves behind dozens of authentic friends, pals and comrades who blessed him with laughter and a sense of community.

Tim leaves behind a sense of starlight. Glowing flecks of light smattered across the royal blue night skies he so adored. Tim leaves behind the sound of song, of James Taylor’s “You Can Close Your Eyes,” played aside a bonfire on a guitar with a string or two missing. Tim leaves behind a reminder that, no matter how difficult life’s tribulations become, you must always be fair. You must always be just, and you must always do what is right. Not only when it is hard, but especially when it is hard. Tim will be missed dearly but Tim will be found in the breeze of Florida palms, in the landing of a cardinal on your window sill and in blankets of stark white snow—like him, pure and gentle while with us, and gone before anyone could ever truly be ready to say goodbye.

Comments



“ Tim was a man I met through the internet, I live in England and would visit Florida every Thanksgiving, Judy and I would always try to meet Tim for lunch or to spend time, enjoying the company of this outstanding man. Tim always wanted to help others and he was an outstanding person I cannot speak highly enough of the character that was Tim, he fought illness right up to the end, God Bless you My friend, I am proud to be able to share with the world that Tim Kirch was my friend.

Alan Rowley - April 20 at 03:30 AM



“ Sam, that is a beautiful tribute to a beautiful soul. We are aching with you right now. I didn't think about Tim's age, but it's about the same as Grandpa Borden when he passed. It is a devastating loss to a kid, no matter the age, to lose a parent. I feel for you. My Tim memories are many, and sweet. The one I'll go with is when we went to Dixie Dude Ranch, Texas, for a family reunion. You and Winnie were around 2 years old. Tim lovingly and carefully planned a campfire dessert, banana splits, as in a split banana with chocolate inside a foil packet. It gets good and hot, and, if I remember, you add whip cream and a cherry before devouring. On that same trip, Uncle Dan saved Winnie by stomping out a scorpion that fell out of his cowboy boot! And Tim also scored a roadside treasure, a front bumper lying off the gravel, which he toted back to the ranch. How he ever got that thing home, I'll never know! His joy, kindness, and in the moment-ness were unique and sublime. LOVE to you during this rough time, and always.

angela jackson - April 18 at 12:43 PM