



## Tim Hartzler

January 31, 1949 - November 20, 2020

1949 was a very good year. That's the year that Tim's grandfather, Dr. Adrian Hartzler, delivered Tim into the world. Tim was the first born son to Rex and Merle Hartzler, and everyone was delighted with the new addition to the family. Three more sons were later added, one dying soon after birth. Tim grew up in Worthington and graduated from Worthington High School. He spent his hippie years at Ohio University, where he met his future wife, Elvira (Pru). After graduating from college he moved back to Worthington and began teaching English in the Worthington school system. He was involved with setting up the Worthington Linworth Alternative school, where he also taught for several years. He attended graduate school at Indiana University. He left teaching to become a home improvement contractor, an occupation he enjoyed immensely. Tim was a loving and devoted husband, son, brother, brother-in-law and uncle. He loved to ride his Harley and play poker with his poker buddies. He had a huge heart and cared deeply for all the dogs he raised and rescued over the years. Tim was diagnosed with glioblastoma brain cancer over four years ago, after recovering from lung cancer twice, and miraculously not only survived but thrived, proving that strength of will and power of mind can overcome any medical prognosis. On November 20th, he couldn't fight any longer and he left to romp with all his English Setters who had passed before him. He may have left this earth, but he will be in our hearts and thoughts forever. If you would like to honor Tim's memory, donations may be made to the Columbus Dog Connection at 2761 Johnstown

Road, Columbus, Ohio 43219, or at [columbusdogconnection.com](http://columbusdogconnection.com).

# Tribute Wall



“ *Tim Hartzler*

January 28, 2023 at 10:24 AM



“ *For those of us lucky enough to have known and loved Tim, he will live on in our hearts and souls, along with our memories, forever.*

*I have chosen to plant trees in celebration of Tim's life. Were I able, I would plant a forest – that is what he deserves. Of course, Tim would humbly disagree, never fully understanding the lasting impression he had on those fortunate enough to have entered his sphere.*

*It is my hope that those not so lucky may someday walk among these trees and perhaps experience some of the magic that was Tim – absorb his strength, steadiness and wisdom from their roots; bask in his comfort and peace sitting under their shade; see his warm smile and eyes as the bright sun glistens through their branches; hear his voice and the joy of his laughter as a breeze rustles through their leaves, and sense the enormity of his heart, the limitlessness of his kindness, and his oh so gentle soul, all within their sturdy trunks. And maybe, as they feel a warm gust of wind swirl through the trees, that just might be his free spirit soaring around. That easy rider soaring around – quite possibly on that Harley or maybe, even on that old Norton.*

*Pru, know my heart is with you.*

*And, yes Tim, you do deserve a forest.*

*Barb Bland*

Barb Bland - January 07, 2021 at 04:11 PM

RG

“ To Tim's wife Pru, Joe, Dan, and all of Tim's family - I extend my deepest sympathy and condolences to you. I was shocked and heartbroken to hear of Tim's passing. He was always the essence of COOL, reason, and kindness to me. I will always miss him. I began first grade at Linworth Elementary School in 1956. I soon became good friends with my classmate Joe Hartzler. We played and ran all over the playground behind Linworth. Tim was in the second grade and he quickly became my friend also. I always admired him and thought of him as an older brother I never had. Those were the best years of my childhood. Later, as we entered high school, Tim (being an accomplished bass player himself), encouraged me to play the bass guitar when the 60's music explosion hit and everyone wanted to join a garage band. We hung out at Tim's house and jammed together. I still play bass to this day. Tim drove me downtown to the pawn shop in Columbus when I was 15 to buy my first guitar. I still have have that bass guitar today and I always think of Tim when I pick it up. It has been many years since I last saw Tim but I think of him fondly and often. To Joe - It has been so many years - I wanted to reach out to you. I have thought of you many times over the years even though we have lost touch. You were always one of my best childhood friends! I followed your life intensely during the televised trial you were involved in. I am so proud of you and your success in life! I proudly told everyone during the trial that I went to grade school with you! I admire and respect you so much my old friend. I hope you have a great life and that we will always be friends!


God bless you Tim, Rest in peace.

Ron Gardner

Gardnerrn50@gmail.com

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Ron Gardner - December 04, 2020 at 04:31 AM

 Kelley  
Bell

“ *Tim the wise, Tim the talented, Tim of the kind and gentle heart. I first met The Harley Man at the A.P. Cool teachers were such a breath of fresh air! Through his example, learning transformed from the obligation of a child to the passion of a free thinking, free spirited adult.*

*In later years, Tim came back in my orbit when he joined my brother's poker group and I learned about his new trade as craftsman. I hired him often to do projects for my sign shop, and must say I enjoyed our rambling conversations even more than his woodworking talents.*

*I am the proud steward of your reliable ol' table saw dear friend, and I will cherish it always, as every project reminds me of you.*

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**Kelley Bell** - December 02, 2020 at 08:00 PM

LA

“ *I first met Tim when we taught together at The Linworth Alternative Program. It was his fault I got hooked on Harleys. I went with him to Farrow's Harley Davidson in the spring of 1976 so he could pick up a part for his chopper. When he was back in the parts department I wandered around the showroom. I was immediately captivated by a black Sportster. That was on a Saturday morning - I went back two days later and rode it home. Tim bought an identical Sportster soon after and we spent hours hanging out and riding together. I am sure many AP students remember the two bikes parked next to each other behind the school and our variety of Harley t-shirts. Tim always said you were under-dressed unless you had on at least one thing that said Harley. Many, many wonderful memories of Tim and Pru.*

*Larry Gay*

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**Larry** - December 02, 2020 at 08:29 AM

KM

“ Thank you for all the memories that will live on in our hearts. You were truly one of a kind, a gentle soul, so brilliant, and so much fun. We will always be there for Pru, will miss you so much, and love you forever.

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**Kay McNeal** - December 01, 2020 at 03:23 PM

DM

“ Tim and I were best friends since 2nd grade at Linworth Elementary. We went to Ohio University and lived together. It was here that Sharon (my wife) and I met Pru. We have remained close through the years. Tim and I lived together during the summer of 69. We flipped a coin for who would go to Woodstock (the loser to cover the others job). Tim was in my wedding in Bellmore, N.Y. in Jan. 1973. My wife Sharon and I stood as witnesses at Tim’s parents house when he and Pru were married July 27, 1974. Sharon and I had an English Setter named Heather. We bred her once resulting in 9 puppies. Although Tim and Pru never had any pets we talked them into one of our puppies. They named him Dream Weaver. From that point on they were hooked. They love their English Setters and have had many through the years. They were active in English Setter Rescue for years. When Tim died he had 2 of his dog buddies by his side. When we had our first son John Dylan in 1981, we asked Tim to be his Godfather. Tim accepted and was excellent. He was always there with guidance and counsel even through some of his most difficult times. Tim even hired him during the summer in construction. This was the most valuable time for JD. Tim and I rode Harleys together for years, and supported Rolling Thunder in Washington, D.C. for years. Tim, Tom McNeal, and I are the “Three Amigos”. We decided long ago that we should do something together every year. Tom lives in California and would come to Ohio and we would Road Trip to Talladega every fall for the NASCAR race. We did this for 13 years until our health began to get in the way. We got it together one last time and went to Daytona 500 in Feb. 2016. You can’t get any closer than the 3 of us. This was the last Road Trip we ever had together.

I could go on forever, but I am crying so hard now I can hardly see the keys. I loved him so much. He was the brother I never had. I’ll miss you forever. We will always be there for Pru. Goodbye brother.

RIP

David E. McCollister. ‘Mac’

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david mccollister - December 01, 2020 at 12:46 PM

LT

*Beautiful memories Dave. You were blessed to have such a deep friendship with Tim. I'm sure he cherished it as well. I love that you gave them your puppy and they fell in love. Dogs are such a healing comfort and a joy in our lives. I'm so sorry you lost your best friend. 🥺*

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**linda thayer** - December 01, 2020 at 07:27 PM

KA

“*There were many years of separation after high school until we reunited a few summers ago. We did not skip a beat. Tim continued to be that kind beautiful man that I had remembered. His witty sense of humor was contagious. His love for Pru was admired. I feel so fortunate that I got to be part of his life for a short time. You will always be remembered as one of my “favorites”. RIP Tim with those beautiful pups! Prayers to Pru and family.*”

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**Karen Albertson** - December 01, 2020 at 12:04 PM