

From: Catherine Broad <cathybroad@comcast.net>
 Subject: **Re: AS I WORK ON TIMS LIFE~**
 Date: March 6, 2007 8:00:06 PM CST
 To: Bingotank@aol.com

Here are some recollections, Helen--anything you can do to make sure this doesn't sound like it came from me would be appreciated. I haven't mentioned anything that couldn't have come from some other source, especially someone close to the family. I just don't want to deal with any b.s. from the MSP or for the MSP to hassle my Dad. In other words, please do not post any of this as direct quotes. Maybe someone who was a friend of Tim's would be willing to contribute, too--it can't hurt to ask on your site.

Oh Helen, he was a really good kid. It's wonderful to be asked about him, because no one ever asks. Tim was very cute--cute face, freckles, small for his size but very coordinated, usually fairly messy hair, almost always a big smile. The inside matched the outside. He was kind, considerate, very funny and sometimes mischevious (in a harmless way). He would sometimes laugh so hard at something you could barely understand him--he could literally fall down laughing. He loved to tell jokes, but often starting laughing his head off before he got the punch line out. He was clever, hard working and well-liked. Honestly, you couldn't help but like this kid. He was having a great year in 6th grade--he and a friend had gotten first place for their project in the science fair, Tim had gotten a part in the 6th grade play, was playing hockey, skiing once in a while with a friend's family, and looking forward to baseball try-outs. He played baseball for years. He was quite athletic and very coordinated. He got good grades, and was such a cool kid--he worked very hard, but he didn't care about things like "good handwriting"--which was a big deal back then. He was saving money for a light blue running suit--that's why he asked me for money that night--he didn't want to use any of his savings. He really appreciated his friends and was wise beyond his years about people's feelings. He was very articulate, which was sometimes wild coming from such a small person. As I said, considerate and kind--he always had ideas of what he wanted to give all of us for gifts at Christmas and for birthdays. He had a lot of energy. He was a pleasure to be around.

Tim was closest with my Mom--they had a special bond. He would sometimes just run up behind my Mom and hug/squeeze her around the waist. The rest of us were teenagers by then and of course we didn't do stuff like that anymore. The entire time Tim was held captive, I'm sure in addition to everything else, he was completely beside himself because he knew how distraught my Mom would be about him being gone. My Mom and Tim had actually talked about how with the three of us older kids close to going off to college, he would be an only child for a few years. Nothing would have made my Mom happier.

The four of us had normal kid fights, but much less with Tim because he was quite a bit younger. He wasn't a pest or anything like that--we liked having him around. He had a lot of friends that he did stuff with, so he didn't spend all of his time waiting around for us to entertain him. My Dad adored him. We all did. I know I sound like I'm making this up, because often in death people become larger than life, but I am not exaggerating. He was a decent, funny, kind person and anyone would have loved having him as a son. He was a good brother, grandson, nephew, cousin, friend.

I know this is true for all of the kids, but the person who killed him had to have ice water coursing through his veins to kill Tim, especially after interacting with him for 6 days. It is truly mind-boggling.

After the autopsy, Tim was dressed in a light blue running suit. Like the one he and my Mom would have gone out to buy together if he had gotten the chance to save some more money.

Thinking back on this, here are two things that not many people know. One, during the time Tim was missing, not only were there 2 extortion attempts via phone (both might have been made by the same moron), two young kids made a prank call to our house asking "Is Tim there?" When my Mom said no, the kid said "well where is he?!" And then you could hear the two kids burst into laughter. I saw my Mom take the call and our phone was tapped, and I heard the tape recording of the call right after it happened, too. I often wonder if these kids became fathers later in life and looked back on this prank call in light of being a parent. So I can assure you that although people rallied around our family, there were numerous examples of the worst in people as well.

Two, we had a private viewing of Tim's body--just the very immediate family. A younger man (not sure what age, but an adult) later stopped by the funeral home at an odd hour sometime later, telling the funeral director that he was a relative and he had driven all night, and could he please see Tim's body? He was of course turned away. We had no male relative driving a long distance to come to Tim's funeral. The cops asked us. Things like this were the reason we waited many weeks to get a grave marker for Tim, because we didn't want freaks coming out to the cemetery. I'm telling you, this is as bad as it gets.

I think you should also mention that Tim's forehead was very seriously bruised. I'm thinking it was the left side, the more I think about it, because his left side was to the wall and usually the funeral directors position the body so that people can't get a good look at injuries. (Although the bruising extended to the center of the forehead.) I saw in one newspaper article that this bruising was mentioned and that someone speculated the bruising could have occurred post-mortem when he was dumped on Gill Road. Maybe it was post-mortem, but I have a hard time believing that. Everyone thinks "the babysitter" treated these kids relatively well. Give me a break. He also had a cut inside of his mouth (mentioned in some of the newspaper articles). Where did that come from?!

We were told not to cry or show undue emotion at the funeral because of the reaction it might provoke in the killer. As I said, it doesn't get much worse than this. Can you imagine not crying at your brother's funeral?

I could go on and on about the bullshit my family went through, but why bother, since it is nothing compared to what Tim endured. Like Tenyears said in his recent post, it's better just to think about Tim, not the horrifying aspects of his abduction, murder and the after-shock that affects us to this day. That's what's gotten me this far--my memories of what a good kid he was, and even the thought that he could still be with me at some level.

Cathy

On Mar 6, 2007, at 1:34 PM, Bingotank@aol.com wrote: