

Six Eulogies of Timothy Patrick O'Shaughnessy: a life well lived.

Eulogy by Patrick O'Shaughnessy, Tim's second cousin In honor of Timothy Patrick O'Shaughnessy At the Rosary on the eve of his funeral August 18, 2016

I remember golfing with Tim in Kansas on Clare's wedding weekend. He'd set this up ahead of time, as a way of welcoming me to Kansas. It was just the two of us playing. Neither of us was a very good golfer that day, so it devolved into stupid trick shots, bets, and laughter. At the snack house, there was a Chinese woman working the booth. Tim ordered for us, and it was the first time I heard him speak Mandarin. It was a minute-long conversation between him and this woman and she didn't stop smiling the entire time. After Tim walked away, I asked her how she would rate his accent and speaking ability. She said she couldn't believe he didn't grow up speaking the language--his mandarin was perfect. Tim was 22 years old.

If you met Tim, spent a day or two with him, you would be far more likely to report that he was one of the nicest people you'd ever met than the smartest, so little stories like my encounter during our round of golf always served as a reminder that Tim's mind was something special. Tim was remarkably smart—a sparkling intellect. He was the most unassuming, humble genius I've ever met. What I loved about Tim was that always figured things out for himself, perhaps because he was smarter than most of the people who had written about the things that interested him. This approach—ignoring convention, finding his own way—manifested constantly. Once in college, we were playing a late night game of hide-and-seek tag in a several square block radius around Washington Street in South Bend. Tim was on the opposing team. My team found everyone, and was sitting around celebrating the win when sometime later we realized no one had found Tim. In this game, most people took the conventional approach and hid behind trees or trash cans. Not Tim. Tim had taken a manhole cover off of a sewer, lowered himself in, and while hanging onto the edge, pulled the cover part of the way back over the hole, to disguise his hiding spot, before finally dropping down into the sewer. Our friend John had to lower me by the ankles in to pull Tim out. Tim's team won the game. We thought Tim was crazy that night, but in hindsight, he probably found the single best hiding spot possible. I don't know anyone else that would have thought that way, and I don't know anyone else that would have then acted on it by jumping into a dark sewer late at night in pursuit of a win. Intellect is one thing, but as I've gotten older I've realized that while it's great to be smart it's much better to be kind and good. I've been overwhelmed with the notes from mutual friends about Tim in the last day. To a person, they all mention his kindness, his goodness--and several his sweetness.

Tim introduced me to my wife Lauren. In fact, it was on the same weekend I mentioned earlier, when we celebrated Clare's and Nick's wedding, that I first felt as though I might marry Lauren—when the O'Shaughnessy family gets together like that, love is usually in the air. Now, because Tim introduced me to Lauren, I have my own perfect family.

Tim also introduced me to the Notre Dame men who are now my lifelong friends, many of whom will be here to remember and celebrate with us. Tim and I didn't know each other all that well prior to our time together at school, but even still he took it on himself to thoroughly welcome and integrate me into his circle of friends. I can't overstate how warm a welcome he gave me. Without him going so far out of his way to do this for me, my life and my family wouldn't be the same. My wife, my best man, another groomsman (the guy who helped me pull Tim out of the sewer), and so many more—I met them all through Tim. I think back now on that effort he put into helping me. It was purely selfless. He was so

passionate about his family and our bigger extended family, and he acted on that passion. It is a kindness that I will never forget. I've never thought about it as carefully as I have in the last few days, but his effort twelve years ago is responsible for the best and most enduring aspects of my life.

I wrote something recently that now makes me think of Tim:

I am incredibly happy in the woods. I love trees that grow sideways out of rocks and hills. They start small and survive because of some available sunshine. They grow whatever direction they must to reach more light. Their slow growth allows them to ultimately reach a form that looks tenuous or even impossible, but these trees are firmly rooted. I like to imagine the early days, the tree's roots tinkering in the soil, quickly abandoning failed paths, building deep systems along better paths. These interesting and beautiful trees end up this way because of a simple process. They operate according to a continuous simple goal, from the bottom up. They find their own way.

It is in these woods that I've begun to teach my kids this lesson: explore for the sake of exploration, without expectation. Discover essence in your surroundings and in yourself, free from external conditioning and expectations. Operate according to simple and pure principles and you will live a great life.

I read this now and I feel like I am reading about Tim. Tim's life reads like an adventure story, a story that very few could hope to match in a lifetime, let alone 32 years. And yet I think his guiding principles were very simple: be good, be kind, love your family and friends, and explore. I'm in awe of the life he led living by these principles. I keep coming back, though, to his kindness and generosity. His actions themselves were, of course, wonderful. But even greater is the fact that his kindness will echo in the lives of those fortunate to have known him, because those acts of kindness serve as examples to emulate. His particular kindness towards me shapes me and my actions still. It will continue to do so.

I went for a run after hearing the news, and broke down weeping in the same woods that I just described. I am devastated. But I count my blessings. I am extremely lucky to be close with Tim's family. I am thankful to know that even though the road ahead will be painful, they will remain one of the world's best embodiments of that word which meant so much to Tim: family. I am thankful that so many are here together now to celebrate Tim's life.

Above all else, I love Tim. He made my life better. He made so many lives better. I am so lucky to have had him in my life.

Eulogy by Ksenia Lobanova, Tim's friend In honor of Timothy Patrick O'Shaughnessy At the Rosary on the eve of his funeral August 18, 2016

I was not as fortunate as many to know Tim for a very long time. We met in Hong Kong two years ago during our MBA study at HKUST Business School. I am from Russia originally, and it's probably hard to imagine two people with more different backgrounds than me and Tim. Yet what Timothy has become to me during the past two years is hard to put into words. Never in my life had I come across a person more beautiful, genuine, pure and bright than Tim. He had this giant delicate and humble heart that drew people to him like a magnet. He cared so much about others and if I had a wish right now that wish would be that Timothy knew just how much he meant to me and to all of us and how much we are going to miss him here in HK.

In our class without exaggeration he was considered to be the guy with deepest insights and greatest passion and curiosity for exploring life. On countless nights all of us would sit at the bar surrounded by beautiful HK landscape and Tim would lead the conversation about some of his favorite subjects like politics, business, religion, friendship and many others. Those were truly priceless moments and so much I would have given now to just be able to hear his talk again at least for one more time. Tim was without a doubt a leader in our class. Together with couple of other classmates he came up with an idea, started and led student investment fund that have an intention to keep our class close together in the years to come. Tim was deeply inspired by this vision.

All the native Chinese speakers in our class were impressed by his excellence in Mandarin and were saying that it was a unique case.

And Tim loved to have fun! He would always be among the last ones to leave the party. So many people in our class would call Tim one of the closest friends they had.

I wanted to share some of the messages that my classmates sent me to pass on to Tim:

Daniel from Brazil:

"At social gatherings you could often find Tim and I in the corner of the room passionately debating our different views on politics and international relations. Tim was always such a humble person except when it came to standing up for his loved ones and for what he believed was right. He was always looking to bring people together and is a founding member of our MBA class Reunion Fund. I am so blessed and grateful to have shared so much time with him and to have called him my friend, He will be forever remembered".

Tim Edmunds from Australia:

"Tim was the most insightful and well versed person that I have ever met. Always willing to float ideas, particularly over a beer from business ideas to politics to reunions, all at the same evening. That was Tim. He was a true enigma, utter brilliance that was absolute joy to be around."

Sharon from Singapore:

"Tim came across as someone who was confident yet humble at the same time. Many of us would agree that Tim was passionate about many topics and would often get into lengthy debates to express his point of view. His presence was always resonated in the group with his genuine smile, his sincere hugs and his attentive presence. He left a big footprint on many of our lives. We are going to miss you so much. Love you from the bottom of my heart."
And there are many more messages coming from our class to Tim's family throughout different channels.

There is a part of me that is devastated with how unfair this all is. But deep inside I know that Tim is much better off where he is right now, his beautiful and delicate soul was always too good for our world. And though I feel like I lost that one person that I will not be able to replace, I find joy knowing that Timothy is up there in the Heavens where he belongs, found his peace and looking at us right now smiling with his charming Irish smile.

My prayers and love go out to Tim's parents, Gerry and Priscilla, you could not have raised a better son than Tim. Tim's brothers and sisters, Tim's grandmother, brother and sisters and the entire O'Shaughnessy family. Your family is truly miraculous. God bless you.

"I love you Timothy and you will forever be in my heart. It was such a privilege to be a part of your life during the last two years and I will never take it for granted. Thank you for sharing your light with me. Rest in peace. "

**Reflections by Gerry O'Shaughnessy, Tim's dad.
In honor of Timothy Patrick O'Shaughnessy
At the Rosary prayer on the eve of his funeral
August 18, 2016**

Timothy's high school friend Jake Kraft called today. He told Priscilla that most people go through life accumulating resume points (the things one does); and Jake rightfully credited Timothy with gathering a load of that part. But he added that Timothy's much bigger accumulation was what Jake called Eulogy qualities (the way he lived his life). Jake was right about that too, and so Timothy has made my task tonight easy, except for the shattered emotions we feel.

We are so fortunate to have known Timothy for his 32 years with us. We will miss him desperately. We are heartbroken. It's cruelly tragic that Timothy didn't get another 60 years of life. But I find solace and pride in knowing that at such a young age he'd already become the person we all hoped that he (and we all) might be. He truly threaded the needle of the "Good Life;" and he made that needle's eye passage look easy. The memory of that will always warm our hearts.

I can say simply that Timothy was a great young man with a great big heart: he was adventurous, insatiably curious, industrious and creative; full of humility, kindness, joy and courage. According to the many messages from his friends - and we know this too- he was gentle, selfless and generous, even to a fault.

Tim's heart stopped in the early morning Sunday on a couch where he was sleeping at the apartment of a friend in South Carolina. His friend had invited him at the last moment to come for his birthday; Tim accepted his friend's offer and travelled 3 hours by taxi on Saturday evening from Pinehurst North Carolina, just after a weekend spent there with his college roommates for a golfing outing and reunion. He had travelled there all the way from Hong Kong to see them. This is poignant for me, as Tim told me that he wanted very much to be with Michael and me for a father son retreat in Idaho at the same time, but Tim had made the reunion commitment long ago and so he upheld the obligation to be there for his friends.

Timothy had a big heart. His mind was equal in its power. He was brilliant and well-read across many disciplines. We just smiled this morning when Jake told Priscilla that when their paths parted in high school Tim gave him Stephen Hawking's book, "A Brief History of Time." That book was just a tip of the iceberg of Timothy's accumulated knowledge. After the nightmare which began this past Sunday, I went to his room at our home in Wichita. It says everything about Tim, as if he prepared it for us so we could find him there when we set about looking for him. It is neatly kept: not only his clothes and personal effects but also with more than a

thousand books and many personally written papers, on every subject imaginable, from history to epistemology to philosophy to business to astronomy to quantum physics.

- We will look for and find Timothy in his room and among his many books and papers in the coming days as we bring him into our hearts at home.

Among the large library in Timothy's room: three books sit on the tables near his reading chair: One is a biography of his great grandfather, I.A. O'Shaughnessy, entitled "That Great Heart." The other books tell the Greek Classic story: "Iliad and Odyssey." These books tell us a lot about Timothy.

In the one book, Notre Dame's Father Theodore Hesburgh is quoted in his eulogy on the passing of I.A. Hesburgh said:

"All of us can be very proud that he was a dear part of our lives.
While we will miss him greatly-- those twinkling eyes, that spontaneous smile- that great heart - we and our lives have been enriched by his presence and his great spirit."

I proudly repeat those words now, as they apply to Timothy too: the acorn which is Timothy fell right underneath that tree.

The other books on the table are among the 100's of classic books Tim read in completing the Program for Liberal Studies, Notre Dame's most difficult and prestigious course of liberal arts study.

After graduation, Timothy set sail and, like Odysseus, he travelled the world: to South America, to Central Asia, to China and other distant places. He met a lot of wonderful and intelligent people on his journey, including all of you. And he learned from everyone he met. He had a great life among all of us who now remember him.

Odysseus' greatest desire was to return home. Like Odysseus, Timothy has now returned from his travels to the home which he held so dear, so he may rest with us for a day or two as he moves on to a better place.

Before our hearts release him to move forward, I feel the need, and think we all feel the need, to mourn Tim's passing. I found these words of consolation helpful, which were sent to us from a friend of Tim:

A thousand times we needed you
A thousand times we cried
If love alone could have saved you
you never would have died
A heart of gold stopped beating
two twinkling eyes closed to rest
God broke our hearts to prove:
He only took the best.

Timothy, our hearts are broken now. And so too must it be for you. You gave us so much. You had so much more you wanted to give. Your heart was bursting with the desire to help me and all your family and friends, to help any other soul who had the wisdom to accept and enlist your help. Your mind was so large and you were so kind. Thank you for your many gifts to us.

About our spiritual Odysseys, T. S. Elliot wrote:

"We must not cease from exploration and the end of all our exploring will be to arrive where we began and to know the place for the first time."

Our explorer Timothy has returned home for the final time - he has arrived here after his wonderful spiritual and worldly exploration. What can we learn from him?

It is difficult to believe in our hearts that a person so loved no longer exists, but instead is just moving from one space to another. So I offer this way for us to understand Tim's passing --- to understand his Passage and our own Passage --- if we are open in our hearts to Timothy now.

Imagine we are standing upon the seashore. A ship at our side spreads his white sails to the evening breeze and starts out to the blue ocean. He is an object of beauty and strength, and we stand and watch him until, at length, he hangs like a speck of white clouds where the sea and sky come down to mingle with each other.

Then someone says: "There! He is gone."

Gone where? Gone from our sight...that is all.

He is just as large, with that wonderful mast and hull and spar, as he was when he left our side.

His diminished size is in us, not in him.

And just at the moment when someone says, "There! He is gone!" there are other eyes watching him, and other voices take up the shout:

"Look! There! He comes! There! He comes! Moving fast, with his big smile and the laughter and with that great heart we all know so well."

Can you see Timothy's wonderful ship coming over the horizon now? Tim touched us all so deeply: maybe you, like me, are experiencing a small voice inside saying:

"There!... He comes!"

"Here! He comes.

I invite all of you, all of us, to welcome our Odysseus home now for a moment: and to carry within us - today, tomorrow and forever - that great heart, his beautiful spirit.

I must speak for Timothy now in his silence: So I offer this Irish toast from him to all of you, his friends gathered here, and those many friends elsewhere who are thinking of him now:

May flowers always line your path and sunshine light your day.

May songbirds serenade you every step along the way.

May a rainbow run beside you in a sky that's always blue.

And...Until we meet again...
May happiness fill your heart each day your whole life through.

When the time comes one day for us to pass through our own horizon and beyond: if we are so lucky to sail to the distant shore where Timothy has gone, I can imagine Timothy will be waiting for each one of us with those twinkling eyes, with that big smile, with that great heart....
.....Welcoming us to his new home, where he now lives with God.

**Eulogy by James Park, Tim's Mentor and Friend
In honor of Timothy Patrick O'Shaughnessy
At The Funeral Mass of Christian Burial
Friday, August 19, 2016**

Tim

The "Talisman". That is what we call Timothy.

All of us here together have special moments with and lessons learned from this beautiful young man and friend.

Mine was at the southern tip of South America where Tim came to work during a semester break from Notre Dame.

Gerry and I were just starting up our Latin American oil company and Tim wanted to come work with us in the field as we were drilling our first wells. (We could only afford to drill two.)

Tim jumped on the plane all the way down to the Magellan Straits and happily set to work in a bleak, cold and rough environment. (And Priscilla remembers Tim packing bathing suits and shorts for an expected summer in Argentina.)

On his own, Tim quickly acclimated to this unknown culture. (No gringos around for several hundred miles.) He focused hard on his job and reached out and created friends throughout the all-Spanish-speaking camp.

Tim could do this naturally. Because Tim cared, Tim listened, Tim laughed, Tim wanted to know what other people did, how, and why - and what made them go. He became a real part of the team.

Fortunately, this was not my only chance to witness this unique ability of Tim to fit in and be absorbed by new cultures. On exactly the other side of the planet - in China - Tim set out and started building a life and career. We have heard from his friend, Ksenia, about his big impact there and have shared stories about how his freakishly-proficient Mandarin allowed him opportunities not normally open to foreigners.

Back at the oil project, Tim bunked in a make-shift thin-walled trailer with no heat and no plumbing. With the freezing temperatures, Tim had to wear his snowsuit and parka to bed curled up in some thin scratchy 'well-shared' blankets. (We have pictures of Tim huddled in bed at night like this while studying both Spanish and Chinese.)

I shared Tim's trailer when coming to the field. On these occasions, when Tim woke up in the morning he couldn't understand why my boots and books and things were all over his bed. Of course, all those who have ever slept anywhere near Tim, know of his world-class snoring. And all the debris was what I would throw at him during the night to try to get some sleep.

By the way – many of those tossed books were ones that Tim started me reading from his generosity in exposing me to his expansive library. Tim never boasted about his schooling – but the scale and scope of Tim's book reading and the virtue and discipline of his self-education efforts were 'Abraham Lincoln-esque'.

Our first well did not quite meet objectives – or as Tim logged in his journal from back then (which we found and read in his room this week): "We did not find oil – it can't be said more simply".

So Tim helped us celebrate our first dry well and then went back to work on the rig to help us drill the next - and potentially last - well. In an almost fairy-tale like ending – through more freezing weather, anxious and long days, mechanical difficulties, Tim's snores rumbling through the camp, the last desperate swabs of the well – we hit oil. And there was Tim, happier than anyone, covered in crude oil on the rig floor hugging his teammates. The whole crew immediately attributed this turn of events and sudden good luck to Tim – and christened him the Talisman.

This all happened 12 years ago and so we reached out this week to some of his crew mates (now working in other countries). Everyone's fond memories of their experiences with Tim were still fresh. Here are several comments (translated):

- "It was impressive how this young man had already accomplished so much."
- "Tim clearly decided at some early point in his life to try to be the best."
- "Tim was not extroverted but he was charismatic and people were drawn to him."
- "Tim made me re-evaluate where my own life was going."
- "Tim was not just living through his travels and studies – he was trying to really understand life."
- "His understanding and appreciation of the world allowed him to be humble."

And repeatedly – there were references to his big heart, thoughtfulness, humility, and passion for knowledge.

These just don't represent compliments for a nice boy. These are people who have been impacted by a man of character and goodness.

All this week as people have been gathering at the O'Shaughnessy home, and messages are being received, from different times, places and experiences in Tim's life – we are hearing and learning about this same theme played out over and over. And, about the disproportionate impact this young sweet man had on everyone around him.

The Rosary program includes a quote from Tim's high school assignment on what constitutes the Good Life. It is an impressive essay and contains a letter of love to his mother and father, sisters and brothers, and grandmother. In his discussion on attaining Wisdom – one of his 3 ingredients for the Good Life – Tim mentions the need for an intangible quality or intuitive or gut-feeling of what is 'right and true'. Tim's magic engendered this quality in all of us about him. We may not all yet be wise - but we know our friend is 'right and true'.

Thank you Tim. Thank you for your heart, your peace, your gifts, your example, and for being in our lives.

We are keeping you close. We are celebrating your light. We are continuing to learn from you. We are embracing your sweetness around us. And we are loving you always.

Eulogy for Timothy Patrick O'Shaughnessy

At The Funeral Mass of Christian Burial

Friday, August 19, 2016

From Michael O'Shaughnessy, Tim's brother:

[Speaking in Mandarin]

多谢各位來賓的光臨，來到我弟弟的告別儀式。Duōxiè gèwèi lái bīn de guānglín, lái dào wǒ dìdì de gàobié yíshì.

[Repeating in English]

Thank you all for coming to day to honor our beloved brother Timothy.

Before my family gets too excited about my Mandarin Chinese, I have to warn you it is at least possible I may have said something else without knowing it. Tim once explained to me that Mandarin, unlike latin-origin languages of which most of us are familiar, requires perfect tone and volume with every sound uttered, and a mistake could result in saying something with drastically different meaning. In fact, he told me that a long time ago at the beginning of his Chinese speaking days, that by being off in tone he had once unwittingly asked a Chinese bartender if he could take his wife.

So to those Mandarin speakers in the audience, if something like that just happened here, let's just keep that between us. Don't worry I can guarantee you that Tim will eventually be talking up with me what just happened.....And it won't just be about my bad Mandarin, it will also be because I am going to do a bit of bragging about him. He has never let me do it in his presence before, but now I have got my opportunity. Sorry Tim, but you held me back long enough.

Hopefully, most of you had a chance to read his obituary, which outlines many, but far from all of his professional and academic achievements. I could talk all day elaborating on those things, but we have to save time so that we can properly celebrate his life a little later.

For those who didn't get to read it, the short of it is that Tim's personal history is more or less the most remarkable world adventure experience you will ever read for someone his age, and as such it should probably come with a warning that it will make you think you are a slacker, because in fact compared to Tim you probably are I know I am. He certainly would have

my vote as “the most interesting man in the world” having fully mastered the Chinese language and culture to the point that people did not believe he had not grown up there - a widely held view among those who heard him speak it - including the chairman of LG International, who commented that he was by far the best non-Asian Mandarin speaker he had ever heard. And that was many years ago.

Tim studied and worked on multiple continents, made friends from every walk of life from all over the world, and had as of late as many independently generated business opportunities teed up than anyone I have known under 40. If that wasn't enough he was an accomplished sailor, a pilot, self-taught pianist, and easily the most well-read person pretty much any of us have ever met.

From what I understand, the Dos Equis beer company is in the process of trying to find their next “most interesting man in the world” and with Tim now moving on to bigger things, they'll probably have to go back to the drawing board and expand their search.

In all seriousness, for those who knew Tim, they would have never heard a word of any of this from his own mouth. He never, and I mean never, talked about his abilities or his accomplishments, and many people simply had no idea because if you weren't one of those lucky enough to be along for the ride in his his journey on a day-to-day basis, or happen to be around him when an interesting subject matter came up in conversation, you would never know it. Even some his close friends only recently became aware of all that he had accomplished. Because in addition to being accomplished and brilliant, he, as the speakers last night noted, was also the most humble person many of us ever knew. He not only never promoted himself, but as a close friend of his told me last night, Tim was the only person he ever met who he never once heard say a negative thing about another person. Now that I think about, I would have to say the same.

But while a list of achievements on a resume, or sadly an obituary, might be impressive, they don't really say anything about the principles that led to such achievements, and certainly provide no guide. Which is why I'd like try to take a few moments here to explore just that, because understanding Tim, and why he did what we did, is a story that might just offer some keys to how we all might try to live a “Good Life.”

Before I fully jump into who Tim became as a man, I'd like to take a brief trip back through our childhood memory lane, because even some of the characteristics that made Tim the extraordinary man that he was manifested themselves early in life. However, in those day we hardly considered them extraordinary. No, in those days some of his idiosyncrasies seemed to be more symptomatic of a hellion problem child than someone who would grow up to do great things. He was known “temper tantrum Timmy” because of his stubbornness and refusal to take direction or help, followed by said temper tantrums. There was no better example of this when he was 8 years old and we were on the ski slopes of Telluride. The family had arranged to have our family picture taken at the bottom of a lift located mid-way up the mountain, with the photographer tasked with taking pictures of us as we skied down towards him at the bottom of the lift, with the group picture to be taken when we all arrived.

Everything was going perfectly to plan, as each of the family members smoothly departed the lift and cruised down to the photographer. Well, everyone but Timmy and my dad, who were in the last chair lift among the group. And it was then when plans for the perfectly picturesque family picture went to hell, as a result of my father Gerry attempting to help Tim off the ski lift.

What Gerry didn't realize, is that Timmy didn't want the help. Having picked up skiing quickly, even at 8 years old he was intent on showing everyone, and especially my dad, that he could do it by himself.

Unfortunately, when Gerry tried to help Tim get off the lift he actually caused Tim to fall over. Trigger "temper tantrum Timmy."

Timmy was so upset that he collapsed into a pile and refused to move. Dad, unable to move him, told Timmy to meet as planned at photographer's location down below, and figured Timmy would follow him. No such luck. We all proceeded down and after arriving at the photographer waited for 20 minutes at the bottom of the lift, but he remained at the top of the mountain, as if to punish my dad for daring to have tried to help him. Finally, we saw the speck of a figure that was Timmy at the top of the hill get up and begin his descent. We had experienced a delay, but our great family picture was going to come as Tim approached us at the bottom of the run. Or so we thought.

Tim approached us, but, as if to once again show he could do it on his own, he skied right toward us but instead of stopping he shot right past us and proceeded to ski down the bottom half of the mountain on his own, with us eventually in chase. He was going to prove to us that he was a competent skier on his own and that his dad had only got in the way. The family picture never happened.

The temper tantrum part of Tim's act eventually abated, but his stubborn insistence on carving his own path, on his own terms, and on his own ability, proved to persist for the rest of his life as an enduring and core quality. We didn't know it at the time, but there is no doubt that this characteristic of will power would become an essential element in his succeeding in conquering challenges in his adult life that precious few in this world would even dare to even attempt.

But will power is rarely enough on its own. Talent is important too, and of that Tim certainly had an abundance. His classmates at Hong Kong and Notre Dame repeatedly have used words like "brilliant" and "rare intellect" to describe Tim. While true, I think it is a mistake to believe things came easy for Tim.

Tim mastered the Chinese language, despite being deaf in one ear. As a teenager he could be painfully shy, and at times struggled to find where he fit in as a middle child, as well as among his peers. In the early part of his adult years, I thought he was especially naïve about the practical workings of the business world. But in each of those cases, his characteristic will and single minded focus eventually turned deficits into strengths.

I take great satisfaction that he mastered an incredibly difficult language where tone is everything despite his hearing problems, that universally he was considered by his MBA peers as an unmatched leader in his class, and that just recently he had started his own agency in China, among a number of other ventures actively in the works.

Much has been made of Tim's intellect, but that didn't come easy either. If you make it to our family's home this afternoon, I encourage you to visit Tim's room. Don't worry, it is still a happy place, and as Gerry said last night you will find Tim there in the hundreds and hundreds of books which he accumulated and read. It's no wonder he was an old soul, Tim read all the classics, studied all the great religions, explored science, and philosophy. His great intellect, was in large part due to insatiable curiosity and a commitment to learn on his own. Gerry referenced a number of the books that caught his eye last night at the Rosary;

...but the one that caught my eye was different – it was one that sat on the bedside table, with a page bookmarked with one his boarding passes. The book is titled, *Reflections on the Art of Living*, by Joseph Campbell. The title alone says a lot about how Tim approached the world, and while I won't delve into the subject matter today, I thought some you might get a kick out of the first review I found that popped up on amazon: Quote: "This is one of the most challenging, thought provoking, mind bending, and soul calling books I have ever read."

We are talking about Tim here, is anyone here surprised?

Even more interesting, is that I have no idea how Tim even came upon such a book, not to mention many others in his room. A few days ago, my good friend Shanna Bell-Ahmad stumbled on a book that from what she told me is somewhat particular to African American readers and not widely read. She exclaimed, "No one has this book!" But Tim did. We can only wonder how he came upon it, but the fact that he had it at all, along with many, many others you will find, says something amazing about him and the broadness of his insatiable curiosity about the human experience.

I believe it was his search for understanding and finding meaning in life that made him the old soul he was, and it is clear that this understanding about life translated directly to how he lived his life.

All of the speakers last night talked about his big heart, and there is no doubt in my mind that his constant search for meaning played a huge role in how he developed that big heart, and the sweet soul that so many of his friends have talked about.

As Patrick O'Shaughnessy so eloquently pointed out at the Rosary last night, although Tim's accomplishments and intellect were rare, it is the heart and soul of Tim that really made him the special person that he was, and this was how Tim touched so many people across the globe.

Before wrapping up, I would like to just touch on a few anecdotes that I think say everything about his character.

Every time Tim returned home to the US, it would be a whirlwind trip to see as many people that he loved as he could. Often only having a week at a time, he might squeeze 5 or 6 trips in 7 days – to Chicago to see on sister, to KC to see another sister and his nieces, to Notre Dame to see his old professors who he still worked with, and of course to Wichita to see his parents. His mother used to worry about him running himself into exhaustion just to make all of the rounds despite all of the travel. Tim's only response to her was that he "wanted to do it, and needed to do it."

His most recent trip home was more of the same, traveling all the way from Hong Kong to play in a college golf reunion trip at Pinehurst before taking a cab 3 hours to see another friend for a birthday. Tim always found a way to make time.

Of particular note, was the time he spent with his grandmother. I think we are all good grandchildren, but Tim was the best I've ever seen, from any family, and I am not sure there is any better litmus test for the character of a man. He loved to take his grandmother out on dates, and did it every time he was home. And the attention he gave to his beautiful nieces was much of the same.

Tim was always a giver, and never a taker. In fact, his siblings were routinely embarrassed by his generosity at Christmas. Whereas many of us assembled presents from quick trips to Barnes and Nobles, or spa treatment gift certificates, Tim picked out paintings from across China for each member that he thought would be personal to them, and then hauled them with him on the plane all the way home. Mine was the greatest gift that I ever received by a sibling, but it was not the greatest gift given by Tim. That award would go to the gift he gave his grandmother for her 80th birthday. She's now 93. (She scoots down the aisle pretty well for a 93-year-old, doesn't she?)

But back to the gift. Not long before her 80th birthday she had mentioned to Tim that her favorite song was Clair de Lune by Claude Debussy. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-LXI4y6D-QI>. Upon hearing this, Tim quietly set upon learning the song by piano. Keep in mind he had little formal training, played mostly by ear, and for many people it can take years to play this particular song well. Tim learned the song in a matter of months, and surprised his grandmother on her 80th birthday with a near perfect rendition. What a gift, that could only be given by such a heart! I look forward to hearing the song here again shortly as the service concludes, because I believe its notes now carry part of Tim's soul, and will always remind me of the day he played it for his beloved Nonny.

In the last few days, when I stepped back and examined all of Tim's traits - his strong will to action, his accomplishments, his voracious reading, his gift giving, his extreme love and devotion to his family and friends, I began to notice that these just weren't just a random collection of amazing personal traits. They reflected a singular way of life.

The common theme I found is that his actions, his accomplishments, his traits, and now his legacy, can all be explained in the way of Tim being a person who set about living each and every day as if it were the very last, and he did so for his entire adult life. How else does one

accomplish so much and touch so many in such a short amount of time? In his short 32 years, Tim had 3 lifetimes worth of the experiences and people touched by his actions.

In response to Tim's untimely death, a friend here today posted a quote that I think bears repeating:

"The clock of life is wound but once,
and no man has the power
...to tell just when the hands will stop, at late or early hour.
Now is the only time you own.
Live, love, toil with a will.
Place no faith in time.
For the clock may soon be still."

For many, this might be a quote of inspiration, something to nudge us on occasion. With Tim it was the way of his life.

Tim lived, loved and toiled with a will that I have never seen matched. Or as he quoted Tennyson, in the conclusion of his "Good Life" paper - which effectively became his life's mission statement - "to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

That's ok, it's not easy to be like Tim. But it's not too late as we can all try to be more like him. And we, as well as the people we love, and the world as a whole, would be better for it.

Perhaps going forward, each of us can look to Tim for inspiration. Next time you say to yourself you are too busy to visit family, hug a friend, go on that adventure, read that book, learn a new hobby, or start your dream business, think of 32 year old Tim, as he is proof that you do have that time, that you can overcome personal obstacles, and that if you act as he did you too will have a "Good Life" regardless of when that clock stops.

It seems that now Tim has skied past us once again, and it may be a while before most of us catch up.

Thank you Timmy, for showing us all the way.

[Speaking Mandarin] 你有一个美丽的心灵和一颗完美的心脏。安息吧，我亲爱的弟弟，你永远是我心目中的英雄。

Nǐ yǒu yīgè měilì de xīnlíng hé yī kē wánměi de xīnzàng. Ānxi ba, wǒ qīn'ài de dìdì, nǐ yǒngyuǎn shì wǒ xīnmù zhōng de yīngxióng.

[Now repeating the Mandarin in English]

You were a beautiful mind, a beautiful soul, and you lived a beautiful life.

Brother, you are always and forever, my hero.

Eulogy by Gerry O'Shaughnessy, Timothy's dad on the occasion of the Memorial for Timothy at HUKST. September 4, 2016,

As Timothy's brother Michael said in his eulogy of Tim: Tim lived life every day as if it was his last day.

Tim always made time for friends and family. On his last day among us, he made the time for an old high school friend, who happened to come upon a Facebook post of Tim and his college roommates at a golfing outing and reunion in Pinehurst North Carolina on the weekend of August 12.

After spending most of the weekend there, Tim accepted his high school friend's last minute invitation; and so he travelled 3 hours by taxi on Saturday evening to Columbia South Carolina, where Tim's heart stopped beating in the early morning of Sunday, August 14 on the couch where he was sleeping at his friend's apartment. Timothy died after making the extra effort to visit his friend.

So we live, so shall we die.

What was Timothy's life here all about? **For Timothy it was about leading a "good life": -a life which integrated his spiritual, intellectual and worldly journeys**

Timothy first studied the great books of Western Civilization; and despite his deafness in one ear, he also mastered the Chinese language, which in its verbal form is dependent on tone for meaning.

But Timothy did not consider himself an academic.

I know that for Tim, the Good Life consists of **ACTION**.

Timothy knew from a Chinese proverb: to "Be not afraid of growing slowly; be afraid only of standing still."

So Timothy set out to engage the wider world and he set sail to China, which is where the action is.

But **what -for Timothy and for us- is the "Good" in the Good Life?**

A Notre Dame philosophy professor said that **the good Life requires as acting with the "5 C's":**

CONCENTRATION

SELF CONFIDENCE

COMMITMENT

CONSISTENCY and

CHARACTER.

The first “C” is CONCENTRATION:

There is the story in the Bagivad Gita about the Hindu hero Arjuna. The great Guru hung a wooden bird from the branch of a tree and asked his students to describe what they were able to see.

Arjuna’s turn came. He said: “I see the bird.”

When he was asked what else he could see, Arjuna responded: “I see the bird's eye.”

Timothy, like Arjuna, met that test, like all successful people. He was focused and concentrated on his goals.

Timothy also had SELF **CONFIDENCE**, the 2d of the “5 C’s”.

Confidence is not arrogance. It is not ego centered. It is healthy. It is a sweet elixir that we deserve based on perseverance and commitment.

Timothy’s college thesis, entitled “The Doctrine of Liberty,” discussed the “3d C”: **COMMITMENT**:

These are **Timothy’s words**:

“There is a necessary position of the knower passionately committed to something he does not know for sure as existing. Yet he is still able to find grounds and passion to look for these connections,

because he intuitively *believes* that it is almost always by this faculty that human discovery and true human originality are made possible.”

The 4th C is **CONSISTENCY**.

Tim knew what *Nathaniel Hawthorne said*:

“No man, for any considerable period, can wear one face to himself, and another to the multitude, without finally getting bewildered as to which may be the true.”

That said, *Tim knew that* no well-informed person ever imputed inconsistency to another for changing his mind.

What, *then*, was the true Gospel of consistency for Tim? *Change. Who is the really consistent man?*

The man who changes.

Timothy changed and grew. Consistently. Entrepreneurs are not obedient. They Learn.

That was Timothy. He was always learning.

The result of all of this for Timothy was to acquire the “5th C” of the Good Life: **CHARACTER:**

The great Guru taught his trainee Arjuna what characterizes the virtuous man.

His words describe Timothy’s character well:

- Fearlessness, singleness of soul;
- The will always to strive for wisdom;
- Piety and love of lonely study
- Humbleness, uprightness
- Truthfulness;
- Tenderness towards all that suffer;
- A bearing mild, modest, and grave,
- An unvengeful spirit, never given to rate itself too high. "

Timothy knew the objective of his practiced virtue:

“ . . . to slowly accumulate spiritual merit, for the sake of acquiring a companion to the next world, just as the white ant gradually raises its hill...

...For in the next world only your spiritual merit is counted. Single is each being born; single it dies; single it enjoys the reward of its virtue.”

It probably would not surprise you all to know that among Timothy’s academic and spiritual interests was the subject of quantum mechanics.

Spiritual?

What does the strange new physics that explains the deep workings of the cosmos really have to do with spirituality?

The nexus is the subject of **“Consciousness.”**

Tim understood that “consciousness” is an entity outside the 4 dimensions of space time, connected to a Deep Consciousness.

Neuroscientists, like all Classical scientists, deal with “the world out there”.

They struggle to understand how there can be such a thing as a first-person reality separate from outside causes.

Quantum scientists, on the other hand, *grapple with the mystery of:*

...how there can be anything *but* a first-person reality?

In quantum reality- classical objects — including brains — don’t exist....

Instead, the conscious experiences of our minds are *ontological primitives*, the most basic ingredients of the real world.

In short, all roads lead back to the observer.

Listen to Timothy in his College thesis:

“Scientific skepticism is unable to truly conceptualize (consciousness), which I think most of us would personally acknowledge as existing....

Consciousness is more than the sum of parts;

And the process by which we go out to discover the world...

...is the same process by which we define who we are.”

Sounds like Tim, doesn't it. But he wouldn't talk about that stuff unless you asked. That was Tim too.

Tim may be gone from our sight now; but he is alive in our hearts. I also believe he is now part of the greater cosmic consciousness which is God.

In closing this remembrance of Tim, in his silence now I must speak for him. So, I offer this Irish toast from him to all of you, his friends:

May flowers always line your path
and sunshine light your day.
May songbirds serenade you
every step along the way.
May a rainbow run beside you
in a sky that's always blue.
And...Until we meet again...
May happiness fill your heart each day
your whole life through.