

I am just one of the many who was privileged to have known Jim as clearly indicated by messages before me and will be repeated after me.

Jim was—what you call—“straight as an arrow”, more genuine than the word itself.

He helped Pat edit our local deaf senior citizens group, Happy Hands’ newsletters. Even to the point of folding and mailing hard copies to deaf seniors who still haven’t come into the 21st century.

He also helped round out the “men” in our Foxy Red Hatters group. Whenever Jim was present, the men were sure to enjoy his company -his stories. This was true for yet another group, the husbands of Tea Ladies of Virginia.

By now, you have guessed it. Wherever Pat was, so was Jim. It worked the other way, too.

As for me: take your pick: he was so patient straightening out my iMac -or was it me he was straightening out?

The past few years, whenever the first Sunday of March came around, it was Iditarod time and this would elicit mutual checking to see if our respective favorite musher would win.

Then only recently I found we had a mutual love for licorice —am only sorry that I can’t share my cache any more.

I know heaven’s all the better for Jim’s presence.