



## John F Tim

December 1, 1971 - July 13, 2025

Hi everyone,

I felt that I should say something as I know a lot of people would like to know, and it will probably just help me as well, but my father passed away yesterday. My father was in Kansas for his job and was set to be there until November, so last Sunday he bought a bicycle, as many of you know he liked to have a routine, and wanted to keep in shape. While he was riding his bicycle after work on Thursday, a woman rear-ended him, sending him off the bicycle. He suffered many injuries, but the most critical was his neck and head which caused his carotid arteries to stop supplying oxygen to his brain, his brain was deprived for too long which would lead the medical personnel to declare him fully brain inactive (brain dead). I won't get into any of the details, but I would like to say a few things about my father.

He was a father to 2 sons, John F. Tim Jr (22) & Dale E. Tim (20), who he successfully put through college and saw both graduate in May, and both are working good jobs because of him. He is a husband to a strong-willed mother, Mary K. Tim (49) and he did whatever he needed for her. He is a son to two amazing parents, Fred M. Tim (82) & Judith L. Tim (79) and a brother to Karen H. Jackson (49), all of whom now have to live without him.

There was an article posted about the accident in Kansas that was titled "Pennsylvania bicyclist hospitalized after Thursday night crash in Montgomery County." I would like to respectfully correct them. That Pennsylvania bicyclist is a veteran, who served 3 tours in the U.S. Army, including, but definitely not

limited to, a role as an Iraqi Security Forces Coordinator (2008-2009). He graduated from Lafayette College, Class of 1994, with a BS in Mechanical Engineering, where he was a part of ASME, SAE, and Army ROTC. He later went to get his M.S. from Case Western Reserve University, Class of 2019, in Systems and Controls Engineering. He was also about to add Dr. to his title with a Doctorate from Binghamton University in Industrial and Systems Engineering. When I asked him why he wanted to go back to school late in his career he said he enjoyed learning and wanted to be a professor at some point, and in my book, he earned that title. In his professional civil career, he was a Professional Engineer, most recently as a Lead Project Manager for Messer Americas.

Beyond his professional life he was a man who picked up ice hockey for his kids and coached and officiated youth hockey throughout the Western New York and Northwestern Pennsylvania Area. He was the Vice President of the WNYAHL, and an official's instructor through the MidAm district. He was an avid skier since the age of three, when his family would tell you he picked up a pair of skis and never stopped. Just like his father, he was a member of the Ski Patrol at Camelback Resort for 12 years. John also enjoyed going to the gun range, whether that was with his father where he would spend hours shooting and come home smelling like the gun cleaner they used, or where he would sit for hours at the Bradford Rifle Club, making sure every scope was properly zeroed. Most recently he participated in Bradford, PA's Memorial Day Parade as a flag bearer, honoring his country and his community. My father was dedicated to anything he committed to, teaching my brother and I "If you commit to something, you see it out fully and no quitting. Whether that was his family and friends, in the military, his job, the hockey team, the Willow Creek Triathlon, or anything else he was asked to or said he would do, every task was done strategically, thoughtfully and executed to its fullest extent. My close friends and I were just having a conversation about him and anytime we would make an excuse for something, or said we couldn't do something, my father would respond with one word, "bullshit." That was his way of telling us to keep

going, to do better, driving us to be better.

To all of you reading this he wore many different hats for all of us. To my brother and I he was dad, to his parents he was son, in the military he was Major Tim, to some he was John and to others he was Coach John or to my friends that didn't understand military ranks he was General Sergeant Coach John Tim, but he should and will be forever known as Major John Fenton Tim Sr. P.E., born on December 1st, 1971, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and a proud resident of Bradford, Pennsylvania, the home of Zippo/Case, where he just got me a pocket knife for my new job on Wednesday without asking because he just knew I needed it.

My dad will forever be the best man I have ever met, and I am beyond lucky to share his name and I will continue that legacy going forward, even if that means I have to go get a closet full of Carhartt FR button-down t-shirts from Tractor Supply.

I hold a salute for you Major, and a hug for you dad.

Rest in peace pops. (1971-2025)

# Tribute Wall

BD

“ *My name is Bill Doughty and I was lucky enough to go to Lafayette with John where we were both in ROTC. He was a few years ahead of me and one of the Cadet NCOs when I first met him.*

*We didn't keep in touch after college but I've always remembered him as the kind of guy who would push through challenges and inspire others--always with a sense of humor.*

*I can still hear him firmly saying, "USE YOUR BRAIN!" when he saw us making a task more complicated than it needed to be.*

*I am deeply sorry for your loss.*

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**Bill Doughty** - May 02 at 02:35 PM

AK

“ *My name is Ann Tim Kane and I am his aunt on his father's side. I just want to thank Karen for the best testament I have ever read. I live in the Republic of Panama, phone calls kept John and I near.. To my brother and Judy you are in my thoughts. John will always be in my thoughts.*

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**Ann Tim Kane** - September 20, 2025 at 02:10 PM