

Remarks and Eulogy for

Timothy Philip
Schwartz-Barcott

Unity Chapel, 1:30 PM ET

Latrobe, Pennsylvania

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Remarks by George Coulter

Friend from high school

People long have recognized Timothy Schwartz-Barcott's contributions to the field of Sociology. It's because of his many significant accomplishments, the things that he DID. After all, he DID earn a master's degree and a Ph.D from a prestigious university. He DID perform sociological research. He DID teach at a number of well-respected institutions. And he has published numerous articles and books in his chosen field.

Nevertheless, impressive as that litany of accomplishments is, it still fails to capture Tim's essence as a sociologist. Beyond his research, studying, teaching, and writing, Tim went further, involving himself intimately in society with personal philanthropy projects that frequently were innovative¹ and *always* were heartfelt. In other words, sociology was not something that Tim did; sociology is who he *was*.

Perhaps it's something in the local water here, because that closely echoes the credo of Latrobe's golfing legend, Arnold Palmer who professed that "Hometown (meaning Latrobe) is not where you are from; it's who you are."

And here is where I first got to know Tim. While we began our freshman year at Latrobe High School in the autumn of 1956, we actually got to know each other later, in the spring of our sophomore year, 1958. At the time, we were fledgling members of the varsity tennis squad, both trying to get ranked as one of the top five players on the team, the ones who got to play in matches.



Excerpt from Latrobe paper April 25, 1959 that Tim nailed to the wood overhang above his home office desk (George third from left, Tim farthest on right)

So, we formed an alliance. In a few months, when summer began, we started to practice together two or three times a week, or more.

I walked into town to meet Tim on a corner, a couple of blocks from his home. From there it was a little over a mile down through town to the tennis courts where we played for maybe two hours. Then we retraced our tracks across town and usually back to Tim's place for a peanut butter and jelly sandwich and a glass of milk.

Often we'd follow up tennis with a swim at "Red Top²," a railroad reservoir about a mile from Tim's house, literally over the river and through the woods. Then we'd go back again to where we initially had met, and from there, each to his home.

All told, it was about four and a half miles of walking³, plus the tennis, plus the swimming.

It worked. Next tennis season we were on the playing roster. That year we helped to win the team tennis championship⁴ of our Western Pennsylvania school district.

If Tim liked tennis, he LOVED music – listening, for sure, but especially performing. He was a stalwart of the Boys Chorus, belting out “Give me some men who are stout-hearted men...” when the group launched into its signature anthem. He also formed a quartet, joining with three other musical classmates to play gigs around town.

But if you set him down at a piano, you’d best stand back because with his own energetic, up-tempo style he could out do Little Richard.

[Holding up CD in its case]

This music CD, custom produced by maestro Schwartz to commemorate a class reunion, is a bit more restrained. If you’re coming to the reception, you may hear Tim’s keyboard renditions of the Latrobe High School alma mater PLUS the man himself singing that hallowed tune, a capella.

Ultimately, we DID grow up. (Although I think even today some classmates think that is debatable.)

In later years, when he was writing several of his books, I was flattered that sometimes he asked me to be combination proofreader and sounding board. He would send me a draft that I’d mark up with comments and send back, followed by hours on the phone.

The project I remember best was Tim’s book, “After the Disaster”, a study of how individuals and communities in West Virginia recovered – or didn’t recover – over the

long term, decades after several towns were wiped off the map by a catastrophic flood. Immediately following that 1972 flood a prominent sociologist wrote a classic text on the disruption of those communities.

Thirty years after the event, Tim decided to go back to West Virginia to revisit, this time trying to understand who did recover, talking to people now thirty years further along life's journey. He spent several years, repeatedly going back to talk to specific people many times. In the process, he got to know them very well – they were people who invited him into their modest homes. They became friends.

As I worked with Tim to transform his West Virginia field notes into a manuscript, two things affected me. One, of course, was the unspeakable hardships the survivors endured for so long. But, moreover, I marveled at the compassion Tim afforded these people and how tangibly they appreciated the respect he showed them.

The sensitivity with which Tim conducted his research is yet another example of how he *lived* his profession. What shines through in *all* these examples⁵ is Tim's commitment to care and to help others.

Throughout his life, my friend did as much as he could for as long as he could ... until he could do it no longer.

Truly, he has earned his rest!

Endnotes

- 1 Innovative philanthropy - I was thinking of Tim's effort to implement a variation of micro finance in Vietnam. Here, in 2021, I remember very few of the details. I recall generally that he wanted to provide a mechanism by which a Vietnamese entrepreneur could acquire a pedicab (also known as a bike taxi, tricycle taxi, cycle rickshaw) and thereby earn income providing transportation to paying customers. I believe Tim had in mind especially, transportation for American military service veterans returning to Vietnam to compare the contemporary Vietnam to the one they had experienced during the war. Tim wanted to structure the program so that in turn for receiving up front money to purchase the pedicab, the recipient would agree to paying a specified percentage of their profits into a bank account. When the balance in the account reached an amount sufficient to purchase another pedicab, a second entrepreneur similarly would be equipped. If the program turned out to be successful the bank account would grow exponentially, thus providing an income to a significant number of people. I do not know the date when Tim began working on this idea, and neither do I know its outcome.
- 2 "Red Top", a railroad reservoir about a mile from Tim's house.
- 3 Four and one-half miles of walking – The distance from my home to where I met Tim was about 1.25 miles.
- 4 Team tennis championship – This title was awarded to the team having the best won/loss record in matches played against the other high schools in our district. A match consisted of the following competitions, each representing one point: First Singles, Second Singles, Third Singles, First Doubles, and Second Doubles. Tim played first doubles, usually partnered with the teammate who played first singles. I played second doubles, teamed with our second singles teammate. After the last team matches of the season were completed, there were playoffs among the best individual singles players and doubles teams in the district, to award championships in those categories also.
- 5 All these examples – Meaning not just his sensitivity for the individuals he interviewed in West Virginia, but also his "personal philanthropy projects."

Remarks by Lieutenant Colonel Ray Owens

Former student, friend

“My Dear Friend”

This is the way I would typically begin my letters to TP, and in that greeting was encompassed a genuine and heart felt affection for the man who was a mentor, a confidant, and a dear friend.

I met TP in September, 1976 during my first semester in college where he was my first and only Sociology professor. He was teaching “Sociology of Mass Media.” Now don’t you think this is a bit ironic for a man who never liked cell phones, the internet, emails or social platforms to teach such a course!

Anyway, I was sitting in the cafeteria when Professor Schwartz approached me and asked if he could join me. What was I suppose to say to my professor; “No?”

So, he joins me and his first question is “Well Mr. Owens, what is your inclination?”

I thought to myself, Hmm, is this a trick question? My inclination is to pass your course and then get the hell out of this awkward situation. However, I stayed, we ate and continued to have lunch together throughout that year. The result of this interaction speaks for itself. From that moment forward our relationship grew.

I was soon introduced to his lovely wife Donna, helped move them and their 4 pieces of furniture from Crowfield

to Quailfield, helped groom the driveway, helped build and install the Basketball backboard, clean and paint the barn, build an incubator to propagate Rhode Island with Quail and Pheasant, put up fencing for the cow as well as fell trees, then cut and split them for firewood... OK, does anyone see a trend here? Only kidding!

TP and I agreed that we, as a society, had lost the fine art of writing, especially with meaningful undertones of romanticism. As such, we wrote always keeping this in mind. Our conversations and correspondence transcended more than 4 decades and covered a myriad of topics: school, teaching, nursing, politics, war, service to our country, our veterans, our faith, family (especially our sons), love, loss, poetry, literature, death, dying, his research and writings, remaining relevant and productive in our waning years and most recently the horrible fragility of getting old, its inherent consequences and the fears associated with such afflictions. However, our favorite topic of discussion was recalling the many battles fought on the stone and black hardwood of the Quailfield B-Ball court and who retained the greatest number of W's.



Tim Man-to-Man Defense with Jim Ball, photo by Larry Ball 1985

TP always had a genuine curiosity and fascination with the many facets of my civilian and military undertakings and was intrigued by my recent efforts at volunteerism with the Red Cross and my fellowship with a men's Christian group. He also remained highly interested in my wife's military career.

I'm not sure whether he ever came to appreciate the fact that early in our relationship he changed the course of my life. He was the catalyst that challenged me to become a better writer, a better speaker, and encouraged me to gain a better command of the English language by growing my vocabulary, no surprise there! In many ways he provided the motivation for me joining the US Army Reserve and continuing my service in the US Air Force.

TP, Donna, and Quailfield hold a special place in my heart. Their home has always been and will always be, a place of respite, peace and tranquility.

It's difficult to summarize a friendship that spanned 45 years in one moment of time. However, what is not difficult is to remember TP as a friend who left an indelible imprint on our souls, a smile on our faces and laughter in our hearts.

In closing, I'd like to leave you with this, a poem TP wrote and sent to me in 1995:

A Prayer for Today

Let us hope for some goodness
and meaning each day of our lives
that we can share with others.

It is not easy to know if there is a
Divine design or a source of spiritual
guidance outside of ourselves.

But let us live according to those possibilities,
without depending upon them too heavily.

Let us try to find something of value in all
people, events, experiences and ideas and
to learn how to perpetuate insights so that
others might suffer less, and have laughter,
love and hope through all of their days.

T.P.S. November, 30, 1995

We Irish never say; "Goodbye" but rather "See you soon."
I'm sure you'll understand if I don't say either today.
Instead, I'll offer you a final salute my dear brother and
simply say "Til we meet again, you'll surely be missed."

A written tribute to Tim

by Philip Caputo

Author of *A Rumor of War*, friend from Vietnam

I've known a great many people in my 80 years, but only a few were unique. By "unique" I mean someone who is so completely himself or herself, so inner-directed, that they can't be described by comparing them to others or with generic terms like "intelligent" or "kind" or "difficult."

Tim Schwartz was unique.

I won't speak here about his impressive professional achievements; rather, I'd like to share a few anecdotes that reveal something of his personality and character.

He and I met in the summer of 1965 when we were serving in Vietnam with Headquarters Company, Third Marine Regiment. We had a lot in common — immigrant grandparents, blue-collar backgrounds, an irreverence for military regulations — and hit it off.

As junior staff officers, we often had little to do and looked for ways to occupy our idle moments. We lifted weights and played volleyball in Vietnam's hellish climate to stay in shape; we read lots of paperbacks to keep our brains from going to ruin. Tim also developed a peculiar hobby: he would comb through a well-thumbed dictionary for the most esoteric words he could find, then make poems of them by randomly stringing them together. He'd read one of his creations to me in our sweltering tent and asked what I thought. I said, "It makes no sense whatsoever, Gus." (Gus was

his nickname, its origins uncertain). A grin spread across his wide, sunburned face. "Of course it doesn't," he replied. "It's not supposed to." I found that a novel literary theory.

One night at about two a.m., a squad of Viet Cong probed the HQ perimeter. Automatic rifle fire erupted; rounds snapped through the tent where Tim and I lived with a few other lieutenants. Instantly and almost in unison, all eight of us rolled out of our cots, reaching for our pistols and carbines, and there was Gus Schwartz headed for a trench outside as he bellowed, 'Gentlemen, your weapons!' as if we and the VC were in a duel. In the wavering light of flares, we saw a young marine cut down as he sprinted for a foxhole. With bullets cracking overhead, Tim leapt out of the trench to render aid to the wounded man. I followed him, inspired by his example. Unfortunately, there was nothing we or anyone could do for the marine.

Eventually, we were transferred, I to a rifle company, Tim to a reconnaissance battalion. It was there that he acquired a dramatic and miraculous wound while leading a patrol. A bullet passed through one cheek and out the other without so much as scratching a tooth. Its exit left a hook-shaped scar on one side of his face. A mutual friend declared that it resembled one of those dueling scars proudly worn by Prussian officers in the 19th century. "It's the perfect wound for Gus!" he said, perhaps referring to Tim's sometimes Teutonic mannerisms.

After I was discharged, I visited Tim, who was then an instructor at Officers Basic School in Quantico, Virginia. Typical of his idiosyncratic ways, he wasn't living anywhere on the base, but all by himself in a rented log cabin in the woods near Manassas, Virginia. I hung out there for three or four days, and it was an unusual

but pleasant interlude. We tramped through the woods shooting crows, never hitting one — they were flying far out of shotgun range. In the evenings we canoed down the Rappahannock river to a rustic inn for dinner and drinks.

There were a lot of books in the cabin, three or four by Herman Hesse, the German writer who was a favorite of the youthful counter-culture in the Sixties. Tim would discourse at length on Hesse. It struck me as wonderfully odd for a Marine combat veteran to lecture on a writer popular among hippies. But that was Tim, unorthodox as always.

Except for one or two fleeting contacts, we lost touch for many years after leaving the Marine Corps. I can't recall what brought us back together in the early 90s. By that time, I had become a journalist and novelist and Tim a scholar, teacher, and social scientist. Although he was living in Rhode Island and I in Connecticut, only a two-hour drive away, we saw each other just once — a pheasant hunting trip at a preserve roughly halfway between our homes. Otherwise, we spoke on the phone or communicated by mail. I mean handwritten letters, not emails.

And Tim's were of course unusual, scrawled on looseleaf note paper, with afterthoughts running up the margins or added in hasty PS's. He had become a writer himself, turning out scholarly works on wide-ranging subjects: a study of the Koran and its relation to questions of war, terrorism, and peace; an account of a 1972 coal-mining disaster, and — this is my favorite for its sheer oddity — an examination of the happiness index in the family of Donald J. Trump. He also published, in 2013, an in-depth critique of my longest and most complex novel, *Acts of Faith*. I was very flattered when a copy showed up in my mailbox.

Tim's last missive arrived this past June, a few months before his death. It urged me and another writer to begin writing essays on the decline of animal and bird populations worldwide. I think he had an exaggerated opinion of our influence and abilities. He scolded us, in his usual forceful style, for not utilizing them: "I have not seen evidence that you fellows are publishing articles or books on these subjects. Please consider doing so."

I will miss him and those quirky letters.

An elderly woman I once knew told me that the hardest thing about old age is losing your friends. Semper fi, Tim, and farewell.



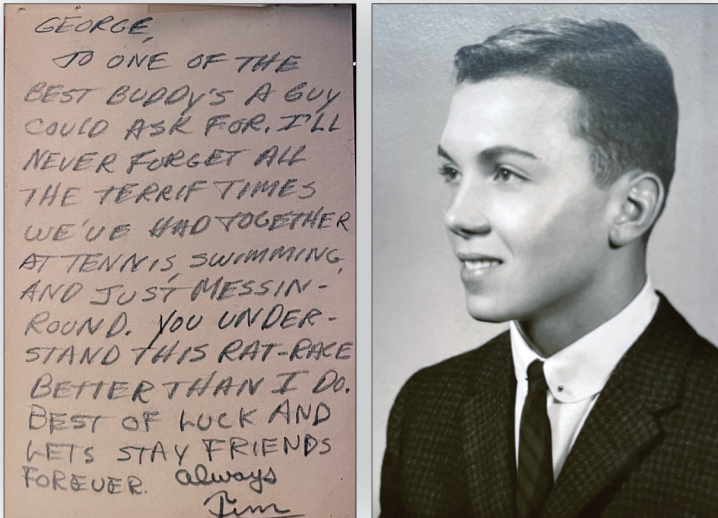
Tim and Phil with fellow Marine officers in Danang, Vietnam, 1965 circled by Tim

Eulogy by Rye Barcott

Son

Thank you, George Coulter, Lieutenant Colonel Ray Owens, Phil Caputo and Lieutenant Colonel Dave Stapleton.

George shared with me a copy of Dad's high school senior photo at the funeral home. I was touched by the inscription on the back of the photo that my father wrote to George in 1960, and I'd like to start by sharing it with you.



Thank you very much for coming here today to honor my father, Tim Philip Schwartz-Barcott. It means a lot to my mother, his sister Denise, me, and our family.

I know Dad's here in spirit and recognizes your presence, and he also is listening to the music - feel free to try and channel his booming baritone in the sing-alongs, if you can!

Well, Dad would not want you to leave this service without laughing and learning something, and preferably taking new insights that can help you do better in helping others. We're doing great on the laughs, and we're on our way with the learnings.

What I'd like to offer with this eulogy is 5 lessons from Dad's life.

These are lessons from Dad's life. I am not saying that I have learned them!

But I am trying, and now with Dad's passing, I will try harder.

OK, sound good? 5 life lessons.

First, drive defensively.

That's right, drive defensively.

Now, for Dad, as any of you who had the pleasure — I mean, experience, — of driving with him know, defensive driving meant many things.

The first part was equipping your car. In our case this was a Dodge caravan, preferably purchased used and with at least 100,000 miles on the odometer. Equipping your car started with reflective duct tape. Put that on the bumpers. Put it anywhere you'd like.

Something should go on the antennae too in case you were to lose your car in a parking lot.

Faux wood paneling is optional, but appreciated.

You can also mark important buttons within arm reach, such as windows, locks, AC ... with a sharpie and bold, black arrows.

Also in reach of the driver is a tennis ball or similarly shaped bouncy ball. The purpose of this ball is not to throw. It is to squeeze, thus accomplishing three things for the driver:

- transfer of stress to the ball
- a forearm work out
- more focus on the road, while you squeeze the hell out of the ball

Thus prepared, Dad could drive anywhere.

AND, he would NEVER text while driving... you need a cell phone for that. Something he never owned.

Dad just focused on the road, making other drivers aware of his presence, and educating them.

This typically started with a comment to the other driver, such as "come on now," or "what are you thinking?"

It might then escalate to a flash of the high beams, or a tap of the horn, before laying on that horn full throttle while shouting a powerful word at the other driver, such as "dipstick," "swineheard," or "gumball."

Dad did not have to think about driving defensively. It seemed to be in his blood. He always did it.

Once I became a teenager and knew everything there was to know about the world, I started getting embarrassed

by Dad's driving. What was he trying to do, I thought, educate other drivers?

Yes, in fact, he did feel a strong need to educate others on proper defensive driving techniques. But there was a deeper part.

It wasn't always in his blood. Dad had been in many environments in his life where accidents happened in a matter of moments because people didn't pay attention.

The unforgiving minute, Kipling called it.

And it could wreck or end your life. He had seen that, and he was an academic who thought about data, including the leading cause of deaths in the United States for people aged 1-54.

Can anybody guess what that is?

So, drive defensively.

Here's another way of getting to the bigger point of the first life lesson from Dad's life. Before he passed, Dad on my request completed a book of questions called Grandfather's Journal. Well, that isn't entirely correct. He completed about half of the questions in that book that he didn't find annoying.

One question he did answer was something to the effect of what advice would you give yourself if you were young again. To this, Dad wrote: *"Be prepared. Things can go "very wrong," very quickly.*

Drive defensively.

Second lesson: work out.

That's right, work out.

At one point as a little boy Dad was given a grim prognosis. He had severe asthma. Doctors told his parents he could not go outside and he may have to live a very sedentary, confined life.

Miraculously, around the age of 10 Dad got better, and shortly thereafter he exploded into outdoor activity, sports, and exercise, resulting in the physical specimen that many of you knew:

- such as George Coulter with Dad on the tennis courts at Latrobe High;
- Ray Owens in full-contact pick-up basketball at Quailfield;
- and Phil Caputo pressing weights in Vietnam with Dad before Dad volunteered for an additional 6-month assignment in one of the units with the highest casualty rates in the United States Marine Corps.

And let me just pause a moment to reflect on his calves. Bulbous, incredible. Calves so perfect, Jeff Hiday, who is also a writer and here with us today, remarked that they should be memorialized in plaster cast. Another friend said they could be “deep fried and sold at a county fair. Huge. Meaty!”

Try to shake that image from your head! Dad would find it hilarious.

Dad loved to work out, and as his only child, of course that meant that I grew up playing ball, and all kinds of other physical activity.

He coached my pop warner football and basketball, the Red Rockets, where his first lesson as a coach was in the proper use of one's forearm while driving to the hoop.

One of my friends, Fred Faber, described my father as a "foundational figure" in his life, and said he was teaching that same form of forearm shiver now to his three sons.

Making the world a better place one forearm shiver at a time: T.P. Schwartz.

But, in all seriousness, sports connected my father to many of my friends, some of them — especially those facing adversity — in profound ways.

Chris Lopes, who now owns and runs a barber shop in East Greenwich, Rhode Island, told me that at times he felt my father cared more about him than his own.

"Not many peoples' opinions mattered to me," Chris said as he gave me the haircut I'm wearing today. "Your father's did, and without him I'm not sure I would have succeeded."

So working out was a way to connect, to deepen existing ties, especially between father and son, and to make new friends, some of which led to transformative relationships for Dad, who never shied away from offering his views on how someone could improve. I'll talk more about that in a moment.

Work out while you can. It's good for the body and mind.

Onto the third lesson. Live with integrity.

Integrity is hard. It's doing the right thing when no one is looking. But it is also holistic and about staying true to who you are.

For my father, his integrity was rooted in his pursuit of the truth. It did not matter who you were, rich or poor, famous or homeless, Dad would speak up if he felt like a person was speaking inaccurately about anything, and that's especially true if he cared for that person.

To be clear, this at times was tough for many of his friends and family to understand, myself included. Dad's critical thinking and readiness to share it was just part of who he was. It wasn't personal; it was essentially and effectively what he had to do to live with integrity.

And nothing would comprise his integrity. Certainly not money. Dad is among the most frugal people I know. All you need to do is visit our house. He had almost zero interest in material things.

He would only buy new clothes when his shirts — typically turtlenecks or golf shirts — disintegrated off his back. I felt his presence after I showered at home this week because I used the same towels he's owned for at least 42 years.

Where did he get his integrity?

I believe he got it mainly here, this place, WWII and 1950s Latrobe, the community, and most importantly the loving upbringing of his mother Del, his father Phil, and his grandmother, Marianna Favro, who was a towering figure in his life and a self-made entrepreneur who raised five kids, including Del, as a single parent through the Great Depression.



Tim and Denise with their parents Phil and Delma Schwartz 1953

Vietnam tested his integrity in an extreme way. Though he valued public service, that experience made him especially distrustful and critical of authority, governments, and institutions.

There is a comment on the CFK Africa Lux Sit Scholarship online memorials for Dad that he had a scar on his face like Sergeant Bob Barnes in Platoon, but he was more like Sergeant Elias, who was killed because he helped protect innocent civilians. I agree with that comment,

and I thank God he survived Vietnam. He had many close calls.

This is the smoke grenade that hung near his heart on a reconnaissance patrol. An enemy round hit it here, perhaps saving his life. I've always felt a mystical force touching this grenade, which is preserved in wax. I feel it now, at this moment.



We'll bring it to the reception afterward along with the books Dad wrote and four others that were all-time favorites and are festooned with his highlights and in-margin comments: his mentor Gerhard Lenski's *Human Societies*, Phil Caputo's *A Rumor of War*, John Shelton Reed's *1001 Things to Know About the South*, and

Dave Barry's Lessons from Lucy The Simple Joys of an Old Happy Dog.

Dad's integrity extended to the ones he loved, first and foremost my mother, Donna.



Tim and Donna on their wedding day, August 2, 1972

Who we marry for many of us is our most important life decision.

For more than a half century, Mom and Dad had an amazing relationship that protected, nurtured, and brought happiness to one another, in sickness and in health.

So live with integrity. Easier to say than to do, at times. It is one thing we alone can control, and it is a great enabler to a life that is fulfilling and true.

- Drive Defensively
- Work out
- Live with integrity

OK, number 4: Assert yourself in the service of others.

Now, I know what you are thinking: Tim Schwartz-Barcott assertive? Say it ain't so!

As I alluded to earlier, Dad's integrity and ready willingness to assert himself frequently alienated relationships. He could be so direct and hard-hitting with his criticism and pursuit of the truth that people would retreat or dismiss him.

Anybody that spent enough time with him would eventually experience this and have to come up with their own way of dealing with it, or not.

Asserting oneself can be difficult, for most. However, as I can attest — thanks to the ultimate education in it from my father — it is easier to assert yourself when it is for something larger than yourself.

One of my early lessons in this happened on a Daddy-son trip to the headquarters of Mad Magazine in New York City.

You remember Mad Magazine? The comic book satire for kids featuring Alfred E. Neuman.

Mad Magazine was a HUGE hit in our house. I was infatuated by it. So Dad took me and a cousin on a trip to its “global headquarters” to meet the team.

Well, we got to the HQ on Madison Avenue in New York City and it just so happened it was just an office. They didn’t take visitors. There was nothing to see, the receptionist said.

My dad asked again to see the editor or publisher, explaining to the woman we had come all the way from Rhode Island for Mad Magazine. He got another “no,” then he flipped the script.

“We have an idea for the magazine to make it better,” he implored.

Finally after a few minutes of this a man met us up front. He said he was the editor, and he took us to his office. It was true, there wasn’t much to see. But we were there.

“So, what’s your idea?” he asked.

“Well,” Dad said, “it’s a next series for the popular spy versus spy.”

The editor raised his eyebrows. Spy versus spy was one of the most popular parts of the comic, widely loved by kids like me, at the time age 8.

“Go on,” he said.

“It’s Rye versus Rye,” Dad replied, then told some tale about two kids named Rye who grow up on a farm in Rhode Island, and so on and so forth.

One might say it was truly a mad idea.

We left after a few minutes, alas, without a writing deal, but with a great memory that we could laugh about forever.

That was Dad asserting himself in the service of others — mainly me, his son.

There are so many examples of Dad asserting himself for others. One of my favorites relates to his best friend from the Marines Larry Ball. Larry died tragically in 1990 at age 48, leaving behind four kids. The eldest, Deborah, joined us in Rhode Island this past Sunday.

Deborah told me that after her father died she was in a pretty dark place, understandably, and that she decided not to respond to my father's letters. Dad kept writing anyway.

After 20 years — 20 years! — Dad was one of the only people she still knew of who knew her father well and was still reaching out.

So she responded, and with time they developed a wonderful relationship and her kids were able to come to Quailfield, play with the animals, and learn about their father from mine. In one of his last letters Dad mentioned that he would have been pleased to have had Deborah as a daughter.

In that case Dad asserted himself for his best friend and his kids, and I'm delighted Larry's three sons — James Ball, Brian Ball, and John Ball — are with us today at the funeral. Hello, men, glad to have you here.

There are many cases of Dad asserting himself for people he doesn't know, especially kids caught in desperate situations: homeless families, orphans, and

most recently Yazidi refugees from Iraq who settled in the US.

He did this through the personal touch: his time, his energy, the giving of himself.

The last interaction I had with Dad occurred about two weeks ago. He joined a zoom call for the charity I co-founded in the informal settlements of Africa called CFK Africa. Three days before he died he sent a letter our organization's executive director, Beth-Ann Kutchma.

He enclosed a modest check to support some malnutrition programs for babies born at our maternity and living in gut wrenching, extreme poverty.

I learned of this letter before Beth-Ann received it, and that's not because Dad told me. He didn't tell me. But he kept a copy of the letter, which he produced as he did almost all of his handwritten letter copies — using carbon paper! I found a copy on his work desk.

In the letter he apologized for ever offending Beth or anyone else she knew. He was just trying to help, he wrote. She knew this. All of us who knew him well understood this, and a lot more got done for a lot of people in need because he asserted himself.

So, assert yourself in the service of others.

**That was four. Now for the fifth
and final one: WRITE!**

The only thing my Dad consistently spent more money than he needed to on was books.

Books are like wallpaper at our home, and the books he left behind all have his marks, literally, he scribbled all over the ones that he appreciated.

Dad was my primary care giver as a child because we didn't have much money and Mom's work hours at the University of Rhode Island College of Nursing were long.

Mom's four good friends who are here with us today from the College of Nursing can attest to that: Jean Miller, Suzie Kim, Ginette Ferszt, and Deborah Erickson-Owens. We appreciate you being here.

I spoke earlier about sports. Dad loved to play sports with me. I cannot think of a single occasion where he said no to a game of catch or H-O-R-S-E.

With hands-on parenting like that comes trade-offs. The principle trade-off for Dad was that he put on hold his great life ambition to write books.

He put that on hold, then when I was graduated and was gone, he got after it, writing books, 6 books, taking an average of 3 years each.

This was Dad's view of the primary way he could make a difference in the world: writing.

The goal transferred to me. A life ambition of mine became writing my own book, which like everything I wrote up through high school and many things I wrote in college benefited from careful, critical reads by Dad.

He read and marked up every single serious assignment I wrote from grade school through high school.

Writing books is not practical advice for most people, but writing is. My Dad's letters have been a constant reminder of how important writing can be, especially for those you care about.

Writing helps organize one's thoughts. It also puts down a marker in time that you can revisit to remember accurately how you felt on a certain occasion.

I would have never written a book had my father not encouraged me to keep a journal while I was in the Marines.

One of Dad's last books had a title adapted from one of Dad's favorite maxims: "Lux Sit," which is Latin for "let there be light."

Lest you think Dad took himself too seriously with his Latin, I'll share at the reception afterward a funny story about Lux Sit. It is a story with language that is not appropriate for a house of worship.

This semi-autobiographical set of short stories, *Let There Be Light*, is a gem for my family because it triggers some fond memories growing up.

It also reminds me of some of Dad's other life lessons, such as drive defensively in the story about the Pennsylvania Turnpike!

Writing helps preserve memories, distill meaning, and in some cases produce knowledge. This is certainly the case in what I believe is Dad's most important book: *After the Disaster: Re-Creating Community and Well-Being at Buffalo Creek Since the Notorious Coal-Mining Disaster of 1972*.

This book examines what happened to a community decades after a devastating coal mining accident, and builds on a seminal work in sociology by Kai Erikson about the incident. Dad spent years visiting Buffalo Creek and getting to know members of the community.

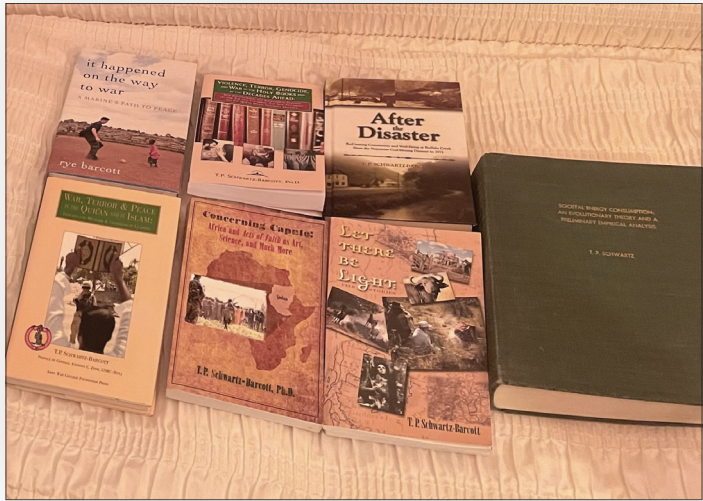
It is a book about trauma and rebuilding with significant insight for policymakers and anyone interested in life in impoverished rural American communities and the impact of natural disasters on the poor.

And it is a book. It will last and can make an impact for years to come.

So, write.

Write letters, keep a journal, write an op-ed, an article, maybe even a book.

But not necessarily another e-mail!



Tim requested he be buried with his books, including his dissertation – “Social Energy Consumption: An Evolutionary Theory and Preliminary Empirical Analysis” – which added about 5 pounds to the casket!

OK, so that’s it. Those are the 5:

- Drive defensively
- Work out
- Live with integrity
- Assert yourself in the service of others
- Write

Among these five, I’ve learned and implemented each, some more than others. I want to do better with all of them.

And, yes, there are some things I’ve learned not to do from Dad. While speaking with one of my father’s Marine friends, Peter Lowry, upon Dad’s passing, Peter shared with me the following thought that my mother and I find beautiful and helpful:

“Value and appreciate what he was, but value your own differences from him too.”

Dad, thank you. I love you and miss you. You live on though, in us, in your teachings, the power of your example, your letters, your books and other writing.

My father,
Tim, Gus, T.P., Dad, Grandpa,
Thank you, Dad

Closing by Denise Schwartz

Sister

The natural world was Tim's haven. He was comfortable in its colors and sounds. He loved to see how the land rose and fell, how wildlife lived in the earth's nooks and crannies, how ponds reflected light, how tomatoes grew heavy and corn grew tall. How autumn leaves drifted by a window or swirled like messages from above coming down. The song Autumn Leaves is one of the first adult pieces that Tim played in our childhood home. It was on his piano, in Rhode Island, on the day he died.

We are here at this spot of land because it is where Tim longed to be, here on the good dirt of western Pennsylvania, the land he knew and loved as no other.

Tim searched for the perfect place for our family plot and when he found this slope, he knew it was right. Because he wanted a place where we could look out at the rolling hills over there. Where, if you looked hard enough over there, you might see a retriever running through a field her coat glowing in the sun. He desired a place where Mom might have pleasure seeing a rabbit peek out from behind her headstone; where Dad might smile as a pheasant raced across his grave. A place where a doe and her fawn might rest in woods, where quail might run free, and where a dove might coo to Donna from a safe place in the trees on an early morning in the spring.

This is the place he chose. Sleep in heavenly peace, my brother.



THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

November 29, 2021

Donna Schwartz-Barcott, Ph.D.
West Greenwich, Rhode Island

Dear Dr. Schwartz-Barcott,

Jill and I send our heartfelt condolences as you mourn the loss of your husband, Tim. We are keeping you in our prayers during this difficult time.

Tim represented the best of who we are as Americans, and he dedicated his life to making the world a better place. Whether serving in the United States Marine Corps or advocating for the underprivileged around the world, Tim always put others' needs before his own. I was grateful to have his support. May you find some solace in knowing that his legacy will live on through you, your family, and all of the lives he touched.

Though the grieving process never quite ends, I promise that the day will come when Tim's memory will bring a smile to your lips before it brings a tear to your eye. My prayer for you is that this day comes sooner rather than later.

With sympathy,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Joe Biden". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the left.



14 December 2021

Dear Dr. Schwartz-Barcott,

It recently came to my attention that you lost your husband of 49 years, Tim, and I want to offer deepest condolences on behalf of all United States Marines. It is with profound sadness that the Marine Corps family learned of Tim's passing. We have great respect for his lifelong dedication to Corps and country.

As a Vietnam veteran and lifelong humanitarian, your husband leaves behind a rich legacy of courage, compassion, and devotion to duty. Throughout his years in uniform, he played a crucial role in shaping our heritage and ethos. Even after leaving our active ranks, he remained engaged with issues relating to our Corps. Marines everywhere join you in honoring his life of service and great achievements.

Please extend our condolences to all of Tim's loved ones and know that you are in our thoughts and prayers during this difficult time.

With deepest sympathy,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "D.H. Berger". The signature is written in a cursive style.

David H. Berger
General, U.S. Marine Corps
Commandant of the Marine Corps

Dr. Donna Schwartz-Barcott
157 Weaver Hill Road
West Greenwich, RI 02817

