



Timothy J Liszewski

August 28, 1959 - March 28, 2020

Timothy J. Liszewski, 60, of Columbia, SC formerly of Cleveland, OH, died in the early morning hours on Saturday, March 28, 2020 from complications of the Covid-19 virus. It is believed that Tim had a heart infection called Myocarditis caused by the virus. Due to travel restrictions and health and safety, A Celebration of Life will be held at a later date.

Timothy is survived by his mother, Josephine Liszewski; brother, Tom Liszewski; sister, Sue Dupay (John); son, Aaron Liszewski; daughter, Rebecca Liszewski; granddaughter, Amber Banning; and his heartbroken fiancée, Maris Burton; Uncle Wally; Aunt and Uncle, Loreen and George Metcalf; Godson, Steve Metcalf; (Nicole); Steven's son, Patrick Metcalf; Cousins; Joe Metcalf; (Sarah); grandnieces, Elizabeth and Marie; Kelly Metcalf (Reed); Nephew, David Dupay (Natalie); grandniece, Avery; Nephew, Josh Dupay (Angie); grandnephew, Nate; Nephew, Michael Dupay. He was predeceased by his brother, Jim Liszewski; his Uncles, George and Eugene Liszewski; his Father, Joseph Liszewski; and maternal and paternal grandparents.

Tim was born in Cleveland, Ohio on August 28, 1959 to Joseph and Josephine Liszewski (Nee' Metcalf). He graduated from Marquette University in 1981 with a BA in Radio and Print Journalism. He had several jobs after graduation before joining the Army as a photojournalist. He was proud of the fact that even though he couldn't do as many push-ups or sit-ups as the other recruits, he could run circles around them due to his Cross Country track experience at St. Ignatius High School in Cleveland. It was here he met his best friends; Jimmy Nowogrowcki, Billy Kavula, and Mark Bodamer. Tim was very proud of lettering in Cross Country in High School and being on the debate team as well as gaining his foundation of the Jesuit teachings of: context, experience, reflection, action and evaluation. Tim remembered this as putting words and teaching into action. Tim fondly recalled his service work at a nursing home and of listening to his grandparents, who lived upstairs, tell stories of the old country. Tim was proud of his blue collar Polish roots and strongly connected to being a poor kid from the wrong side of the tracks.

During his 4 years of Army service, Tim wrote for a Pentagon newspaper, performed Color

Guard at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier and conducted tours of Arlington Cemetery. Tim's son, Aaron, was born June 23, 1985 and Tim was in his element. His daughter, Rebecca, was born June 14, 1991. Tim said he loved being a dad and making his children laugh. He enjoyed telling stories about the "swiss cheese holey cows" that lived on an experimental farm near his own home in Raleigh, North Carolina. Tim could be stern and give the children "the look" but encouraged their curiosity and wanted the best for them. He was thrilled when his granddaughter, Amber, was born on August 19, 2010. Tim and Maris drove up several times a year from Columbia, SC to spend time with his children and granddaughter who lived in Virginia. Tim loved to say he was going to "kidnap" Amber so he and Maris could be parents together.

Tim had so many jobs it is hard to list them all: working at Micro Mass as a software program tester, a pizza delivery guy, and as an editor of a newspaper. Tim loved reporting and getting to the heart of a story. He was trained in investigative impartial journalism and loved to remind Maris after hearing about something that was reported, "trust but verify" and have at least two sources.

Tim was living in Raleigh, NC trying to make ends meet after his divorce, and was very heartsick about leaving his children but he needed to find work. He became involved in politics and activism on the national level when he was chosen as a delegate for Dennis Kucinich (former Ohio state senator and then a congressman who ran for president) to attend the Democratic National Convention in 2003. After that Tim was able to spend time in Jacksonville, Florida going door to door in minority communities to register people to vote. He made good friends and became steeped in the principles of grassroots organizing and the importance of making connections with voters by sharing your own stories and values.

Tim was recruited by Michael Berg, the former Executive Director of the SC Peace Resource Center (SCPRC), to move to Columbia, SC and take over as Executive Director of SC PRC. Tim met his future fiancée, Maris Burton, at a party to welcome the new director. Tim and Maris shared ideals and values that centered on working for social justice, economic equality, and advocacy. Maris was a disability rights advocate who had grown up marching against the Vietnam War, walking to raise money and awareness for the California migrant workers (the famous grape boycotts of the mid 1970s), and had gone door to door with her mother to "Get out the Vote" during George McGovern's failed attempt at the presidency. Tim and Maris bonded over righting the many wrongs they saw at the local, state and national level. Maris said she knew Tim was "a keeper" when she helped him write out the names of all the soldiers lost in the "endless war" for a memorial service held at the County building in Columbia, SC.

They shared a love of volunteerism with Maris recruiting Tim to join her as a “regular” Sunday Volunteer at the Nickelodeon in 2005 at its original Main St. location next to Immaculate Consumption Coffeehouse. Tim felt turnabout was fair play and introduced her to what was then called Food Not Bombs USC as it was started by two University of South Carolina students. Tim and Maris eventually became part of a core group of 35 devoted Food Not Bombs members who showed up every Sunday in all kinds of heat, rain and even hurricanes to share food with hungry people in Finlay Park. Sunday was their volunteer day and friends knew the pair would not attend events on Sundays due to their commitment. The couple would make exceptions to attend their friends’ CD release parties or shows. Tim enjoyed live music and was known to recruit musicians to play for his and Maris’ many events: Food Not Bombs 2014 and 2015 fundraisers and Cindy Sheehan’s “Bring Them Home” tour, Sept. 2005. Tim and friends put together a short video about Occupy Columbia and used Danielle Howle’s music.

Tim was a very active member of Occupy Columbia in 2010-2011, a part of the larger Occupy movement where the goal for the protesters was to “occupy the Statehouse as lobbyists and moneyed groups with special interests do”. The loosely organized national movement aimed to draw attention to inequity in America and the influence the wealthy 1% have over government, and to raise awareness about economic inequality. The expression “We are the 99% “ came out of that movement. Maris organized the Food Not Bombs volunteers and others to keep the hungry protesters fed with at least one hot meal a day. Tim was eventually arrested with several others under the pretext that the State House grounds were not public and you needed a permit to gather there.

The Free Speech lawsuit was settled in the protesters’ favor and they were monetarily compensated. Tim took his share and bought a vehicle that wouldn’t break down every other month and used the remainder to fulfil a dream of hiking the Appalachian Trail from Harper’s Ferry, West Virginia to Mt. Katahdin in Baxter State Park in Maine.

Tim’s plan was to hike north bound from April – October 2015 during the heat of the summer and then head south to Springer Mt. Georgia when it was cooler. After 6 months on the trail, Tim had lost 50 pounds and covered about 1,100 miles by the end of September 2015. Maris flew up to Maine to spend Tim’s last few days of the trip hiking a small portion of the AT (3 miles, so she could say she had!). Along that trail was the site where they proposed to each other. Tim gave Maris a silver engagement ring whose design symbolized two paths intersecting. Maris waited, impatient and worried for Tim to return. Reaching the summit of Katahdin concluded this portion of the hike. He was exhausted and out of funds. They returned to Columbia driving home through a heavy

downpour that was the start of hurricane Joaquin and the thousand year flood.

Tim knew he wanted to be involved in the presidential election for 2016 and joined the Bernie Sanders' campaign as the Out-of-State Coordinator. Tim's job was to find housing for volunteers that came from across the country to help out in the various states before their primaries. He also became a Field Organizer who trained volunteers on how to educate voters and work "turf".

Tim's anger, sadness and frustration lasted months beyond the 2016 election. He was disappointed by the inflexibility of a national organization to take a chance on someone with new ideas when much of the population was clamoring for change. Tim was ready to make a change and wanted a job that would utilize his many talents gained from years of organizing, training and managing, but mainly one that allowed him the freedom to work for what he believed in and would not end in 9 months. He was looking for stability, so he and

Maris could plan their future. He knew of Indivisible, an organization that formed in the wake of the 2016 election. It was made up of people and groups that collectively decided there needed to be an organized approach to getting out the message and electing people who represented constituent's voices when it came to human rights, equal rights, social justice, and health care for all. He applied to be the Great Plains Regional Director. (He felt very qualified having just spent months organizing for Bernie in Idaho, Kansas, Wisconsin and Minnesota).

He was hired and felt that he had found an ideological home. Groups that operate under collective or consensus-driven agendas and are "process oriented" can be frustrating and downright angering for people like Tim. Despite being a very careful, methodical thinker and speaker, Tim wanted to create a plan and act on that plan--now! He would tease Maris that the group discussions she and other groups had would "talk the life out of an idea".

Tim embraced a very social media and web-based job that allowed him to work from home and communicate through video meetings, staff calls, and travel to visit "his territories". He loved getting to know the other Indivisible staff, directors, organizers, IT and training staff. But his heart was with the volunteer group leaders who were committed advocates, willing to do what it takes to achieve the common good. He created lasting friendships that persisted even after he was assigned new states and handed off communication responsibilities.

As recently as March of this year, Tim and Maris had discussed retirement and what Tim wanted to do. After having enjoyed an exciting, strenuous and fulfilling trip to visit and hike 5 of Utah's National Parks last August, Tim and Maris had continued to hike 3-5 miles on the weekends or after work on Fridays to stay in shape. They had planned to hike about 50 miles of the Camino dos Faros "Lighthouse Way" in Galicia, Spain from Laxe to Cape Finisterre for their honeymoon in May.

Tim's goal was to retire at 65 and complete his final 850 miles of the AT from Rockfish Gap, VA to Springer Mtn in GA.

Tim loved his children and granddaughter above all else. He loved walks in the woods, watching wildlife whether it was the squirrels raiding the bird feeders or a black bear off the AT, photography, music of all types, writing, (both fiction and non-fiction), reading history and non-fiction and indulging in the "mind candy" of murder mysteries and best-selling novels. He had a children's book he wanted to write called Monk takes a hike that was going to feature Monk, a small stuffed animal monkey who was Tim's constant travel companion, based on the hundreds of photos he sent home and posted on his blog, <https://www.timonthetrail.com/>.

Shives Funeral Home, Trenholm Road Chapel, is assisting the family. Memories, photos etc. may be left at <https://www.shivesfuneralhome.com/obituaries/Timothy-Liszewski/#/> In lieu of flowers, donations or memorials can be made to: SC Progressive Network GROW Building fund 1340 Elmwood Ave. in Columbia. Contact us at 803-808-3384 or network@scpronet.com. <https://secure.everyaction.com/a23FWK8-wkiPrmJFOzQ8Gw2> Radio Paradise, CA Bill and Rebecca Goldsmith <https://payments.radioparadise.com/>

Tim will be missed but the Work will continue. Peace through food and music. Rest in Power Tim.

Comments



“ William Christopher is a friend of Tim's who plays piano. Here is Chopin's Prelude in E Minor. Thanks William!

<https://mixcord.co/acapella/p/xVFTs0oQSAmoOy3JZkhw/>

Maris Burton - June 07 at 09:24 PM



“ The SC Progressive Network posted a story about Tim's musical memorial celebration and a link the great song, "we are freedom Bound" that they sang in the round. thanks, it was very moving! Maris

<https://www.scpronet.com/wordpress/2020/05/25/grieving-in-the-era-of-covid-19/>

Maris Burton - June 05 at 01:55 PM



“ 1 file added to the album Memories Album



Maris Burton - May 24 at 12:30 AM



“ My sister Barb, me Tim and my brother Doug at Doug's b'day last July 2019 in Columbia.

Maris - May 29 at 11:13 AM



“ I worked with Tim on projects to end the war, save social security, and on Bernie 2016. I will always remember his very calm voice.

I miss knowing he is out there fighting.

Melissa Byrne - May 23 at 11:10 PM



“ For the May 20 National Day of Mourning for those we've lost during this pandemic, we (Indivisible Midlands) created this video in memory of Tim. We miss his presence with Indivisible and all our love goes out to you, Maris and the rest of his family. Rest in power, Tim and thank you for working so hard to make a difference.
https://youtu.be/CePw6_XqQLU

kim baker - May 21 at 04:16 PM



“ Thank you Kim and Marta and all the Indivisible Midlands crew. This is so powerful and moving. What a beautiful tribute to Tim and a reminder to keep fighting the good fight.

Maris - May 29 at 11:14 AM



“ I was nervous when I arrived at Indivisible as a 23 year old, one of the youngest staff members, and someone who had just left college.

Well, I'm a long distance hiker with a love of Blizzard games, a small stuffed animal I bring on adventures, a former Bernie staffer with a penchant for loving grumpiness.

OF COURSE I BONDED WITH TIM! Anyone who knew him would have been able to see that coming a mile away.

Tim was the resistance of the resistance. He rejected altogether the structural inequities that come with nonprofit work. He never sought credit and his results spoke for themselves. Unlike others, who let local and national power get to their heads, he kept his head above the fray, always searching for the next fight that would save lives and help the progressive movement.

As a native New Hampshire resident, he was the only person upon whom I bestowed the title of "honorary New Hampshireite," because he seamlessly merged a love of all things local with a fight against capitalism and a loving attention to detail, all with New England flair.

Maris, as a person with a disability, he highlighted your work to me and it deeply, deeply affected me. So much bravery and love rests under your roof. I'm so grateful for you and I don't even know you. You helped set the groundwork for people like me to succeed, and Tim always articulated that so well. He was so very proud of you, Maris.

Honestly, I've been hesitant about posting here because I barely even know what to say. I keep a note from Tim posted on my bulletin board to remind me that I still have work to do, that my time in this work lasts until my very last day.

To pierogis, tequila, comfortable silence, and Magic the Gathering. To Tim and all the things and people he loved. To creating a better world and to creating better worlds for ourselves and the people we love. To fighting for someone you don't know. To organizing. To change. That's what I hold in my heart and that's what guides my

hand.

We love you, Tim. We miss you and we love your family and all the work you've touched will happen because you were there.

Natalie - May 21 at 12:18 AM



“ Tim was my coworker at Indivisible. Last summer I set up 1:1s with colleagues to get to know them on a more personal level. I will always remember the wonderful dad energy that surrounded Tim like his aura. He passed on his wisdom that self-care is important and often times undervalued, but that I should do it. He also said to take all the time I need to heal from the unexpected end of my marriage, and not to rush it or have expectations that things should be any given way.

I will remember Tim for his witty banter, his caring soul, and his amazing ability to give people hope.

Sarah Reeske - May 20 at 09:50 PM



“ I was on the last Indivisible work retreat with Tim and remember many conversations we had on the retreat. I had recently hurt my shoulder in a skiing accident, and he met me at the airport and we drove together to the hotel. Throughout the retreat he kept reminding me to wear my shoulder sling because he wanted to make sure I wasn't over-straining myself and that I could recover. He had such genuine concern for my wellness, it made an impact on me. During the retreat, we talked about the music that we enjoyed, and he mentioned one of his favorite bands - the Papa String Band, and how they had a great cover of a Talking Heads song he'd seen them perform in 2008. We played some Papa String Band songs on spotify, but that wasn't enough - he was on a mission to find the specific Talking Heads cover. He dug around for it on his computer and eventually found a link to the audio file and emailed it to me, and we played it and all listened together too. He made so many great jokes on that retreat and his smile was infectious. Here's the link to the audio file he found: https://archive.org/details/psb2008-10-31.psb2008-10-31_flac/psb2008-10-31_D2_09_Psycho_Killer.flac. Sending all my love to Maris and Tim's family. He was taken from us too soon.

Angie H - May 20 at 06:13 PM



“ 1 file added to the tribute wall





Maris Burton - May 15 at 10:38 AM



“ Mikhel Jaya Harrison with Tim in AZ? at an Indivisible retreat? 2019

Maris - May 15 at 10:43 AM



“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Maris Burton - May 13 at 12:19 AM



“ In the big group picture on the orange & red carpet: Fun times at an Indivisible Organizing staff retreat in 2019! Hello Jody, Sara, Andrew, Mark, Zach, Marcus, Pedro, Sarah, TIM, Bobby, Lexi, Marg, Darrol, Allie, Aja, Kim, Chloe, Mikel, Olga, Susannah, Aftyn, Kim, Shay, Tricia, Alicia, Kenia and Kyle! Each and every one a Tim Liszewski fan.

JODY REIN - May 13 at 02:40 PM



“ Thank You so much Jody for identifying his fans!

Maris - May 19 at 10:32 AM



“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Maris Burton - May 13 at 12:17 AM



“ 1 file added to the album Memories Album





Maris Burton - May 11 at 10:14 PM



“ Found this shot of me ,David Lynch and Tim Liszewski at the Rutgers dorms during the 2016 DNCC debacle. Always smiling. Generous and kind with his experience and tips. Taught me how to cut turf!!!! The world is a better place because you were in it, Tim. A healthy hiker, fervent knocker of doors, open-hearted and gruff - still taken down by COVID-19. My heart breaks for Maris - I know y'all were going to get married next month. I will miss seeing pics of you and monk on your travels. Love you.
Rest in Power, Tim.

Maris - May 11 at 10:15 PM

“ 4 files added to the album Memories Album



Maris Burton - May 08 at 12:16 AM

“ To read Maris' story of life after Covid-19 read the article in The State. 24 hours
<https://www.thestate.com/news/coronavirus/article242448271.html>



Maris Burton - May 08 at 12:13 AM

“ Oh Maris. I am so very sorry to hear of your fiance, Timothy's passing. There are no words to express the heartbreak I feel for you. I hope you can celebrate his life and remember all the wonderful times you shared. Prayers go out to you and Timothy's family May his memory be for a blessing. Your long lost friend, Eleanor Rose



Eleanor Rose Godfrey - April 27 at 10:12 AM



“ Thanks Eleanor....

Maris - April 27 at 12:58 PM



“ I lost track of Tim after Marquette, but the many years that have passed made this news no less shocking or heart breaking.

Tim and I were freshman year roommates, randomly assigned to share room 619 of McCormick Hall. Twelve floors, 60 pie wedge shaped cinderblock rooms per floor, all boys, the Wisconsin legal drinking age of 18, we were subjects in what was an insane 1970s era social experiment.

Having attended a Cleveland area public high school, knowing no one when I arrived, Tim was my first friend at Marquette. He was a gentle, sensitive soul who had a preexisting friend group, with whom he was kind enough to connect me. He was a great roommate.

The 1970's predated the compulsion felt by today's students to spend their college years attending classes and studying. Academic pressure was muted at Marquette and non-existent on the notorious 6th floor of McCormick Hall. Guys who had landed on our floor who aspired to be doctors or dentists or whose parents looked at their report cards when they arrived home in the mail, eventually found some way to distance themselves from this environment – usually by moving out.

Tim and I were journalism majors, which required the least amount of study of all (with the likely exception of the speech majors). One obvious aspect of Tim, however, was that he was highly intelligent. An example that stands out pertained to Fr. Donnelly's freshman history class that was held in the Varsity Theater (a venue too large for attendance to be taken). Tim and I shared the goal of getting a "C" on the final exam. To accomplish this I decided to read the book, and I even hosted a study group in our dorm room. (Having turned down an invite to join the group) this session took place one afternoon as Tim napped peacefully in his bed, the unopened history book next to his pillow. We each got our "C's, with Tim scoring one point higher on the exam. Though I achieved my goal I couldn't help feeling annoyed that Tim had learned more history sleeping next to that book than I had by reading it.

I'd like to offer heartfelt condolences to Tim's family and to his friends and colleagues. He'll be so greatly missed. Tim seemed to be one of those rare people who used his life to do the most possible good for others. God bless.

Cary Tengel

Cary Tengel - April 26 at 10:21 PM



“ Hi Cary, I thought I had responded but it disappeared. Tim has mentioned you and how neither one of you studied much. Tim took me on a tour of Marquette a few years ago. Glad you got to know Tim in all his Timness!! He probably read the book when you weren't watching. He loved history.

Maris - April 27 at 06:30 PM



“ 3 files added to the album Memories Album



Maris Burton - April 24 at 12:30 AM



“ Saddened by this more than I can say. Going to try and find pix from our time in Jacksonville. Great to see such great testaments to a wonderful human and a life well lived. Love and peace to all during this difficult time.

Toby Hopper - April 23 at 11:02 PM



“ Thank you Toby..I wasn't sure how to find you. Tim loved your stories, and the road trips. I'm so glad I got to meet you when we all hung out in St. Louis way back when.

Maris - April 23 at 11:12 PM



“ Cont. - On Saturday night, Mark had a wee bit too much to drink and in the wee hours at McCormick Hall, decided to tackle freshmen students walking off the elevator. Or so I am told. Timmy and I were sorta passed out ourselves on some floor in some dorm room with some Marquette student. I remember somebody walking through the hallway calling out "Where are you Cleveland guys?" Somebody took Mark to the Emergency Room that night. I'm pretty sure it was Billy. Tim and I needed our beauty rest. What a long drive home that Sunday, Mark holding his bandaged hand with Wisconsin sutures, deep cold and snow blowing against Billy's Toyota. Yet, our fate was sealed. In a few months, we would all be going back to a start of a new era at Marquette.

In the Spring of 1977, Billy, Timmy and I took a road trip to see a Bruce Springsteen concert in Toledo, Ohio. We had now been baptized in the waters of Bruce. If that seems like too much religion for a rock n roll band, well, you just had to be there. We were Born to Run for sure.

I believe deep in his musical heart, this song, For a Dancer, from Jackson Browne would have resonated, for him, and now us.

"Perhaps a better world is drawing near,
Just as easily it could all disappear,
Along with whatever meaning you might have found.
Don't let the uncertainty turn you around,
Go on and make a joyful sound.

Into a dancer you have grown,
From a seed somebody else has thrown,

Go on ahead and throw some seeds of your own,
And somewhere between the time you arrive,
And the time you go,
May lie a reason you were alive,
That you'll never know.
--"For A Dancer"

Timmy, we will count on you always being at our side.
We are Ignatius men forever.



Jimmy Nowogrocki - April 23 at 09:58 PM



“ Mark, Billy, Jimmy and Tim at a High School Reunion what year Jim? You all look great!

Maris - April 23 at 10:43 PM



“ Page 3 of "the forming of the band". Above the photo. Thank you Jimmy And Billy for capturing Tim's spirit and your enduring friendship. Love you guys!!

Maris - April 23 at 11:05 PM



“ I want to say either 10 or 15 year reunion..so 1987 or 1992...I will see if Billy has as a memory. --Jimmy

Jimmy - April 25 at 01:23 PM



“ Cont.- And then came proms and double dates and triple dates and a group of eight as we romanced our ways through those teenage years of heart-throbbing sweethearts. Aside from girlfriends, wives and fiancées and family, there may be no greater love than for our beloved Cleveland sports teams: The Indians a/k/a "The Tribe," the Cleveland Browns and the Cleveland Cavaliers. We wore our Tribe hats like a second skin. We were all major leaguers, drenched with hope, parched with losing seasons, but always with a firm belief that "there was always next year." We filled our summer nights with the hope of baseball. Most games, we walked in for free and like churchgoers finding a favorite pew, we often sat in section 217 at Cleveland Municipal Stadium. It overlooked first base and the gentle sunset across Lake Erie, boats rippling across that great lake. Tim often did not stand during the National Anthem. He was Kaepernick before Kaepernick was cool. We accepted his message, whatever it may have been on those summer nights. That was just Tim. And he had this grin on his face of proving his point and we could not disagree. As with any band, it is the unique parts that create a wonderful melody. Tim suffered a true setback in our junior year in high school when his dad tragically passed away in a vehicle accident. It was all so sudden, as if it mirrored Tim's own

passing this year. I am not sure Tim ever fully recovered from that heartbreak. He had a strong relationship with his father, they talked the same talk. I envied their closeness that I would not achieve with my dad for many years. And all that was taken away. Billy drove us everywhere in high school and it was no different going to the funeral. I can recall even today the song, "Daisy Jane" by the band, America, coming out in a forlorn sound. "Flyin' me back from Memphis, gotta find my Daisy Jane. Well the summer's gone and I hope she's feeling the same, Well I left her just to roam the city, Thinkin it would ease the paid, I'm a crazy man and I'm playing my crazy game, game." We cried together. I remember some of Tim's first words that afternoon. "Well, my father always said he would be late for his own funeral, and he was." Only Tim could find a way to break the icy grief.

Yet, Tim persevered and together we spent the days of autumn running cross country and the promise of spring at the track and field meets in our Ignatius blue and gold. You cannot judge a book by its cover, and that applied to Tim. Still water runs deep, as the expression goes and his mind ran at depths unknown, except when he would put on that mischievous Polish grin and relished the role of being a thinker's kind of high schooler. He dubbed the code words "going to visit our friend Mary Olivetree on the east side" in somewhat true response to our parent's inquiry. Tim loved a little espionage. Mary did not exist. But, tucked away in the campus of Case Western University, the Olive Tree bar did and for whatever reason, turned a blind eye as us high school seniors had a pitcher of beer and would shoot some pool in the warm summer nights. Mark, Billy, Tim and Jim playing some games.

One of our most famous road trips was to visit Marquette University our senior year. The foursome drove west as young men, bound for Chicago and a first stop at Northwestern University with my friend, Andy. We partied in the college dorm for the first time and Tim just fit right in as if he had been going to college for years. Then, we landed in Milwaukee on a cold, crisp February afternoon. And, as they say, the rest is history.

Jimmy Nowogrocki - April 23 at 09:56 PM



“ Page 2 of "The forming of the band" above

Maris - April 23 at 11:01 PM



“ Forming a Band: The High School Years

By: Jimmy Nowogrocki and Billy Kavula, Class of '77

By 1973, the Beatles were no longer together as a band. But, in their place, a new "Fab Four" began their freshman year at St. Ignatius High School in Cleveland. Timmy, Jimmy, Billy and Mark formed their own group, growing up on life's stage, joined by the music and magic and history of Cleveland. In those opening days of high school, we were first taught the alma mater. Its last line rings as true today as when we sang nearly 47 years ago.

We're Ignatius men forever, as we hail the blue and gold.

I didn't expect to meet another skinny guy with a long Polish last name at the intersection of W. 30th and Lorain Avenue. But, I still remember when Fr. Jim

O'Reilly, rounding up unsuspecting freshman to run cross country, said something to the effect of Nowogrocki, this is Liszewski and Liszewski, this is Nowogrocki. And then we were off to the races.

Of course, Tim being a West Sider and me being an East Sider, brought its own touches of cross town rivalry as we jogged through the city streets to reach nearby Edgewater Park, touched by the waters of Lake Erie, for practice of running miles and miles. Our legs grew strong and so did the roots of friendship.

Winter came and the spring of 1974 followed for our first season of track and field. Tim and I both ran the mile run. We were gluttons for punishment. Little did we know, but our eventual band mates, Billy (another East Sider) and Mark (another West Sider) were also on that team, though our paths had yet to intersect as a foursome. And in the category of it's a small world, I learned that Tim had grown up in a Polish neighborhood, near Sacred Heart Church, not far from my family's home near Immaculate Heart of Mary Church. That was the close-knit fabric of those neighborhoods, nearly a church on every corner, plus a tavern, bakery and deli store, too.

Like our 14-year-old selves, those roots began to grow. I recall walking to cross country practice in August of 1974 and ran into Mark Bodamer as he crossed the street. He was a tad cocky as a talented runner of the 880 race. I think he and Timmy had crossed paths as west siders, though we were now going to be joined as cross country teammates. Now a year older and a year wiser, we headed back to the sand and hills of Edgewater to play out that theme of the loneliness of the long distance runner. Except, we were never far apart.

Winter came and spring followed and now I had met Billy, who as it turned out, had grown up on the Slovak neighborhood near Our Lady of Lourdes Parish, just a few miles from my family home in the other direction. Amazing how the circle of life came to wrap us around each other with the ties that bind. The foursome were now a band of brothers.

In 1974, Bruce Springsteen released "Born to Run" an anthem to free spirit, being young and getting older as in the words of the Boss, "we sweat it out on the streets of a runaway American dream." Our high school home would later be dubbed the "Rock N Roll Capitol of the World" and we immersed ourselves into the adventure and meaning and depth of music from sunrise to sunset.

Each Friday at 6:00 pm., Kid Leo, dj on WMMS, would play Born to Run and we heard that anthem each week. We lived that anthem each day. Now Tim was never one to sing at the top of his lungs, but he took the message deep inside to his heart. He was so full of movement.

Jimmy Nowogrocki - April 23 at 09:55 PM



“ We were so saddened to learn of Tim’s death. For the past five years or so, we have been feeding the hungry on Sundays with the organization Food Not Bombs at Finlay Park. Both Tim and Maris have been such inspirations to us every week. We admired Tim tremendously for his devotion to this and to many other progressive causes, and we will miss him profoundly. Nisha and Barbara Kubodera

kuniharu kubodera - April 23 at 01:35 PM



“ Though I now live in Kansas, when I was in Columbia I knew Tim and Maris from local music events. Warmth, kindness, and justice describe them both. Love to Maris and your families.

Mike Paget - April 23 at 12:00 PM



“ We are so terribly sad about the loss of our friend Tim, but we will carry with us the memories of the beautiful light of his spirit always. With enduring love from Sandy and Richie.

Sandy Husmann - April 22 at 09:49 AM



“ Tim was absolutely one of my favorite people at work. Just a beautiful person to have conversations with. He had such a beautiful way of seeing the world and miss him dearly.



Kimberly Reddick Tucker - April 22 at 05:08 AM



“ 5 files added to the album Memories Album



Maris Burton - April 21 at 08:11 PM



“ My deepest sympathies and condolences. I met Tim through Maris and worked with Tim several times over the years including the 2008 Obama campaign and the helping South Carolinians get healthcare. I love both him and Maris. He will be missed more than he knew.



“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Maris Burton - April 21 at 02:52 AM



“ Michael and Eddie Berg and Tim in St. Louis June 2016

Maris - April 21 at 11:28 AM



“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Maris Burton - April 21 at 02:49 AM



“ Billy Kavula, Jimmy Norogrowocki, Tim(my) Liszewski, Mark Bodamer June 2016 "St. Ignatius men forever!"

Maris - April 21 at 08:05 PM



“ 7 files added to the album Memories Album



Maris Burton - April 21 at 02:31 AM

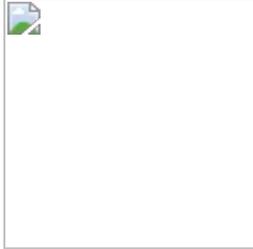


“ Maris Burton is following this tribute.

Maris Burton - April 20 at 01:14 PM



“ 1 file added to the album Memories Album



Maris Burton - April 19 at 06:47 PM

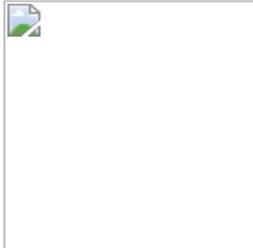


“ "Stand by Me" as we stand and sit and wait to be near each other again.

Maris - April 20 at 05:23 PM



“ 1 file added to the album Memories Album



Maris Burton - April 19 at 06:44 PM



“ From one Tribe fan to another.



Mike - April 19 at 02:28 PM



“ 5 files added to the tribute wall



Elizabeth Leef - April 19 at 09:54 AM



“ Elizabeth Leef lit a candle in memory of Timothy J Liszewski



Elizabeth Leef - April 19 at 09:35 AM



“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Maris Burton - April 16 at 11:30 AM



“ Tim in high energy mode at an event with Indivisible folks in MN. He loved visiting his "territories".

Maris - April 16 at 11:32 AM



“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Maris Burton - April 16 at 11:18 AM



“ Tim on the AT pointing to his "Feel the Bern" button he wore along with his "we are the 99%" Occupy Columbia hat. Sept.2, 2015 Note the gaunt face and thin arms.

Maris - April 16 at 11:21 AM



“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Maris Burton - April 16 at 11:11 AM



“ Tim, trail name, Time, on the AT with Columbia friend and a fellow through hiker, Kyle "Shortbus" and Tim's travel companion on all trips, Monk.

Maris - April 16 at 11:14 AM



“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Maris Burton - April 16 at 11:00 AM



“ Tim In March 2015 before starting the Appalachian Trail hike. Note the full cheeks, no beard or mustache.

Maris - April 16 at 11:06 AM



“ Maris Burton lit a candle in memory of Timothy J Liszewski



Maris Burton - April 16 at 10:53 AM



“ Tim your loving spirit is with us. I lit a candle to help your spirit follow the smoke to the "back of beyond". I love you and miss you. Thank you for sharing your life and your love with me.

Maris - April 16 at 10:56 AM



“ Always enjoyed running with you at CC practice. Rest In Peace my friend.

Jim Schmitt '77

Jim Schmitt - April 11 at 09:02 AM



“ Godspeed kid!
We will all be united some day
Ronnie '77

Ronnie '77 - April 10 at 07:52 PM