



Timothy E. Maher

March 11, 1947 - June 28, 2016

Timothy E. Maher, 69, of Camden, Tennessee died Tuesday, June 28, 2016 at Saint Francis Medical Center in Cape Girardeau, Missouri.

He was born Tuesday, March 11, 1947 in to Lewis Alexander and Ellen Irene Gossett Maher.

He and Tessa Fe Ladion Maher were married April 28, 2007 at Dover, Tennessee.

He was a graduate of Winola High School in Viola, Illinois.

He liked fishing and travel back and forth to the Phillipines--he loved tropical weather.

Survivors include:

Wife - Tessa Fe Maher, Camden, TN

Daughter - Barbara Maher, Moline, IL

Daughter - Sue Maher, New York, NY

Daughter - Louren Thea, Camden, TN

Brother - Martin Maher, OR

Brother - Michael Maher, Albany, OR

Brother - Paul Maher, Champaign, IL

Brother - John Maher, Marion, IN

Grandchildren - Amanda, Jessica, and Mitchell

Several Nephews & Nieces

He was preceded in death by:

Father - Lewis Alexander Maher

Mother - Ellen Irene Gossett Maher

Brother - Thomas L. Maher

Brother - James Maher

There will be no visitation or funeral service.

Memorial contributions may be given to Wounded Warriors.

Tribute Wall

TM

“ *Why you remain within me so strong*

Tammy Maher - June 21, 2018 at 01:30 AM

JD

“ *First, at this time I would like to offer my sympathies to Tims family, and friends.*

I first met Tim, and Mike in our 8th grade class in New Windsor. The one thing that stands out in my mind at that time was when our teacher, Bill McGaughy was telling us about the United States' involvement in Southeast Asia; To be exact, Viet Nam. I remember him pointing at a few of us, and saying that by the time that we graduate we would be drafted, and sent there.

Years later, a young girl got in touch with me, saying that she was trying to locate her father, and his name was Tim Maher. She thought that he had made it back from Viet Nam, but didn't know. I went to the VA, and put them in touch with her, but I never heard back from her or the VA.

Tim, and I weren't close friends, but we understood each other. We came from hard working families, and as it turns out, we were brothers in arms R.I.P. Brother

Jim Dolan - July 05, 2016 at 10:46 PM

MC

“ I am so sorry for your loss. We are 1st cousins. I have many fond memories of being with Uncle Lewis, Aunt Ellen and boys at Thanksgiving, Christmas, reunions and many other family gatherings Prayers were always said and enjoyed by all. My brother (who passed away several years ago) was very close to Tim and Mike. The boys had many adventures together at the pond and in the timber near our house in Shale City. They picked wild blackberries and how delicious the pies were my mother made from them. Most of the time there was ice cream for the warm pies - yum. We played games, rode our horse Daisy, played outside in the dark and told each other ghost stories. The boys played at the pond with our dog, Cookie, and they told me tales of cotton mouth snakes they saw there and other things. Even though I had not seen Tim in many years I still feel very close to him. The last time I saw Tim was when he and Mike came to the hospital in Galesburg to see my father who was in the hospital in 1996 with only a month to live, I was so happy to see them and so was my father. Such a thoughtful thing for them to take time from their busy schedule to come visit Dad.

Marlene Carlson - July 01, 2016 at 04:08 PM

“ We just got back from spending time with Mike. I couldn't sleep last night for remembering the teen years with Tim. One night when I was 18 a girl friend was spending the night with me at my family home. about nine or nine thirty Tim was at the door. We were sleeping in the livingroom on the fold out bed and ready for bed. But we invited him in . He sat on the floor at the end of our bed and talked until hours into the night. I finally told him to stay the night. The next morning when he went home he passed the small airport along the highway and planes were tipped over bent and damaged from a tornado. When we heard that I was so glad I had him stay. He could have been right in it. About this same time Tim would come over on Sunday nights go to church with me and then stay to watch the Late Night Movie . When it was over he would kiss me good night and leave. It was nothing serious we just liked being together.

Marty remembers a time when the family came to visit. The twins asked their dad if we could have the car. Tim and I in the back seat Mike and a date in the front seat. I didn't want to be on the Boston Black Top Road because I knew my mom would worry . So many accidents and my brother had been killed a few years before so I told Mike to go to the cemetery right there in our area. So we did. We ran around having fun like kids without a thought. Sat in the car listened to music and talked. We didn't pay any attention to the time. The next thing we knew my dad was at the window so mad. Now I have never seen my dad mad before . He is so easy going but he was mad. Didn't we know how late it was and the boys' dad was tired needing to go to work the next morning . He wanted to go home. I won't forget that either.

When Tim was in Vietnam he was captured by the Vietcong. He slept in his coffin, and dug his own grave. Then he managed to escape. One thing I know about Tim's parents they prayed together for their kids. And this was a miracle of answered prayer.

When Marty and I went to ask their parents if we could get married. We were all in their bedroom . One of the twins sat down on the bed like he couldn't believe it. the other one followed his dad out to the kitchen and said, "Are you going to let them do that?" I must admit

after six years of running with Mike and Tim and then ending up in love with their older brother , I'm not sure who was more surprised me or them. Marty and I celebrated our 50th wedding ann. this last April. Lola Maher

Lola M. Maher - July 01, 2016 at 12:26 PM