

Timothy Michael Richardson

May 28, 1962 - April 13, 2022

Timothy Michael Richardson, 59, of Bloomington passed away on Wednesday, April 13, 2022 at the IU Health Bloomington Hospital, surrounded by his family and friends. After extended health issues with his Congestive Heart Failure and Diabetes.

He was born on May 28, 1962 in Bloomington, Indiana the youngest Son of Henry Lee and Elva Irene (Brown) Richardson. He attended Bloomington High School South, and played on the South Football team his freshman year.

Tim worked as a Mason Brick layer for over 20 years with his father at Richardson & Sons Masonry, and then he went to work for the Brick Layer Union in Indianapolis for several years before retiring.

He was a member of the Fraternal Order of Eagles in Bloomington , Brick Layers Union in Indianapolis, and attended Apostolic Bible Church with his family sometimes. He was an avid outdoorsman and enjoyed mushroom hunting, fishing, cookouts, working with his hands, model cars, drawing cars, and spending time with his family and good friends, as well as his dogs Boe and Chopper.

Tim is survived by his son, Tobe Michael Hollers-Richardson of Bloomfield; grandson, Tristyn Michael Hollers of Waverly; six siblings, Phillip R. (Rogenia) Richardson of -----; Sandra K (Herb) Perkins of Bloomington; Shelia A. Summitt of Bloomington; Shelly D. Richardson of Bloomington; Shirley R. Janisse of Bloomington; Sheryl L. (David) Frye of Bloomington; lots of nieces and nephews, and great nieces and nephews.

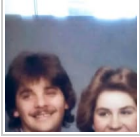
He was preceded in Death by his parents, Henry and Elva Richardson, and one brother, James L. Richardson, and one neice and one nephew.

No memorial service will be held at this time. There will be a Celebration of Life Event set at a later date in May. That will be posted on the families Facebook pages. Cremation Rites have been accorded.

Allen Funeral Home and Crematory have been entrusted with arrangements.

The family request that anyone who would of normally sent flowers to the funeral home, to please make a donation to the American Heart Association in Tim's honor. Online condolences, photos and memories may be shared with family and friends at www.allencares.com.

Tribute Wall



“ Tim was my big brother. As a kid growing up, I was Tim's little shadow. I followed him around everywhere. We would build roads in the clay dirt on the hillside, and houses out of the creek rock, to play with his matchbox cars. We'd ride out bikes, and we'd work on them together. On New Years Eve would listen to the 100 top songs of the year count down, and write them all down. We'd going exploring on our Uncle Virgil and Aunt Mid's land next door, swing on the vines of the trees, catch crawl dad's and Minos in the creek, mushroom hunt, fish, swim, skip rocks across the creek, sled in the winter, and build snow forts and then have snowball fights, and skate on the creek and the pond. Usually Donnie, Darrell and Diane Hoard all in tow too. Little David Hoard after he was big enough. As we got older we still hung out together I our tight little group, Tim, Donnie, Darrell, Diane, Little David, and my husband David joined the group after we started dating, as did everyone else that someone was dating or got married to. Over the years we hung out less and less as circumstances changed things, but we all still always seemed to pick right back up where we left off at, when we did see each other. We had a lot of good times and a bunch of good memories. However there is one memory that has come to mind more than any other this last week.

I was probably around 10 years old, and Tim 13. It was winter time and we decided to go down to the creek and go ice skating. I was skating around in the frozen creek, and just as Tim started to tell something out to me, I fell through a thin patch in the ice, into the freezing cold water. As Tim got down on his belly and inched his way to me, I could see the look of panic in his eyes. He reached out and grabbed my coat and pulled me up out of the water. Then took off his own coat and wrapped it around me, and carried me all the way back to the house, so mom could get me changed. While she did, he went in the kitchen and made me some hot chocolate (the real stuff, not the instant packages), and got a cover. Then he sat with me next to the fire with the blanket wrapped around both of us and his arm around me to help get me warm. He never left my side until he knew that I was gonna be okay. He was an amazing big brother. That I love deeply, and will miss so much everyday. Love

you Tim. Rest in peace.

Sheryl Frye - April 22, 2022 at 10:16 AM