

## Brian

I met Tim when I was 18... still a teenager. We became best friends. Inseparable, like brother and sister—we even looked alike. When Brian entered the scene, Tim became “Brian & Tim.” *True* inseparability. And on the years went...

Once, back in the mid-90s, we were rehearsing a play called *Written on Water*. Brian played the Poet Percy Bysshe Shelley, and I was Lord Byron's lover. Tim was there, of course, he played the esteemed Dr. Poliodori. It was a serious play, and we had a serious director from Ireland—a lovely Irish woman who liked a laugh as much as anyone... but she had a job to do.

Brian and I always struggled to make eye contact without laughing. There didn't need to be a reason. We could just look at each other and become... slowly... incapacitated from laughter. Truly incapable of functioning. This happened one day during rehearsal, and the director laughed along with us for a bit and then told us to pull ourselves together so we could move along.

We 100% could not pull ourselves together. The other actors grew stone-faced and the director told us to get out. “Out you go!” Brian and I made our way onto Wells Street and stood back to back, not facing each other. But... I could feel his back shaking... which meant he'd gained no composure, and that sent me into another fit, which sent him into a fit. So we separated. Every time I turned around to see if we were done... if we were capable of going back into the theatre, that twinkle in his eye got me, and off I went, and off he went.

It was this horrible but blissful feeling of being utterly out of control at the wrong time, in the wrong place... yet somehow also in the right place, at the right time because you're with Brian.

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Not so long ago, he came to my house (here in the valley) because my husband was making his voice-over demo. When Brian arrived, I stepped out back to greet him... we locked eyes, and... well, that was all it took. We laughed while we hugged, we laughed while walking back toward my husband's studio. We laughed as we sat in the patio chairs... and every so often, during the course of what should have been a normal conversation, we would catch each other's eye and, well...

Later, I tried to explain Brian to my husband... *you just have to know him. He's not like anyone you'll ever meet.*

I am so lucky and so grateful *to know* Brian. There is no end to that knowing.

My favorite writer Nikos Kazantzakis says this:

Our departed friends do not die. At critical moments they jump to their feet and take hold of our eyes, our hands, and minds. They live on, all that is needed is the continued existence of hearts to remember them.

We are those hearts for Brian.