

Bio Sheet FHC Class of '82 25 Yr Reunion

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Life has been an adventure, and I can't wait to hear about yours! I'll try to keep this to a short novel...!

After graduating from the University of Arizona with a degree in Economics in 1987, I moved from Tucson to Phoenix with Xerox until 1989. After 8 years in Arizona, I darkened saloon doors from Tombstone to Wickenburg, hiked gorges from Oak Creek to the Grand Canyon, hunted javelina, deer and rattlers (or they hunted me, actually!) and made lifelong friends. Arizona, like Michigan, was a big part of my life, and part of me will always remain in both places.

After Arizona and a year in Chicago with Philip Morris Inc, I moved to the Pacific. In Guam, I was the guest of an Archbishop; in Papua New Guinea, I was on edge from the unstable city of Port Moresby to the cannibal rainforests of Madang. But in the jungles of Mt. Hagen, where highway killings took place often, I found the most beautiful of places, and learned from an Australian family answers to lifelong questions.

Leaving New Guinea for Australia until November, 1990, I experienced the Land Down Under in many unique ways -- being stranded alone on a reef in the Whitsundays, on horseback in the Great Snowy Mountains, enjoying the beauty of humpback whales breaching in Hervey Bay, diving alongside fish-with-large-teeth on the Great Barrier Reef, and winning at the Melbourne Cup to continue on to New Zealand. No one can rob us of memories, but that as my only collateral didn't quite qualify me for a loan in Auckland. I headed back toward the United States ... but not the mainland.

I decided if I was going to be homeless, it may as well be in Honolulu. After taking a position with American Savings Bank, I took an assignment where I oversaw an interstate banking bill introduced at the State Capitol, working on staff as Economics Specialist & Policy Analyst to Senator Anthony Chang. I saw Hawaii in incredible ways, and still wonder the effects I also had when asked opinions on bills the Senator didn't have time for. Re-zoning agriculture lands, coffee bean quarantines, and underground storage tank bills may have been influenced into law by a Ranger from FHC. Loving Hawaii for nearly 2 years, I said aloha to that beautiful island, and left for our family business after my father retired.

Back in Grand Rapids in 1991 at Monarch Hydraulics, founded by my great-great-grandfather in 1856, I eventually developed a product line on a friend's tip, selling it to his employer, Steelcase, as well as converting it to more mainstream and worldwide ergonomic applications for manufacturing facilities, offices, and Fortune 500 firms. I expanded the line into the first off-site manufacturing plant, and into the fastest-growing division our company had. I eventually became a director, officer, and owner. In 1999, my partner, mentor and president died of a heart attack in Vienna. I had never worked with such an honest, fair, or visionary man, and after his death I left the firm -- his brothers in the business not sharing those same qualities. It was bittersweet to leave, but it fast became the best move I ever made.

During my time back in Grand Rapids, I never lost my enthusiasm for travel. In 1996, I visited 197 countries -- only symbolically of course -- on the field during the Closing Ceremonies of the Centennial Olympics in Atlanta. In 1997, I was inspired by Hemingway and ran with the bulls in Pamplona, much as I was inspired by Jack London when I traveled in Alaska years before. To date, I've been blessed to check off 31 countries, 46 states, and a lifetime of memories.

In 1998 my friendship with a WTA player landed me in Jana Novotna's guest box seats during her 1998 Wimbledon Finals win. When she jumped into the stands after winning, I wound up on the front page of London's *Independent*. The next day, I had breakfast with her and her coach, Hana Mandlikova, and the friendship also eventually landed me at the 1998 U.S.Open for four days in Billie Jean King's suite, with Billie Jean! And though I was taken by Patrick Rafter's girlfriend, and was one of the first to shake his hand after his Finals win, it wasn't until the next month I really met the love of my life.



It was October 17, 1998, the stars were aligned, and I met Heather Bailey in Cape Cod. After dancing, talking, and “guest bartending” in a tux at a pub with her after a wedding we attended, the next day we were head over heels -- and in loops, barrel rolls, and stalls. Our first date was in a stunt bi-plane over Cape Cod. I never recovered. A year later, I proposed in England – at a beautiful castle built on adjacent islands in the river Len, two hours southeast of London. It was on a bench at Leed’s Castle near a swan-filled moat at sunset that I proposed. A bird crapped on me, Heather said “yes,” the sun set, and we were engaged. We found out later a bird pooping on you in Britain is *good* luck. My dry cleaner agreed.

Later that year, Heather and I welcomed the dawn of the New Millennium in Auckland, New Zealand, during the America’s Cup with some of our best friends. Geographically, we made it a further event when we left Auckland and flew back in time from the 21st Century into the 20th Century again, by flying across the International Date Line. Leaving Auckland at 8:00AM January 1, 2000, we arrived in Honolulu at 8:30PM on December 31st 1999 – in time to celebrate the Millennium all over again in Waikiki!

On February 26, 2000, Heather and I married in a sunset beach ceremony under seven palms on the Na Pali Coast, Kauai. Eighty-five friends and family attended the weeklong celebration, and one of my oldest friends and former FHC classmates was best man: Doug DeVos. We’ve been blessed with his and Maria’s friendship for many years, along with Dawn Wiggerman and her husband Bob who were also there, over 7 ½ years ago now.

After moving to New York City in 2000, I picked up licenses and experience on the Floor of the New York Stock Exchange, with institutional traders. We were subway-riding, restaurant-going, Central Park-jogging city dwellers. We loved it. Even the World Series obliged us by sending the Yankees and Mets to the World Series that year. In August, 2001 we took a two week “boot camp” at 4:45 AM every morning in Central Park, from a Navy Seal who I still believe was trying to kill us. Maybe it was that conditioning that got me several feet further from the World Trade Center a month later -- I almost bought the proverbial farm on September 11th.

Leaving the Financial District and heading uptown that horrific morning, I was 200 feet and 110 stories below the South Tower as it thundered down around me in a hurricane of debris, ash, jet fuel, concrete, and the souls of 3,000 fellow New Yorkers. It chased me down a canyon of buildings on Cedar Street, in a race I was losing fast. I dove behind a dumpster as the debris hit, and couldn’t breathe through that toxic cloud for what seemed an eternity. I thought I would die on my knees in prayer, thanking God for a wonderful 36 years, choking in a silent darkness that seconds before was a beautiful morning. I was treated at NYU for lungs full of the WTC, and for cuts from climbing across blown-in windows of a bank that housed the only breathable air I could find. I’ll never forget people’s eyes -- filled with shock – and framed by capes of soot we all wore.



It wasn’t until the dust literally settled we found out Heather was pregnant. On June 14, 2002, little Remington was born, truly a World Trade Center baby (evidenced by a packed maternity ward!) ... proving life, hope and beauty can arise from tragedy.

Heather and I always planned on moving from NYC as we began a family. A year later in August, 2002, I accepted a position on the retail side of the financial industry in Naples. Having also invested in real estate deals -- luckily -- at the beginning of the “boom,” I now concentrate in that area on a more full-time basis.

God has given me a blessed life -- able to check off over half the items on my old “List of 146” ... before I realized having children would eclipse every great experience I’d ever had. The births and lives of our three daughters Remington Sky (5) London Christy (3) and most recently, Montana Reese, (born May 29) has given us joy beyond our dreams. As they grow, we grow, and they all bring so much into our lives. And as we begin to relive parts of our lives through their eyes now, it often reminds me of so many of you ... who were such a part of my life so many years ago.



I wish you the very best in life. Be well, be happy. May you always live in interesting times, and don’t forget to dance. Tim. (Naples, Florida. September 30, 2007.)