



## Timothy C Moore

January 9, 1973 - January 31, 2017

Murrells Inlet....Timothy C. Moore

Timothy Carol Moore, age 44, died Tuesday, January 31, 2017 at Tidelands Waccamaw Hospital.

Born in Dorchester, MA, he was the son of Lester and Mary Lennon Moore.

Tim was a 1991 graduate of Brockton High School, and he attended UMass in Amherst. He lived in Key West and Ft. Myers Beach, FL, and settled in Murrells Inlet, SC. He loved working with computers and was a diehard Patriots fan.

Surviving in addition to his parents are his brother, Doug Moore of Brockton, MA; his life partner, Fatel Orfitelli; her daughter and grandson, Nico Nassau and David Turner; nephews, Brett and Noah Moore of Brockton, MA, and several aunts, uncles and cousins.

Services will be private.

Sign an online guestbook at [www.goldfinchfuneralhome.com](http://www.goldfinchfuneralhome.com)

Goldfinch Funeral Home, Beach Chapel is in charge of the arrangements.

# Tribute Wall

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“ August 23, 1995, my best friend and I, Tim Moore, left Amherst Mass, and embarked on a journey that changed both of our lives immeasurably. In a \$250 van that I bought from Peter Waltman, and I had installed new brake lines in, that Brendan Day had fixed the frozen front right brake caliper, and that Tims dad had bought us a new battery for, we drove straight through to Key West, our new home for at least the next two years, for Tim, longer.

Our first place was a loft, 5'6" at the center, so we had to kneel at all times thanks to Mary Perlaky Baxter and Dana Lawrence! Our second place was better. Our twin beds were 16" apart, always within punching distance of each other, and the Pink Floyd the Wall rule: CD 1 or 2 had to be in our multiplayer at all times.

After a year we upgraded to the highest point in Key West, and our own bedrooms. He eventually followed Cristin and I to Fort Myers Beach, and Mike Fondots lived with him for a while. He knew everyone we knew on the beach, Kimberly, Charlie, John. He was loved by many.

Tim was my tallest friend, my smartest friend, my closest friend for years. And when we drifted apart it hurt so much.

But we reconnected a few years ago, and had finally made peace with each other. Tim and I, we made some mistakes, with each other, and with some of our other friends, because we love big, and when we are hurt, it hurts big. My last message to him, I told him I would always love him, and I always will, I just didn't want it to be my last message.

For anyone who remembers Big Tim, a man of many talents, incredible intelligence, a huge heart, an awesome laugh, please remember him today, and say a prayer for his mother Mary, his father Les, his brother Doug, and for Fatel as well.

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Christine Eustis - February 04, 2017 at 01:23 AM