



My first recollection of Jimmy Opp is the good-natured, funny bartender at Dub's Hide-a-Way. Later, I would see and talk to him at the the Pub or Anthony's, the "du jour" gathering places of the 60's.

Among other things, we had motorcycles in common. Once I was riding my Triumph TR6-C in the pineywoods/swamp North of 39<sup>th</sup> Ave in a Woody Jasper-Charlie Pier planned Enduro. In the middle of the event I stopped to rest and get my bearings ... up rides Jimmy on a street legal Yamaha I though had no chance competing in such an event. Jimmy told me he thought he was lost until he found me. Another Jimmy Opp metaphor ... I had no idea I too was lost until he found me. Needless to say, we both made it to the finish line unscathed.

I grew up reading books, finding what wisdom I could learn there ... it seldom occurred to me to listen to musical lyrics. Jimmy helped me discover some folks write songs because they too have something to say. Jimmy always had plenty to say. His opinions, often slightly to the left of my own, screamed to be heard. If you spent as much time with him as I, then hear them you would. To me, his opinion was valid and heart-felt ... he gave me room to mentally breath, I could do not less for him. One of the things we had in common was our belief in the insanity of sending young men off to kill or be killed, maim or be maimed for political objectives!

42 years ago, Jimmy was a member of my wedding party. He almost caused, due to excessive celebration, me to be late for my own wedding. I'm pretty sure Gail forgave us as she has remained with me all these years and mourns Jim's passing with emotions closely matching my own.

In the early 1970's Jimmy and Renee took Gail and me to the Rathskeller on the UF campus to hear the Goose Creek Symphony. I am, to this day, a fan of Goose Creek. We have had members of the band in our home where we talked about the events precipitating the inspiration for writing certain songs. Jimmy and I often (as do my Brother and I) sang their songs when we traveled. WE did zero justice to the music but took great joy in the noise we made.

Jimmy once introduced me to his Father-in-Law as the brother he wished he had. Carol, his wife, marveled that I was allowed to ride his prized motorcycles. We rode for hours on his machines ... we shared lots of things, Jimmy and I. We shared politics, music and motorcycles (although he never agreed to me taking him flying). We shared an interest in art, firearms collection, sports, books and psychedelics.

James Walter Opp was, truly, friends with his own mind! In our day, PEACE was our mantra ... I trust he has found his!  
Rest In Peace, My Brother.