

[Paths That Cross Will Cross Again](#)

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Jim Carroll (August 1, 1950 – September 11, 2009) In the course of working together, Jim and I discovered two powerful bonds. The first that we both had August birthdays, born under a scorching sun. The second was a great delight in the numerals on the clock coming up in wonderful combinations like cherries on a slot machine. Whenever we spoke, we would mention recent sightings. Jim often awoke in the middle of the night at exactly 2:22 or 4:44. We loved it when four numbers in a row came up such as 11:11, or, most exciting, the clock's equivalent of a royal flush, 12:34. His voice full of relish and mystery, he would always exclaim, "ah, a most propitious hour."

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