I WANT TO OFFER MY GRATITUDE to many who helped bring this story to life.

Tim and Pam, my heroes.

Larissa, Lizzie, and Ben, whose central roles in my life are far too diminished in this story, but who give me joy every step of the way.

Verena, who joined our family late but became an essential part of it from the start.

My brother Michael, who inspired me to write.

My other siblings, Lisa and Victor, who endured all my political endeavors.

Linda and Mark, who experienced everything Pam and I did.

My friend and colleague Joe Coatsworth, who helped make this all possible.

My friend and colleague John Atkin, whose encouragement extended across continents.
Lee-Lee Prina, Sue Ducat, Ellen Ficklen, and everyone at Health Affairs for inviting me to write the “Narrative Matters” essay that brought Tim’s story to the attention of so many.

Carol Gentry and Christine Stuart, two fine editors who give me regular feedback on my policy writing.

Carolyn Lumsden, editor of the opinion page at the Hartford Courant, whose invitation to write a piece in the aftermath of the Sandy Hook horror helped me crystallize my thinking about the chain of neglect.

Jennifer Perillo, Stephen Wesley, and Michael Haskell, whose editorial support and encouragement at Columbia University Press helped shape this story.

David Shaw and John Shaw, two lawyers who advised me well.

David Russell, who gave me hope.

Dave Audette, Rosemary Shea, Joanne Magner, John Niemczyk, and Joan Cardella, who demonstrated that the best educators are those not bound too tightly by the rules.

And the workers of the Connection, the Rushford Center, River Valley Services, Austin Travis County Integral Care, and Citywide Case Management, who too often bore the brunt of my frustrations while working under impossible constraints.