



Mr Kimble Duane Foster

August 12, 1972 - January 14, 2022

Kimble Duane Foster was born on August 12, 1972, in Lexington, Kentucky. He was the loving son of Lonietta “Dimples” Foster and Robert “Bobby” Hayden. He passed away on Saturday, January 14, 2022, at UK’s Chandler Hospital.

He graduated from the University of Kentucky’s School of Journalism.

Kimble was preceded in death by his loving and dedicated grandparents, Willie C. Foster and Lelia May Foster.

In addition to his parents, Kimble is survived by his brother, Kevin Wayne Foster; his nephew, Kevin C. Foster; his uncle, Ronald Hayden; as well as a host of cousins and dear friends

Previous Events

Service

JAN 22. 1:00 PM - 2:00 PM (ET)

Hawkins-Taylor Funeral Home
425 Race Street
Lexington, KY 40508
(859) 255-7633
taylor632@gmail.com
<https://www.hawkinstaylorfh.com>

Tribute Wall

CB

“ I met Kim my first year of college, purely by chance, when we were both on a message group together that I only joined for a week. If not for the timing of that short time, I might never have known him. In the almost 30 years since, he's been my closest friend through good times and bad. We shared experiences and problems with each other, encouraged each other in our own creative endeavors when you can only see the flaws in what you create, and I did my best to be there in the down times and try to help Kim get through it and see the bright side, as he did for me. I will miss my friend.

Chris Bayliss - March 10, 2022 at 08:34 PM

ME

“ I first met Kim, for lack of a better term, back in late 2003 as I was looking to expand my forray into collaborative writing games. All I was looking for back then was a group that would last more than a month. I ended up with so much more.

We never met, save for emails and online chat. Despite this, and the distance between us, we built a friendship based on a love of gaming and writing that lasted for almost 20 years. He was a fellow creative with a brilliant imagination, and we fed off of each other's collaborations, and as a time went by the storytelling became deeper and explored places and themes I never considered before. Because of him, I'm a better writer than before we met. I will miss him, and his brilliant creative mind, but I will always be grateful for the time I was able to spend with him.

Be at peace, my friend. I hope we may one day meet again in the next life, wherever that may be.

—Matthew Elliot

Matthew Elliot - March 06, 2022 at 01:51 AM



Kenneth
Johnson

“ My old friend dating back to Junior High School, Kimble Foster, was my best friend. Kind, imaginative, self deprecating. He opened the worlds of Dune and a hundred more places to me as a serious reader and a private writer. Together we created mysterious fantasy and science fiction worlds inbetween playing Streetfighter II or Doom with our friends. We remained friends all through college and then distant friends as the Air Force took me on a different path. Praying he now may rest in peace freed of his ailments. His family & friends will never forget him and his creative spark.

Kenneth Johnson - March 06, 2022 at 01:22 AM

KK

“ Kim was an amazing person. Even when things were just rotten for him he was always trying to make you smile. He had a lot thrown at him and he faced it all better than I could have ever hoped to. He always was willing to lend an ear and offer himself as a sounding board. He was beyond creative and I was fortunate to be one of the friends he shared that with. He also brought out creativity in others and tried to encourage us along our paths. Saying I miss you would be an understatement. I loved you and you always were and will be my friend.

Kara Kozla - March 05, 2022 at 09:49 PM

GH

“*Kim was a sweet, gentle, sensitive, and caring man. I was honored to be his friend for 20 years, and every day I looked forward to his humor, his kindness, and his passion. He cared deeply for his friends; he felt our pain, our distress, and our worries more keenly than his own. I don't think he ever knew how much he helped me, but his friendship got me through some of the darkest times in my life, and he kept me from ending my life more than once.*

He suffered more than his fair share in his too-short life. His suffering is at an end now. Rest well, my friend. I will never, ever forget you..

Gregg Helmberger - March 05, 2022 at 09:39 PM