

Papa Chivvies,

I wanted to write to you and tell you something to make you feel better, but I know there's nothing I can say that will accomplish that. So, I just wanted to share some things with you that will hopefully provide you with some insight into how Jord felt about you. Jordan wanted to be just like you when he grew up. I can't tell you how many times he told me this. He wanted to grow up to be just like Papa Chivvies. He looked up to you and admired you in so many ways. I think he did a lot of what he did because he wanted to gain your approval and love in some way, but maybe he just didn't realize he already had it. I want you to know that he only spoke of you in the best of light, and in the past few years I know he was so thankful to have become so close to you. You meant so much to him. He always used to tell me that if I didn't like you, then we couldn't get married, because he was going to end up just like you. I ended up liking you a lot, so it worked out. After last week the only thing I take comfort in is that I know that Jord would have wanted to go out on his skis or on his bike, and he always used to tell me he wanted to die young. He lived with no regrets, and everyone thought he was foolish for living that way, but now I think everyone admires him for it. Jordan meant so much to me, and I hope he knew that, but it wasn't just Jordan that I cared about: it was his whole family. I loved all of you so much, and I felt loved and so welcome in return. I can't thank you enough for all you guys have done for me. And I absolutely cherish all the time we spent together. Again, I hope this offers you some comfort, just knowing how much of an impact you had on Jord's life and what you meant to him. I would love to stay in touch with you, and if you need anything at all, please ask. Thank you so much for everything!

I wanted to share a little story with you. After Jordan got his first motorcycle, he would always ride around with me on the back, and he would come and pick me up after class, and he would let me sit on it by myself, and I thought I was so cool. One day at my house we decided it would be a good idea if he taught me how to ride it, so, I got on the bike in shorts, a tank top, and flip flops, really good motorcycle gear, and I was feeling pretty confident. It was like he was my dad and he was teaching me how to ride a two wheeler, he held on to the back, and then let go, and I rode a good 100 feet before I got to the stop sign, stopped, tried to hold up the bike, and then just fell right over. Those things are heavy! I fell over, broke the side-view mirror right off, and was gushing blood from my elbow. He wasn't even mad about the bike at all, I was crying because I felt so bad about breaking it, but he was only happy that I was OK. I still have a scar on my elbow from that. I like to think of it as Jordan leaving his mark on me, and I can always look at it and remember him and all he taught me.

Nici Bilbro "Snacks"