

A tribute from Noah...

I wish I could be there with all of you guys right now. I am sure it would make the pain of my own mourning and the mourning we are all going through a bit easier, but for now I can only have my friend palmer speak what I have to say. As I am sure is the case with many of you, Jordan or should I say Chivy changed my life in so many ways. In my experiences with Chiv, I felt a part his extended family, and to be honest with you I was so proud to have such an honor.

When Jordan came to live with me, unexpectedly may I add, we became pretty close. He was a bad influence on my wallet as well. See I always gave chivy a hard time for wasting his money on big trucks, quads, dirt bikes, motorcycles, mini bikes, rims, systems, etc., but his explanation was made justified when he told me that he wanted to live his life when he was young and always reminded me how fragile our lives could be. That being said I followed in his footsteps, buying myself a dirt bike, snowmobile, motorcycle, etc. Together I can say we spent some of the best days of our live's together. Before knowing Chivy I didn't realize the exhilaration of a motor and didn't realize how alive you could feel. To be on the edge whether it be skiing or riding is what we live for. Many of you may understand and many of you don't, but believe me at least when I say that Chivy lived his life without fear or regret. This is what being alive should really feel like. If we lived our lives safe and sheltered would we really know how it feels to be on top of the world? I will always cherish the fact that he helped me realize that life should really be lived full out without fear.

The one thing I never understood about Chivy though was his skiing. I always looked at Jordan as the best mogul skier in the world that hated to ski. On a powder day you couldn't find him near a hill, unless he was on a snowmobile. To this day I don't remember skiing with him at all, in fact. Granted we skied in competition together and at summer camp, but that was it. He was fully dedicated to becoming the best in the world at mogul skiing. Jordan to this day may be the most talented athlete I know and could possibly have gone pro in so many sports. His goofy little body had a center of balance second to none, and some of the quickest feet I've ever seen. Once he and I went ice skating together. Just messing around - I thought - but to my surprise Jordan threw a triple toe loop and even a back flip. At that moment I realized there probably was not a sport that Jordan couldn't do.

I am sure I could and many of you could go on all day telling stories about chivy. The best stories in my life will always have chivy within them. Chivy was a person that I will always been honored to have known and will always be a person that has helped mold me into the person I have become. Nobody knows how far life goes for its story is never ending. I am sure no matter where chivy is right now he is smiling and laughing. I don't think he would want us to be sad or depressed. I don't understand why the best people keep leaving my life, but to be honest with you I can no longer question death or its timeliness. Let's worry about living, the same way Jordan did. I think he would want all of us to live today like there is no tomorrow and once our stories end here on earth to come join him for the after party up above. Be lucky for knowing Chiv and be lucky that he has changed your life like he has changed mine. So until I see you again, Chivy, say hello to Landon and Joel, and keep on living your life out loud and with such passion. I promise you I'll do the same in your honor. I am so proud of you and thank you for being my friend.