



Brett

Your life reflected that of your favourite Looney Tune, Taz, a whirlwind. As a child you even said to Mum that you felt you wouldn't be here for a long time. The golden locks, killer tan, quick wit and goofy grin had us entitle you - Fabio the most beautiful man in the cosmos.

You had just waltzed in the door when I had asked whether you would want to be a donor (the topic arose because I choose an organ donation charity for high school fundraising efforts). The reply, "well they are no good to me when I'm gone", then out the door you went.

In a cruel twist of fate, it was only weeks later that you were gone at just twenty-one years of age. No child should have to mourn the loss of their sibling [at just sixteen], nor a parent the loss of their child.

They say time heals all, but I find myself yearning for memories we were destined to not forge. I always speak of you in present tense because I feel you've never really left my side. You always left people with a smile on their face, and in turn there were so many that came to say goodbye in a celebration, not mourning, of your life.

You were more than just your final act.

Son, brother, grandchild, uncle, nephew, friend, opponent, and then a donor.

Call them by their name.

Call him by his name.

Brett, you were and are a hero in both life and death. A life force that was simply too pure for this world. Till we meet again.