

“What thou lovest well remains, the rest is dross...” Pound

Tristan came in to our lives on March 19, 1990; two weeks overdue but pretty much asking for the keys to the cars and telling us he'd be late! He never crawled but pulled himself up and was walking at 7 months. By the time his brother Thompson came along he had pretty much figured Ernie and I out and knew how to run around us. He wasn't sure about brotherhood but after he packed Thompson's bag to take him back to the hospital a week after he was brought home Tristan decided we could keep him. He was going to give it a shot! By the time Iain was born he was pretty good at being boss and running the 'Bro. Show'. Through out his life he was proud of his 'little' brothers. In recent years when it was pointed out, repeatedly, that his little brothers were actually taller than Tristan, Tristan would remark that it didn't matter who was taller because he was better looking than either of them!

Starting school Tristan was quick to make friends. He was smart, funny and active, always active. As he got older he made bonding friendships and kept going. 'People to see, places to go', he got involved in football, basket ball, video games, paint ball, going to the beach with Sean, playing football with Mike- he was always going. He was able to be resilient with the projects he loved; A football play, video game level, working on a car – he would work through it until he got it. He seemed to have a unique ability to look at something and fast track the result. Had he been an entrepreneur he might have been involved in high risk financial deals, a trouble shooter; he had an ability to size up a situation and find a solution. Where Tristan got in trouble was his application of his gifts. He reached into places he should have stayed out of; he got hurt and he became discouraged. He struggled with the help of many good friends; His resiliency kept him trying to make it better but his confidence was weak. Then he met Jacquie. And with Jacquie and Riley; they began to build a life. For the first time in many years Tristan was at peace, and in love with Jacquie. He began to put the pieces together. We love you Jacqui for everything you have given us and Tristan. For him and us you must be strong and go on. For your family and especially yourself and Riley, you must go on.

For all of us who are here because they love Tristan know that the people he loved he loved fiercely, in his heart and in his soul.

We don't understand why this has happened, or why Tristan's life was so short and troubled. We can only know that God has a path and reason for all of us. Every life has a lesson. In heaven maybe we will have a glimpse of the reason, but for now we must be strong and live the best life we can, and be the best people we can. Because now he's an angel and if we don't he might just remind us that we'd better!

In closing for parents out there from Kahlil Gibran on Children;

“Your children are not your children.

They are the sons and daughters *of Life's longing for itself.*

They come **through** you but not **from** you,

And though they are with you yet they belong not to you.

You are the bows from which your children

as living arrows are sent forth.

The archer sees the mark upon the path of the infinite,

and He bends you with His might

that His arrows may go swift and far.

Let your bending in the archer's hand be for gladness;

For even as He loves the arrow that flies,

so He loves also the bow that is stable.