



Dear Mom:

Let me start by saying, you are the best Mom a kid could ever ask for. When I was a kid I may have not realized it at the time or in the moment, but now I see the sacrifices you made and decisions you made to give me the best opportunities in life. The vacations we took and memories we made together were not just about having fun to get out of the house, but were moments you planned and created to make an impact on our lives and help create an everlasting bond between the two of us! I know we didn't have a lot of money growing up which means I know you sacrificed more than I will ever really know, but I do know you did it out of love. I do very much wish I would be around to reciprocate the love, but sadly my time was cut short. Please don't let that memory be what you reflect on because that's not at all what I remember. I remember the swimming classes you put me in, Air Cadets, band classes and our trumpet practices at home. I will always remember how your lasagna and meat loaf was made beyond perfection every single time and how you cheered me on during every soccer practice and game.

You supported me throughout my entire life even when I made uneducated, reckless decisions. Your advice and the love you gave was unmatched and I pray that my kids will have those same memories of me. I know you will help keep my memory alive with my kids as you tell them stories of my childhood and your experiences raising me, and I know in my heart they will be just fine having you in their lives because of your loving parenting instincts. I know you will help guide them to become the best people they can be.

Now here's what I need from you .....Every Christmas, as you know, its been a tradition for me to buy Jan some of the most horrific foods produced. Last year it was the fish and cheese pepperoni sticks that had a 5 year shelf life. I want you to



continue that tradition on, this year I want you to get him canned pickled watermelon rinds. This way every Christmas you all can be reminded of some of our funniest memories.....Remember the face he made last year? That was epic! Just between you and I, my goal is to make him puke on Christmas day, so Mom, please make him suffer. One year, we will break him! That will be the year he realizes that suffering through eating this stuff just isnt worth the laugh he gives us all on Christmas day.

That will be the day I win! This is how I want you to tell him, lean over his shoulder while he has his head buried in the porcelain bowl, and say.....Jason sends his love, and he wins! That will blow his mind.....HA HA HA HA HA. Just picturing that moment in my head is making me smile. I wish I could be around to be a part of that moment, but you will feel my spirit and be reminded of how it all started off with microwavable pork rinds. Something you can pass onto him right away are these words. Jan, I never had a brother growing up as a kid, but during the second stage of my life, my adult years, I was able to live my life knowing I had my brother on my side. I was privileged to have an older brother like you. Please treat my sister right or else I will haunt your morning cup of coffee. Every time you have a cup of bad tasting coffee, you will know its me haunting you to remind you that I will be watching you.

Speaking of my older sister , please tell her if she ever needs me in her corner for any reason , like what kind of car to buy, or business decision to make, all she will have to do is just make him a bad cup of coffee in the morning, the more of a point you want to make, the worse tasting you make the coffee. He will be reminded of who he is dealing with.....lol. Please remind Jennifer that I will always be with her, and Jan may need a reminder time to time that I still have her back.

While I'm on a roll with telling people how I want them to remember me and honour me, with keeping my memory alive.....Dad, not until I became a father myself did I realize how great a father I truly had growing up. I didn't know how



exhausting that position was for you to hold. Not only did you have to fix our bikes, motivate us to do good in school, learn what we are doing in school just to be able to explain it to us so we understood (which was before the internet), or even ,stop work in the middle of a project because we wanted you to see a new dance we made up, you also had to raise us to becoming great business professionals. I made it to the top of my career before cancer changed my life, but without you teaching me how to work hard for what I want and to prove that I deserve it. You taught me how to be strong leader that looks out for his employees, and I would have never been as successful in life as I was, if not for your influence and guidance.

Every day I strive to be the Dad you were to me , but to be honest it is hard work....Oh and on top of all that you still were the one that worked a full time job. Please tell Dad that he was always and will be my hero, and all I ever strived to be as a man, and his son that made him proud.

So Dad please never forget, I was who I was because of you, and every time you look at yourself in the mirror just know I am and will always be a part of you, I was just the younger and more handsome version.....HA HA HA! I love you Dad!

Mom, if you ever need any help with things around the house , that I would normally come and do for you, like painting a room, or changing the brakes in your car, please feel free to call my best friend Steve. Just because I am not around doesn't mean he can back out of the deal we made. When I said I would take it to the grave, meant just that...I took it to the grave. But guess what? That's not a rule I need to follow anymore!

Mom, (oh my this is great to get off my chest) when we were very young, Steve broke a glass statue that belonged to his Grandma that was in the living room. He turned to me and said, "promise me that you will take the blame for this and I will do anything you want for the rest of my life". So, I took the bullet for him and got



my ass chewed out for breaking the statue that I didn't break. Only after did he tell me how much it meant to her. Every time I've seen her since, she always seems to bring it up. So Mom, if you need Steve for anything, just give him a call and ask for his help, if he doesn't say yes, just tell him, " Jason says it's a good idea to help, we don't want your Mom to know who she should be thinking of ever time she looks at that crack".

Mom I also want everyone to know that I have written letters to each of my loved ones that made a large impact on my life. On every decade birthday 10, 20, 30, etc. I wrote about a specific memory that I want to remind them of. I don't want to be forgotten and it brings me joy to know I will still have a place in their hearts and they can reminisce about the good old days. They should expect them right up until their 80<sup>th</sup> birthday, after that they will have to wait until we can be reunited again, only 1-20 years, I assume.

Please tell the family how much I love them all and how they really did make my life an enjoyable one. I pray that none of you remember me as I was on my final days and remember the moments that count. How scared I was asking Kevin for his daughters hand in marriage, The nervous stance as I awaited the arrival of my bride on our wedding day and the glow of pride on my face when each of my children arrived into this world. Remember the stories of how I hid a ghetto blaster under my graduation gown so I could really make a sceptical of myself when I received my diploma, or the moment when I leaped in front of a car and threw my daughter out of harms way from a car that jumped the curb.

I know you see where I am coming from, just don't reflect back on my final days. Cancer took so much attention and life from , the last thing I want is for it truly win , which would be my loved ones only remembering the cancer, and not my greatest moments. For me to still win this battle, I want you to remember



everything besides the cancer, that's how you all can help me come out on top of this .

Send my love to all and tell them I cant wait until we meet again, I want to hear all the amazing stories and adventures you have experienced in your lives !

Love you all and I will talk to you on your next tenth year birthday.

Love always, your son !