

Trever,

Its been a long time since we last had the time to speak, let alone since we last had time to/ just sit dow and just sit down like back in the old days. Back before we had all of our responsibilities that we do now and we could just take a minute here and there to talk about whatever little thing struck our fancy, or complained about school, or yap literal nonsense like the kids we were.

We were just kids and so little mattered back then that now that neither of us have the freedom that we did back then, I find my self wandering down memory lane more and more. Getting lost in memories of simpler time, better times, more and more. And many a time I have found myself wondering if you do the same. Just sitting there wondering ~~??~~,

Do you remember the day we first met

Back when I ~~didn't~~ know you yet, and we were just strangers

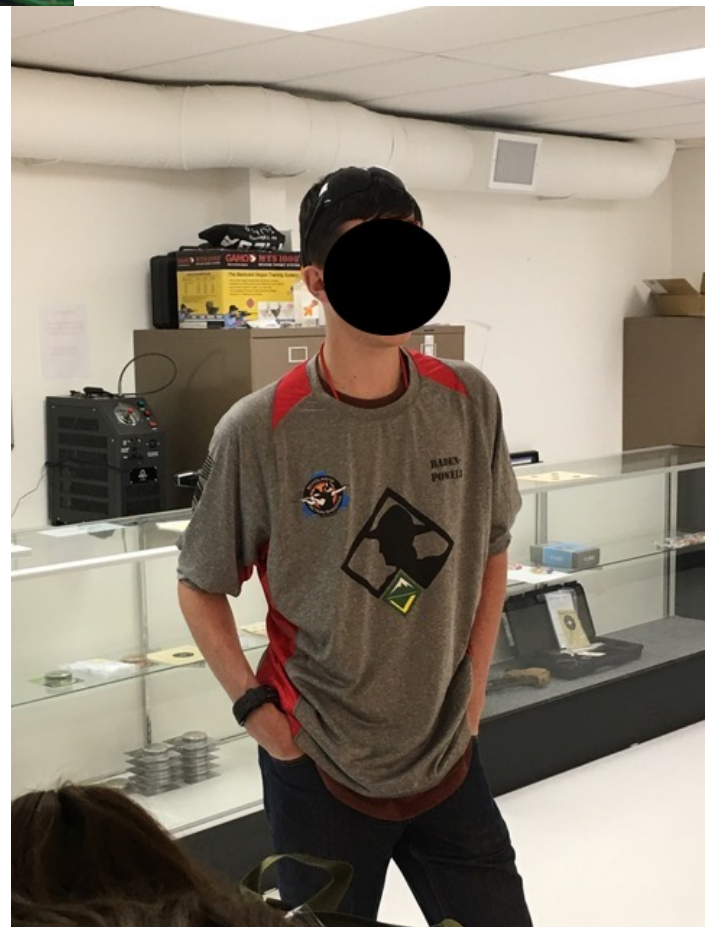
And when the world just seemed to be just a bit brighter

Back when I met a kid just happy to talk about any little thing

And when these little things were so big to us regardless

Back when you decided to fellow me and learn everything I could

And would offer up despite how bad I was as a teacher



...

Newdays though I can't help but chuckle at how I used to call you minnow one because I kept forgetting your name and was too embarrassed to ask again. And despite the troubles of my forgetfulness, You would always just roll with it and latch on till we became inseparable friends and I had no choice but to remember it properly. It was like having the little brother that I never had.

...

But, not every day was good. And despite all odds I was proud just to watch you grow in good times and bad. Especially the old funny accidents and the old voice mail that I knew you wish we would all just forget.

...

As such, I still remember the time you were taught how to make fire,
And the little bonfire you made in the old adobe hut back then,
And the shewing out you got when the scoutmaster found out.
Because no the runaway toilet paper embers were not
"subtle", nor was the unabapolegetic second attempt.
I still remember the time you blazed through your ranks in the beginning
And how you were so proud to learn the basiss of our craft,
And how you showed off your skills in first aid to me...
Despite forgetting that I was the one to teach you previously
But I also remember your issues tying knots.
I remember looking for you at camp a few summers latter after an exam.



I remember finding you in your tent that night crying with a small rope,

And sitting just out of sight when you wanted to be alone.

I remember sitting through attempt after attempt...

And the feeling of pride when you succeeded on your own.

And I remember the moment I gave you my pledge coin when it was time,

The look of joy making me proud to pass it onto you,

because I knew you would lead and teach the minions like-

my father had for me then I to you.

I was proud of the man you had become!

...

At the time you were my protégé, but over time and as the age gap shrank you became my friend. School work and hobbies were shared as shared points of interest as the years moved on and unlike the rest of my actual peer group viewed me as an outcast, you stuck by me. Throughout high school, we spent time venting to each other, gaming, and hanging out whenever we had time. Though, only when you didn't need tutoring.

I don't think either of us would have made it through without the mutual support though. Life was difficult as a loner and I wish that you didn't take after me in that regard, but somehow we made it through. And for that I felt blessed and enjoyed the memories from before we parted ways.

...



Yet even if those times have passed, in a strange way, they have become
all the more valuable. These days have passed and can never be
be relived or reclaimed, but have left an impression of years
well spent.

Like the day we got lost driving through town because our phones died.

Or the day get caught by ma because we both covered and lied.

Or when you tried to drive my car without my keys.

Or the day you asked your crush out even if we knew it' be a no.

Or the day I realized I had to finally look up into your eyes.

...

I knew that some of these memories are more than a decade old, but

I still remember them like they were yesterday.

Like the day we talked about the future and your dream up on the mountain,
where we talked about ~~you~~ how you wanted more than home could offer.

Like the day I drove you to a recruiter's office about your options,

Where you decided that your call to arms was on distant seas.

And like the day you took your first step on your path,

Where you settled for a "I'll see you later!"

Even though we both knew it was a Goodbye.

...



Though I suppose I am feeling a bit nostalgic, but I think its fair nearly a year to the day you shipped out. Its part of growing up I suppose considering how lifesalways moves on. Like it did for our friends. /Like it did for you. And I suppose just like it will for me.

Serry if its a bit sappy, but considering that your ma brought out the photo album and Barcy and I just helped her pack up your room, / I think it might be warented. But I digress, as I am writing this in case that "see you later" is more delged than we thought it'd be. Because I'm not sure when youll find this amongst your boxes, I thought it'd be best to remeber the goodtimes before the big move.

...

So irregardless of how much time has passed or distances we travel,

I hope those memories remain close to your heart.

I know that you will do fine wherever your sails lead to,

Just remember that you promised to take care of yourself.

But remember to live a little,

Maybe ask that girl you talked about out?

Until you come back though,

We'll see you Later

...

Don't make me a liar

Return home sailer

Joseph d. Reilly