

# To Myles

Wednesday, September 21, 2022

8:48 PM

Good morning, my name is Erica and I've had the pleasure of knowing Myles since our Freshman year of college at Mizzou in 2015.

From the moment I met him, there was always a gentle yet deeply powerful presence that Myles occupied in any room he entered. He was never the loudest person in the room, but one that I and many others felt effortlessly drawn to. He was a pensive listener, a dedicated observer, a passionate writer, a music enthusiast, a gifted mind, and a captivating enigma.

One of my favorite things about Myles was how much he loved his home here in New Orleans and how he never missed an opportunity to share bits of that culture with us in Missouri. On Sundays, our friends would come together to have dinner as a family. Two things were guaranteed at Sunday dinner: 1. The boys would yell about how the girls only ever contributed plastic forks to dinner and 2. Myles was always head chef. I remember walking into the house each week to find Myles in the kitchen chopping onions, garlic, celery, green peppers and throwing bay leaves in that heavy silver pot of his. I never knew what he was cooking each week, but what I did know was that I spent the week eating ramen noodles and anything that came out of that pot was always going to be magical. He would cook jambalaya, crawfish etouffee, red beans, catfish, stewed chicken, turkey necks, meatballs, pralines and so much more. All while sipping gin and grapefruit or long island tea in one of his various cups, my personal favorite being a double stacked Styrofoam cup with "BIG CUPPA" written on it in sharpie.

Though we remained close friends throughout undergrad, my friendship with Myles truly blossomed when I moved to New Orleans in 2020 for grad school. As a Denver native, Myles was my only connection in the city and one that I considered family. I can truly say that I developed a special place in my heart for New Orleans because I was blessed enough to

experience the city through Myles' eyes. We ate frog legs and blue crabs together, I shucked my first oysters with him, attended my first French Quarter Fest, and much more. I miss sitting in his backyard with him, listening to music and chatting. Some days we could sit for hours and not say much to each other or look down at our phones. That's what I loved about him. There was something about Myles that made you want to unplug and take in life around you like one long refreshing sip. He went out of his way to ensure I felt loved and included, but also gave me a sense of belonging in an unfamiliar place. His gentle nature was something that I amongst others found comfort in- a piece of home.

I will forever cherish the memories I shared with Myles, but I promise to ensure his love of this city and those around him lives through me, and that his legacy is felt for generations to come.