

James Hewitt

March 8, 1974 – August 9, 2003



James Hewitt, Windows systems architect for UW CSE, died in a motorcycle accident on August 9, 2003. He was 29.

James had been involved in tech support positions since he was in high school, working directly or as a contractor for UW, the Pacific Science Center, Microsoft, Attachmate, Providence Medical Center, Boeing, and CSE. He also was the founder of Techwolf Networks, an enterprise technology consulting firm.

He had a huge heart.

Colleagues of James' at the University created an online resource for his friends, family, and colleagues to submit their remembrances. The submissions to that resource are collected in this document.

The online version is at <http://lazowska.cs.washington.edu/hewitt/>

Goodbye, dear friend

From: Scott Rose (*rose@cs.washington.edu*)

Date: Tue Aug 12 2003 - 16:35:51 PDT

I hate to be first with something like this... I certainly wasn't James' closest friend at CSE, though James had a way of making everybody in his circle feel like they were Number One. That observation goes to the heart of what made James a special guy... and why so many people are going to miss him for a long time.

James was my officemate for a couple of years, but we only overlapped about twenty percent of the time. Getting a lot of coding done while James was in the office wasn't in the cards-- there was too much other stuff going on. It was a little humbling to count the disparity between the number of people who stopped in to see James versus those who stopped in to see me. I started making a little game out of seeing what percentage of the people who stopped by with a technical issue when James was out of the office I could help. Turned out to be about 10%, but hardly anybody who left after talking to James went away without an answer. That percentage held for the people who came in *without* a tech question, too.

Once James found out that I liked almond croissants, not too many visits passed without one appearing on my desk in the morning. He couldn't pass a bakery without seeing it as an opportunity to do something nice for Rose.

I can't think of anybody who didn't like the guy, except maybe the taxi driver he tangled with a few days before his death. Typical of James, the altercation he had was driven by James' need to make sure somebody else was safe. A stranger, no less.

James was easy to be with.

James Hewitt

From: James Young (*jamesy@cs.washington.edu*)

Date: Tue Aug 12 2003 - 16:54:33 PDT

First time I met James he was bristling with energy. He was in a hurry, but he bored into the puzzle I'd given him (an Outlook problem), tried one solution on his own computer, then another, then charged across the hall to my office to look at my setup and said "Awww, look!" Then--bang! it was fixed, he took just long enough to explain how to avoid that problem in future and...gone.

James was always like that--seen in glimpses, in motion, in bursts. Recently, we've seen him struggling with an invading hacker, going from aggravation to that wry grin that showed he felt he was getting an edge, but relentless in pursuit.

Though he always seemed in a hurry, he shared all that energy and great good humor with everyone around him--he often seemed to be the source of light and heat in the room. I can't believe he won't go barrelling past the office door any minute, teasing & laughing.

Oh, how we'll miss him.

James Young
Fiscal Specialist
Computer Science & Engineering

James

From: Ed Lazowska (*lazowska@cs.washington.edu*)

Date: Tue Aug 12 2003 - 21:37:53 PDT

I can't touch Scott's posting, so I'll forward this instead:

-----Original Message-----

From: Ed Lazowska

Sent: Tuesday, August 12, 2003 9:05 PM

To: rick@seatownriders.com

Subject: Your posting about James Hewitt

I worked with James at the University of Washington. I just wanted to say that I admire your posting on STR. Even the best riders on the best machines are not invincible. When people think about taking their next risk, they need to think about what James and Mike could have done with the next 20 years of their lives, and about the people who loved them and worked with them and counted on them. Nobody would want to live a risk-free life even if it was possible, but things have got to be kept in balance.

Miss you my friend

From: Slava Timochine (*KeystoneFinancial@comcast.net*)

Date: Tue Aug 12 2003 - 23:03:28 PDT

We all will miss you buddy. You were a great friend and a fantastic travel companion.

I Was really looking forward to our next trip to Hawaii. Friends like you are impossible to replace. You will be forever remembered in our hearts.

Roman Bogatchev

"Light"

From: Edwards, Patricia A (patricia.a.edwards@boeing.com)

Date: Tue Aug 12 2003 - 23:30:23 PDT

*Our deepest fear is not that we are inadequate.
Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure.
It is our light, not our darkness, that most frightens us.
We ask ourselves, who am I to be brilliant, gorgeous,
talented and fabulous?
Actually, who are you not to be?
You are a child of God.
Your playing small doesn't serve the world.
There's nothing enlightened about shrinking so that
other people won't feel insecure around you.
We were born to make manifest the glory of God
that is within us.
It's not just in some of us, it's in everyone.
And as we let our light shine,
we unconsciously give other people permission
to do the same.
As we are liberated from our own fear,
our presence automatically liberates others.*

1994 Inaugural Speech
Nelson Mandela

James Hewitt, was just that brilliant , gorgeous, talented and fabulous! I never met a person, that had a bad thing to say about him. And he sure had a way of not making others feel insecure around him. If anything he was always willing to help, and encourage those around him. And when he walked, into a room there is no question that it lit up! And so did everyone, you couldn't help but not to. In closing I just want to say the next time you look up at the sun or feel the warmth of it, or the stars shining bright, that our beloved friend James Allen Hewitt Jr. is looking down on us, with that big oh smile on his face.

Take care "Cowboy" You will truly be missed.

Patricia Edwards
(Boeing)

James...

From: Jenny Seller (*sellerj@dickinson.edu*)

Date: Wed Aug 13 2003 - 08:31:53 PDT

I've replayed his phone messages on my machine and called his cell phone twice now just to hear his voice. Perhaps sick and strange, but I have so many questions for him – why? what happened? how could you? And to tell him – I miss you. don't leave. call me.

I can't imagine what this is like for those who have seen him often. I've only seen him once in the last year. But that time was a gift. He took me for my first Dick's burger and chocolate shake and we spent a long evening talking about all the reasons I shouldn't have left Seattle. Before I moved, he always made me feel better when work or personal stuff got me down. He'd shut his door and give me a hug. I know he did this for so many of us. He knew how to make people feel special and safe.

He told me that over the last year he'd taken a course on Islam; learned to fly; fallen in love several times; and he was about to take a trip to Brussels the next day – just for the weekend. He certainly knew how to live. He loved his friends and family and felt so deeply about them that sometimes it made him cry that he couldn't do enough.

As he walked out the door after our evening, he zipped up his leather jacket and headed to his motorcycle – sweet smile on his face. I will be sad when you leave he said, me too, she said.

Foredeck, mixologist, philosopher...

From: Tony Lyon (*tlyon@twofoolsbrew.com*)

Date: Wed Aug 13 2003 - 10:57:51 PDT

Foredeck - during a multi-year campaign on a J-36 sailboat racing all over Puget Sound, he earned the nickname "Cowboy" because it was hard to restrain his enthusiasm and he had a habit of dressing the lines on the bow by tossing them around like he was Wild Bill Hickok. I think it's possible that he actually uttered a "wahhh-hoo!" once while doing so.

While we were racing, James taught us the how to make hot buttered rums while under way. I mostly remember (mostly) a rainy 40-degree drift of a Gig Harbor Islands Race in which the same Hot Buttered Rums of his had me and another crew member dancing to James Brown as we drifted with the rest of the fleet up Colvos Passage. Large white men dancing, that's one you're going to have to answer for Cowboy. He also introduced us to something he called a "Double Black Diamond" which consists of Bacardi 151, Capt. Morgan's, Rumpleminz, and hot chocolate. Indeed.

I heard someone say that he seemed to have "a very old soul." Boy-howdy. On his home page, he put these words:

"The heart is never wrong, follow it down every path you can. If you feel mislead, stop, think and again remember... the heart is never wrong. It will find another path if you let it."

I hear you brother, and I'll never ignore my heart again - you've taught me an important lesson.

He seemed to see the world as a human family - with all the angst and strangeness in recent years he never dismissed different peoples as being "other" simply a distant branch of his family. That's a place few people, especially 29 year olds, get to.

And just how much love is one person supposed to have, anyway? He had more than enough, enough to carry the rest of us if need be.

Farewell, Cowboy. I figger you were called from this avatar because you had already learned what you needed to, and it was time for the next one for you. If we're lucky, we'll see you again in the next world.

James - my love...

From: *Jennifer_Clark@Dell.com*

Date: Wed Aug 13 2003 - 11:43:08 PDT

I feel so blessed to have known him, and to have loved him, and to have been loved by him. He took care of my son and I up to the very last day he was alive, and was part of every hour of every day of my life for the past months. We loved passionately, fought passionately, drove each other crazy, laughed, cried, talked about every little detail of each other's lives, strategized and discussed our work, played hard, and had finally come to some decisions to spend the rest of our days together, buy a house on the water, change our lifestyles to try to get the stress out of our lives. We said over and over again how we finally met our match, someone who was moving as fast and furious as the other. He did not hesitate a minute to become a father to my son. My son loved him and called him 'dada', and we miss him terribly.

James showed up in my life one day, we met for coffee at Zoka's to talk business, I remember coming home to my nanny and telling her it was the strangest meeting I had ever had, and it felt more like a date. That was James, he made you feel like you were the only person in the world, the only person in the room. We fell for each other immediately and did not spend one day without either seeing each other or calling each other or text messages or email or something. I have never met anyone like James, I have never loved anyone harder and I can say that he was the best thing that ever walked into my life. He came into it as fast and furious as he left it. He has taught me lessons on love and friendship that I will hold dear forever.

He protected us, as he protected all of his friends and his family. He had more friends than people I even know in this world, and they came from all walks of life, so many circles, and he loved them all. He was always always doing something for someone, and never said no. He strived for excellence in everything he did, he lived more in his 29 years than most people do in a lifetime. Maybe he knew...

We woke early one morning the other day, and I found him out on my porch with a pad and paper and he was writing a letter to me, 6 pages of what he loved, what he hated, what was good and bad about us, what his dreams were and his failures...and this is the last piece...

"I have dreams...I want to have a house in many places...4-5 that we can travel to and live at for a month or two, here or there. It may be unrealistic and many might go unused so we start a key pool among friends of the same vision to share our assets. I need water and mountains and beauty. Which means that most of these need to be on or around water. Tuscany would be nice. I don't want to lose my life to work. I want lot's of money but not at the expense of my family or loved ones. Our children need their parents and I plan to be there for them."

Oh, how I wish he was. I have to believe that he is with us, protecting and loving us, and he is soaring above seeing all the places he wanted to see but could not bound to this earth. He was an angel on earth, and our lives will never be the same. I just cannot get it through my head that he won't pull up, bound up the stairs with champagne and berries, cheese and bread, spread it all out and sit and be with me for hours and hours, celebrating nothing in particular. James, you were loved, more than I think you could ever know. You are missed and our lives will forever be better for having you in it. I love you.

*We are born to live and then to die,
and we have to do it alone, each in our own way.
I guess that is why we have to love those who deserve it most
like there is no tomorrow, because when you get right down to it,
there isn't.*

From: John Zahorjan (zahorjan@cs.washington.edu)

Date: Thu Aug 14 2003 - 10:15:39 PDT

All of us are reminded of the weight and beauty of life when big changes occur - we celebrate births and mourn deaths. James lived a celebration of all the moments in between.

One wants to live in a world in which someone like James exists. We were lucky enough to have had that opportunity. Thanks for that, James. I am so sad that you didn't have more time to be happy here that I can't even confront that thought yet.

James...

From: Amy Kemp (*aeK538@yahoo.com*)

Date: Fri Aug 15 2003 - 09:55:43 PDT

My Mom just called me about James. I cannot believe it. What is so strange is that I ran into him a few years ago at the Greenlake Texaco and he gave me his card. I just took the card out of my rolodex the other day to give him a call. Now, of course, it's too late.

James lived in the same apartment complex on Oswego in Greenlake in 1995 at my Mom. We became quick friends and he was over often. What I remember about James is he had a huge heart. He would have done anything for us and we would have done anything for him.

James.. I'm sorry I never called. God Bless you.

Technology and James

From: Kathleen Goforth (*wsgal@msn.com*)

Date: Fri Aug 15 2003 - 22:22:09 PDT

By a chance encounter the other day on my break, down at HSLIC, I happened to glance at the CS web page. I can't say that I do that often anymore since I am no longer working there. But this other day I just did. I saw your name in black and glanced below it just scanning the info and thought perhaps you had won an award for some cool technological thing you might have come up with. But the words below your name didn't register, so I had to read a little further and I was kind of in a hurry that morning. But when I saw the dates after your name, I stopped being in a hurry and before I opened the link I said to myself, "Oh no." When I clicked on your name, well James, my heart sunk to my feet.

In the morning and in the evening when I ride the bus to and from work, I have fleeting glimpses of you and your vibrant personality. I am very sorry this has happened. Very very sorry. I am very sad for you James. And as corny as this may sound, I just loved the hell out you! I loved how arrogant you were, how handsome you were, how smart you were, and how you walked from room to room with an open laptop with a camera hooked up to it. You were pure youth and brains, such a cool combination of man! And no other man that I know that could build a cheesecake like you could. You were a man who didn't give up. I loved that about you! Tenacious. A perfectionist. So slick, hip and cool.

But mostly James, I loved the sparkle in those beautiful eyes of your and how terribly romantic you were (although you didn't let on to everyone about that side of yourself). But I knew because you shared that part of you with me on many occasions. I am sorry you are gone from us James. Words are just so "not enough". Tears are not good enough. Flowers won't do the trick either. Shrugging this off is not going to be an easy thing for a lot of us that knew you. I don't want to forget you nor that this has happened to you.

Lastly, how ironic as I write this - it is a night when there is a big full moon shining. When I used to send out the email reminders to everyone at CS about the full moon, it wasn't really for anyone but you. I wanted to remind you to be safe, to watch your mood, to take care so nothing would happen to you. You had such an attitude of being invincible, but that comes with youth and being alive to the fullest. We always talked about driving careful and stuff like that since we both loved to road-trip so much. Reminding you always reminded me to slow down a little. The full moon always affected you. There was no getting around it. I could always tell by your mood when the moon was full when you walked in to my office. I suppose I am not surprised that you left us at such an early hour in the morning by the light of the moon. Icecold and dangerous.

A couple cool things that you would have liked James if you were still here is to see everyone sharing thoughts and feelings about our individual relationships with you and doing it online. Not just here on CS's webpage but also in the NW Classifieds guest book. Well, it's technology you know? It's what you loved and it really is so very cool, you being a part of everyone's history now in this cyberspace of computers and the internet. Sorry you won't be around to see what the future creates for us techy-types.

I'll miss you very much! I was without a doubt, crazy about you James. You were one of my very favorite people at CS. Hugs kisses and for the record and for whatever it's worth, I will never forget you. You'll remain in a special place in the archives of my heart.

From: Jerre Noe (*noe@cs.washington.edu*)

Date: Sat Aug 16 2003 - 13:49:37 PDT

James -- always cheerful, always helpful, even for emeritus faculty who shouldn't have been taking up his time when so many others depended upon his skill.

Margarete and I particularly recall an evening visit with James and a friend of his from South America as we all enjoyed a view of the sunset over Shilshole Bay. He knew how to appreciate beauty,

What a loss!

Thank you James.

From: John Bysinger (*john@bysinger.net*)

Date: Sun Aug 17 2003 - 00:31:24 PDT

James,

Where to begin... I find that there are so many things I wish I could say to you. Yet I know you already know what I would say. But knowing you, if there's a way to get to the internet from where you are, you'll find it and read this.

I remember when I first met you, I was at a hard time in my life, financial chaos, and on my third attempt at trying to finish my degree at a new school. I was lost, not knowing if or how to continue or which way to go. I met you out drinking with mutual friends, and amidst people you were close to, you took the time to talk to me. And we talked most of the night about everything, but you somehow knew I lacked direction. You mentioned something about networking and computers, and asked for my number because you wanted to talk to me more.

I'm not sure how much later it was, maybe a week, I got a call from you asking to meet you by Green Lake at a pub to talk about job opportunities. I didn't know what to think, so I went. After several hours, a couple of burgers, and a couple of pitchers of cider you had me convinced that I should apply at Boeing where you were working.

I didn't know it at the time, but this was the first of many many times that you would put yourself aside to help me. But that one time changed my life. I wouldn't be where I am without you James. At a time when I didn't believe in myself and needed guidance, you gave me the confidence that I needed. You believed in me.

I wish I could repay that debt, but you never asked for anything in return.

James, thank you for everything.

-John

I cant even begin to explain....

From: *manciu@earthlink.net*

Date: Sun Aug 17 2003 - 11:30:21 PDT

I can't even begin to explain the way that James took you in his heart and holds you on this pedestal. He did this for everyone. He was there for you ANY time you needed him. Whether it be money, advice, just to listen or a shoulder to lean on. I've known James since I was 5 years old, I'm 21 now. He was a huge part of my family from day one. We sort of "adopted" him. He will be missed immensely. My mother makes this breakfast called Cheese Strata. Every Thanksgiving and Christmas my mom made it at about 7 in the morning. I can remember for years and years him barging in our house about 6:50 not saying "hi, nice to see you guys". No it was "WHERE'S THE CHEESE STRATA?" With the biggest smile on his face. Christmas will never be the same without him! It was the million little things he did to lighten your day that I will miss the most and the way he could make me smile no matter what. I can always remember him saying that life was too short to be mad at someone and to live each day to its fullest. You never know what is around the corner. Well he was right as usual, he did live every day to its fullest. He taught me so much about life, love, and happiness. I will always remember his words and advice he had for me.

I will always miss you dancing all around the house, thinking you really could dance. :) I will miss your jokes, your smile, and our debates. Most of all I will love and miss YOU always James.

God Bless,

Love Nettie Manciu

My friend James

From: Stephen Hardman (*slhardman518@hotmail.com*)

Date: Sun Aug 17 2003 - 14:34:07 PDT

My heart aches. I cannot believe that my friend is gone. He was too young. I will miss you, my friend, to the depths of my soul. It is times like this that challenge all that we are and all that we believe. I have had friends go before, but none has touched me in such a way. You have touched my soul like none before and I will miss you. I knew you only a short time in relative terms, but I cannot think of another that has been such a true friend in every sense of the word. I have seen your kindness. I have seen your spirit and I know there is not another like you. I know that the life I have will never be the same without you. Your legacy is great my friend, you have left a world that is filled with people whose lives you touched. You are truly a person that is so unselfish and are the epitome of the word friend. I have seen the kind acts and experienced the true selflessness of your being. I have shed a tear and will shed more, but it is not your passing from this earth, but for me and all that I will miss. You will remain forever young and that is probably the way you would want it. I know that my words cannot begin to describe the person you are and for that I am regretful. I will remember you always, my friend.

James Mom has asked that all that knew him pass along a message of love. She wants all his friends to know that she is sorry for our loss. She appreciates the kindness and love we all had for James. Please pass this message on to all the friends of James that you know.

Steve Hardman

James

From: David Notkin (*notkin@cs.washington.edu*)

Date: Sun Aug 17 2003 - 15:47:01 PDT

James was a genuine presence in CSE and, I'm sure, in the rest of the circles he ran in (and there were, I'm learning, many such circles). When there were treats in the closet, they were generally from James. When you heard, "How are you, my friend?", it was James. When you heard about somebody coming back from a weekend jaunt to Europe, it was James. When you needed help with something, James was in your office instantly. It's hard to imagine this place without James, and I'm sure his presence will remain regardless.

We miss you, my friend.

David

I miss you!!!

From: Peggy J Schmitz at chelan (*peggyatchelan@earthlink.net*)

Date: Sun Aug 17 2003 - 19:49:28 PDT

Hey James,

It is so hard for me to accept what has happened. I just talked with you on Thursday night. When I got back from Canada I was picking up my phone to call you when I saw I had a message. Not a good message. Tail gating will not be the same without you.

Miss you and love ya!

Your friend,

Peggy

I'll miss you buddy.

From: Dale T Hylton (*dale-hylton@comcast.net*)

Date: Mon Aug 18 2003 - 18:14:12 PDT

You were there to support me and encourage me since high school. You provided me with a place to live and a bridge to walk so that I may be who I am and at the place I am.

I will miss you. *God Bless.*

Dale

My Beloved Son: James Allen Hewitt Jr.

From: lifeascending (*lifeascending@acetchusa.com*)

Date: Tue Aug 19 2003 - 22:22:54 PDT

Salutations To Every One Of His Dear Friends

Some of you, he called Brother or Sister, many of you he talked about lovingly. I never heard an unkind word spoken, about any of his friends or colleagues.

James was a wonderful, respectful Son. He was very kind and considerate, always making me laugh. He would send me postcards when he traveled, just to let me know, he was thinking of me.

Whenever I needed to talk to him, he would stop what ever he was doing, and just spend a few minutes with me, explaining what I needed to know, with gentle kind words.

He would often, call me in the middle of the night just to tell me how much he loved me.

For the last four months we worked very closely on a web site, to show off his farm in eastern Washington. We finished up the final detail of the web sight, at 11:15 PM August 8th 2003.

On August 9th 2003, at 1:30 am, the phone rang at my home. When I answered it, there was a sweet wonderful voice on the other end.

James: "Hi Mom, what are you doing?"

Me: "I'm sleeping, son."

James: "You should be sleeping- it's the middle of the night."

We both broke out in laughter, each of us telling the other we loved them, He was a great son!

Our conversation was about God. He wanted to know why he should devote his life to God, and why did Jehovah desire exclusive devotion. This was the last time we would speak to each other, till the resurrection.

At the moment of his birth, he began to scream and kick and scream even louder. He used his heels to push himself backward, almost falling off the scale. 8 lbs 2 oz. I scream to the nurse, and she ran and caught him, just in time.

For the first hour of his life, he screamed. Then they brought him in to me, put him to my breast, he stopped his crying, filled his belly, and fell off to sleep. We are such proud parents.

When he was born, he had two teeth, Back then we breast feed our babies. OUCH

When he was 6 month old, he would walk all around the living room, holding himself up by the furniture.

By 8 months he was moving on his own, and running down the hall by the time he was 9 months, of

age. It was *Go* from that moment on.

His little heart was so full of compassion. We had a batch of kitten in our house, when he was only 7 months old. He would pick them up, put them to his face and try to sing them a song. Memories are made of these.

He loved to read, we would bring a shopping bag full of books home from the library each week. We just could not quench his thirst for knowledge.

At the age of five he played the violin, memorizing his little songs, and hummed them to us all, till we knew them by heart.

During his fifth year of life we lived on Orcas Island in the Puget Sound. One day James went down to the ferry dock, on his bike. When he returned home, he was giggling. I do mean keys giggling. He had taken every key out of every car at the ferry dock that day. Many angry Islanders came to my door that night. Just say the word Keys to Jim, and it would bring a big chuckle from his lips.

When he was six, James decided to surprise me, I was working in the garden, and he was working in the kitchen. He made a batch of Cinnamon cookies, to die for. They were perfect in size, in texture, and just browned lightly crisp. The recipe called for $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of cinnamon, but he read it $\frac{1}{2}$ cup. We laughed his whole life over those cookies.

When James was six we tried monisori school for him. But ended up home schooling him till he was in fourth grade. He would go to the library and spend hours on the computers. Some things you just know, when you are young. He loved computers.

During those home schooled years, he had a great grand mama that lived on our farm with us. He would get up every morning, and go to the barns. There he would get enough grain, to feed his great grandmothers goat. He would milk her, and take the fresh milk down to her cabin. She always loved waking up to joyful voice. She loved him dearly.

When he was nine he went to be with his father James Sr., and Deborah. School was what he loved. For my son James, even if it was not what I needed, (I needed him with me desperately), I always gave in to what he needed. James was loved by both families. Each family molding him, in their own unique way.

Summers were mine, letters, post cards, birthday cards, phone calls every weekend.

James was very clever as a young child. One day he rode his bike to a near by stream, laid himself on the banks, extended his hand into the water, and waited. With in one hour, that boy pulled out a salmon that was almost as long as himself. I will find this picture of the fish, one day soon and put it on the web for you all. He then strapped it to his bike and brought it on home. Fish for dinner that night. hehe

We fed an island with our French intensive gardens. James would help us prepare for market till late every Friday night. Saturdays he would help us sell, vegetable, milk, cheese, eggs, berries, and apples

in season. He raised a beautiful flower garden, and loved to spend his flower money on air plains, motor cycles, trucks, and candy. He loved Ice Cream.

One summer we spent on the Skagit river, near La Conner, Washington. He would spend his days in a canoe. Making friends to all the boat people, who lived up and down the river. He was so well received by everyone. Making people smile, came easy to James.

James loved to hike in the Skagit Mountains. We spent many summer days, going up and down those narrow mountain paths. He would always beat me there, and then come back to see if I was coming, and then run ahead again. Life was safer then.

One of our last projects together, was Sherman. A Pinzgauer bull. James came here, out about six weeks ago to see him. (and us) You are welcome to come see Sherman.

<http://www.springmountainfarm.us/c%20sherman.html>

While he was here, His sweet girlfriend and him named a new baby llama, that had just been born. Her mother was killed, when she was two weeks old by Sherman. They called her Scarlet. You might like to visit Scarlet:

<http://www.springmountainfarm.us/crea.html>

James and I, said our goodbyes quietly in a private room, Monday after noon, August 11th 2003. I was able to hold his hand, kiss his forehead, and weep selfishly, for how much I would miss him.

We all, wish to say thank you, to everyone who took a moment, to jot down just a few words, in James's behalf. To every one of you, who said a kind word to James, some time in his short life, I am grateful.

Please tell every one that knew James, that we send our condolences. I understand that your hearts must be breaking. May he be forever in Jehovah's memory.

WE WILL MISS YOU SORELY MY SON.

A proud and adoring mother,

Cordia

When the power of love over powers the love of power there will be Peace!...cordia

James.

From: Oren Etzioni (*etzioni@cs.washington.edu*)

Date: Wed Aug 20 2003 - 11:31:32 PDT

A free spirit, a professional, a bright smile, you are very much missed.

Oren

remembering

From: Li Zhang (*lizhang@cs.washington.edu*)

Date: Wed Aug 20 2003 - 11:38:44 PDT

We will remember and miss you. God bless you!

Li and Nan

Goodbye to a special friend

From: Tony Anderson (*tandersn@cs.washington.edu*)

Date: Wed Aug 20 2003 - 12:48:30 PDT

It is hard to write this. James was a special kind of friend to me. We liked to challenge each other. Compete with each other. We drove each other to become better at what we do.

I have never been inclined, to be a religious person. Neither have I been against it. If ever though, I now find myself hoping that there is more than what we know exists. Somewhere better to where he has gone.

I would like to include one of my favorite passages that reflects, at least partially, how I feel...

I have to remind myself that some birds aren't meant to be caged. Their feathers are just too bright. And when they fly away, the part of you that knows it was a sin to lock them up DOES rejoice. Still, the place you live in is that much more drab and empty that they're gone. I guess I just miss my friend.

-from "The Shawshank Redemption"

Tony

ordinary words...

From: Scott Dakins (sjdakins@cs.washington.edu)

Date: Wed Aug 20 2003 - 13:04:45 PDT

A few days after we got the news that James had died, I was driving to work, listening to Vanessa Carlton on the CD player, and when the song "Ordinary Day" played, I listened to the lyrics, and realized that, while no set of lyrics is ever quite perfect, these definitely spoke of James, and his life. That nothing was impossible, and life was to be savored and lived to the fullest. And that's exactly what James did. And we're all better for having had the privilege of knowing him.

When I hear the last line of this song, I picture James in one of his favorite poses, standing on top of a mountain, or even on top of his Grand Cherokee...

Miss you, Jimmy-Jam.

"Ordinary Day"

Vanessa Carlton

*just a day, just an, ordinary day
just tryin' to get by
just a boy, just an, ordinary boy but
he was looking to the sky and
as he asked if I would come along
I started to realize that everyday he finds just what he's lookin' for
and like a shooting star he shines, and he said*

*take my hand, live while you can,
don't you see your dreams lie right in the palm of your hand*

*and as he spoke, he spoke, ordinary words
though they did not feel
for I felt what I had not felt before
and you'd swear those words could heal and
as I looked up into those eyes, his vision borrows mine
and I know he's no stranger
for I feel I've held him for all of time, and he said*

*take my hand, live while you can,
don't you see your dreams lie right in the palm of your hand*

*please come with me, see what I see
touch the stars for time will not flee
time will not flee, can't you see...*

*just a dream, just an, ordinary dream
as I wake in bed
and that boy, that ordinary boy
was it all in my head?
didn't he ask if I would come along
it all seemed so real, but as I looked to the door
I saw that boy standing there with a deal, and he said*

*Take my hand, live while you can,
don't you see your dreams lie right in the palm of your hand
in the palm of your hand, in the palm of your hand*

*just a day, just an ordinary day
just tryin' to get by
just a boy, just an ordinary boy, but
he was looking to the sky*

Sailing

From: Dan Boren (*boren@cs.washington.edu*)

Date: Wed Aug 20 2003 - 14:25:41 PDT

I knew James from work. I admired, envied, and I confess sometimes resented, his incredible confidence, boundless energy, and gift for dealing with people. He was so many of the things I am not but wanted badly to be: at ease with others, a gifted conversationalist, able to make friends easily, militantly positive and enthusiastic.

The picture of James I will forever have in my mind is the time he and Aaron went sailing on my boat. It was a simple after-work sail with no destination whatsoever, a time to just visit and share some grub and a few beers. It was a warm summer evening with perfect wind. We were heeled well over, close hauled, punching into the waves. There was James, standing well out on the weather rail alongside the cabin, holding on to the shrouds and leaning back over the water, his knees flexing as we crested each wave, wind in his hair, and that innocent smile on his face as he lived that moment's joy to the fullest. When I close my eyes, that's the James I will always see, riding the boat as it rode the wind and the ocean. Wild and free.

Living the moment is probably the most important thing I could learn from James. He was unafraid to live his life and did not postpone joy, yet he always had time for his friends. How he mastered this at his age is a mystery to me.

Wherever you are, James, I wish you fair winds.

Farewell my friend

From: Rodney Prieto (*rprieto@cs.washington.edu*)

Date: Thu Aug 21 2003 - 23:02:18 PDT

Once in a great while, a person enters your life that you can truly say made an impact on how you are molded as a person. Whether it was with a quick smile every time you are feeling down or an in-depth conversation of anything and everything, James had a way of making you think that it was only you and he that existed in that particular time and place. You were never on hold with him, you never were less important. He loved his friends and didn't hesitate to let them know it. A better part of me knows this because of James.

I have been blessed to have had James as a friend. He left me a better person for having known him and left the world a brighter place by being born into it. I don't believe in coincidences. I believe it was meant to be and I know that James was part of my life and all of yours because we had needed him in it.

I hope you are in a happier place my friend. I hope to see you again, and maybe meet each other for the first time all over again. I hope to laugh, to cry, to talk, to pal around again. I hope to be your friend again.

Forgive my tears because while I know you are gone from this world, you are still not gone from within me. I hope you never will be.

Until we meet again, I will think of a certain little smile and a certain goofy laugh every time I or someone else needs it. I hope that smile reflects you and the brightness you have given me. I will never forget you my friend.

Mr. Huggable

From: Crystal Eney (*ceney@cs.washington.edu*)

Date: Fri Aug 22 2003 - 09:16:22 PDT

James:

When I thought of you in the past, it was usually with a smile, a small shake of my head, and a little chuckle. Maybe I had just heard your laugh reverberating off the "hallowed" walls of Sieg, or maybe you were announcing the arrival of more Krispy Kreme donuts to the coffee closet (it seemed to be a weekly occurrence). Maybe the network had just gone down, so immediately we all assumed you were back in town... or maybe you had just swept into my office in a whirlwind, put your hands on my shoulders, leaned in close, whispered a little affirmation in my ear, and then disappeared as fast as you had arrived. You did that just a few weeks ago. I remember that you were gone in a flash.... how true that turned out to be. I turned my head just as you were flying out the door. I sincerely wish that I had called after you, asking you to stop and chat. It had been quite awhile since we had taken time to catch up.

I am sorry that I never told you that you gave wonderful hugs. I once heard that a person should receive eight hugs a day. I have no idea where that came from, but maybe it's linked to eight glasses of water, who knows. Regardless, I always thought that it was a good goal. You never passed up the opportunity for a "huggable moment." I bet you accounted for a large percentage of the "hugs received" by anyone who happened to cross your path.

I will always remember how you and Rod took me under your wings (pre buddy system) when I first arrived in the department three years ago. I didn't know many of my co-workers and I was feeling a bit lonely. I soon found myself whisked away to the Chateau where you made me coffee and we discussed life, love and the pursuit of happiness. I really appreciated your warmth and generosity. You and Rod helped me feel welcomed and at home in the department, and I will always have fond memories of those days.

When I think of you now I still start with smile, a small shake of my head, and a little chuckle, but now there are also some tears. Although I'm going to miss receiving your Christmas card this year, most of all I will miss your smile, your laughter, and your hugs. You are a special person James. You touched the hearts of so many. You filled our bellies with cheese cake and Krispy Kremes... more cheese cake... more Krispy Kremes... and of course the ultimate cheese cake... followed by more Krispy Kremes. The room would light up when you waltzed through the doors... and it wasn't just the donuts my friend. It was your boundless energy and your loving spirit.

May God Bless You and Keep You my friend. We miss you.

James

From: Rachel Pottinger (*rap@cs.washington.edu*)

Date: Fri Aug 22 2003 - 09:55:44 PDT

I first got to know James when I was TAing the undergraduate database class. He was, as always, incredible helpful. But I got much more out of knowing James than just excellent technical help; I got a friend. James was always happy to see me; he'd always say hi and usually pat me on the arm or something if I passed him in the hallway. I don't think he realized how rare that was. With today's preoccupation over fear of being charged with sexual harassment, simple displays of affection are so

rare. Yet I don't think that it ever occurred to James to think about it. What's more, if it did, I'm sure he just laughed. Thanks to James I realized how important a simple human touch is. I can't believe he's gone, but I'm so grateful that I got to be his friend while he was here.

Rachel Pottinger

farewell...

From: Rajesh Rao (*rao@cs.washington.edu*)

Date: Fri Aug 22 2003 - 12:01:56 PDT

A genuine person with a wonderful personality, always friendly and helpful...we will miss your cheerful presence in the department.

Raj

(no subject)

From: Megan Reardon (mreardon@cs.washington.edu)

Date: Fri Aug 22 2003 - 15:53:06 PDT

Compared to so many others, I can't say that I knew James very well. We had a few good talks over the years, but mostly I'd see him in passing at work and occasionally at social gatherings. Oddly enough, I probably bumped into him more outside of work-Green Lake, downtown Fremont, the grocery store...Even though I'm sure it was apparent at times how unprepared I was to meet up with a person from work out in the real world, James was always friendly and charming, putting me at ease. It seems I always walked away from a chance meeting smiling, my day a little bit brighter.

James had a knack for making my day when I least expected it. One of my first memories of this is an afternoon after a particularly hard day at work and an all-nighter for school. I was trudging through a UW parking lot looking and feeling like a walking disaster. James was driving by on his way out, and he stopped to talk with me. In the first moments of our conversation, he gave me a compliment. Words are easy to say, but James spoke with such sincerity and warmth, that I believed, even when I was at my absolute worst, he saw the good in me. James was all about seeing the good in people. That quality alone made him a beautiful person.

Losing James doesn't feel real yet. I catch myself listening for the sound of him bouncing down the hallway-whistling, laughing, popping in to say something completely random and silly, as was often his way. As much as I believe that we all have our chosen time to leave this world, and he has moved on to his next place to be, it's so difficult to understand that I will never have a chance meeting with him again on this earth.

I feel lucky to have known you, James, and I will never forget.

It was such an exciting time

From: Jeff Silverman (*jeffsilv@u.washington.edu*)

Date: Fri Aug 22 2003 - 16:31:23 PDT

James gathered together this group of young people who were very smart, perhaps a little naive, and really a lot of fun, and formed TechWolf. I was supposed to provide a little balance, a little experience. James was going to provide mentoring and connections.

What I remember most about TechWolf was that we were going to really go places and do things. Of course, the dot com melt down started right about the same time, and so TechWolf was one of those young, innovative companies that died aborning. James was fairly clear that we should hold on to our day jobs, "just in case".

When James died, he and I were in the middle of a fabulous flame fest about our favorite operating systems - of course. James had that rare gift of disagreeing without being disagreeable. He could disagree with somebody and still respect them.

The world is a little worse for his demise.

Jeff Silverman

James

From: Carl Ebeling (*ebeling@cs.washington.edu*)

Date: Fri Aug 22 2003 - 17:20:15 PDT

I didn't know James well - a football game here, a beer there - but it didn't take long to realize he was someone special. James had the knack of making you feel better: about the world, about yourself, about how your day was going. James truly made us better people.

We're really going to miss you, James.

Goodbye Cowboy

From: *mjshell62@comcast.net*

Date: Fri Aug 22 2003 - 15:59:47 PDT

I have to contradict my respected colleague Mr Lyons. I believe I gave him that monicker after I caught him restoring his server by gutting a spare assigned to another admin. I am sure the 40 people sitting outside my office can still remember me yelling-" ^%*(\$ Jim-You have to stop that Cowboy %^\$#! He was "Cowboy" from that day on. Looks like it fit his persona though.

I also sent him to Korea on a special assignment. In gratitude he brought me back a small temple bell that rings with the clearest note imaginable. I have rung it in remembrance of Jimmy daily since I heard the sad news and I intend to continue to ring it whenever opening a new "Ice Cold" beer. Cowboy will like that!

Mike Shellenberger

Absence

From: MATTHEW BOETTCHER (matthewb72@msn.com)

Date: Sat Aug 23 2003 - 00:29:06 PDT

Absence.

A voice no longer to be heard.

A smile no longer to be seen.

A presence no longer to be felt.

A hand no longer on my shoulder.

A friend no longer there...

Absence. That is the word that most fittingly describes the hollow ache I have had these two weeks past. The void. Empty places where I can still find your name but no longer your soul. The whispers that make me turn suddenly thinking I might yet find you, but instead only find the calling of random flashes of my memories of you. For eleven years you were always here somewhere no what the physical distance between us was, but now you have gone on to the great mystery first. I will see you again in time I know, probably waiting to welcome me on and congratulate me on a life well lived. But not yet...

You impacted me like no one else I have ever met in all my travels across the lands of this world. I realize that only now because of your absence from me. Time has always been an adversary to me, something I don't have enough of to do all that I seek to; in your absence though I find a painful realization that time is also something I should cherish and not always seek to rush through. Moments spent today become tomorrow's precious memories of yesterday.

We spoke two weeks ago this evening. You said you were pretty booked but could make the time for meeting if I wanted to. You were always like that, flying on fumes, like me. We had that type of friendship; solitary, crossing paths only whenever the two of us had windows of time that could open together. We agreed to keep to our Saturday morning appointment instead. It was to be the beginning of the merger of our professional lives with our personal lives.

You were not home that morning though.

I sat in the chair outside your front door for a while. I left you a voicemail message. And then in the quiet morning sunshine of that beautiful August day I realized that you were gone. The where, when, how didn't matter then and still haven't been a great consideration to me since; all that I knew was that you were no longer there. You were absent.

I went to your office at the University for the first time afterwards. It was quiet and empty. The uncanny calm that allows you to almost hear the echoes of life that were just there a day before. I saw your small little photo in the glass case of students and faculty. You had that same grin, the one I first saw eleven years ago when Scott first introduced me to you in the HUB.

When I called asking for you on Monday morning I was not surprised to learn that you were gone. For the next two days I lived somewhat normally trying to arrange a rapid re-adjustment of my busi-

ness. Later in the week after I had found but then lost something else I allowed myself to reflect in full about you, and that is when the grief of your absence settled upon me. The pain of loss that only those who have encountered such can truly understand. In the week since then the grief returned at times, but now I feel a calmness in your absence, one that has given path to reflection.

You and I spoke of the deep mysteries that surround us, and of the grand futures that were ours to be had if we chose to strive for them. You are absent to me now, but in your passing I feel the phoenix flame spreading over me once again, perhaps in the final rebirth from the ashes, or perhaps just a new rising in the cycle of rebirths that we all progress through as we age from infants to children to adults to elderly humans. Your cycle has ended now, and when or whether you will return is a mystery that you may have more insight to now than I. My life will go on for a while longer, and while your absence will haunt me at times, my life will burn so much brighter for having once had you as a part of it. My future, whether it be the fulfillment of the grandest potential you saw within me or the simplest one of daily happiness with that which I desire most, I will always have the treasured moments of future reflection on yesterday's memories of you.

Farewell, my friend

From: Steve Tanimoto (*tanimoto@cs.washington.edu*)

Date: Sat Aug 23 2003 - 12:15:58 PDT

Among all the times James provided help for me, I'll remember him most for encouraging me to become a scuba diver. His description of lying back in the water playing with sea animals, glorifying the calm otherworldliness of the ocean was a big encouragement. This summer I read Lena Gammalgaard's "Climbing High", and now with James' passing, I can't help thinking of the similarities between James and the famous, late Seattle mountaineer Scott Fisher. I miss James.

Pictures of James Birth to Graduation Set 1

From: lifeascending (lifeascending@acetchusa.com)

Date: Sat Aug 23 2003 - 14:59:12 PDT

When the power of love over powers the love of power there will be Peace!...cordia



James Pictures Birth to Graduation Batch 2

From: lifeascending (lifeascending@acetchusa.com)

Date: Sat Aug 23 2003 - 15:01:00 PDT

When the power of love over powers the love of power there will be Peace!...cordia



What a guy

From: Mel Westbrook (*westello@hotmail.com*)

Date: Tue Aug 26 2003 - 16:36:21 PDT

I met James through Gaetano. My first thought when I met him was "Boy, does he have one lucky girlfriend!". His beautiful blue eyes, his dazzling smile and his vitality were amazing.

James always had a hug for me. I'm just the professor's wife but he had a hug and a good word and an interest in what I was involved in. He was a kind and gentle and, as can be said so little in these times, a decent person.

I find it hard to wrap myself around the idea that he is gone and I will never see his smile again. But as I have told my sons, no one is ever really gone if they live on in your heart and your memory.

James lives on.

Melissa Westbrook

From: *AllisonAustin1@aol.com*

Date: Fri Aug 29 2003 - 01:02:00 PDT

I came into your life unannounced,
you left mine the same way.
You captured my heart,
but now, it's been ripped to shreds.
To know you,
was to love you.
I asked you, if this was as good as it gets.
you told me to fight it, every day, that my life was worth living.
I told you my dream, and you told me to go live it.
You told me you wanted quality,
you raised my moral spirit.
You gave me new dreams and new heights to reach for.
you gave me reasons to live.
I told you that you were looking for something,
you reminded me that i was looking for something as well.
I called you insecure, i called you vain.
You told me i was funny, you told me i made you laugh.
I explained the geometry of the closest distance between two places
was a straight line.
You explained life.
You always had the answers.
Each of us has pieces of your dreams and wisdom,
tucked away inside our hearts,
And it doesn't make sense... that the rest of us are here,
to figure it out alone, without you.

From: karen Helland (*khelland@u.washington.edu*)

Date: Fri Aug 29 2003 - 10:52:04 PDT

I am just finding out of this horrible tragedy of James Hewitt's death. My heart goes out to all of family, close friends and the many co-workers at CSE especially at this time.

I know that whatever's next, James, you will be there full tilt for sure. Thank you for your never ending energy, spark and kindness. It was such a rich and original experience to know you, James. You are loved by so many. Letting go is painful for those who stay behind. I send wishes to all who knew and loved you for consolation and healing at this time of great loss.

Still--better things await you, James, I am certain. Ride high and free from the bounds of this earth plane, my friend. No more limits of time and space for you.

Until the next time,

Karen

There goes my hero

From: Aaron Timss (*timss@cs.washington.edu*)

Date: Sat Aug 30 2003 - 12:05:57 PDT

THE MANY LIVES OF JAMES

There was James the WORLD TRAVELER. We traveled to New Zealand a year and a half ago together... We made for interesting traveling partners. I was the quiet, calculating one, always trying to gauge the culture, figure out how to act... whereas he would just walk right up to someone shake their hand, buy them a beer, and next thing you knew he was maybe talking about investing in whatever business they were in. We met a ton of great folks, and most in part due to his outward charm and his vivacious personality. In the next 18 months James traveled to France, Belgium, Italy, back to New Zealand, Switzerland, Brazil and more... More than 10 countries on 4 continents... and all that in just a year and a half. He wanted to see and be everywhere... and dreamed of building a home in more than a few of them.

There was James the LINGUIST... Anyone who's ever read one of his emails can attest to fact that he was always aiming to expand and improve upon the English language. Whether on paper, or in conversation... one thing James wasn't ever, was short on words. After returning from his trip to Brazil... fascinated with the country and culture, he had taken classes and was teaching himself (with audiotapes) both French and Portuguese.

There was James the MUSICIAN... He was teaching himself to play Bass guitar. And one might say he could "jam out a decent tune every now and then"... And he had impeccable timing for scheduling his Bass practice sessions. You see, on weekends... I'd be lazy and maybe like to take the occasional nap in the middle of the day. And my room just so happened to be right above his "recording studio"... and I remember one time, I'd been asleep for maybe 15 minutes... when all of a sudden, the bed began to shake... and then the mattress springs, and soon my entire resting body began to reverberate, to the tune of "Mary had a little lamb". Such the rock star.

There was James the MASTER CHEF... members of our dept. will remember mysterious, yet amazing Cheesecakes spontaneously showing up in the Coffee closet some months back. He was hell bent on perfecting his recipe. I'm guessing he made 30 cheesecakes in two weeks. At one point, the lower two shelves of the fridge were filled with nothing but boxes of cream cheese and eggs. (I don't know, I'm guessing that that's somewhere in the neighborhood of 15 million calories) He cooked often and he cooked well. Fabulous roommate to have, I must say. But it was also tough at times... because, at the time, I was kind of trying to keep a handle on what I ate... So he'd come home... he'd hang out... wait for about midnight to roll around and then throw a batch of Tollhouse cookies in the oven, and proceed to fill the whole damn house with that really REALLY good smell.

There was James the BARNSTORMER... As many of you know, he got his pilot's license a few months back... fulfilling a life long dream... and he did it blistering 10 weeks. He even got certified to fly sea planes... You can't rent a sea plane anywhere in Seattle, but I'm sure had he got the chance, he would have thrown on a pilots' cap and buttoned on a pair of wings and gone door to door at some of those big ol' mansions along the Lake, and inevitably talked somebody into handing over the keys.

There was James... the VIGILANT STUDENT. I don't know of another guy who could pour himself a glass of wine and kick back for hours with a 1,000 page, dry-as-bone, technical manual on Network Security... and come out the other side with exactly what he needed. The house was filled with books, both fiction and non... and I always wondered if he'd read them all. He wanted to learn more about the conflict in the Middle East, so this past Spring he took a course in Islamic Studies at the UW. I came home one day to find him in the living room surrounded by stacks of books... and 7 young college women. With a quick smile, he claimed it was a "study group". And you could tell... because of those empty wine bottles, and the elaborate cheese platter that had been laid out on the coffee table... But if there was any question as to his motives... those can be put to rest, because he finished top of his class with a perfect 4.0 grade point.

There was James the CONSUMMATE ENTERTAINER... whether it was behind the controls of an IMAX movie projector, or out on the town strutting his stuff on the dance floor. Even when he'd just walk into your office, and do his little trademark "White Man's jig", you couldn't help but smile.

There was James the CONFIDENT BUSINESSMAN. Success can be measured by money... it can be measured by respect... As far as I could tell, James never had any trouble earning either. He's made a lasting impact on many, with his time at the University of Washington, Boeing, Microsoft and more... And if that wasn't enough, he founded and ran a successful business on the side. His 24/7 approach to business, to me, was unparalleled. Techwolf Networks was James, and he made it successful all on his very own. He forged great working relationships with cutting-edge businesses around the Puget Sound. And you can be sure that there are servers and workstations breakin' all over the place right now... in honor of him.

But, of course, what I'll remember most was James the TIRELESS FRIEND. One of our favorite movies was Top Gun. And he was, like the lead character, Maverick to me... and I'd like to think, that to him, I was like his co-pilot, Mother Goose. For those who haven't seen the movie, please pardon the metaphor. But imagine me as the quiet sarcastic guy; the only one on the volleyball court with his shirt on, and then there was James; the sweaty, dapper, cavalier one... hoppin' on his motorcycle, off to chase a certain girl, or maybe just the next adventure. If ever anything went wrong in my life, he's the one guy I never had to question whether or not he'd be there for me... he just was.

He was a true friend, and more over, like the brother I never had. His passions were limitless; I've only been able to touch on a few here. His generous spirit, and his long list of accomplishments should stand as an incredible inspiration to us all, as to what one can accomplish in a day, a week, a year, or just in a short lifetime. God only knows the amazing things he would have done, given another 30 years.

In short, he was great at everything he did... he was just James... the best friend a guy could ever hope for... and I will forever miss him.

(On our trip to New Zealand... James fell in love with a song made famous by a local NZ artist named Dave Dobbyn. The song was called "Loyal"... To me, that song is James.)

Love = Family

From: *DaveFlintlock@aol.com*

Date: Sun Aug 31 2003 - 13:21:43 PDT

My name is Kerry Soby and I am James' cousin from Omaha, Nebraska. I am so sad and still at a loss when I think of James being gone. As many of you know and have written about, James had family and friends all over the world. I feel very fortunate to have had him as a cousin and feel especially blessed that I and my family were able to visit with him a number of times over the past year and a half. I am so sad that there will be no more visits. I am sad there will be no more pictures of my children with their Uncle James. My daughter is only three, and I still haven't been able to tell her. I just don't know how. She still talks about her Uncle James like he is still here, and, in a way, he is. Everyday when I think of a phone call, a smile, a conversation, I know that he is still with me, that he will never be truly gone. The thing I am left with the most is that James did not define "family" in traditional terms. If he loved you, you became his family. I am comforted to know that James had not only the biggest heart, but the biggest family in the world. I love you James and I will forever miss you!

Love, Kerry

KAS070600@aol.com

James...always with us

From: Gaetano Borriello (*gaetano@cs.washington.edu*)

Date: Mon Sep 01 2003 - 11:49:49 PDT

James is an example, an inspiration. He embodied so many good qualities. But most of all, James made people happy. He connected. He genuinely cared about the people around him. I'll never understand how he found the time to be attentive to so many people's needs - be they friends, co-workers, family. He was always there - and still is - always will be. People like James are rare and their effect lives on long past them - even if they pass at such a young age. I'm going to miss the calls from the wine and cheese aisles of local supermarkets when he was looking for that just right bottle to bring to someone. I'm going to miss his creative spelling. I'm going to miss talking about his travels. I'm going to miss getting together to chat about float planes. But most of all, I'm going to miss the ability he had to make it a good day for everyone around him.

Just a few days ago, I finally got up the courage to go into James' office in Sieg and pay my respects. It didn't turn out the way I'd expected. Scott Rose was there and I ended up chatting with him for 15 minutes. But, in talking with Scott, it made it more clear to me why James was so important. He represented the spirit of the department. A respectful, can-do attitude that got the job done with humor, humanity, and genuine caring. There are so many people in this department that are like that and I had just ended up spending 15 minutes with another one of them. Its what makes this place so special. James contributed to that way beyond his share. Scott and so many others do, too.

Thank you, James, for being here and for continuing to be here.