

03.29.2009

Nate, you are old.  
I mean wonderful old.  
Eighteen years old. Today.

A man, fully a man.  
A man of the world.

Mallorca, Val d'Or,  
Tucson, Durango,  
Sonoma, Fitchburg,  
Tremblant, Tijuana,  
South Beach, Sundance,  
Coronado – high canyons,  
steep hills, dry flats,  
rugged coast, much more.

You fill us all with  
so much wonder and joy.  
Heartfelt joy.

A man, fully a man.  
A beast on the bike,  
with every decency,  
courage, kindness,  
sensitivity, flair,  
friendship, and heart.

Soon we will be apart,  
you to the mountains, to  
learn and grow --  
to give ever more  
to those you love,  
to the sport you love,  
to that you choose.

We are so proud.

Your birth was difficult  
(you arrived bum first).  
We were going to name  
you "bicyclehead" –  
prescient but reasoned, we  
did not. (I wish we had!)

You brought such joy and  
learning to your parents,  
love to your brother, your  
grandparents.

It was sometimes hard,  
we stumbled. Young parents,  
our first child, we picked  
up, learned and moved on,  
ever better we grew, in stride  
with you.

We ran through tide pools  
on Mansion Beach, climbed  
Paintbrush Canyon to  
snowfields, rode hundreds  
if not thousands of miles,  
together.

Fairly or not, you rescued  
your father at the bottom  
of precipitous runs, high in  
mountains. You lift your  
mother high, your brother.

You gave us all a clear lens  
from a keen mind and warm  
heart, and you gave all effort  
to many wonderful things,  
riding up steep mountains,  
dancing through Latin, sports  
medicine, difficult subjects,  
in school and life.

You make great choices!

You shared and helped us  
partner in broad and loving  
networks -- yo team! – school  
community, and family.

You laugh, you care, you  
give.

We have touched one another  
deeply. Your launch is ever  
impressive, extraordinary.

You have our full blessing,  
every resource and energy.  
As you journey, remember  
we are there, with you.  
Our time together will  
not end – not ever.

Your effort and energy are  
durable. You carry wonderful  
lineage: patriots, scholars,  
artists, writers, statesmen,  
scientists, and servants.  
All of whom you surpass,  
lift high and multiply.

Every day is a better day,  
because it is a day in which  
you have choice. You make  
the world better.

Now is a time for us to  
step back and admire your  
progress, your long growth.

This is your time. Onward  
we go! You are fully a man.

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With greatest love,

Jim, Carolyn and Avery