

Ladies and Gentlemen:

My name is Tricia Meyer. I am Jared's aunt on his mother's side. I reside at 1919 N. 19th Street in Sheboygan, Wisconsin and currently stay at home as the teacher of my children.

To truly understand the impact of Jared's death, you must first understand the impact of Jared's life. I have known Jared his entire life. I was a teenager when he was born and often went over to my sister's house to play with my two nephews. After high school I often found myself babysitting and spending time with both boys.

Even from his early years I found Jared to be a boy of compassion. He was often concerned about how people were feeling and how they were being treated. Jared was a boy who sought justice for those around him and would do what he could to correct a wrong.

As Jared grew up he continued to have a fierce loyalty to those around him. When his girlfriend was hurt in a car accident he was right there by her side, pledging his devotion to her. He proposed to her and from that moment on it was clear that he had chosen Nicole to be his only love. A love that would remain true, steadfast and loyal throughout the rest of his short life.

Jared was a friend who truly understood both the fun side and the difficult side of a friendship. When Nicole was injured, he stayed by her side rather than being out and about with his other friends. He had the compassion to realize that she needed someone to be there with her. This was again demonstrated on base when he came alongside another friend who had been hurt. Rather than go and hang out with his buddies off base, he chose to remain by his friend's side and be a companion and help to her.

Jared was strong in his faith. He made it a point to be actively involved in a church while in Guam. He had a servant's heart and a desire to tell those around him about his Savior.

Jared loved children. I have many pictures of him with my son or daughter up over his shoulder or being twirled around in his arms. He was a boy at heart and knew how to have fun. He was a towering figure at over six feet tall, yet he would not hesitate to get down on his stomach so he could play trains eye to eye with my son.

Jared had an infectious laugh. It didn't take much to make him laugh, either. He was eager to hear jokes and to enjoy life. His trademark grin was never far at our family gatherings.

It is Jared's life that has impacted me, not his death. It was his death that brought all these qualities to my mind, because now I realize that I will never again get to hear his laugh, see him play with my children, or watch him as he fathers his own children. I mourn his death because others will miss out on seeing his life. His daughter will only be able to hear the stories and see the pictures of this amazing young man.

Despite what this other soldier has taken from us, God has still been good. God knows the days of our lives and knew the days that Jared would live. In that short time God blessed Jared with a job he enjoyed, a woman he loved, and a baby he adored more than anything. Jared's time with us was short, but it was rich, and for that we are grateful.