

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Jones,

My name is Maddie, and I am writing as a member of Troy's Outward Bound Family

We all just loved Troy he was an important part of the team. And he provided us w great laughs, memories, and artwork and music. I remember when each member of the group had to teach everyone else two things. Troy first taught us how to drum with rocks, pots, pans and anything else plastic. He was very patient with us as he taught us an elaborate beat. We were laughing and banging things together – what more fun could you have? He then taught us, in a very slow and careful manner, how to draw a face. This was not a face that he threw together – it was a very detailed, Realistic face. He was a great teacher – I was impressed by all of the thought he put into that single face.

Troy had an eye for art and a voice for poetry. As a part of our group jobs, each day someone was designated to artist to chronicle the day. When Troy was the artist, he spent so much time making his work beautiful. He was the only true artist in the group. He drew gorgeous scenery and animals – he drew a whale once, it seemed so real on the page. He also wrote a poem about the timelessness of nature. He was awed by the beauty of our environment and expressed his awe in such perfect words. I wish I had a copy of this poem, but he never put it in the group journal it stayed in his personal journal. The parts of his journal he shared seemed to contain art and poetry that reflected his thoughts; they were beautiful drawings and doodles.

Another one of my favorite memories of Troy is that of him in a new world – the world of snow. He was fascinated by the snow. After glissading one day, Troy decided to start a snowball fight. He made snow angels and played in the snow to his hearts content. This seemed to be one of his happiest moments.

The loss of a son and friend is tragic, and you are in my thoughts of all of us from Outward Bound, We were all devastated by the news. It was apparent in the article and blogs that we received that there are many people who will be there for you in such a difficult time. Please know that your son touched the hearts and lives of every single one of us and that we will never forget him. We were counting on him being in New York this Christmas in person, but he will certainly be there in spirit.

Sincerely,
Maddie Giegold