

Good evening,

Thank you everyone, for joining us here today, and for joining us via live stream from Wales, Africa, California, Colorado, and various other states. My name is Ashley Enriquez, and I stand before you as Jordan's favorite, and only sister. It's an honor, and at the same time surreal, to address a hundred familiar faces that have been part of our lives through all the stages of growing up. We love you all. Your presence means a lot to us, and we truly appreciate you being here.

Jordan Thomas Enriquez is the youngest child out of us four siblings. There was a 4-year gap between him and our second-youngest brother Jamie. My parents wanted another sibling for us. Jordan was made for us, and he completed our family 21 years ago in a way that only he could. Jordan was not only a charming child but also an attractive adult. Everyone loved him. He possessed a natural ability to be loved and to love others, a divine purpose he fulfilled effortlessly. He was good at it. And I truly believe that ability alone is enough to fulfill a divine purpose that extends beyond one's life; to love others.

As a baby, he brought joy and excitement into my life. I saw him as my own personal baby doll. I could dress him, feed him, pick him up, tickle him, and at the time I felt like he was very much my own little baby. My mom would put on the British show, 'Thomas the Train', all the time for him. I think partly because it was his middle name, Thomas. Clad in blue or white, he was both perfect and the loudest baby I had ever encountered. He confused all of us with his crying. Sometimes, all 6 of us would share one bed. Which was madness. It eventually led to our expulsion, thanks to his sleep-kicking antics.

His loudness very much carried on into his pre-teen years. He was a wild one, for sure. He was always exceedingly funny too. As the designated babysitters for my younger siblings during our teenage years, my older brother, Cameron, and I were often the go-to babysitters when my mom was away, or my dad was at work. We often found amusement in Jordan's post-school routines. We would meet him off the bus to be reunited because we were never in the same schools together with the age gap. But when he came back, he was so funny. He would step off the bus like he owned it. Often would hide his school stuff to not have to work on it. Throw the door open and turn on the tv, throw his shoes to the ceiling and watch them fall on himself as he would dodge them last second. He then would prepare his after-school dinner, before his actual dinner. So basically 2 dinners, most days, and I say "dinners" because it was never just a snack, they were always full-blown meals. He could cook an entire salmon at 6 years old. I was like, "Jord, I don't know how you did that, but save me some. Just don't burn down the house and get me in trouble."

Being the youngest, Jordan was always the shorter sibling for most of our lives. We were convinced that maybe that was just the way he was, a "shortie". Jamie and Cameron towered over him for a while. It was fun once we were able to drive, it meant we still had Jord duties, but now we could go places. Cameron and Jamie would go on hikes with their friends and Jordan would be yelling at them from the bottom of the tree, suggesting they fall because it would be funny. He had this rabbit, that was not a normal sized rabbit, it was massive. It was scary with red eyes. This rabbit would take car rides in my backseat with Jordan because he did not want to leave him behind. He felt he would be scared since he didn't have any other rabbits there. Around this time, we seemed to acquire lots of pets. In the past 21 years we've had 6 dogs, 2 hamsters, 1 rabbit, 4 turtles, over 50 fish, 21 koi fish, 2 cats, and a few ducks we would feed occasionally. Jordan loved animals. He loved to watch them and grew very fond of

nature. He was very stubborn as well. He demanded things always going his way and would not back down for anyone. He was very consistent and persistent. One time, I had brought home a husky for Valentine's Day. I had discussed with the family that his name was Danny and Jordan responded, "That is a terrible name, his name is now Max!" This was very much not short lived. It persisted for YEARS. This poor dog officially had two names because Jord would not back down. He felt this was now "his dog" and would treat it as such. He loved walking that dog. This seems to very much be a trend in our family, no-one likes to back down.

Unbeknownst to us, Jordan faced internal struggles during this time growing up, hidden behind his persistent pursuit of excellence in everything that he did. He hid them very well. He redirected his energy. He strived to be the fastest, the strongest, the smartest, the funniest person in the room, always. He found joy in being the best, no matter what it took. His motocross was amazing. He flawlessly was always in the front of the races. The height of his jumps I could not even do. It was scary to even watch. He was in front of many things. He was always in the center of pictures. He sat in the front of the room in school. He was always right next to his coaches. He sought attention and approval, and it made him the best at everything. He just had this talent of being able to learn at a rapid pace. His teenage years were scary. Something changed in him, and he was not the same. It was a very confusing time as the outsider who saw him have everything and be the best at everything, then lose his entire identity.

My departure for college marked the beginning of a challenging period for Jordan. Issues surfaced, and while programs aimed to help him, a decade of struggles ensued. I was glad to be out. All of his new issues stressed me out a lot. I thought, thank God for rehabilitation programs, they will figure it out and make him better. It was very saddening. I gave him 3 nephews, and 1 niece. My oldest son, Calloway, resembles him greatly. I gave my youngest son the family name Thomas. It made me think of Jordan. I knew I wanted to use the name Thomas and wasn't sure if I would have the privilege to have another baby, so I used it for my 4th child. Jordan was also the 4th child of our immediate family, so it was a nod to him as well. I am so glad Jordan had time with my children. He saw them during times when he was back to normal. My children always got to experience him at his most stable and happy. My oldest really looked up to him. They asked about him a lot. He was a big brother figure to them, and he taught my oldest how to long board and gave him his board. I am so glad I had the privilege to watch their relationship grow. They kept their distance at his worst, but Jordan never stopped asking about them and being supportive of them. He was a proud uncle.

The toll of his struggles took an emotional toll on me, and I kept my distance in more recent years. Against all odds, Jordan came back to life over and over again. No one could explain it. I was trying to figure out my life as a mom and that alone was stressful. I could not have anyone dangerous around my children and I kept space between them until he got better. I have not slept through the night for about 8 years now. I have received three heart-wrenching phone calls that will stay with me for the rest of my life. One call was news about Jordan's possible liver failure and that he may not make it through the night. Another was hearing that he had fallen out of a moving truck on a freeway pass-over and had to be rushed to the hospital for emergency brain surgery. He could easily have not made it through that surgery, and he lost part of his ear in the process. I just could not take any more of the trauma emotionally, after him being in and out of hospital over 17 times. It was too much to handle and felt like I hit my emotional limit for bad news over the years. I requested not to hear about him unless he was dying. The third major phone call that changed everything for me was news that Jordan had flat-lined. He had no brain activity either. He was clinically dead, and we had to fly in to visit him. By miracle, he

came back to life within a few days. I sat on the floor in the corner of the room watching him fully hooked up to every machine possible, waiting for a hand to twitch, a foot to twitch, or for his eyelids to move. The fact that he made a full recovery so quickly was something divine. It was a reality check for me to wake up and to reconnect with my youngest brother again. I almost lost him then. So, I made a point to come back and spend time with him. We reconnected, laughed a lot about food, and joked around like old times. He was even funnier than I remembered him. At this point he was towering over me, and I thought to myself, “Good for you Jord.”

He was quite the lady’s man. His stories made me laugh to tears. The women he dated were mostly “just friends”, but the way he described some of them was like he was explaining a sitcom. Even when he dated, and things did not work out, he maintained his relationships as friendships.

Jordan’s ex-girlfriend, Emily, from California, asked me to share a few words that she wrote in his honor: "I met Jordan and felt a connection. I loved chatting with him so much. He was so kind and compassionate and respectful. We did not work out as a couple, but I still treasured his friendship so much. He meant a lot to me, and I will always feel [like] he's missing from my life".

Jordan has touched so many people throughout his life. R e c e n t l y , h e was the most normal that he had ever been. He was thinking about going back to college. He was forming healthy relationships with friends and developing a friend network. He got a job in downtown Disney, had a license, a car, and claimed the boat as his home. He was, and still is, the coolest baby brother that he could have been, and I am so proud of all the progress that he made. Lately, I would tell him about my divorce and how my life was slowly going into shambles, and he basically said, “You’re fine. You’ll find someone better. I didn’t like him anyways.” He had a way with words, and without fail could reach people in times of need. He had a unique way of touching people. His reach is much greater than we may think. The kindness that he possessed was unique. We would joke together about how similar we both were. In the end, he strengthened my faith and made me more religious. He always knew what to say at the right times, and I appreciated that about him. I’m going to miss him a lot but will see him in the next phase of life, in Heaven. He just got there first, and that is okay. In terms of his impact, we may just be looking at the tip of the iceberg, in ways that we do not even realize today. Even through all his challenges, he was able to find his way back home and reestablish important relationships. He picked up where he left off.

That was my speech. Thank you for listening.

Sincerely,

Ashley Enriquez