

REMEMBERING JAMESON

by Tessa Sullivan

I don't remember how or when Jameson and I became friends, but I'm pretty sure that sitting next to each other in our high school AP Graphic Design class sealed the deal. He was crazy creative and tech-savvy, and ran circles around most of the rest of us, quickly making designs and then turning them into jokes before settling back into the project, all while the rest of us were just trying to get some ideas together. He was the type of funny that came so naturally that he didn't even have to try, witty comebacks and weird expressions and silly songs at the tip of his tongue every second of the day, and the chaos he caused in that class (along with the people sitting near him, by extension emboldened by this behavior) was legendary.

We bonded over a similar taste in music, and a similar sense of humor (though I always had to try a lot harder than him to be funny, I was happily complicit in egging him on), and we quickly started spending time nearly every day together, going off-campus for lunch (he lived for fast food and soda, but had a prodigious metabolism) or meeting up after school to smoke hookah and browse the internet on a mini-projector in his parents' garage. Forever the photographer, I took tons of photos and videos of him and his antics, trying to capture his intensely shining spirit. He wasn't afraid to make a fool of himself – or he was, but he was willing to do it anyway for the laughs. He cared about the way he dressed, but had a sense of humor there too: he was stoked when his bacon belt and shoes arrived, and he wore them with pride. He was always on top of the newest and coolest stuff; he was the first person I ever knew to own a drone, or a VR headset, or cool LED lights for his car, or a pair of glasses with a camera in them. Few things seemed to stick – he was always onto the next thing, and he was constantly curious and enthusiastic about what little marvels the world had to offer.

For our first year of college he went to school in California, and I remember he was so lonely. We used to play online games together, or plan nights around watching the TV show Big Brother, and we'd use Facebook Messenger to count down from 10 until we pressed the "play" button at the same time, then chat back and forth about whatever drama was unfolding. I successfully convinced him to come to CSU for his second semester, and by some sort of divine providence he ended up living in my dorm hall, maybe 8 doors away from mine. We got into all sorts of trouble in the years that followed (some secrets get kept forever, sorry mom and Angela), but moreover we had so much fun. We'd ride our bikes to parties, or go to the local hookah bar and sit and talk for ages. We'd take silly photos and edit stupid videos. He'd tag along on snow days when I went urban snowboarding and throw snowballs at me while I practiced my jumps. We almost always got lunch together when our class schedules lined up. When we both went back home for breaks, we'd meet up at his house to play board games with his dad Manus. His nephew Liam was born, and he was so happy just to be able to hold him.

After our third year of school, we slowly began to drift apart. He was always more of a homebody, and I wanted to go out and adventure. We caught up from time to time, but we were different people with different interests, and over time we saw less and less of each other. He moved to Boulder and I stayed in Fort Collins. I eventually moved to Australia and caught up with him when I was home, but it really never was quite the same. A couple years ago he needed some help and I tried really hard to support him. He had a hard time with some life stuff. I guess I didn't really believe I wouldn't see him again.

He was unbelievably unique – riotously funny, innately creative, always up for antics. Anyone who's met him would know. I am forever grateful to have known him, to have sat alongside him countless times, to have laughed at him and with him, and to have experienced so much of young life with him. The world is a little more bleak and boring with his loss, and he'll be forever missed.