

**Written and read by Stephanie Bartholomew (Trevor's Mom) at the
Celebration of Trevor's life: January 28, 2017**

As you can imagine thoughts of what I wanted to say today have filled my mind obsessively and I have rewritten this probably a hundred times.

So first of all, we are overwhelmed by all of your love and support for Trevor, and would like to thank everyone for coming today, and honoring Trevor's beautiful spirit. We are so blessed to have such warm and wonderful, family and friends, that care so deeply for our son.

Trevor was so amazing, as most of you already know. He knew how to make people laugh, he cherished the outdoors, loved a great adventure, instigated fun and sometimes some trouble (and you know who you are), and oh my that inquisitiveness.

Trevor cared so deeply about ALL people and the world around him. He was someone who so abundantly loved life and life loved him.

I would like now to share some memories.

Our son Trevor, was the kid at Zephyr Cove Elementary School, who thinking, that it was "Silly Dress Up Day" thought it would be funny, to dress up as a girl, only to find out, that when he got to school, it was really "Favorite Clothes Day". Trevor just said "oops" and laughed it off. Needless to say our little boy, dressed as a girl, grew up a lot that day. His teacher called and said "that is one courageous kid" and that all the other kids that day, learned the difference between laughing with someone instead of laughing at them.

Our son Trevor, was the youngster and the prankster who thought it was no big deal to do back flips off our fifteen foot decks, into the snow, or dive off the cliffs at Angora Lakes, or climb Lovers Leap with his best friend Bryce, at age 14. Trevor was the kid along with his younger brother Chase, who built a quarter pipe, in our backyard and then did insane ski jumps, as their Dad and I watched with a hope and a prayer, out our window.

He was the boy who celebrated with his Grandparents and cousins the Fourth of July in Washington DC, who just happened to have his picture taken by a reporter, and made it to the front page of the Washington times.

Our son Trevor, was the teenager who was the Christian Camp Counselor at Mission Springs in the Santa Cruz mountains. He was the teen, who after a church mission trip to Mexico, sadly said to me, "Mom, dogs in America eat better than some of the kids in Mexico". He was the yearly ski pass holder at Heavenly Valley, the daring-est kid on the high school ski team, the smallest, but fastest, player on the soccer team, impervious to pain, and many times a handsome Prom Prince.

Trevor drove a yellow lifted jeep, where he could barely see over the steering wheel and an old beat up Honda, the official car of the Whittell High School "Rat Pack".

Trevor was the coolest teen who insisted on, wearing a custom made, chartreuse green Zoot Suit, a thrift store tuxedo and a powder blue vintage leisure suit to the school proms. Trevor was the teen who grew almost a foot in his senior year.

Trevor was the outdoor fanatic that did "lead" climbs up the face of El Capitan in Yosemite and who graduated from "The National Outdoor Leadership School" in Wyoming. Trevor told me one time, that he just wished, that he live outdoors. He was serious and I believed him.

Trevor was a man, who so loved his beautiful girlfriend Aubrey, who, had so valiantly also tried to love and make Trevor whole again. Trevor also loved her sweet young son, Liam, who he called "his little buddy". When he was told that Trevor had died, Liam sent us drawings of him and Trevor rock climbing and picking flowers in the meadow, titled "Liam Loves Trevor". So like Liam, remember the good and innocent things about Trevor.

Trevor did a lot of amazing things in this life, but as he grew into adulthood things began to change. He lost the confidence in himself, that so once defined him. He tried so hard to endure life's physical and mental challenges. He never stopped seeking help. He saw so many different types of doctors and specialists. He suffered through the side effects of prescribed medications and the destructiveness of self medicating. In his last days, Trevor continued to seek help. From Pastor Dan, Mental Health Services and from us, up until the day, that he so tragically passed away from alcohol poisoning, trying to silence his demons and maybe simply, trying to mend a heart that was broken. As of now Trevor's death looks to be nothing more than a tragic accident.

As a family, it was very difficult watching our son, this incredible, likeable, funny and energetic young man, slip into a world of depression, anxiety and thought disorders. It is not easy, for any young person, to make sense of the world today, but particularly hard for someone so sensitive. Growing up, Trevor saw the world through rose colored glasses, but when he took them off, he was blindsided by the world's injustices.

Accepting what was happening to our son was heartbreakin, but it was so more confusing for Trevor. Understanding his mental illness was a disease, and not his fault, was tough for him. He didn't choose it, it chose him. Navigating this new type of adventure, was extremely difficult, and getting Trevor to except this challenge, was even harder.

Trevor was such a sensitive soul that cared so deeply about the disadvantaged and injustices in the world, be it the environment, Native American Indians, sustainability, the homeless, or an oil leak somewhere in an ocean. His heart was burdened, and his ongoing repetitive thoughts consumed and overwhelmed him. Family and friends over the years were subject to his constant barrage of texts, e-mails, phone calls and Facebook postings, just, trying to enlist support to change a world, that he didn't fully understand himself.

This tragedy is not unique to our family. There are many families out there that have a son, a daughter, a mother, a father or a friend that suffers just to be understood or accepted for who they are. Trevor was tormented and frustrated by all of this, because his reality, was not anyone else reality, nor could it be.

I am up here today, in front of all of you, because it begins the healing process, and because as his mother, this is my final gift, to my beautiful son. I don't want Trevor's death to define his life. I will always be inspired and maybe a little bit perplexed, by some his passions, but at least he was passionate. His life was cut way to short, but it was full, because he cared. We will miss his craziness, his laugh, his smile, his intense energy and even his ongoing rants about life. But we will always have his incredible spirit in our hearts and in our minds.

What Trevor would want from all of us today, is that the next time someone is quietly, or loudly, shouting to be understood, is to listen a little more

carefully and to understand a little more compassionately. What was behind Trevor's words, was a troubled soul who longed for understanding, but struggled to articulate, why he was so confused, in a world, that most of us understand. If you know someone like Trevor, fight hard for the help that they need.

Our belief that Trevor is with God now, happy, healthy and free, is what sustains us. Our faith is strong, and we will continue to embrace life and love, heartache and sorrow. This has been our journey and we truly cherish every moment of Trevor, the good and the bad. And if sharing Trevor's story can somehow help others, HE would have wanted that way.

Our hearts are broken and we will always feel Trevor's loss. But we will eventually be okay, because all of you gathered here and our faith in God.

So please, remember all of the good things about Trevor, they will make you smile, laugh and maybe cry a bit.

We would like to thank all of our pastors, Dan, Noah, John, Corbitt, Rex, the Music Director ,Alex, and all the amazing staff at Sierra Community Church.

Thanks also to Teresa Sydney for making the beautiful video celebrating Trevor's life, and Frank Benvenuto and his sax, for "Amazing Grace".

Our Heartfelt thanks to Trevor's friend Bryce, my sister Stacie and my friend Roxanne for their wonderful words and our niece and nephew, Lauren and Logan for helping with the programs.

Thank you to my neice Kelly for helping to finalize and edit this piece.

Words cannot express enough, our sincere gratitude and love to our dear friends Vicki and Larry Schussel, for all their unending support, not only during this difficult time, but through all the years.

And to our son Chase, for being so very strong for us when we needed you the most. We will always need and love you.

Finally, As I look out unto all of your beautiful faces, my prayer is that, Trevor is looking down from heaven, realizing how many people really

loved him. Thank you.