



REMEMBERING
Kenneth Reardon

December 6, 1950 - August 31, 2011



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It is difficult to sum up an individual's life in a paragraph or two; quite often we are so much more than what we let the rest of the world see. In Kenny's case it would take at least a novel, a novel that would certainly make War and Peace seem like a footnote. I will leave that chore up to someone infinitely more competent than myself. Here I simply wish to share some positive thoughts about Kenny and his life.

Kenny came from a difficult place, it seems like his entire life was a fight. From his struggle with polio when he was a child right on up to his battle with drug addiction in his adult life. Through all of that he developed some impressive characteristics. He was a tough individual with a self confidence that still baffles me to this day. From riding in the Quebec Rodeos, tromping through the West Coast Rain Forest to sailing around the world with his partner in crime Clive, Kenny never laid down and always refused to hang up his skates. In spite of Kenny's difficulties he was always quick to laugh and in his own way, he was a generous individual. Although some of Kenny's choices and decisions caused some of us pain and benefited others, they were choices made by Kenny, whether by accident or design for better or worse, they went a long way in making those of us that were close to Kenny the people that we are today.

As I mentioned earlier it is difficult to sum up an individuals life in a few words. In the end all that we have to mark Kenny's passage through this world is what he left us. What Kenny left us besides some memories and a plethora of great stories is two beautiful and accomplished young men, Jesse and Jake, his sons. In death I

hope that my brother finally found some peace and at last got to hang up his skates. In life he will live on through his sons, brothers, sisters and friends. Whatever Kenny was or wasn't he was truly memorable...

