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<p>zpiilot SC Newbie</p> <p>Registered: Sep 2002 Location: Posts: 5</p>	<div style="text-align: right;">  new thread  post reply </div> <p>my eulogy to adam</p> <p>Sorry this has taken so long. I haven't been able to do much of anything lately. I hope you guys like it.</p> <p>I met Adam just over two years ago, our freshman year of college. At first, I couldn't believe he was only 16! Our friendship began on the steps of our dorm. Our spontaneous conversation lasted over an hour, neither of us realizing the time that had passed. We were both late for class that day (and many more). Adam was the only person I ever met who required less sleep than me. Us two insomniacs spent many, many nights at Walmart (the only place in Deland open late at night). Adam, of course, would head straight for the auto section, while I wandered. Eventually I would retrieve him from the car toys, we would head home and play Gauntlet for the rest of the night.</p> <p>If you ever waited for a phone call back from Adam, let me tell you why it took a while. Adam did write down your phone number, maybe with or without your name, and on a tiny piece of paper. Adam had hundreds of these little pieces of paper everywhere, that he would have to go through in order to find your phone number and hopefully match it to your name. Many of you knew the Adam that talked incessantly about cars and girls. I got to know the caring and sensitive Adam. For him, telling me that he was sick, was the ultimate trust that existed. Once formed, this bond of trust could not be broken.</p> <p>In spite of his own problems, Adam helped me through the illness and death of my Uncle. He never wavered in his support, he was there no matter what time it was. We would talk for hours, day after day, and not about cars, or girls. This was Adam, the best friend a person could have. The dorm experience was just that, and experience, for both Adam and I. We both went through multiple roommates, gave up on it and decided to share an apart ment.</p> <p>Mrs. Mullen, there is one story that is indicative of Adam's priorities and respect for you. You bought for Adam two kinds of towels. Nice, soft expensive towels for him, and cheap towels for his car. Well, it went to opposite way! The expensive towels went for the car and the cheap ones went for Adam. "After all," he told me, "he wouldn't get scratched and the car just might." It was equally important to Adam that you never knew his good towels were used this way. The degreasing sessions became more and more of a challenge as Adam presented me with more</p>

and more grease. Adam wouldn't let me stop washing those towels until they were clean enough for you to see them,
 Moving into the apartment was a traumatic experience for him, it took two weeks to set up the high speed internet. As you know, two whole weeks without Instant Messenger or the car club sites was inhuman conditions and tortureous for Adam.
 I would tease Adam about the amount of time he spent on the internet. I poked fun at the message boards, I told him you can't build friendships over the internet. I WAS WRONG.
 The people Adam met on the car club web sites have been amazing these last months. your messages brought a smile to Adam as I read them to him, and helped him through some of the hardest times of his life. Over the past few days, I have read stories about Carlisle and chats with Adam on the net. I have learned that Adam was like a son to some and a brother to others.
 To know that this wonderful person, a loving son and brother, my best friend, was cared about so deeply, by so many, is a great comfort. I promised Adam that we would be friends no matter what. I told him that I wouldn't let him go through this alone. Adam, I am still here and you will always be a part of my life.

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