

A red metal chair is suspended from a thin wire against a clear blue sky. The chair is positioned in the center of the frame, with its legs and seat visible. The background is a solid, light blue color.

Michael was my best friend.  
I loved him like a brother.  
I miss him deeply and I will remember him forever.

I'll remember his biting, acerbic wit.

I'll remember his strong sense of honor  
and firmly held beliefs about how things should be done.

I'll remember that although he did not have a degree,  
he was one of the smartest men I ever knew.

I'll remember that while he "was just a little guy",  
he was strong in body and spirit

But most of all I'll remember his courage.  
How when he got sick he never once whined  
or bemoaned his fate but met his illness head-on  
like a man, fighting it with all he had for as long as he could.

And then meeting his end with grace and dignity with, I think,  
only one regret – that he had not had enough  
time to do all the things he wanted because he'd been  
too busy doing his damn chores.

So when you remember Mike, remember his courage.  
And remember to live your life to its fullest  
– like every day could be your last.

Base... Harry is on scene... Mike has got his back.