



# **Gashaw Clark**

MAR 12, 2017 - APR 28, 2017



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**O**ur dear boy Gashaw was born on March 12, 1992. The official “Muggle” records state that he was born in a hospital, but actually he was delivered by a rather large man on a flying motorcycle under the black of night.

Gashaw was a sweet, curly-haired boy, and stayed that way throughout his teenage years and until the time of his passing. He was the kind of kid who would sit with your grandma and then chat with your little sister – and then you’d want him to marry your little sister. He was a whiz at Charms and Defense Against the Dark Hearts. He remembered everyone’s birthday and could endlessly quote Harry Potter, Lord of the Rings, Dave Chapelle, and Friends.

Did we mention that he was handsome? He was gorgeous. He was like an Abercrombie & Fitch model and was sure to share his smile with the world. He traveled to Spain, Italy, Hong Kong, Thailand, Taiwan, Trinidad and Tobago, Ethiopia, England, France, the Bahamas, Switzerland, and that’s just in the Muggle world. From Middle Earth to Hobbit

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on to Rivendell, he left no stone unturned. And he came equipped to speak with any local in French, Spanish, Portuguese, Amharic, and even a little Elvish.

Gashaw was many things; generous, charming, determined, kind-spirited, raw, eager, overzealous, intellectually curious, good and light-hearted, personable, charismatic, resilient, hilarious, sensitive, and energetic were just a few. He always knew when to use “who” or “whom.” Most importantly, he could talk to anybody and everybody. Not only did Gashaw sit at everyone’s table, but every table had a seat for Gashaw. Young or poor, Harvard or Yale, House Elf or Slytherin. Gashaw would talk to you and he would ensure that you saw your own light and greatness.

Usually we need to face a great loss or adversity to remind us that all people and moments should be cherished, but Gashaw never did. He chased new experiences



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without fear, jumped in with a full heart, and always knew that at the very least, he'd be able to make himself laugh. He was a pensive young man, a loving brother, and a dutiful son.

We don't imagine that Gashaw meant to leave us. We imagine that Gashaw was at King's Cross. We imagine he saw a train, and he marveled at its power and the faces in the windows, that he wondered where the passengers were from and where they were going, and that he became powerfully curious. And like all curious people, but curiously not all people, he did the perfectly reasonable thing and boarded a train without knowing the destination. Quite simply, our dear boy means to return home soon. Or is already home.

We miss him.



## **Memories only last if you share them**

Join us in honoring Gashaw by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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