My family and I are deeply grateful and honored that you have all come today to say farewell to my brother Scott. Thank you from the bottom of our hearts.

The best people possess a feeling for beauty, the courage to take risks [and love], the capacity for sacrifice. Ironically, their virtues make them vulnerable; they are often wounded, sometimes destroyed.

-Ernest Hemingway

These words by Scott's literary hero, Ernest Hemingway, portrays the irony that was Scott's life and in a way captures his dynamism. He was a very complex person and at times he struggled to reconcile the conflict between his traits and his virtues, but in the end, he always held his ground and took a stand.

I would be talking until tomorrow if I shared my thoughts about all of Scott's virtues. So I want to focus on Scott's appreciation for beauty —which was remarkable and transcendent.

Scott saw beauty in those who were underdogs. Always rooting for those who he thought needed it most.

-My brother Joe shared with me a recent story about Scott at a Broncos vs. Raider's game. Everyone who knows Scott knows that the Broncos had been his pet underdog for years. Well, he shows up at the Oakland Coliseum proudly donning a Broncos cap and strategically placed himself smack dab in the Raider's fans mosh pit --nevermind the animosity and threat of physical harm brewing around him, doggonit, even in his vulnerability, he stuck to his guns. And imagine my horror when I heard that Scott was emboldened to keep the cap on even after such fans beseeched him to eat his cap. He stood his ground; he saw the beauty in the Broncos now more than ever and no one was going to influence him otherwise, well that was until some Raider fanatics removed the cap and ate it for him. What Scott wouldn't give in the name of the Broncos.

Scott was especially drawn to the beauty and innocence of children. His nephews and nieces were little kings and queens in his eyes and you could see when he played with them, he became so immersed in their world that they believed he was one of them.

Scott saw beauty in people, in building relationships and friendships across divides. Scott's boss told me that he was a master at connecting with people at work and that was his greatest strength. A strength that his boss would emulate and leverage in order to improve work strategy and productivity. Even after Scott left the company, his boss said he "pursued" Scott persistently to re-join his team. I knew little about Scott's professional life, and this testimony gave me a wonderful glimpse into that world, but I am not at all surprised because I see this phenomenon in action in his personal relationships.

Scott's love for people lent him a certain charisma which facilitated life-long friendships and bonds and a fierce sense of devotion, support and sacrifice to his family. No matter how difficult the situation, he'd dive in to help without hesitation. Immaterial was the impact on him. The greatest beauty to him when it came to family was receiving mom and dad's approval and praise.

From this depiction of him, you might think Scott was a happy-go-lucky, open book kind of guy, but he achieved everything with unassuming and contemplative stealth. Herein lies another paradox that is Scott, he was a deeply private person who was partial to solitude.

In solitude or with company alike Scott inhaled the obvious beauty of adventures and the outdoors. But also saw exquisiteness where most of us could not see it –in inanimate and ordinary objects.

Scott idolized Jamie Oliver for his culinary prowess. Scott savored fine cuisine and was passionate about creating his own culinary delights.

Scott took in all of this beauty in life but that wasn't enough, he was a documentarian of sorts, documenting and capturing it all through photographs. In his photography, children were super heros, the loser was the victor and a piece of trash was art. And often, photos included captions such as "Uncle Scott, you are so handsome…"

In this vein, last but not least, Scott was a tenaciously humorous being. His corny jokes were unstoppable and what's worse, they were accompanied by a perpetual, penetrating and irresistable smile. He's known to be the "smileyest" out of the Vus.

I could go on and on, but I you all have beared with me long enough. So I will stop here and say: Scott, I miss you. Our family misses you. We miss ALL of you. We know you are at peace with God and are flashing him your irresistible smile as I speak. We love you. Farewell for now my brother.

I AM FLYING

I was chosen today

I'm learning to fly

The world took me away

But please don't you cry

And I chose you today

To try and be strong

So please don't you cry

And don't feel that I'm gone

When you're feeling alone

Just remember my love

I'm up near the stars

Looking down from above.

Remember my love

In a moment you will see

That I am still here beside you

When you think of me.

I AM FREE

You mustn't be overburdened with grief for me now --I'm free.

I am following the path God has laid you see.

I took His hand when I heard Him call.

I turned my back and left it all.

I could not stay another day,

To laugh, to love, to work or play,

Tasks left undone must stay that way

I found that peace at the close of the day.

If my parting has left a void,

Then fill it with remembered joys.

A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss…

Oh yes, these things I too will miss.

Be not burdened with too much sorrow.

I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow.

My life's been full, I savored much.

Good friends, good times, a loved one's touch.

Perhaps my time seemed all too brief.

But don't lengthen it now with undue grief

Lift up your hearts and share peace with me

God wanted me now; I am free.