**[EZ Speech Writers No. 16085]**

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Remarks by Mr. Jim Roberts toasting his dear friend, Jerry Mathey at his 70th (surprise) birthday party.

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[with faux solemnity] dearly beloved . . . we are gathered together here this evening in loving mem-ory of jerry mathey, who as you know passed away from enthusiasm two days ago.

jerry was a good man, a great friend, and a won-derful roommate — except maybe for his habit of [relate or fabricate one]. *May god rest his soul.*

jerry was the kind of friend who wouldn’t give you the shirt off his back, he’d go out and buy you a *new* one. *May god rest his soul*.

jerry mathey only knew two speeds in life, fast and furious; and my own most enduring recollections of him are of hair-raising motorcycle rides through the rockies and of him smashing lou quirch’s ’64 olds to pieces in a demolition derby down in [state] back in [year]. vin diesel had nothing on jerry [to lou] did he, lou *May god rest his soul.*

jerry was a railroad man, of course, and he was very interested in manual labor — said he could look at it for hours. he was never afraid of hard work, as long as other people were doing it. But seriously, dearly beloved, jerry *did* work hard, and he played just as hard as he worked — even though in his last years he had to work harder just to get it hard. *May god rest his soul.*.

jerry loved excitement and adventure, and in the end, that’s what killed him. what kind of idiot, i ask you, dearly beloved, would try to free-climb the face of el capitan at the age of 70 years, of age, barefooted? but that was jerry. the only identifi-able trace of him they found as they were scraping his twisted remains from the rocks below was the $99 ***fitbit*** he’d purchased at walmart just the day before. *May god rest his soul.*

[raise a glass and motion the audience to follow suit]

and so, dearly beloved, let us drink to the blessed memory of jerry mathey. We can all now start breathing normally again!

***to jerry!*** . . . . . *May god rest his soul!*

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