Date: August 7, 2019

Eulogy: celebration of life service

Deceased: my seven year old boy Hunter Gross born 7-12-12 died 7-14-2019

Speaker is 39 year old father Steven Gross or surrogate stand in to read eulogy.

Venue: Christian Church expected attendance 250-300

Cause of Death: Complications/mal practice related to routine heart surgery.

1. **Introduction**

General Introduction regarding my appreciation of everyone support and attendance. We have received your cards, gifts, food, and generous contributions. If we have not yet had an opportunity to thank you personally, I apologize and wish to do so now. Many of you have travelled a long distance to be here today and your sacrifice has not gone without notice.

1. **Body of Euology**

Occasionally we’re tasked with an assignment that pushes us to our limits – takes us to places we’ve never been….places we hoped we would never go. That is where I am. The depth of the void created by the loss of a child is commensurate to: (1) the impact which they had on your life; and (2) the impact for which they were going to have on your life. The permanent extinguishment of future memories or experience (e.g. your child’s graduation….their wedding……the joy of their own children).

The majority of you here today will only remember Hunter’s parents suffered a loss. So let me tell you who he was and how he impacted our lives.

It was no secret. Hunter loved pretty girls. I recall one ordinary January evening when Corben, Hunter, and I met some of my friends for dinner. A women at the table multiples of Hunter age (five years old at the time) caught his attention. Not satisfied with the seating arraignment, Hunter stood up from his seat, walked over and whispered in my ear….but a whisper which all could here: “Can I sit next to the pretty Girl (motioning with his finger)? A seating change was made.

Hunter was a bed time procrastinator. Every night at bed time, Hunter required a bottle of water and he only required it after he was tucked in. Without fail, I would hear feet on the stairs. Sometimes he would sneak down and I would hear him crawling across the wood floor in the kitchen. I would say (well knowing what he needed) what do you need? Response, dad I forgot my water. He never departed for bed without an “I love you dad.” Sometimes through he crawled in my lap and put his hands on my cheeks and kissed me. In the mornings, I would collect the bottle of water…many times unopened.

Hunter once gave me a Christmas gift he picked out for me on his own. The school sponsored a gift store and Hunter was given money by Lindsay to buy gifts for the family. We wasn’t told what to buy or who to buy for. But he did buy me a pink key chain that says “MOM.” On Christmas morning he proudly presented me the key chain relaying to me that he knew my favorite color was pink. To this day and for each day forward, my mail key is attached to this pink key chain that says “MOM.”

While my pink key chain was a notable materialistic gift I received from Hunter, he gave me many gifts. At only four feet and five inches tall, Hunter had the heart of a giant. Anyone in this room who truly had the pleasure of knowing Hunter felt his compassion. And that is the most prized gift Hunter has given me: A deeper understanding of “compassion for others.”

1. **CLOSING**

In closing, I would like to share one more story with you. When Hunter graduated preschool a ceremony was held. Each child stood at the church podium and announced their name and what they wanted to be when they grew up. As you expected, there were future nurses, police officers, a veterinarians….all noble professions. When it was Hunter’s turn, at 4 and ½ years old, he stood at the podium, lowered his voice similar to the actor Will Arnett, and with a deep, rumbling voice extending from his diaphragm announced to the crowd that when he grew up he wanted to be “Batman.”

Like Bateman, Hunter was a super hero. When he survived his firth heart surgery as a neonate, he was awarded a heart hero cape.

Like Bateman, Hunter stood up for the weak and was brave.

But Bateman could never fly…..and now Hunter can. Son…I say thank you for your friendship and love these past seven years. You have truly taught all of us who know and love you how to be better people.