

To whom it may concern,

My name is Ireland Massey and Taylor was the closest thing I've ever had to a brother. My family met Taylor's when his older sister and mine started high school. Taylor was the second of four kids as am I and our families became fast friends. Taylor was three years older than me and when we were kids looked out for me and my sisters like only a big brother can. As we grew up, Taylor and I grew to be close friends. In the last year of Taylor's life, I saw Taylor at least once a week, but usually more. And then one day that ended. I woke up to a phone call that broke my heart. That the closest thing my sisters and myself had to brother, was gone.

Taylor was the one person I could always call when I was having a hard time and no matter what he was going through, he would stop what he was doing and talk to me. He'd never try to get me talk about it if I didn't want to, he'd just make jokes or do whatever he could to make me laugh and cheer me up.

I miss him more than I could ever properly express in this letter. And it kills me that I can never talk to him again. Or get greeted when I walk into his house with a giant Taylor hug.

Thank you for your time,
Ireland Massey