



Emmett Jameson Harris

March 11, 1994 - July 25, 2018

Emmett Jameson Harris was more than the sum of his parts. A Cliché yes, but also the truth. Towering at nearly six foot three and almost four hundred pounds with a size twenty to twenty-one wide shoe, he was a giant of a man. However, this was dwarfed only by the kindness of his heart and the goodness of his soul, which was the purest you could ever meet.

He was born the middle child of eight. From birth you knew the boy was going to be a giant, which was the warning our father would give to the other boys when they would tease or pick on him. However, no one could have known what a gentle giant and merciful brother and friend he would become.

Emmett was a late bloomer compared to his other siblings. The youngest of the four oldest boys, he was a little too young to play with the three oldest all the time and a little too old to hang out with his younger siblings. He was caught in the middle; the center of the family.

For those who knew him later, they would be surprised to know what a quiet kid Emmett had been. From birth until early high school, Emmett was the baby that never cried, introverted and perfectly happy just to be anywhere or included in anything. The ideal baby for any parent even without the addition of seven other rambunctious personalities running around.

Emmett's quiet, content personality kept him in the background of his family's much more outrageous personalities. That was until six or seventh grade that is.

One day he was this stocky, round faced kid in the background, the next day he was the Emmett we knew him as today.

In seventh grade he was picked for varsity football as a lineman for Klahowya Secondary School where he attended for six years. This was a feat all in itself, and it was there that he flourished.

It was amazing to see him run. You would never believe how he could glide on his feet and move with a speed and grace that his shape did not portray. It took him a while to recognize his gifts and to realize that he was no longer the "little brother." But once he did realize them, he impressed us all.

The first thing to mature with Emmett, was his sense of humor. Coming from a family of

quick witted movie quoters, he had absorbed it all like a sponge, waiting for his moment. He quickly became one of, if not THE fastest wit, best movie quoter, and one of the funniest senses of humor you could ever hope to meet. It drew people to him, including his siblings, serving him well, the middle child shinning like a star, drawing everyone else into orbit around him.

Funny, athletic, eventually confident, but more than that. No matter how big or strong or smart he was, he never made you feel small, unless your behavior dictated that he do so. If Emmett made you feel like you were small or nothing, then you knew that you had done something very wrong.

At our brother, Samuel's wedding to his wife Emie, while dancing, our cousin Jason would dance in circles around Emmett, claiming to be "Caught in his Gravity". Emmett could joke with the best, but this one was more truth than anything.

From High school to the end, anyone who crossed his path was "caught in Emmett's Gravity", pulled into orbit by his charisma. Funny, merciful, encouraging, helpful, selfless, loyal, hardworking, enthusiastic, kind, affectionate, honest; pick a virtue or a positive adjective and chances are you know at least a piece of who Emmett was.

He was the friend and brother that could be counted on, who would have your back and help no matter what was going on in his own life.

Of course he had his struggles, just as we all do. Depression runs heavy in the Harris Family; it was a bullet he was unable to dodge. This is even more a testament to his character, I believe it is what gave him that gentle empathy. He never wanted the people he cared about to hurt or believe that they were small, because he knew what that felt like. Emmett was made for the water, which our family learned early on and during camping trips. He was the real unsinkable ship and a master of catching Dungeness crabs. He could be out in the deep water of the ocean for hours without ever touching his feet to the sea floor. The whole time, finding the largest and most delicious crabs we ever ate. He was Poseidon, master of the sea, just one of his many nicknames.

Emmett learned both his talent and his love of welding shortly after high school when went to a tech school for Job Corps in Idaho. While there, Emmett excelled at his craft, earning more awards, certifications and recognition than any student to ever make it through the program. It was his hobby and his career and he took those skills with him to work for Viking Fence.

It was during his time in Job Corps, that Emmett's life was changed forever, not just with his love of welding, but that is also when his son was conceived.

Sterling Cooper Harris, was born shortly after Emmett's graduation from Job Corps and it became evident immediately that the Emmett we knew had changed. Emmett gave all of himself to his son; mind, body and soul, and the evidence was clear. He was an incredible father. He held nothing back, determined to conquer his weaknesses and provide a good life for his son. All that gentle strength and selfless devotion made him a nurturer as well

as a father.

No matter the struggles in his personal life, no matter how tired or beat down Emmett was, he always rose to the occasion for the wellbeing of his son. Always a bright spot, always happy to be there, always smiling and laughing and making people feel good, no matter what yours or his circumstances were.

He never asked for much. He was so much more than the sum of his parts. Emmet was the best brother, son, friend, father, there could ever be. May we all honor his memory and keep him alive in our hearts. I love you Brother, Poseidon, M&M, Fessic, Big-E, King Kong, Emmett; we all had a friend in you. You are truly missed.