

32 Years of Memories Shane Truman Todd

September 5, 1980 – June 23,
2012

This is a book that is filled with 32 years of memories of Shane Todd. Even though he is no longer with us he will always be in our hearts and on our minds, and I know we all look forward to the day we get to be with him in heaven. You had an amazing son! You raised him up to be an outstanding man. Shane was brilliant, an extreme intellect, always thinking in advanced, good sense of humor, athletic, thoughtful, handsome (of course), kind, accepting, lovable and is now in the presence of God.

By Katie Castellanos:

My memories with Shane are some of the best that I will ever have. He was the best cousin I could have asked for. Many of our times together were spent at Dodger Stadium, starting at a very young age. These games were awesome, but my more meaningful memories of Shane include the deep talks we used to have about life and relationships. The memory that sticks out to me the most took place on my second trip up to UCSB. I was chaperoning our high school ASB group up to ASB camp on the campus of UCSB. I, of course, thought this was a great opportunity to spend some quality time with my cousin (I'd much rather do this than hang out with the rowdy high school kids.) On the first trip up there during the previous year, Shane and I met for lunch, and Shane even helped me get something for a costume which one of my students needed. He drove me all over the place trying to find the perfect addition to this crazy "Adam and Eve" costume! However memorable that occasion was, it was the second trip I took up there the following year in which I can remember a fabulous lunch on the beach at a great restaurant with my wonderful cousin. Before lunch, I had met Shane at his lab on campus and he showed me all around, talking about his research and introducing me to all of his coworkers. I was so proud of him. As a chemistry major myself, I could fully appreciate the difficulty of what Shane did and I looked up to him both for his intelligence and his determination. (We had many scientific discussions and Shane was the only one who immediately understood and appreciated the chemical meaning of my dog Bucky's name!) After the lab tour, we went to lunch and had the best conversation. We always had long talks about life and relationships, but I remember this one specifically because I had just started dating my now husband Gerry. I had explained to Shane that I was a bit frustrated with Gerry because he appeared to be completely content with just dating me...I wanted a relationship but I wasn't going to tell Gerry that! Shane immediately came to Gerry's defense and told me to "cut the guy a break." In Shane's way, he put me at ease, telling me that he knew things with Gerry would work out. That was a little over four years ago, and I can still hear Shane's voice giving me the male perspective. I always tried to give him the female perspective in turn, and I think we both walked away from that conversation (and all the others) feeling better both about our relationships and life in general. I was so blessed to have Shane as a cousin, and I will never forget our times together nor the love that we shared.

By Dorothy Elwell:

How can I pick just one. I have so many memories, but one of the things that's stick out is I was taking care of the kids in Boca Raton when all of a sudden there was an eruption upstairs between Shane and John. Shane was threatening to throw John over the balcony into the pool. I pictured skull fractures, broken bones and I said, "You boys stop right now." Of course they did not so I said, "I am calling the police!" they said, "Granna, you wouldn't do that." And I said "oh yes I will." And I meant it and they simmered down. I love those boys!

By Caitlin Bailey:

I remember the first time I was to meet Boyd's cousins. I was of course my usual nervous self. I had heard so many great things about the Todd's and Elwell families, especially Shane. Boyd ad related to me his memories of driving with Shane from Columbia, MO to Montana and what a great time he had with his wonderful cousin. So, the bar was set high, and so were my nerves. Immediately, when I shook Shane's hand, my nervousness melted away. Shane's obvious warmth and kindness blew me away. I was so touched by Shane's open reception and I instantly knew that everything was well. Shane was an incredibly special human being, and it was obvious to anyone who met him. I'm so happy that I had the privilege of knowing him.

By Frank and Kathy Fabela:

The most heartwarming memory we have of Shane is how he brought such honor to us every time we would come to the Todd's because he would always greet us respectfully as MR. & Mrs. Fabela. We love Shane and love his family dearly.

By Holly:

I remember going out with Shane to a Rugby dinner after one of their games in Santa Barbara. I was 21 years or younger surrounded by 20 huge rugby players drinking heavily. Shane was so caring and loving, making sure I was looked after the whole time; not once straying from his family protective duties. I remember feeling so safe and happy with Shane amongst total chaos.

By Roston Elwell:

Going to see Shane at U.F. really influenced my life. He was an encouragement to me. His excitement for graduate school was contagious and served to get me to continue at school.

By Aunt Alice:

I loved many things about my nephew Shane, but one thing I adored was that he cared for all of us. Even his old Aunt. We respected him and he respected us right back. He would explain incredible research in which he was involved and actually believed I was capable, me, of understanding the complex issues of engineering. I would nod and smile, and he would love me back, along with his UB. Love you Shaner Baner

By Dottie Tarcon:

At my wedding Shane came to do the money dance with me. He started by telling me how generous he was because he put a 20 in the bag. I told him thank you that's so generous. Then he said he asked for change. His delivery was perfect. It was so funny! I should have known he wasn't bragging; he was setting up a great joke.

By Ling Sinclair:

I remember Shane coming to my wedding and the night before we had so much fun with my friends. I thought it would be a good idea to wrestle but they didn't know about Shane and his wrestling. It was fun!

By Alise Sinclair:

One of my memories with Shane was his beautiful smile congratulating Ling and I on our wedding day. We will miss you Shane.

By Christian Stephenson:

My favorite memory with Shane is when I went on the cruise with him for Chet's bachelor party. Shane made the cruise very memorable and fun.

By Jeff Stephenson:

My last memory of Shane was in Montana, at the lake house, when John and him were trying to remove the hair on their backs. They were crazy! Also he was a big, tough guy who looked like a rugby player.

By Emily Stephenson:

My most humorous memory of Shane Todd would be at the lake house, summer 2006. We had come up to visit the Todd's and corynne too 😊. John and Shane were on a mission to wax their backs. They were extremely serious about the process and I loved watching them interact about who had the hairiest back. I could have peed my pants because it turned into a competition. Which I can't remember who the winner was. Another funny memory I have was at Corynne and Chet's rehearsal dinner at Aladdin Jrs. and he rocked the mic! He was incredible and he sang his heart out.

Everyone was commenting on him quitting his day job. Shane you will be missed. You are irreplaceable and we know we will see you again. We celebrate your life and your determined character will be forever in our hearts. God is doing incredible things through this tragic situation. We love you Todd family.

By Beth Brooks:

I remember sitting with Shane at Chet's football games at Western to watch Chet, Corynne and my daughter Mary.

By Ankur and Kavika Jain:

One of our most memorable memories with Shane was when he attended our wedding in India in August 2006. Even though Shane had RSVP-ed early on, we didn't receive his itinerary or any word about any travel/hotel arrangements. Boy were we pleasantly surprised when he showed up!!! He has always been energetic and independent, and here he demonstrated his adventurous spirit as well. Kudos to Shane, you will be dearly missed. With love Ankur.

By Boyd:

I remember Shane as a really sensitive soul. When we were kids he visited and we looked over my baseball card collection. Most kids looked at other kid's baseball card collections with avarice-comparing it to their own. I had many friends who stole baseball cards. I think that's average for a kid of that age. But Shane went through my cards and wrapped them in tissue paper in order to better protect them. He was much better than the average man. I will miss him.

By Ron and Christi Runnels:

One of the earliest and funniest things we can recall is during the rehearsal dinner for Corynne and Chet's wedding. He put on quite a good Karaoke show after a few adult beverages had time to take effect. He sang "Sweet Home Alabama" without missing a beat and surely set the bar high for anyone to follow. As you have it, the younger bro's tried their hardest to top big Bro.....sure enough Shane set the bar so high they had a very hard time matching his performance. By the way the other brothers did a good job as well. He will be missed but the memories will last forever. God bless Shane Todd.

By Torianna (Ugarte) Polly:

I met Shane when I was seven years old. His family joined our home school group. He and my brother Mike got into a fight that day over a baseball game and after that they became the best of friends. Shane was a witty, loud, funny guy who brought out the best in my brother. They were partners in crime and were always doing something to get themselves into trouble. On Easter, Mike and Shane attended an Easter egg hunt at the park by my parent's house. They devised a plan on how to get the egg and injured many small kids along the way. After they won, they made up a song about how Mike and Shane found the golden egg. I still remember it to this day. Shane was a great guy and an amazing friend to my brother. He was the nest man at his wedding and he will be greatly missed.

By Tim Ugarte:

I met my best friend Shane when i was very young, while wrestling him on the grass of a local park. After briefly meeting, we decided we should fight and test how tough each other was. As the match escalated into serious business, we were both stubborn and neither of us wanted to quit. It took a few concerned mothers to pull us apart and stop the fighting. Boy I thought I was going to get in big trouble. But I soon learned that I was welcomed by the Todd family... Up until the day we met, Shane was throwing around

every kid he was introduced to. Then we met and it was nice to have another tough kid around that actually did not mind playing rough. From that point on, I have always treated Shane like a brother, like family.

By Corynne Todd:

Shane was one of the most humble person I've ever met because he was so intelligent yet so modest about it. He was always thoughtful and I could see he loved his family so much by the way he treated his brothers, Mary and Rick. Even though he was in Santa Barbara and then Singapore while Chet and I've been together whenever I saw him he was so nice and made me feel so comfortable around all the boys. I always remembered that when Chet and I first started dating I would get nervous being with all the brothers at once, but Shane was always so kind to me. Also, my first trip to Montana (Summer of 2006), all the boys were up here and I was a little nervous, but again Shane was so sweet and made me feel at home. I always loved watching all four boys hang out together, whether it was boating, tubing, skiing, playing football or even talking at happy hour, they were always entertaining.

There's one memory that sticks out to me about Shane, and I think I know why. It was the day Chet proposed to me and I was going to become a TODD!!!! One of the best days of my life. It was a dream come true. Well.....I had my graduation from APU, then my graduation party on my dad's side of the family and Chet decided we needed to go on a bike ride after the party and before my graduation party at my mom's house. Well I get to the Pomona house and Chet and I are just about to leave and we're in the family room and Shane comes out from taking a nap and looks at me, then at Chet, then back at me with this confused look on his face. At the time I thought well maybe he's just out of it because he just woke up from a nap, but I was wrong. He thought we had just got back from our bike ride and had already proposed, but we were just about to leave. When we got back from our bike ride I was on cloud nine and smiling from ear to ear. And Shane was so happy for us and he came to the engagement party that night and the boys had so much fun together. Having Shane be part of our engagement, Chet's bachelor party and our wedding was the best.

I love Shane like he's my own brother and I can't wait for the day for us all to be in Heaven together.

By Mary Williamson:

"Cousins to the Rescue"

Boyd was the driver on a dark and stormy late afternoon drive from our Dent County Missouri cabin to our home in Columbia.

Those who know Boyd understand that he develops intense interests. At 17 he had an intense interest in vinyl records, especially those treasures in antique stores off the beaten path.

Those who knew Shane know that he would need to check on his cousin who pulled off the road, parked, stopped at a house posing as an antique store, and slipped through the rain into a barn with a stranger in his search for vinyl records.

Those who know John know that he would need to check on his brother Shane who disappeared in the rain and thunder when he went to rescue Boyd who slipped through the rain into a barn with a stranger in his search for vinyl records.

Those who know Scott know that he would need to check on cousin John who darted out in the rain, thunder, and lightening to save Shane who disappeared in the rain and thunder when he went to rescue Boyd who slipped through the rain into a barn with a stranger in his search for vinyl records.

I waited alone in the dry car for the boys to return from the barn to which Scott headed in the rain, thunder, lightening, and hail to find John who darted out in the rain, thunder, and lightening to save Shane who disappeared in the rain and thunder to rescue Boyd who slipped through the rain into a barn with a stranger in his search for vinyl records.

Four drenched cousins were welcome company when they returned from their successful missions.

By Christina Villegas:

I have so many beautiful memories of Shane. In fact, my friendship with Shane was one of the most memorable and defining aspects of my childhood. Shane and I had a special bond, and -- even from a young age -- we could talk for hours about anything from who we had crushes on to world politics and religion. One of my favorite memories with Shane happened on a night when I was sleeping over at the Todd's. Late that night, Shane and I were deep in conversation when we realized that police helicopters were flying over and shining their spotlights on the canyon. Shane and I convinced ourselves that a dangerous felon was on the loose and that he was headed directly for the Todd's house. We tried waking up Aunt Mary and Uncle Rick; however, at 2am, they didn't seem to appreciate our sense of urgency. Shane and I were determined to protect the house, so we armed ourselves with hockey sticks. We were so scared, but I was confident that any bad guys would not stand a chance against Shane and I and our Hockey sticks. In fact, I think we were kind of disappointed that the felon never showed up. This experience was just one of many experiences during my life where I felt confident because of my buddy Shane. I believe I am the person I am today, in part, because of the confidence Shane instilled in me. Even during periods of my life where I lacked confidence and felt awkward and weird, I always felt confident when I was with Shane because I knew that he loved me and was proud of me, just as much as I loved him and was proud of him. Shane will always have a big place in my heart, and I am so grateful that he was part of my life as a cousin and friend.

By Andy Kasanicky:

I'm pretty sure I first met Shane the same weekend I met you Rick. Promise Keepers '96, in Jacksonville. That was a good weekend for me. I know you have heard this before but I'll remind you that while I was sitting in my seat devising a plan to get away from you church guys and get back to Boca...God had other plans. Against my will and better judgment, I jump from my seat and went forward to "accept" Christ. There really wasn't much accepting going on, God was revealing Himself to me...I had no choice.

Over the next several months, I became really close to your family. Rick (and Walter) were the most incredible accountability partners a new believer

could have. Mary was always there to listen to another one of my stories, always about my favorite subject...me. Chet and Dilly-Dally were just little kids, cute and fun to play with. John was the goofy middle schooler that was like a kid brother who loved to hang out with you because you had a car. Shane on the other hand was intimidating to me. You guys (especially Rick) always bragged about Shane, how brilliant he was and what a great athlete/wrestler he was. I thought to myself, another parent that thinks their kid is the greatest. In the beginning, I thought Shane didn't belong in this family. He was always serious and looked like he was mad about something.

But as I got to know him better (it took many many months) I could see he wasn't mad, he was just always thinking about something. Rick and I are similar in that we speak before we have the complete thought formed in our head. Not Shane. I remember so many times staying up with him...after I put everyone else to sleep with my stories and having very deep conversations with him about almost any and every subject under the sun. This may sound silly, but he reminded me of talking to my dad. My dad seemed to know something about everything and if he didn't he was very interested in learning about it...Shane was the exactly the same.

During Shane's senior, year I was a leader at youth group and I was so glad to see him involved. Shane was truly one of the strongest youth leaders I have ever been around. Everyone looked up to him. He was as solid as you get.

After his senior year, I remember him going to Colorado Springs for a couples weeks in the summer to get ready for the spiritual challenges he would face at college in the fall. I remember thinking "This kid is going to set his campus on fire for Christ." Looking back, I have never been so sure about a kid being so strongly grounded in his faith. There was no doubt in my mind that Shane would be the one doing the influencing in college.

Just goes to show you what I know. I was shocked to hear that Shane was spiritually derailed shortly after he got to college. I couldn't believe it. Unbelievable. It is amazing how well the enemy knows us and what he will use to get to us. However, the battles that Satan wins in our lives are temporary. Only when you look at Shane's entire life do you see there was never a doubt that God had him in His hand. Mary, the story that you shared at Shane's service is a great reminder and a great encouragement to me. Just like with me at Promise Keepers, God truly does have a plan for us and no matter how strongly we resist...we are no match against the Creator of all

things. It boggles the mind to think that God has a plan for us and that part of that plan is to spend eternity with Him. Shane might have resisted God for most of the past 12 years, but that's nothing compared to all the time in eternity where Shane is now in the presence of God the Almighty!

Shane's life exemplifies Roman's 8 for me.

More Than Conquerors: What, then, shall we say in response to these things? If God is for us, who can be against us? He who did not spare his own Son, but gave him up for us all—how will he not also, along with him, graciously give us all things? Who will bring any charge against those whom God has chosen? It is God who justifies. Who then is the one who condemns? No one. Christ Jesus who died—more than that, who was raised to life—is at the right hand of God and is also interceding for us. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall trouble or hardship or persecution or famine or nakedness or danger or sword? As it is written:

For your sake we face death all day long; We are considered as sheep to be slaughtered.”

No, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him who loved us. For I am convinced that neither death nor life, neither angels nor demons, neither the present nor the future, nor any powers, neither height nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God that is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Thank you for sharing your family with me and especially your oldest son.

By Dmitriy Bernstejn:

I met Shane “Blockhead” Todd back in the summer of 2002. We were introduced at a house party by Tom Pierce as possible future roommates. Shortly after Shane ended up moving in with us and we spent next 3 wonderful years living together. Looking back at it now, it doesn't feel like we lived together for 3 years. Those years were filled with a lot of great memories and bonding. Just like the gators were dominating the football scene we were dominating the party scene in Gainesville. It took a while to get through Shane's tough exterior to find out how smart, awesome and truly good hearted person he was on the inside. Shane has always been there for

me, always sacrificing his time and energy to help me when needed. I am going to write down a few of the countless memories about Shane and I.

Shane's Cooking

Shane inspired me to become a better cook. Back in the day, Shane had a few go to meals that were unbelievably delicious. He used to love to cook chicken fajitas, pesto pasta and artichoke stir fry. Shane would cook once a week, and he would make the biggest portions I have ever seen. The whole house would fill with aroma and make the rest of us jealous. For the rest of the week Shane would always have something delicious in the fridge. After a while we started cooking for each other one night Shane would make a meal for everyone another night someone else would. After a while as with anything else we did we became competitive. We would have cook-offs and compete for best dishes made which raised our cooking skills greatly.

Tetris 64

Back in college, on an average night when we all would come home we would usually shoot pool, watch TV or play Tetris 64 for entertainment. Tetris 64 has the same basics as regular tetris, but scoring works differently based on how you group the blocks that you drop. Tom and I have been playing tetris 64 for a while and our skill level at handling the tetris blocks were a notch above the rest. We were the best tetris players out of our group of friends, all of who were highly competitive. Shane Todd was one of those highly competitive people, and after a few months of being destroyed by us, Shane decided to take the matters into his own hands and use his superior brain powers to defeat us. He broke the game pieces down the basics and used simple geometry and math to come up with new techniques for best placement of any piece that could possibly come up. This allowed him to score max amount of points while minimizing the dangers of not getting the piece that you need because he would always have a plan for pieces that are coming up next. Shane's new techniques were so revolutionary to us, that we refused to accept them, up until Shane who was playing at a much slower pace would defeat us with ease. It was amazing to watch him try to explain all of the math and reasoning that he put into figuring out the best placement and how he turned the game on us. He was brilliant. It did not take us long to adopt his strategies and convert to his game play and infuse it with our skills, which made us all much better players.

BG's Shared Custody

Not sure if this is a Shane memory or a Boston George memory, but it's a great one so I figured I'll share. When our roommate Matt graduated and moved to Miami, he left his dog BG behind because BG is part pit, and you have to pay a huge fee to own pit bull breed in Miami. So Matt left BG behind for Shane, Matt's girlfriend and me to fight over. Shane and I decided to team up and push Matt's girlfriend out of the picture and keep the dog with split custody between us. After a few months BG gained a reputation of being a very lazy and chill dog. He loved hanging out with us while watching TV, laying underneath the table as we play cards, and just generally being laziest dog around us. We never saw him as a tough guy, he was huge, but he was just a big baby to us. For X-mas we decided to do something nice for BG and take him to a dog park since we didn't have any close friends with dogs, and BG had no dogs to hang out with. Little did we know that BG instantly becomes a tough guy as soon as other dogs are around. As soon as we got to the dog park, right at the entrance while still on the leash BG pinned a German Sheppard in playful manner. We did not take this as a warning, and brought him in and set him free anyways. Entire dog park was checking us out, since BG was easily the biggest dog there. I did not know how BG would act so I would follow him around as he would run around and play rough with other dogs. Shane decided to chill on the side with some friends that he knew who were also at the dog park. I kept watching BG play extra rough with one of the other large dogs in the park, it scared me a little so I decided to be near by him at all times. As soon as I saw that the other dog was getting a little upset with BG, who was just playing at that time I ran towards BG. Right before I got there 2 dogs started growling at each other. I grabbed BG by the collar and raised him up on his back legs and held him securely by his collar. Other dog came up and bit BG's leg, at which point BG and his collar both snapped, and BG started munching on the dog as the whole park stopped to watch. I remember watching Shane run in slow motion towards the dog fight. I tried getting between the 2 dogs and put my hand right in front of BG's mouth. BG did not bite me, but I failed to stop him from biting the other dog. Shane ran up and jumped on top of BG and puts him in a head lock, I tackle BG by the back legs and both of us held him down. But amazingly BG still manages to bite the other dog as he was still coming at him. Owners of the other dog run up and pull the other dog away and the fight ends. It just happens that they turned out to be Shane's friends who he has been chatting with the whole time. That day ended up costing me and Shane \$500 to stitch up the other dog, we decided we won't take BG to the dog park any more. Few months later it was time for Shane to move on to bigger and better things. We figure

that cutting BG in ½ is probably a bad idea, and playing chess or paper rock scissors probably not fair either. So we decided we would let BG pick. We made BG sit in the middle of the living room between us, and with our best dog voices started calling him to come to us in opposite directions. Little did I know that Shane made some bacon and had some in his hand. Fortunate for me, BG is not susceptible to bribes and Shane was very busy with school and not spend as much time at home with BG as I did. BG spent more time with me and luckily for me he came to me that day. I did give Shane permanent BG visitation rights for life.

Visiting Shane in Santa Barbara

After Shane moved to Santa Barbara, I did not get to see him that much as I would have liked. We did take a few vacations together. I came up to visit Shane in Santa Barbara 3 times. Shane came back to Gainesville for few home games and alumni weekends. We gambled in Vegas and went fishing and swimming with the sharks in Hawaii. Last time I saw Shane was not long before he moved to Singapore, I got to spend sometime with him when I came to Santa Barbara for one of my friends weddings. Timing did not work out well for us, Shane was very busy. He was trying to finish up grad school and was working on defending his dissertation. Shane let me stay at his house, even know he was stuck in his lab majority of the day and night. He knew that I would not be able to spend much time in Santa Barbara, so he managed to find some time for me. Every day we went out to breakfast together, then he would go directly to the lab. Then we would meet up again for lunch daily when it was possible. One of the days he even found the time to take me on a bike ride and he took me to the beach. During the time we couldn't hang out Shane asked his roommates to show me around and take care of me. He was an awesome host. I promised him I would come visit him in Singapore, but unfortunately I did not take that opportunity and now I feel like I missed out on a lot. I wish I could have come to visit him in Singapore before it was too late.

By Shirley Sarmiento:

It is weird how they don't usually hand out free tissues in small canteens in restaurants in Singapore. One night, Shane and I went to dinner in this Vietnamese restaurant. When the waitress gave us the bill, He saw that they

charged us 60 cents for 2 wet tissue wipes that was on our table before we sat down. Shane got really upset by this and he had a long discussion with the waitress and the restaurant manager on why he shouldn't pay for the tissue. In the end, Shane won. I was really proud of him although I would say it was a little embarrassing because everyone in the restaurant was looking at us in a weird way. On our way home, Shane couldn't stop talking about what happened. He said he will still do what he did even if they only charged us 5 cents for the tissue.

There are several routes that you can take from Shane's apartment to the MRT station. One time, we had to take the train to go somewhere. While we were at his apartment, Shane took out his phone and said "Watch". I asked him what was it that he was talking about but he just replied, "You'll see". When we reached the MRT station he looked at his phone again and told me, "I have been doing this since yesterday and we definitely have to take that route from now on because that is a minute and 30 seconds faster than the other route from my apartment to the MRT" Normally people wouldn't even bother doing something like this but Shane was different. He paid so much attention to details and he was extremely smart.

One night, Shane and I went out with some of his friends. In one bar, a drunk guy accidentally spilled some of his drinks on my dress. The guy apologized and I was actually okay with it but Shane got really pissed. He yelled at the guy telling him how careless he was. The guy looked like he wanted to say something but he just kept quiet maybe because Shane was bigger than him. It was ridiculous but that was just Shane being over protective when it comes to people that he loves.

By Karen Granger:

I'll never forget meeting Rick and Mary Todd through the Drama Team at Spanish River Church in Boca Raton. I was a single "working gal." The Todds adopted me and took me in. They invited me over for dinner. I loved the whirlwind of activity—four active boys, pets on the loose...dinner on the stove. I loved it. They all sat together at the dinner table and Shane was so polite. Each one of the boys had great manners. They called me "Miss Fortner" and teased me about single guys at the church. "That Mr. Kasanicky is pretty nice, don't you think," they'd ask and giggle. I loved the

camaraderie between Shane and his brothers. I loved the way Shane respected and loved his mom and dad, and what amazing faithful examples Rick and Mary were (and are) to their sons. Together, the Todd family had a huge impact on my maturing of my faith. They continue to do so today in ways that are difficult to articulate. I think of Shane every single day...his life and home-going have impacted me so profoundly. I am forever changed because of Shane and I love his family with all my heart. I look forward to hugging him when we meet again in utter Glory

Love, love, love and more love to all of you.

By Dylan Todd:

One Story Out of the Many to Choose From...

Shane always knew exactly what he should help with and how he would do it. I will never forget how frustrated I was with my Algebra 2 class in high school. After I tried to get concepts explained to me by my teacher, and trying to figure it out on my own I came to a place where I thought I would never be able to understand Algebra and I might as well give up. Around this time Shane was supposed to be visiting us. Shane heard about my struggle to understand Algebra and said "bro your not dumb, you will understand it. I will help you." This gave me a glimmer of hope because it was common knowledge amongst anyone that knew him, Shane was very good at math. When it came time for Shane to sit down with me and help me with my Algebra he would ask me a series of questions to try and get a good understanding of where I was at in my knowledge of the subject. Once he was done asking his questions I could tell that he knew exactly what I was missing and started breaking down every concept that he knew I was having trouble with in a way that was completely catered to my way of thinking. When he was done, I felt like he opened a huge window and I was able to see things much more clearly. He got me so excited to actually want to learn that we ended up talking about other mathematical concepts, completely unrelated to my class, for hours. Unfortunately, this excitement to learn about math only comes when a person who is even more excited about it explains it to you.

Shane also was able to see a big concept that I was missing around the same time, and that was going to college. I was very close to not taking my SATs, try to get classes at a JC near home, and basically just see where life would take me. But once again, Shane explained it all to me in a way that was completely unique for me because he knew my personality so well. He would spend months telling me how important it was to go to a University, especially for me, because I would not do well at a JC. After I finally agreed that I would study for my SATs, he set it all up for me, a way to study, a plan on how often and when I should study, and he would even call me every night to make sure I was doing everything I agreed to. I never knew why he was doing all of this because at the time all I could think of was how boring it was and how I didn't want to do it at all. 3½ years later I am sitting in my desk, just getting done with my first day of school in my Junior year of college. I now completely understand the importance of everything Shane was making me do, and I am constantly thanking him for that.

The greatest thing that Shane has made clear to me through out life is the importance of using your own gifts that God has given you to be the best son, grandson, brother, and friend you can be. I had always just focused on the help Shane has given me and thought of it as a special treatment, because I was his brother, but I am constantly reminded that Shane was just that type of person who used his God given gifts to help anyone around him that he could. When we were in Singapore, going through Shane's apartment, 3 people that Shane had worked with showed up to meet us and answer any questions we had. There was one guy out of the three that for some reason stood out to me. His name was Don. His face was plastered with horror and it was very clear that he was in pain. After noticing his obvious sadness I asked him how he knew Shane. Don began to explain to me that there was a certain time of the month that everyone who was doing research for IME (the company they worked for) had to get in front of all the bosses and managers and present the research that they had been working on. He said this was his least favorite time because it was very hard to make the very complex things they were researching into a presentation that could be easy enough for multiple people to follow. Then he told me that Shane was the only one that the bosses would not ream after his presentation because he was the one that could explain everything they were working on in such a way that could be understood. I immediately thought back to the time he helped me with my math and how that fit exactly with what he did for me. Then Don went on to tell me that Shane noticed he was struggling with his presentations more and more, so Shane told Don that he would help him.

Don said that Shane would stay up with him as long as it took to make sure he could present his information to the bosses perfectly. There was even one night at 3am when Don said “this is good enough, lets go home” but Shane said “no” and he wasn't going to leave until Don's presentation was perfect. Don gave a spectacular presentation the next day that was very well accepted among the bosses and managers and he received all the credit, which was totally fine with Shane. Don said he would never forget the help that Shane was always willing to offer and that Shane truly did change him. For the rest of my life I will constantly be reminding myself of Shane’s willingness to use his gifts to help other people, and I will never forget the impact that he made on my life and future.

By John Todd:

By Chet Todd

By Grandma Jean:

September 5, 1980 – June 23, 2012

Isaiah 57:1-2 “ The righteous perish, and no one ponders it in his heart; devout men are taken away, and no one understands that the righteous are taken away to be seared from evil. Those who walk uprightly enter into peace; they find rest as they lie in death.”

By Robby Howe: My last sweet memory of Shane Todd was when my mom and dad went on a retreat so I was with the Todd's for the weekend. They had this pool table at the Pomona house that converted to three different games (pool table to foose ball table). So I played that all night with Shane and it was an insane amount of time and so late. We felt like rebels and had so much fun. I also enjoyed visiting Shane in Florida when I went to ERAU.

By Linda Lockhart Wilkinson: Remember a sunny day in Santa Barbara when Mary, Dylan, Chase and I went to visit Shane. Mary and I were having breakfast with Shane and he was talking about his studies. All I could think of was, can you please use some words that I can understand?

I know Mary said that his phenomenal intelligence was due to his birth, but I thought it was because Mary home schooled Shane.

I thought Shane had it all! He was so good looking, intelligent, charming, great sense of humor and humble. I remember suggesting to Mary that Shane should be on the television show "The Bachelor." Mary's response was "No, I don't want all those girls kissing him!"

I think of Shane daily and am reminded of how great God is. The loss of Shane has also been a time that God's presence is so tangible and a constant reminder of how not even death can separate us from the love of God.

By Dana Johnston: My memories of Shane are nothing but fun. I met him as a college freshman...a lil ol South Carolina girl, leaving home for the first time....bombarded with wild, crazy, rugby playing Gators....a little intimidating to say the least =) But Shane was nothing but respectful, fun and an all around great guy. Wherever the party was, he was there. Or should I say wherever HE was the PARTY was there. You can't get too many good spirits like him. We are all saddened by his loss-- the world has lost a little piece of sunshine.

By Matt Regan: I mentioned on Facebook that Shane and I were both Electrical Engineers at UF, we both played rugby together for the gators and the hogs, and we were born on the same day. We hung out quite a bit on and off the field. We were both big music fans, and we enjoyed discussing bands like Tool and Radiohead. He took me out to the airport once to go flying, but they kept us from ever taking off. I went out to Santa Barbara and visited Shane twice while he was at school. One story that I have is that we were sitting at a bar in Santa Barbara on a Sunday, and we asked our waitress where a good place would be to hang out on a Sunday evening. She mentioned a club, I couldn't tell you the name of it now, and we went on our way. It

turns out the club was a gay hangout on Sundays. We decided to stay and make the best of it. Shane was a good friend, and he will be missed.

By Haylee Slaughter: My most vivid memories are a night on the town and then vegging out on the couch and listening to Radiohead. Or him being the ONLY person who enthusiastically told me I looked "fabulous!" at Old Boys one year when everyone else thought I looked anorexic (maybe it's because he's from California) Probably my most wholesome memory is us both getting dressed up and going to church on Easter Sunday, then to get Mexican food at On the Border cuz his family always did that on Easter.

He was just always so unfailingly GENUINE.

By Stuart Atherton, UFRFC 1999-2001:

For two years I played rugby at the University of Florida, and having been on teams my whole life I still look back at those two years and the time with my team as some of my best times of my college years and sports as a whole. We had a very close knit, strong, successful team and have no doubt the reason for it was how much trust we had in each other and how much we stuck together both on and off the field. Shane was a key part of that team. He was energetic, played hard, never gave up, was always there for the rest of the team, and left

everything on the field. You could not have asked for more from a teammate. Shane was fun to be around off the field as well, always smiling, laughing, just a great guy all around. People were drawn to him and it was clear he was one of those guys who just got along with everyone. Unfortunately over time distance separates most of us more and more. It was clear over the last few years seeing Shane's pictures and posts (and comments from his friends and family) that he

was still living life just as I remember him as a teammate - to the fullest, moving forward, not missing a detail, and being there for everyone around him. Anyone who ever had the pleasure to know Shane for any amount of time, and especially those who had the luck of being a part of something along side him, are the better for it and I have no doubt will always remember him for the smart, strong, great guy that he was and still is. My deepest condolences to Shane's family, teammates, and friends around the world. Rest in Peace buddy.

By David Welch:

If it weren't for two decades of rugby and ten years since I was honored with his presence my memory might serve me better. I can't remember many specifics from college but there are certain people that make a lasting impression on people. Shane is one of those guys for me. He was always there. No matter the situation, he was there. Whether it be to donate his blood for money to raise money for the rugby team or be on time for any event where help was needed, Shane was consistent. You could always depend on his helping hand. His enthusiasm was contagious. Everything he did, he did 100% and with a smile and maybe even a laugh. He wasn't afraid to make a fool of himself for the joy of others. He was a team player. His intentions always seemed to be for the betterment of the team. Whether he had to carry two kegs for the party or play second row because no one else would, Shane would take on the task....still with that smile (most of

the time). He was a tough son of a bitch too. Not only physically, as we all know, but mentally he was just as tough. Without going into details all i can say is that when he was a rookie playing Florida Rugby, Shane was almost always the last to break down when the young guys were being hazed by the veterans. Shane was not a real close friend, but unlike many others you pass by through life, Shane was memorable. Every memory I have of him brings a smile to my face. There aren't many others I can say that about.

By Tom Pierce:

Shane Todd was one the most intense people I had ever met when we first started playing rugby together at UF in the fall of 1999. He took practice very seriously and was not afraid of anyone. He was a dominating physical specimen and a great person to have on your team, as opposed to the other team! We were both engineering students, him a sophomore and me a freshman, but that first year, I was not a very dedicated one! Shane definitely was and he rode me so hard about school it started to drive me a little nuts! It was only later on in our friendship that I finally realized that Shane was doing what he knew best, being a big brother! He wanted me to succeed almost as strongly as he wanted to succeed and I developed a deep appreciation for how caring he was about his family and friends that he considered like family.

Another incident I remember from four years later drove that same point home even more clearly. Shane was a big man and tough as nails, but I myself am a bit bigger than him, always have been. Not to brag, just to set up the story! We were playing a rugby match at Clemson in the Spring of 2003 and I made a big hit right at the sideline and drove the guy out of bounds and into the ground. It was a big, hard hit and maybe borderline inappropriate, as I finished the tackle out of bounds. The Clemson player was himself a bit on the large side and none too happy about being tackled in

that manner, so he immediately sprung to his feet and got in my face, nose to nose, and started to graphically illustrate with words the things that he would do to me to pay me back for the tackle. We were loudly discussing our nuanced views of the events that occurred just prior, when Shane Todd flew in, pushed me aside, and shoved the guy so hard, he staggered backward. Shane then let him know just what was what and even offered to help jog his memory of prior events - with his fists, if necessary! Shane was coming to my rescue! Always the consummate big brother, he certainly would never stand by while someone messed with someone he loved.

On the silly side, Shane loved to have a good time! He absolutely loved live music and he loved karaoke to no end. He was never afraid to warm up his pipes and grace the public with his voice in a song. We were once having lunch on the patio at The Swamp, which is a Gainesville institution, a great little bar and restaurant right across the street from campus. There was a guy with a guitar and a microphone who had been hired by the place to provide live entertainment for a few hours. Certainly no karaoke set-up, just one guy and his guitar playing some music, but Shane did not let that deter him. He managed to convince the guy to let him sing a song while the guy played the guitar. He, of course, picked his go-to song, Susie Q.

We also spent many a great nights together listening to local bands, making friends, and influencing people. One of our favorite hangouts in college was The Side Bar, which had live music and \$5 all you care to drink on Thursday nights. Usually, we had a group of at least six that would make the trek, but sometimes, Shane and I would be the only ones actually paying attention to the band!

We had a lot of fun together out on the town in college, but the fun didn't stop when we got home. Sometimes, Shane would decide he wanted to wrestle, and it didn't matter with whom. He would start to wrestle with the closest person he could find, usually pummeling them and bending them into pretzel-like shapes that they were not too happy about, but he made it all okay by loudly proclaiming how much he loved them the entire time and how "We are brothers! It's okay, I love you, man, we are brothers!"

Other times, we would come home and watch one of three movies, either Super Troopers, Top Gun, or Zoolander. It was an unspoken rule that no other movies could be watched late at night after coming home from carousing. Top Gun was his favorite, by far. I think he always dreamed of flying a fighter jet.

Shane loved frozen fruit popsicles. He would always keep a box or two in the freezer. One morning, he was livid when he discovered that an entire box had been eaten the night before. He was in a fury until we told him that he, in fact, had eaten every single one of the popsicles in the box last night. He wouldn't believe us until we found the trail of popsicle wrappers and sticks leading back to his bedroom.

I also remember making pesto pasta or fajitas with Shane. He didn't always have time to cook but we were pretty good at the house about sharing dinner with everyone, and everyone looked forward to Shane cooking because it was always delicious.

I will treasure the memories of us surfing together at a beach in Santa Barbara when the UF roommates reunited for a trip out there. He was so generous with his space and belongings and we had so much fun together that weekend.

Another time, my Mom and I drove from San Diego up to San Fransisco around Thanksgiving. We stopped into Santa Barabara to have lunch with Shane and he got a kick out of my Mom refusing to call him anything but Dr. Shane. He got along really well with my Mom and she adored him. He was well spoken, knowledgeable, easy to talk to, and very respectful of others. He had a great sense of humor, too, and we would always be cracking each other up constantly.

We had some really nice, deep conversations about life. He was someone that I always felt I could confide in, and I think he felt the same way about me. I remember him struggling a little bit when he first started grad school at UF and he and I having some heart to hearts about where we thought life would take us and where we hoped it would, as well. Shane was always a voice of reason for me but also incredibly supportive. He always told me that he knew I would be successful at whatever I did and he genuinely believed that I was destined for great things. It meant a lot to me then and it still does today. As our lives went in separate directions, we would talk less but every time we would, it was a joy. He was one of the few people in my life that I felt like I could pick up a friendship with after any amount of time and feel like we had never been apart. I am deeply saddened by his loss. I feel like I have lost one of the most supportive, caring friends I have ever known. I will always miss Shane and all the great things that he brought into my life.

By Micah Caskey:

Shane and I began our rugby careers at Florida about the same time. We were of similar physical build and both didn't know a damn thing about rugby when we started. We'd both been High School wrestlers, so naturally we took every chance possible to hash out our competitive spirits. I'd been a state champ in South Carolina and would love to tell you that I beat him regularly. In fact, that's the story I'm more likely to still tell the boys -- I hope you'll understand.

On the rugby team the boys all had nicknames for one another. When we came through, he became "Blockhead", and I, "Meathead". Thankfully, his nickname stuck longer than mine. (There's no rhyme or reason to these things).

Truth is, Shane was a fighter. Shane's heart would never let him quit on anything. His dedication to his studies became more than apparent (a Phd?!); he'd never let a goal go unaccomplished. He was a guy who'd pick our team up when the chips were stacked against us.

Shane knew that quit wasn't an option. That's what I remember about him. He was a kind-hearted man with a fun, competitive, hard-headed spirit. His

energy was infectious. I love that surly S.O.B. Even now, as I type this message to you in a lonely hotel room far away, the thought of him makes me smile.

Be proud of Shane. He made the world a better place. All my love, Casey

Chet's speech at Shane's Funeral:

My brothers are sacred to me. Our bond cannot be broken by death. Though Shane spent most of his adult life either on the opposite side of the state, country, or world, knowing he was there gave me great comfort and I always had hope of seeing him again. Shane was our leader and protector. My hope continues. I know that it will not be too long before I get to see my brother's smiling face again.

By Chet Todd:

I cannot imagine having a better older brother than Shane. The pride that I feel when I think about his hard work and success is huge. One of my favorite subjects to talk about is Shane's impressive accomplishments. Despite the pride that I feel for his educational and professional success I feel the most joy from the fact that he turned back to Christ in the last few months of his time here. I will always think of Shane as someone who cares, for his God, his family, his friends and his country. Through birthdays and Christmas's, Shane gained the reputation of being the best and most thoughtful gift giver, meticulously wrapping each present as a representation of his love. Shane is someone who always made me feel safe, and I could count on him to have my back in any circumstance. The last time that I got to spend time with Shane was over Christmas 2011. One of the days that we had in Montana, Corynne, Dylan, Shane and I took the day to go snowboarding. On one particular run Shane attempted to hit a jump with all of us watching in front, he ended up cutting off a 12 year old boy and did not have enough speed to make it up the ramp and fell backwards block the jump. This did not make the troupe of chubby 12 year olds very happy and they began yelling, "Hey! Get out of the way guy!" Shane laughed it off, and I said, "Hey kids he is a doctor, show some respect." I feel so fortunate that

we were able to have Shane for that Christmas and spend that last precious time with a man who I have the privilege of calling my brother.

By John Todd:

Thinking of Shane and the stories that impacted my life didn't start after his death, I thought about them all the time. I remember telling the story of Shane taking me skateboarding and Warped Tour with his High School buddies when I was in the 7th and 8th grade at Shane's "Going Away to Singapore" party. I couldn't speak without tearing up with Shane right in front of me. I was the little brother that Shane's friends probably didn't want around, he didn't care. Amongst being my big brother, Shane was my best friend and he treated me so. From the time we sang "Your Mamma Don't Dance" as children in Berlin, to our older years of ENDLESS road trips, unforgettably epic fights, and crying in each others arms... Shane has been the best older brother I could ever ask for. Happy Birthday to my best friend and only big "Dubber" Shane. I miss you and can't wait to see you again.

By Ankur:

I am actually not a regular on facebook, and recently came across your request for memories with Shane. I have forwarded your message to my colleagues and faculty at UF, and you will likely hear directly from them as well.

One of my favorite memories is the time Shane and I attended the IEEE MEMS conference in Miami Beach, back in January 2005. It was on the last day before heading back to Gainesville that's when Shane found out that I had never eaten Cuban food before, and he recommended that we find a nice Cuban restaurant for lunch. ("Ankur, you're in Miami... you can't leave without eating Cuban food"). I remember enjoying my first taste of those yummy fried plantains with my dear friend. Thank you Shane for that delicious memory.

Another memory from that same trip was Shane's insistence on getting back to UF by a particular time that evening. He wanted to skip hanging out on the beaches of Miami, and instead get back to play rugby!! It turns out that it

wasn't even a regular rugby match against an opponent team; his team was going to be on the field that evening for scrum practice and he was committed not to let them down as he had given them his word. This alone speaks so much about his character, he was one solid team player and never left down his team, be it in sports or in academia. What a guy!

I hope that the Todd family is healing and I wish them well.