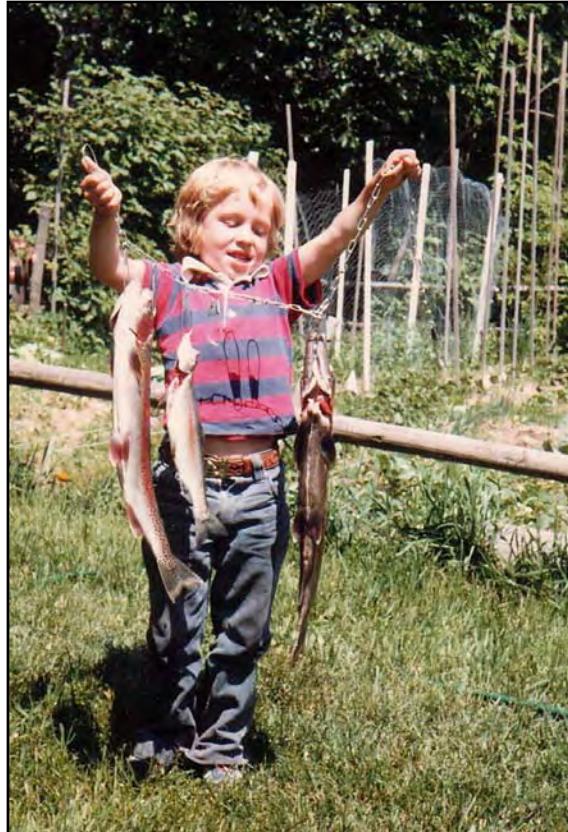


**Pallbearers:**

Jerry Enewold  
Mike Enewold Corey Saliken  
Andy Kujundzic Stephen Potter  
Shane Kujundzic Yamamoto



Jake will be greatly missed by his family and friends.  
An award is being established at Selkirk College in his name.  
Donations can be made to the Selkirk College Foundation.

We would like to thank our family, friends & neighbours  
for bringing flowers, food, and love.

*Kate, Jerry, Willow, and family.*

*remembering*  
**Jake Enewold**



August 3, 1976 — July 31, 2005

## Excerpt from the 'book of Jake'

I do not know what you want, but I shall tell you what I want.  
I want the simple things. I want my mother and father to be proud they  
brought me into this world. I would like children of my own to teach  
to them the parts of me I respect myself for, and to hopefully see them  
become better than me in the other aspects. I would like to know that  
mankind and this earth is a little better now than when I started. If I get  
a chance to see and do all these things and am in the knowledge that  
this earth is a safe place for those I love, I do not think I will have a  
problem letting go of this life and seeing what's next.



## To be like Superman

I soar freely  
no kite strings attached  
the world tiny below  
miniaturized from the distance of a hundred deaths  
soaring through the air, I am superman  
no cord to pull to slow my descent  
no need for slow  
Head-first, doing mach 6  
breaking the barrier of thought itself  
wearing the invincible armour of my delusions  
gravity can't scratch my faith  
as I charge the lake in battle  
I morph from comet to jet boat  
parting the waters of reality  
it hurts



## Relax

The soothing beats of hip-hop. The warm flicker of firelight.  
A cat purring peacefully upon my chest.  
Jasmine scented smoke fills the air.  
The hands of the clock on the mantle are still.  
From upon its perch,  
the telephone rings, rings, rings.  
If it's important, they'll call back.



## Excerpt from *the Prophet* by Kahlil Gibran

*For what is it to die but to stand naked in the wind and to melt into the sun?  
And what is it to cease breathing, but to free the breath from its restless tides,  
that it may rise and expand and seek God unencumbered?  
Only when you drink from the river of silence shall you indeed sing.  
And when you have reached the mountain top, then you shall begin to climb.  
And when the earth shall claim your limbs, then shall you truly dance.*