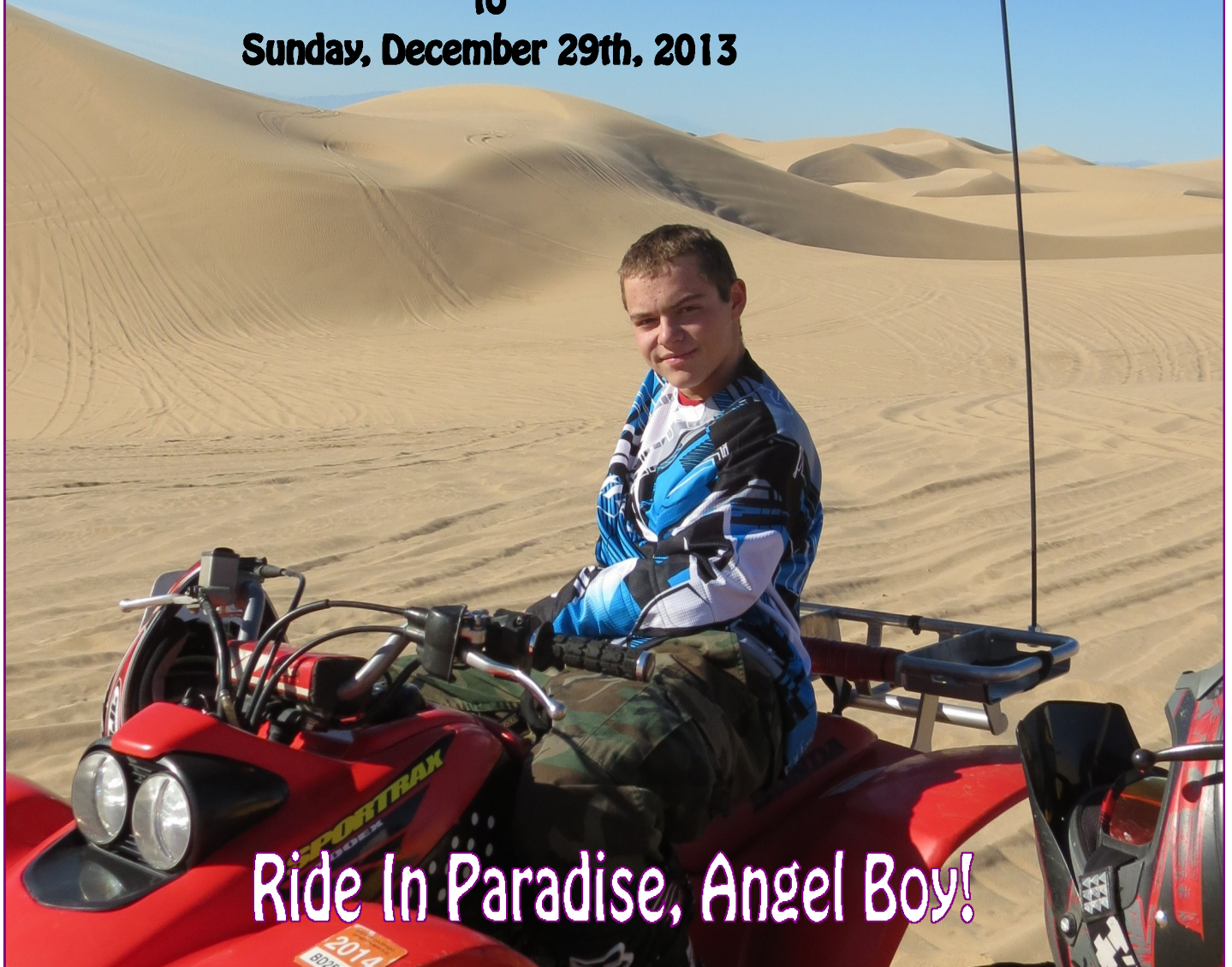




Dalton John Lambrecht

Age 15

**Saturday, April 25th, 1998
to
Sunday, December 29th, 2013**



Ride In Paradise, Angel Boy!

John's grandmother left us in July 1997. We have always said that she left so the world would have room for Dalton, as he was conceived shortly after. On Saturday, April 25th, 1998, after 26 excruciating hours of labor, our *Sugarbear* arrived .

His first two years were spent in and out of doctors offices and hospitals as he was sick much of the time with jaundice, ear infections, pneumonia, RSU, thrush, asthma, etc. In November 1999, we finally had the last set of tubes put in his ears and his adenoids removed and he's been healthy ever since; so healthy in-fact that he had only missed one day of school for sickness since kindergarten.



We lived in Highlands Ranch when Dalton was born, and when he was 4, we bought land, sold the Highlands Ranch house, and moved in with Grandma and Grandpa Wing for ten months while we built our home in Beverly Hills Estates. Dalton was fascinated with the process and was in the tractor with John anytime he could be. We moved into our home in Beverly Hills Estates on August 2nd, 2002, and, with that, into the greatest neighborhood we could have ever asked for where the Wilderman's, Schroth's, Doig's, Scott's, and Brown's became our "chosen" family, *and always will be.*

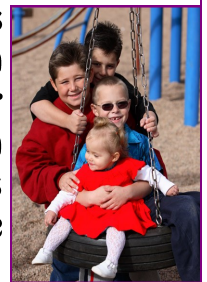


The same month we moved to Castle Rock, Dalton started kindergarten at Stony Creek Elementary in Littleton (where his Auntie and several cousins went to elementary with the best principal in history, Mr. Connors. He was also my elementary principal many years before). Stony Creek was nowhere near our home, but my office was in Lakewood and it just made more sense for him to be closer to me during the workday (keeping in mind that Columbine and 9/11 had recently taken place).

Elementary school was a huge challenge for Dalton. Because he was so smart and outgoing, he got bored very easily. In first grade, a spot opened up at DCS Montessori by our house, so we moved him there and began the crazy events of the next four years. We lasted two years at DCSM and then moved to NorthStar Academy, and then finally (thankfully!) ended up in Mrs. Phelan's 5th grade class at Buffalo Ridge, where she turned his world around and helped him love to learn again.



Then, middle school at Rocky Heights and 9th and half of 10th grade at Rock Canyon. The tight knit group of friends he has made over the years has been amazing. He was finally coming into his own and beginning to feel confident about himself and it was amazing to watch the transformation; physically, as well as mentally. Sam and Dominic were his very best friends in the world, and will remain our "second sons" forever. Dalton and Alexis have more memories between them than we will ever know. And, while they were his cousins, Dalton always considered Steven and Mathew his brothers, and "Daltoon" always loved his Bella Boo more than words could ever say.



Dalton was a gamer. He loved air soft, riding 4-wheelers, hunting, *purple*, movies, music, dancing, his computer that he built with Grandpa Wing, and he loved his family and friends, counting his blessings nightly. He was saving money for a car, a new 4-wheeler, and new air soft stuff, and and... Without any effort, he was an average student. He was planning to get his driving permit when we got home from Glamis. It's funny that a kid who's been driving since he was four years old would have to go through a year of a drivers permit. John and I were never worried like other parents are in this arena. DJ was a great driver. He was also an

amazing cuddler (Jannah will attest to this) and he always wanted his hugs to mean something (*so when you're hugging someone, make sure you wrap your arms completely around them, fold your head and neck into them, and squeeeeeeeze their stuffin's out - this is no time to be a robot!*). Dalton also wanted very much to go into the Marines upon graduating. In fact, the night we arrived in Glamis and realized we had forgotten our bike flags in the garage, he was *very* excited to get the red Marine flag for his bike (see cover).

You may wonder why we chose what some might call "an extreme sport" for our family to partake in. John came into our marriage with a 4-wheeler and taught us to enjoy life outdoors (though having our town home on wheels makes it much nicer than just camping ☺). For years, we pulled two trailers. This was our very first trip in the new toy hauler where everything was in one trailer. Dalton helped us organize everything to get ready to go. It's also where we spent our very first *and our very last* Christmas together with *just the three of us*.

From the time Dalton was seven weeks old, he knew what it meant to find peace in riding. His very first ride was June 20th, 1998. We would ride with him harnessed to us with the smallest helmet you could imagine (I wish we hadn't given that away!) and he would giggle and smile and fall asleep to the rumble and me singing songs like, "When I See You Smile" and "Cowboy Take Me Away" as we rode. We always knew that pain and death were a possibility, especially after Dalton went off a cliff in Texas Creek on his 10th birthday (where we made him get right back on my bike and drive us back to camp so he wouldn't be scared of it); *and* after John's big accident in March 2012. To Dalton though, it was *always* worth it.

When Kelly and Sonya took us to the Glamis Sand Dunes in March 2012, Dalton became Kelly's shadow, watching every move he made. That week, Dalton's bike became another part of his body; like another limb. He was born to ride and we've all commented on that many times over the last year and a half; how fluid he was with his bike, how it just came natural.

On Saturday afternoon, while we were watching some motocrossers making huge jumps, I asked him what his favorite part about this sport was and he said, "*The danger!*" in one of his funny voices. I reminded him that I did NOT want to go to the hospital this week and he said, "*I know Mom,*" acting irritated with me. On Saturday night, around the campfire, I asked him if he was happy, and he told me, "*Yeah, Mom.*" Then I said, "*Are ya sure?*" and he responded, "*I am very content with my life right now.*" It's like he knew we would need to know that.

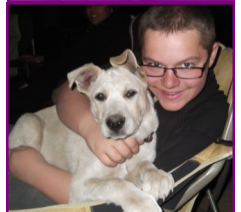
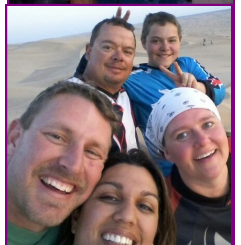
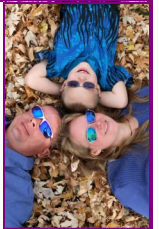
We never went to the hospital...

When Dalton jumped the dune on Sunday, he had no idea that a huge sand rail was coming up the other side. We're told it was instant, that he didn't suffer at all. John held him while he took his last breath and went to heaven. Dalton died doing what he loved and we couldn't have asked for a better way for him to go.

Dalton's ashes will be spread in the various places he loved to ride, in Texas where he loved to hunt and fish, hopefully at the Marine base in Camp Pendleton, and we're hoping Nic will spread some in Japan, which is somewhere Dalton always dreamed of going.

To Dalton...

♥♥♥ We love you Sugarbear ♥♥♥ To infinity... and beyond!!!



Music has always been a huge part of our lives. Dalton was amazing on the piano and guitar. He just hated to practice, so he gave them up for listening to music, and studying the words and phrases. He was a pretty amazing poet too. Every now and then, he would just sit down at the piano to play by ear, playing portions of songs from his iPod til he got them right. We loved those times! Other than riding, he always had music in his ears *and his body*. He was a great dancer (just like his daddy). He loved dubstep, pop, hard rock, country, and everything in between. We would often two-step and waltz in the kitchen making dinner. We even got Sam to dance when we went to Texas in March when Sam was just sure "*someone's gonna break a hip!*" As it turns out, Dalton actually *did* break his hip last summer.

The songs we chose for today:

Coat Of Many Colors: Dalton always loved my satin pajamas and, after hearing this song for the first time, he decided that I should take all my jammies and make him a blanket, so he had his own *blanket of many colors*. And I did. He slept in it nearly every night wrapped up like a burrito.

I See Me: There are hundreds of the songs that remind us of Dalton, but this is the song that John most relates to Dalton. It's one of those songs that, even while he was still with us, would make us cry.

You'll Be In My Heart: When he was two years old, Dalton watched the Tarzan movie over and over and we would sing this song together over and over again. Until he was about eleven or twelve, I would sing it to him every single night before bed. It was something both of us looked forward to every night.

Things we'll remember the most...

His Hugs: He gave the best hugs ever!!!

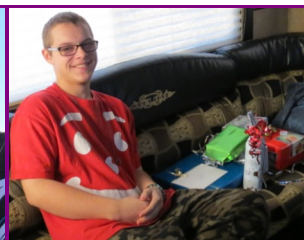
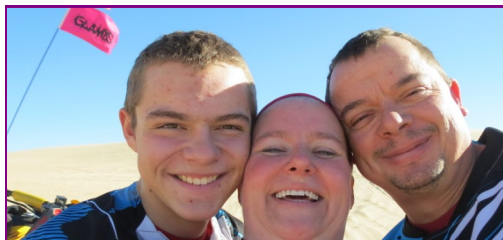
Cuddling: Oh, I'm sorry. I mean "hanging out." He'd be so mad knowing we shared this, but he still "hung out" with us. On Christmas morning, I reminded him it was "*cuddle time with Mom, or no presents*" and he climbed in bed with us and let me hug and kiss and tickle him to my hearts content, to which he returned tickles and I decided it was time to open presents.

Goofy Accents: The Indian accent of, "Welcome to customer service," and "Do not dirty the boots," are the two that come to mind most often, as well as the funny girl voice in the Bruno Mars "Lazy" song.

Daily Highs and Lows: We spent nearly every night during "hang out" time discussing highs and lows from the day.

His Heart: It worried us so much that he always took everyone else's problems so personally. He would listen to his friends and then, before bed each night, we would hear all the stories and try to help him solve, or step away from, what he/they were facing. He got so involved that it nearly got the best of him last year and Mr. Sullivan, his counselor at RCHS, became a trusted confidant and has helped him greatly. Thank you, Mike.

His Smile: Need we say more???



A message to Dalton's friends...

If you have any questions at all, or just want to talk, please call or email us. We've always taught Dalton to surround himself with amazing people and he learned well ☺ We expect to have each of you in our lives for many, many years. John needs someone to watch the new Hobbit movie with, and we'll plan some charitable events that we'd love for you to be a part of, and we'll need to hear about college life, marriage, and babies...

A message to everyone...

Thank you ALL for your support during the most difficult days of our existence. We appreciate everything; the meals, the memorial fund, help with all the various details of keeping everyone up to date on happenings getting Dalton home, etc. Please keep in touch frequently. Parents: Please write journals to your kids. It's so important to put your love in writing! And... *Most importantly*, if Dalton, or anyone else, has ever helped you on your life's journey, please take that experience and Pay It Forward to someone else who needs a smile, a hug, a good listener, or a good friend. We plan to do just that!