

By Ian Dillow

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Zach and I have been friends since kindergarten and I've had the honor of growing up alongside him and watching him become the amazing person he was. To say Zach was smart, kind, or any one of his incredible qualities doesn't do him justice so I'd rather use a story. Now if you didn't have the honor of knowing Zach in his more recent years, then let me tell you he loved to sail.

Back when we were around 12 years old, I remember Zach persuading both my parents and I, a skill that he had mastered at a young age, to join him in sailing camp which took place on South Beach right over there. We both loved the camp so much that after a couple of years being in the camp, we became counselors. Now Let me tell you that this was just about the best summer job anyone could ask for and Zach would say the same.

In our last year at the camp Zach had become manager and I assistant manager, a questionable decision by the park district to say the least. Although we were both unqualified for our position, it didn't matter for Zach. Zach was extremely smart, patient, kind, and was able to handle the kids just as well as the concerned parents.

About halfway through the season there came a day that was windier than most. Huge waves slamming against the beach and gusts of wind blowing in every direction. Zach and I being the ill-advised counselors we decided it would be a good idea to try and sail. Zach and I were on the motor boat together monitoring the boats, and while some made it out there were others that struggled. One of which was piloted by a younger camper who was heading right for the rocks. We whip the motor boat over there, Zach dives into the freezing cold water, and pulls the boat and kid to safety. I love this story because it shows one of my favorite qualities of Zach, his compassion for others. He always wanted the best for everyone, even if that meant sacrificing something of his own. He was the first to lend a hand in times of need and was always honest with you, sometimes brutally. Zach and his family have done more for me than I could ever imagine and although neither of us have a brother of our own he was the brother I was given