



# Christopher James Nelson

June 22, 1989 - August 1, 2018

For 29 years, 39 days and 10 hours, Chris Nelson filled our hearts with love.

Whether gazing at the stars while discussing the meaning of life, strumming a tune on his guitar, applying his keen sense of math and craftsmanship to a carpentry project, traveling to Botswana to fly falcons over developing agricultural lands, or just hanging out with friends ... Chris left an indelible mark on our lives.

In the telling of stories shared after his passing, we laughed to hear of Chris' determination to learn a complex rap lyric – a departure from his usual, preferred rock and roll, blue grass and folk. Rap - really? Of course. Chris' diverse interests – unicycling, juggling, fire-dancing, glass-blowing, and even trying to set a new Guinness World Record with 5,000+ hops on a pogo stick (his sister lost count after that) – were matched only by his unbelievable talent in mastering them.

As a child, he gobbled up academic assignments and challenges with ease. How was it so easy for him to call out the answer to his sister's 5th grade math problem at the age of only 6 (kindergarten)? How could he get an "A" in AP History while skipping nearly every class to work on projects with Christian in Material Science class?

How does a man walk on a golf course with his buddy Bryson and with hardly a nod to any kind of recognized form, swing a club and nail the shot?

How can a heart be so big that it fills the room the moment he walks in – enveloping you in a bear hug so authentic and sincere, his very presence lets you know you are deeply loved.

Chris leaves behind adoring parents, family and friends, including his father, Jim Nelson; his mother Kathy Hendrickson Staly and stepfather Tom Staly; sister Rachael Nelson Gieseke, brother-in-law Ryan Gieseke, niece Chloe and nephew Garrett; grandmother Hazel Hendrickson; and many others. Also, special animals Ruby Tuesday, Ruka, and D-

Lyla.

Family and friends are invited to gather on Saturday, August 18, 2018, 1:00 p.m. at Chaplaincy Health Care, 1480 Fowler Street, Richland, to celebrate his life and share a deep gratitude for the time we had with Chris.

In lieu of flowers, the family asks donations be made to Hungry For Music to support bringing music into the lives of underprivileged children.

# Events

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**AUG**   **Celebration of Life**                      01:00PM  
**18**

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Chaplaincy Health Care

1480 Fowler Street, Richland, WA, US, 99352

# Comments

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“ I only know a fraction of your pain, however I know it's not easy. Remember the good times. Look ahead not back. Love you.

**Doug Alton** - August 16, 2018 at 02:35 PM

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“ I remember meeting Chris in Kathy and Tom's kitchen. Chris was munching on veggies and sharing vivid stories of his falconry and the joy he felt when he was outdoors and surrounded by his beautiful birds. Chris was a good teacher, although he may not have known it! I learned so much that day about what Chris did in training his birds and how he used them to keep farmers' crops free of other birds that could harm the crop. I was always moved by Chris's sense of adventure, and his matter-of-fact, comfortable character. May You Rest in Peace, Chris.

**Colleen Yahyaoui** - August 14, 2018 at 06:25 PM



“ I only know a fraction of your pain, however I know it's not easy. Remember the good times. Look ahead not back. Love you.

**Doug Alton** - August 16, 2018 at 02:34 PM

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“ Chris was one of the most talented and amazing young men I've ever had the pleasure to know. His kind heart, quick wit, and extraordinary talent will be greatly missed.



**Jamie Heijmans** - August 11, 2018 at 04:20 PM

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“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



**James W. Nelson** - August 09, 2018 at 09:03 PM

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“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



**James W. Nelson** - August 09, 2018 at 08:59 PM

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“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



**Deborah Hendrickson** - August 09, 2018 at 04:09 PM



“ Love this happy memory with Chris. Love this family.

**Deborah** - August 09, 2018 at 04:10 PM

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“ Chris and I met as awkward pre-teens at Highlands Middle School and were quickly drawn to each other. His charming wit and sense of humor put me at ease amongst the newfound pecking order (and just plain pecking) that comes with being surrounded by thirteen year olds. In the sixth grade, he once rode his bike at mach speed from his mom's house all the way to a gas station near mine just so we could spend a few moments together and combine enough change to share a slurpee.

We may have went to separate high schools, but now that we could drive, we became inseparable for years. He tried to teach me to drive a stick shift and I failed miserably. He welded me a heart shaped paperweight as one of his earlier projects at tri-tech. He made me braided jewelry with pretty pendants from a local bead shop. I ate pretzel salad with Kathy, Tom, grandma, and Rachael, and fed baby falcons and removed invading owls from pigeon coops with Jim. We played music and sang songs, took an adventure to a reservation in which we awoke to a wild horse eating an apple right off the tree outside our tiny window, and unfortunately destroyed a rental car in the slowest and most unexpected roll-over I have ever seen (sorry Kathy). We raised ferrets, making them little bathtub boats, and found them curled up asleep in Chris's sock drawer once everything was just \*too\* quiet. One Thanksgiving we gave them turkey and other goodies, only to find later that instead of eating it, they decided to pile it all on top of one of Chris's shoes under his bed.

We talked about everything under the sun, sharing our deepest desires. We stayed up all night listening to records. I annoyed him by constantly cleaning his room. We laughed until we cried, cried until we laughed, we succeeded, and we got into trouble along the way.

Chris was such a talented, creative, funny and intelligent young man who I am incredibly grateful to have known and loved.

**Caitlin Broberg** - August 08, 2018 at 06:00 PM

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“ Without a doubt losing a child is something difficult to understand, I accompany the family in their pain, my deepest condolences and my desires so that their noble soul may rest in peace.

**Mónica Sifuentes** - August 08, 2018 at 05:17 PM

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“ I knew Chris from the time he was born until now. The last time we saw each other, we had a heart to heart talk about things that we can only speculate about. The future. How to plan, and act for it. What is important in this life, which we both agreed was not material things, but things of the heart. Such a talk with such a passionate young man was encouraging to me. Everything about you, Chris, was encouraging to me. You will be missed, but not forgotten, you have left an indelible impression upon many including me. Soar forevermore with broad wings.

**Clifford Kellogg** - August 07, 2018 at 10:35 PM