



Parker M. Farley
March 9, 1990–May 2, 2012

April 29, 2012 was a beautiful warm and sunny spring day. A perfect day for a ride.

Parker M. Farley was 22 years, 1 month and 20 days old. He was a 6 foot 4 inch, 300 pound, heavily muscled, bearded man with a size 16 boot. A giant riding Harley Davidson 1500. He worked with the Laborers Union and had just started the apprenticeship program with the Ironworkers Union Local 60. He was an enthusiastic, conscientious worker who was well liked and highly sought after on jobs.

That morning Parker sent a text to his Dad saying that he & a friend were planning to ride. His Dad wrote back, “Be safe. Be careful. I love you.” The reply, “Love you too Dad.”

Parker spent the morning with his brother helping to fix his front steps. His 2 year old nephew kept calling “Uncle Parker” through the window. Parker decided not to go in for a visit because he was dirty after the step repair.

Late that afternoon Parker & his friend took off on their ride. They headed out to get something to eat & then to meet up with another friend.

Headed south on Route 57 (a 2 lane road with a 55 mph speed limit), Parker’s friend was in the lead. They saw a woman in her car pulled over on the shoulder. Her right turn signal was on & she allowed 2 or 3 cars to pass. As the riders approached the car she flipped on her left turn signal & pulled across the road. Both riders “locked up” their

brakes & tried to avoid the car. The first rider avoided her by pulling over to the left shoulder & managed to get around her. (In fact he later discovered that she had hit his rear tire.) He looked in his mirror expecting to see Parker having also been able to avoid the car. This was not to be.

He turned around & saw Parker lying on the ground. The woman driver was out of her car attempting to resuscitate him. His helmet was lying on the ground nearby. Friends & emergency personnel began showing up. His friend was called on to hold Parker's head steady while emergency crews worked on him. Other friends called his name trying to get him to respond. He was transported by ambulance to Upstate Hospital without ever regaining consciousness.

Parker had suffered massive head injuries and extensive internal injuries in the collision and on May 2, 2012 his parents had to make the heartrending decision to let him go.

Parker was riding his bike safely. He was obeying all traffic laws and wearing the proper safety equipment. He had no options and no place to go. The woman driver was ticketed for failure to yield the right of way and crossing a double yellow line. Parker lost his life.

That morning Parker had his whole life ahead of him.

Instead his organs were donated, at his expressed request. He will help and sustain the lives of as many as 150 people. Almost 1500 people showed up at his viewing hours and stood for hours in the pouring rain. These included former teachers, childhood friends, football teammates, previous employers and coworkers, parents and friends, friends and more friends. All to pay tribute to a young man who had the ability to show love, caring, support and respect to anyone he met. The common theme we heard that night was, "He would be there for anybody, anytime, to help." and "I never met anyone more polite or more respectful."

Now he will never be an ironworker & help build skyscrapers. He'll never continue the welding he loved so much. He'll never hang out with his brother or call his sister. He'll never show up at home with stories to tell of the fun & adventures he's had with some of his numerous friends. His nephew and niece will never have him to laugh and play with. He'll never marry his young love and raise a family of his own. He'll never grow old and tell stories of the things he did when he was young.

He will forever be 22 years, 1 month and 20 days old.

We will grieve his loss forever.