

Jeff M. Eckert

Husband, Son, Brother, Uncle, Friend, Hunter, Motorcyclist, Medic, Fire Fighter, Mechanic, Electrician, Machine Operator, Jack of All Trades, Happy, Funny, Positive, Invincible, Wild, Brave, Strong, Loud, Intelligent, Caring, Giving, Loving, Wise, Loyal, Adventurous, Fearless, Carefree, Courageous, Old Soul.....these are just a few words that come to mind to describe Jeff.

Jeff was born on November 27, 1970 in Ithaca, NY and was the second son born to Ken Eckert and Patricia Pine. As a child, Jeff lived in various states throughout the US with his family and got a chance to experience the world. Jeff had so many opportunities as a child, he had a story for everything and anything!

From a young age, Jeff was a bike enthusiast. He was always riding a bike, from a pedaling BMX bike to a custom painted motorcycle. He loved riding the motorcycle, the feeling of freedom, love of the road, roaring of the engine, thumping of the tail pipes, he enjoyed it all.

Jeff's favorite possession was his custom painted motorcycle. He had a paint job on his bike that he had created in his mind and with the help of an unknown artist was able to capture it on paper and then to the motorcycle. The base color was midnight black with a theme of "Never Enough Time". The motorcycle has Father Time and his pendulum on the gas tank, the sides are an old graveyard with skeletons, skulls and tombstones of fallen biker brothers and sisters. The saddle bags have spiritual guides on horses. Jeff's motorcycle theme was also his life theme. He knew there was never enough time and lived every moment of his life to the fullest, ALWAYS. That was who Jeff was and how he rolled.

In memory of Jeff, his mother (Patricia Pine) wrote the following poem:

Ill Memory of My Son Jeffrey Marc Eckert 27Nov70-02Aug15

*Beloved Son, I'm remembering,
The night you were born...
Into this world, a spunky loud cry,
And now I'm left to mourn
Not much could hold you back, sweet Son,
Even as a little boy...*

*Full of mischief, but in spite of that,
You gave me the greatest joy!
For you were other things to me,
I'll always hold so dear...
A loving child, a smiley face,
To lose you I always feared
As a young man, you liked to joke;
Had such a zest for life...
Then one day, my precious Son,
You took a loving wife.
Thinking about your medic career,
I was so inspired by you...
Helping the sick, touching lives,
Even saving them too.
As your Mother, I was so proud;
You'd become all I'd hoped you'd be.
I didn't know that all too soon,
The Lord would take you from me.
You'd always lend a helping hand;
Had many plans and dreams.
Just one night changed everything...
In the blink of an eye, it seems
All I have now is the memories
Of many days gone by,
But I will always keep wondering,
God, why did he have to die?*