

In memory of Richard W. O'Bryant

This issue of the Spinnaker is dedicated to our dear friend and brother, Richard O'Bryant.

He chose to end his life the morning of Sept. 12, and we will miss him forever. In this issue, you will read the words of those that were close to him; those that loved him; those that were touched by his personality; and those that considered him a brother.

We will all miss Richard, but he lives on in our memories and will always be an integral part of the Spinnaker



Sept. 6, 1975 to Sept. 12, 2005

PAULINE BONDURANT

By RACHEL W. ITRKOWSKI
 NEWS EDITOR

The body of Richard O'Bryant, managing editor of the Spinnaker, was found inside an inner Spinnaker office the morning of Sept. 12, according to university police.

O'Bryant, a senior communications student, died of an apparent suicide. He hanged himself. University police were notified at 7:37 a.m. by custodial staff, according to Mark Foxworth, chief of campus police.

A Spinnaker staff member arrived in the office Monday morning to find a typed note on a door within the office that read, "Do not open. Please call the

police."

The staff member then notified a nearby custodian. Police entered and found O'Bryant's body dead upon arrival, according to Foxworth. Foxworth said the door was ajar with a rope hanging over the door. Music was playing in the room.

"The cause of death was suicide by strangulation, according to the medical examiner," Foxworth said. There was no suicide letter left at the scene.

Cpl. Mike Townsend and Officer Heather Strayar arrived at the scene at 7:43 a.m. Both are working the investigation with the Florida Department of Law Enforcement and two medical

examiners.

Foxworth said O'Bryant spent approximately nine hours prior to his death preparing documents that informed the staff how to continue printing the paper without him.

"He really cared about the Spinnaker," Foxworth said.

O'Bryant started writing for the Spinnaker in spring 2003. He served as a news editor, copy editor and editor in chief. He turned 30 last week.

Lt. Tammy Oliver and Dr. Terry DiNuzzo, director of the counseling center, met with O'Bryant's parents in Bryceville, where O'Bryant was residing, to inform them of the incident

Monday. His parents had a private family viewing Sept. 14.

"I hope that students will avail themselves of our services," said DiNuzzo. "It's bound to affect even those students that don't know him."

Student Government offered an open forum for students to speak about O'Bryant prior to a regularly scheduled senate meeting Sept. 14. A campus memorial service is being planned.

The University Police Department is assembling statements in an effort to complete an official incident report. The FDLE is still processing some of the evidence, Foxworth said. The report is expected to be complete next week.

SPINNAKER

Named third-best public university news-paper in the state by Florida Leader magazine. (Thanks to Richard O'Bryant)

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Support for Richard, staff overwhelming

When I first met Richard O'Bryant, he said something to me that I will never forget: "Yeah. Hi. Move." I know it must not sound like much, but looking back on it, it was something that made me understand the guy. I think it prepared me for his salacious wit, dry humor and absolute cynicism he exemplified on a daily basis.

I knew that he wasn't going to run up to me and give me a high-five every time I did something he appreciated, and I never really expected it. Instead, Richard would give some quip or witty statement that would either make me shake my head or furrow my brow. I realized that he was just thanking me in his own stubbornly sarcastic manner. And damn do I miss it already.

I can recall working with him after he just hired me as news editor a little more than a year ago. In those days, the two of us were typically the only souls in the office past midnight nearly every night of the week. It was summer, so things were slow and we both had time to really get into our respective positions.

We had a class together and the stress was mounting until I sarcastically said, "This is it. I quit." He would immediately turn around from his computer, look me dead in the eye and say, "If you quit, I quit."

That means a lot to me now. Of course, at the time it was most likely Richard saying I don't want to have to do your job and my job, so don't leave. But it still means a lot to me. I looked up to the guy as an editor, writer, leader and friend. He displayed a talent so profound that I don't think I will ever be given the privilege to work with such a mind as Richard's. He was brilliant.

When I first heard of what he had done to himself the morning of Sept. 12, I could only imagine that it was some kind of joke or prank. I remember driving to school trying to act as normal as possible, thinking that I might not find what I eventually did.

As I arrived to the office, I found police tape and UPD officers everywhere. My heart has never hurt so much.

Thankfully, Anita Vorreyer of the Women's Center grabbed me by the arm

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR



Dave Strupp, Editor in Chief

"I was assured then that my worst fears had come to fruition, and that I had just lost one of the best friends I ever had."

and said in the most unmistakable voice, "Dave, I think you better come sit down." I was assured then that my fears had come to fruition, and that I had just lost one of the best friends I ever had.

I know it sounds strange, but it's hard to consider that day the worst day of my life. Although I had a person very dear to me taken away, I was comforted by the love and support the staff and I received from people across campus.

I can remember walking into Student Government, where my staff was, and seeing the dozens of people with care and concern in their eyes for us.

I don't remember all of the people I came in contact with that day, but I remember the feeling of love and support that they approached me with. Everyone I saw had a tear in their eye and a hug to give.

The staff and I are so very fortunate to be surrounded by those that gave us support that day. Without those people, I don't know where we would be. I just

wish I could have found this out some other way, and that Richard could have been there to realize that it was all because they loved him.

Richard meant more to me than any other person I have ever worked with. I have a biological brother, Bill, back home, and my bond with him is the strongest thing I have in my life.

My bond with Richard was so similar, but different in the fact that I considered him to be a peer instead of a role model. I found myself working harder at things just so Richard would know that I cared about this newspaper as much as he did. I needed his acceptance as a peer to know that I was doing a good job.

He acted as though he were emotionally frigid, which couldn't be any further from the truth. He had a special heart, and once you realized you were inside of it, it was one of the most comforting feelings in the world.

I will miss him so much, but will keep his tradition of excellence in print going for as long as I am editor in chief.

As for the Spinnaker's readers, I can tell you that our mission has not shifted. We are still here to provide you with a service and will continue to inform you on matters that affect your lives. We care about the students at the University of North Florida.

I have such a dedicated group of individuals on staff with me. I know this because I am certain they aren't doing their jobs for the meager pay they get. They are doing it because they love it. I couldn't be more proud of my staff either. In this tragic event, we have become very close and have realized that we are family. I love each and every one of the staff members as I love my own family.

Thank you to those that lent a hand and gave us a shoulder to cry on or an ear to speak on. We all needed that support and will continue to need it in the near future.

Please read this edition of the Spinnaker knowing that these are the people who knew Richard O'Bryant well and cared for him so much. For the next few issues of the Spinnaker, there will be a portion of the paper dedicated to his memory, where people can submit their

◆ ◆ ◆ Our Favorite Work from Richard ◆ ◆ ◆

I Care gives good advice, even if it's full of sarcasm

Dear I Care:

My friends told me I was crazy for writing to you, but I figured what else could a lovelorn girl have to lose?

I'll be spending my Valentine's Day alone, with no boyfriend and no friends around to commiserate with me.

I could deal with the no-boyfriend part if I had friends around, which is normally the case. I could deal with the no-friends part if I had a boyfriend around, which is rarely the case. Yet, this Valentine's Day I have neither here, in this exotic place, with me.

So what's a girl to do?

My thoughts were to rent some cheesy romantic comedies like "Sleepless in Seattle" or "You've Got Mail," — you know, movies of the Meg Ryan variety — to drown my sorrows.

What do you think? Surely you have a better idea than I as to what I can do while I'm away from my loved ones this Valentine's Day.

Please advise.

Lonely in Paradise

Dear Lonely,

I'll assume from your letter that you're away from home because of work and not just "exotically" incarcerated. If you have a job that allows you to travel (unlike mine, which practically chains me in front of this dinosaur of a desktop), chances are you make a decent amount of money — and have nothing to spend it on.

In that case, the solution to your problem is simple: rent a friend.

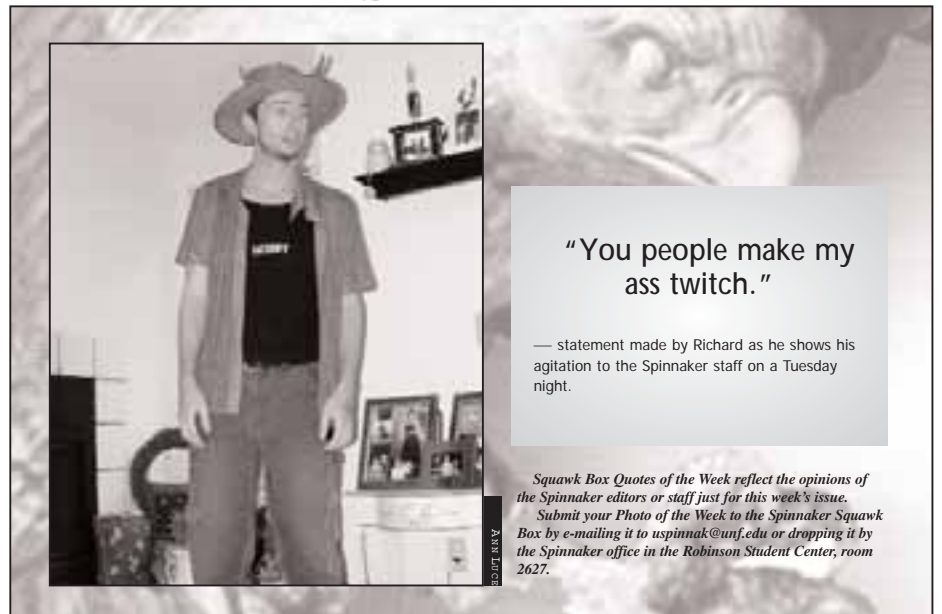
Look under "escorts" in your local phonebook and you'll find listing after listing of trained professionals who are willing to spend time with you. Far from your so-called friends back home, these experts will never

ask how you are just so they can turn the conversation to how trashed they got at the office Super Bowl party (which they "accidentally" forgot to invite you over for, not that you would have gone, anyway — you had much better things to do, like rearrange your collec-

tion of stolen hotel shampoos).

Trust me, to have someone who laughs at all your jokes and listens to all your problems is well worth any cost. Just don't let them try to tell you their hourly rate doesn't include the tip.

RICHARD'S SQUAWK BOX



"You people make my ass twitch."

— statement made by Richard as he shows his agitation to the Spinnaker staff on a Tuesday night.

Squawk Box Quotes of the Week reflect the opinions of the Spinnaker editors or staff just for this week's issue.

Submit your Photo of the Week to the Spinnaker Squawk Box by e-mailing it to uspinnak@unf.edu or dropping it by the Spinnaker office in the Robinson Student Center, room 2627.

Remembering Richard

This issue of the Spinnaker is a collection of memories and stories about Richard O'Bryant written by those who were closest to him and those that knew him well. Please take time and read how much he affected peoples lives.



By ANN LUCE
EDITOR IN CHIEF, 2002 - 2003

I'm not sure if you could call these last days the shittiest of my life, but they sure do rank up there. Richard O' Bryant, my best friend, and on-again, off-again love of my life killed himself in the safest place he knew. It just happened to be the Spinnaker offices. Though many might find this shocking and appalling, I would say both the current Spinnaker staff and those of us who are now Spinnaker alumni would say we understand. Let me explain.

The Spinnaker, to us, is not just a place we put out a paper each week. It is and was our home. During the school year, more nights are spent sleeping in the offices than are spent in our own beds at home. We become a family at the Spinnaker. We have the regular dynamics of a family. And when you lose a member of that family, the family mourns together. So it is no shock to me that Richard's family both former and present came together to support each other when we heard of the news.

It is also no shock that Richard chose to die at home. He also does not come as a surprise that his family was back in their offices only a couple of hours after his body was taken away. I would say most of us were hesitant at first. But honestly, once we sat in those old familiar chairs, once we started grappling about the old issues, we were home. And it felt good. I think it would be safe to say we felt Richard with us. His spirit was in and around the offices, free now from the sadness and pain that plagued his life.

My history with Richard started in the spring of 2003. It was my first year as editor. There was one particular night I had underestimated the size of the news hole. I needed a front-page story. It was 11 p.m. I needed art too. So then-photography editor, Robert Davis went into the night to take a picture of a gas station because of a story I had found by Richard, which had been sitting in my inbox for a while. I pulled it out, formatted it and sat down to edit. There was nothing to correct. Nada. Zip. A rarity in Spinnaker history. We ran it on the front page, and there began Richard's history and legacy with the Spinnaker.

He was a talented journalist. A wordsmith like no other. He was a fantastic copy editor. He could report just as well. His layout designs were clean. He obviously did something right. Last year, under his leadership the Spinnaker ranked third in the state for best newspaper. When Richard's first story ran, I tucked his name away. When I became editor in chief for the second time, I e-mailed Richard. A guy I had never met, never spoken to. I asked him to come in and interview for a position on the staff. He arrived, donned in his earrings and typical laid-back attire. Regardless of whether or not he passed the interview, I had already told my fellow editors I was hiring him. Of course I dragged it out in the usual fashion, we'll call you to let you know our decision, blah, blah, blah. But as he was leaving, he turned around, looked at me with that normal glint in his eye that said, "You know I've got the job, so I'll just play along, but don't try this on a normal basis."

It was then I realized I had the man I was looking for. So, Richard lasted a week in his News Editor job. The resignation had something to do with "I can't live on the peanuts you're paying me," etc. etc. I was screwed. But I wasn't going to let him go that easily. So I bumped some people around and offered him the copy editor position. He accepted. We only worked together a semester. I left the paper in December, 2003. I didn't want to, but I had to because of health problems. Richard was there for me. He was there when the doctors thought I had a brain tumor. He was there when they diagnosed me with lupus. He was there when I found out two months ago that I am just allergic to wheat and gluten.

As many memories I shared with him inside the office, there were many more outside. We loved to watch movies. Actually, I am the proud owner of his videos as I am probably the only person left in the world who owns a VHS machine. We loved to cook dinner. Actually, the last night we hung out, we cooked tacos and watched *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang*. That was only two weeks ago.

In my last e-mail from him he corrected me on a fact error I had sent him in an e-mail. That was pretty typi-



By ANTHONY DEMATTEO
COPY EDITOR

I thought I was good at Jeopardy until I watched it with Richard O' Bryant.

Richard was one of those people who, if we are fortunate, we will meet at least once — difficult, caring, sensitive, apathetic — a wholly fascinating, cyclical and frustrating person. All of it is a condition of being brilliant — which he was — and profoundly sad — which often seems a condition of genius.

On Sept. 12, one day after the anniversary of America's great tragedy and six days after his 30th birthday, Richard killed himself in the place he loved most, the Spinnaker office. It was here where so much of his genius was revealed, subtly, through a talent for copy editing that could have gotten him a job and quick success at any newspaper in the country.

Though he was an accomplished writer, talking to people was nowhere on Richard's list of favorite tasks. He loved horses and good scotch. We'd hear whispers that he loved us, and through his patience and concern we became as convinced of it as possible given his almost unwavering sarcasm. But he was as close to perfect with an editing pen as it is possible to be — so close that it was impossible to be intimidated being his copy editor. It would have been like being intimidated playing beside Michael Jordan. There was no use in it. No matter how good you got, the star role was taken.

In the far too short time I worked for Richard, he made me a better writer. In the far too short time I was his friend, he made me a richer person. One gift might leave me. The greater one never will. It will remain with the memory of his smile and his wit, his compassion and his love for this newspaper, the pages of which are now forever dimmed by his absence.

By ADRIAN SEMERENE
OSPREY PRODUCTIONS

I remember the day I met Richard, it was more than a year ago at the Student Showcase. He was at the Spinnaker table attempting to recruit fresh blood for one of the most grueling jobs on campus: newspaper writer. I had shown interest, and kept telling him that I was going to write something, anything he wanted me to. He would simply turn to me and say, "Uh-Huh." He would say it in a way that only he could. It was what I call "Richard sarcasm," meaning he was serious in his thoughts but he never held it against you when you never followed through.

I later started working down the hall from Richard at Osprey Productions, and I started to get to know him more and more each day. Every day I would be my loud self, and he would randomly jump by the office and give me some smart, witty remark that always made me laugh. He was very welcoming in every aspect of the word. He invited me to hang out outside of school, and our friendship started to strengthen as each day passed.

In the fall of 2004 I had the opportunity to direct Richard in a one-act play. Yes, it's true, Richard was an actor as well, and a damn good one at that. Even though I was younger than he was and only a freshman on campus he still gave me the "directorial respect" and made



it easy for me. He really helped me with ideas for the directing, and honestly did anything I asked for the play, even perform in boxers. That's right everybody, he showed off his legs, not only in the play but for the flyer and program as well. Richard was a good sport with everything, and really made me feel like a good friend, for which I will forever be thankful. Richard helped edit the program (like he would do everyday for everyone around him), and find the perfect words for everything. After the culmination of the play, I asked him if he was going to audition for the next semester's play, and he said, "Only if you direct it, Adrian." Whether he meant it or not, it really made me feel good, and he was good about that. He really cared for all of his friends.

I must say that I am really going to miss Richard, the random office pop-ins, the late-night-hall Frisbee matches, the rubber-band wars, the Photoshop help, and just hanging out in the office.

Richard, I really am going to miss everything about you. The only thing I can really say is thank you for everything; you really made my first year in college easy, fun-filled and crazy. You are a friend I will never forget, and will hold close to my heart forever.

Remembering you always,

P.S. Sorry for the horrible writing. I know that you would be rolling your eyes at me, and sighing, while walking to the computer getting ready to edit it.

By ALEX KOPY
WEB EDITOR

In fond memory of my friend, Richard O'Bryant. Richard O'Bryant was my great friend, but I don't ever remember telling him that. Words that are often thought of, but are often said too late.

Richard lived his life through bold headlines, newsprint and proper punctuation. Recalling the times he, Tony and I would have dinner after delivering an issue, Richard, while reciting the menu, would make note of all the improper hyphenations. What a jovial character. These were gatherings I will cherish forever.

Richard was one of the first people I met at UNF, now two years ago. And in that time, one of his traits that I will miss most, was Richard's razor-sharp dry wit. I'd wander into the office with some smartass comment of the day, and Richard would always have one to fire right back. Always.

Richard was able to transcend any of the political controversies and senseless bickering that encircled this campus. The Spinnaker was Richard's pride and joy, and we, its contributors, were his family. While inspiring those around him, Richard succeeded in energizing the paper and bringing it forward, both cosmetically and in composition. Always seeking truth in the articles published, making him a truly wonderful asset to his readers, his friends and this university.

Our lives are told through stories. Those we depict as we travel along and those we gather on the way. Sadly, our life stories are works that remain unfinished, left tattered for those who follow to piece together. It is the instinctive reporter in all of us, who tries to make sense of these scraps. The questions left unanswered that cause us the most grief.

From this, the great feeling of regret we carry, disregarding advice to brush it aside; something easier said than done. Richard was meticulous in everything he did. Always with his reasons, always with a purpose. With that, I believe Richard wishes for none of us to blame ourselves for these events, but to celebrate his life, through his candid humor, his compassionate wisdom and generous contributions.

My utmost hope is that Richard has found peace within the next life. Peace he was not able to attain in this one.

Godspeed Richard. Godspeed.

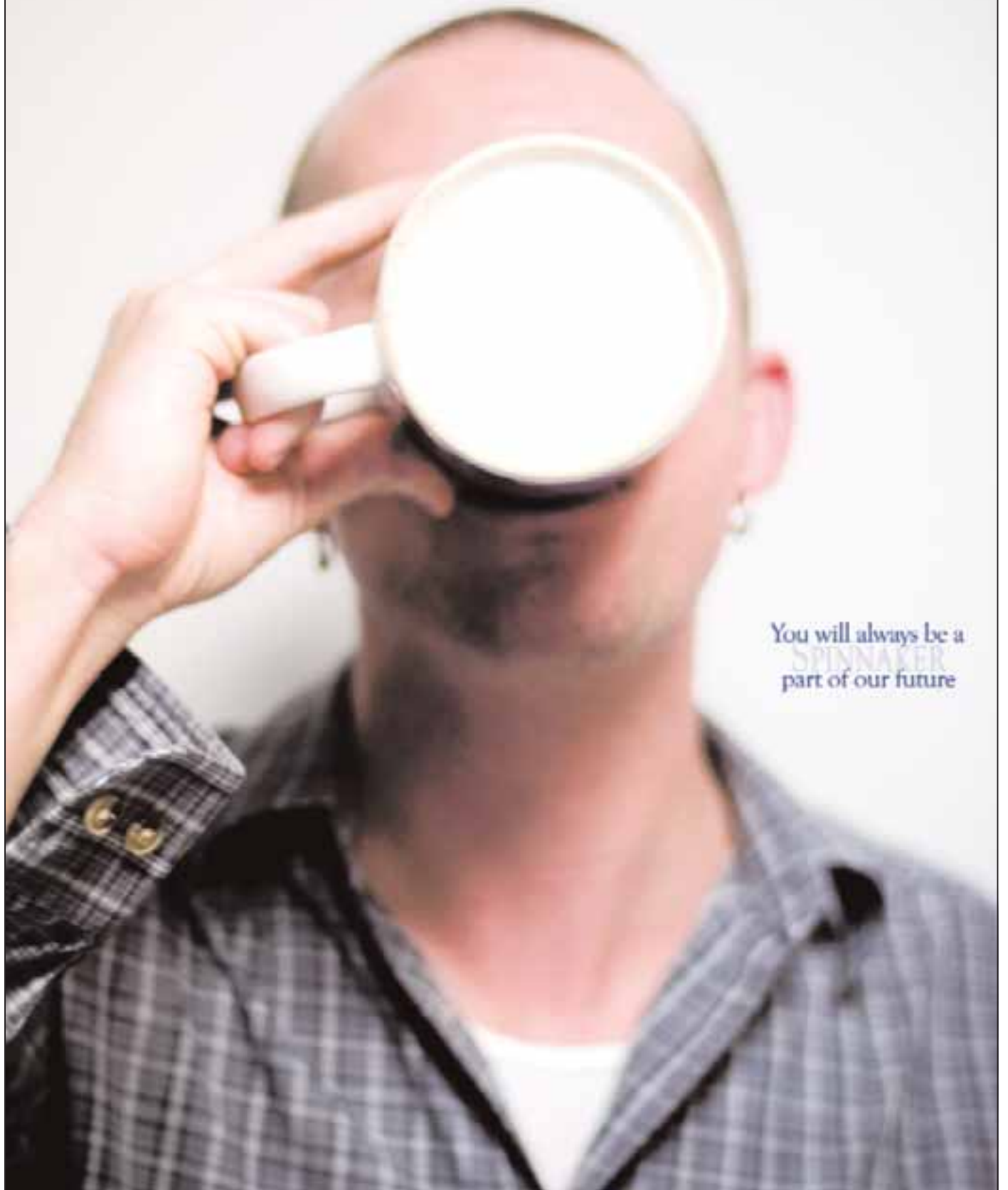
By BELINDA HULIN
SPINNAKER MEDIA ADVISER

My college days are long past. Age doesn't bring

Advertisement

RICHARD O'BRYANT

MANAGING EDITOR



You will always be a
SPINNAKER
part of our future

wisdom, I'm sorry to say. But it does bring a crystal clear vision of life as a transient realm, filled with roses, thorns and precarious piles of mulch. My friend Richard O'Bryant did a yeoman's job of sifting through the mulch. He handled the thorns deftly, but always seemed perplexed by the roses. He admired their beauty, but never trusted them to reappear.

In the weeks to come, Richard will be remembered through funny vignettes and touching anecdotes. His intelligence and wit, both of which moved at lightspeed, will be lionized. His talents, as a steel-eyed copy editor and a staggeringly funny writer, will be recounted. Mostly, however,

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people will speak of his kindness, of his generosity and of his vast empathy for people and animals who got snared by thorns. I like to think of all these Richard stories as a mass of rose petals swirling toward heaven.

By DR. BERRIN BEASLEY
JOURNALISM PROFESSOR

Richard was one of my favorite students. He'd taken numerous journalism classes with me over the last three years, and I was always excited to see his name on the class roster because it meant the class would be filled with his off-beat humor that often morphed into biting satire or cynicism, all entirely dependent on his mood. Whatever the subject, Richard could be counted on to have an opinion, and to express it.

In many cases, he also set the standard for top-quality work in the class. I especially loved to grade Richard's writing because it was always perfect, not a grammar error, AP style error or wrong word choice to be found. I once overheard him telling another student that my classes were easy; if you just did what I asked you wouldn't have any trouble passing. I didn't have the heart to tell Richard that very few students had his talent for writing and his gift for turning in clean, finished copy, which is what made my classes so easy for him and so challenging for others.

But I also appreciated another impressive aspect of Richard's character, his volunteerism. For the past two summers Richard donated his time and his journalism talent to young girls participating in the summer Girls Inc. Media Literacy Camp. Richard spoke with girls about careers in journalism, helped them write and edit the news stories they were working on as part of the camp, and finally he, along with other generous Spinnaker staffers, physically designed the newspaper and arranged for its printing, so that the campers could see all their hard work in its final, intended form.

This was the Richard I knew, the funny, charming, dedicated student who gave of himself freely so that others might achieve their goals, and I miss him.

By DAN BEARL
FORMER MANAGING EDITOR, 2004-2005

Dear Richard,

I've been meaning to write or call or something just to see how you're doing and to update you on my life. I guess I've just been too busy, and really I've been incommunicado the past couple months that I've been in basic training, and, you know, excuses.

You know how sometimes when times are rough or confusing it helps to remember happier times? I'm feeling a little rough and confused at the moment, which puts me in a nostalgic mood. I know you're not really the sentimental type, so bear with me.

Do you remember getting Mexican food at Castillo de Mexico? It was kinda late one night, and we'd been working on the paper for a while. You hunched over the copy editor's desk and me fuming over the features section layout. I think it was the first time you and I had done anything outside of the office together. Then the WOSP kids met up with us for dinner, and you know how they can get a little rowdy when the mood strikes them. I was afraid that you'd feel uncomfortable and out of place since you were surrounded by people you didn't know. But, we had a good time anyway.

OK, I guess that one wasn't really a spectacular memory, but it's a start. Bear with me.

Dallas. I never expected to find myself breaking down doors in a high-class hotel, but that's right where we found ourselves. This is us doing tequila shots and probably pissing off a businessman or two in the process. And then Tony had us stumbling and rolling on the floor with laughter. Elephants have never before or since been so hilarious. I still tell that story to friends from time to time — mostly as a cautionary tale. It makes me smile, though, when I'm feeling a little rough and confused.

At Fuel Coffee House you introduced me to

pear cider and showed me how useful a copy editing tool a good beer can be. I still remember your red pen slashing through black lines of text, you sitting on a plush, black-leather couch in the low light of the café. You taught me that good writing requires a ruthless editor. It's something I keep close to my heart every time I sit down to write.

Speaking of which, I don't think I ever told you how much you inspired me to write better, to look closer, to become a better journalist and editor. Maybe inspired isn't the right word, but it's the best I can do right now.

Rough and confused, remember. Bear with me. Do you remember how I'd always call you over to my desk every time I found some humorous cartoon or Web site on the Internet? That, and every time I came into the office with some new CD, you'd patiently sit and listen to the music with me as I rambled on about this or that random fact about the band. I don't know if you really were interested, or if you were just being polite, but you were the only one in the office who would bear with me like that. I really appreciated that. I don't know if I ever told you.

I'd really like to go out for some Cuban food with you again sometime. We could stuff ourselves with masas de cerdo, and black beans and rice and Cuban coffee and flan and tres leches. Another good memory. I used that one a lot in basic training when I was forcing down cold MREs out in the middle of the woods.

Another one I use a lot is you and me staying up until 3 a.m., 5 a.m., 7 a.m. to get that damn paper finished. Remember how I said that after I graduated I was done with journalism? That I was done with reporting and editing and sleepless nights? I lied. I think I must have developed an addiction to writing and red ink and caffeine. I blame you for this, because I can't get the image of your red pen slashing through copy like shears pruning a tree out of my mind. The thought of it fills me with the urge to just pour words onto the page. Maybe that's not a very compelling image, but it makes sense to me. Bear with me.

It's a little weird writing to you, about you, knowing you'll never read my words. Your red pen won't be touching this copy, and it feels wrong.

So really, this is for everyone else.

I wanted to write something moving and clever for you. I wanted to capture in words the void left in your absence, but all I have of you are these little memories. That, and I don't have an editor here to clean up my copy, to put in just the right word or phrase to bring all my thoughts together.

You know, excuses.

Please, bear with me.

The funny — or maybe I should say sad — thing is that I didn't realize I missed you until I started writing this letter.

I'd been meaning to write you for a while, maybe I'd have realized sooner how much you impacted me as a writer and as a person if I had. Maybe I wouldn't have floated around taking your existence for granted, just assuming that when I came back to Jacksonville you'd still be there, ready to go out for Mexican, or Cuban, or a beer, or whatever to pass the time.

Richard, I never told you that I cared about you, or that I missed you, or that I had so much respect for you, or that you made such an impression in my life. So, I'm telling everyone else, hoping that they felt the same way about you. And maybe those who read this and everything else in this wake-in-print will spend a little time remembering you, praying for you, hoping for you. Maybe, if there is any persistence to the soul, you'll hear us reading each other's memories of you and you'll know how important you were to all of us.

Richard, I miss you. We miss you.

I hope you've found peace wherever you are now. Sorry I didn't get this to you sooner.

By DAVID ROSENBLUM
FORMER SPORTS EDITOR, 2004-2005

In my two years at the University of North Florida, I can't say I've had any more of a memorable time than when I was the sports editor of the Spinnaker.

Although I love to write, times like this make thoughts hard to come by and fingers tap at a slower-than-usual pace.

There is only one person to whom I can give credit for all that I've done at this paper, from breaking the Division I news to the Super Bowl and beyond. There is one person who made me feel like I was a damn good sports editor, when deep down inside, I knew I sucked. There is one person who let me get away with some outrageous things I wanted to write in my column. That one person is why I'm still at this college, still struggling to graduate. He felt I was an important person here.

To sit here in this office for the first time in six months, less than 48 hours after that one person was sitting here, troubled thoughts running through his mind, makes me realize, once again, that life is a precious thing, and we all should appreciate every living minute of it. We also should appreciate the people we know, because the chapter about tomorrow has not yet been

Famous Richard-isms

Richard always did have a way with words. Here are some of his most celebrated quotes and phrases that he used quite frequently.

"I will cut you."

"Yeah. Hi. Move."

"Not the red one! Anyone but the red one."

"It's midnight. Where are we, people?"

"Oh, that's just foul."

"Not my call. Ask Dave."

"You're lucky I even fed you people tonight."

"I hate guard dogs."

"Never attribute to malice what you can attribute to stupidity."

"Oh. She's not the frigid bitch I thought she was."

"I joke, I joke. I kid, I kid."

"Super! Thanks for asking."

"What a schmuck."

"How unfortunate. Anyway."

"Fact error!"

"That should be hyphenated."

"Anthony, you were so slow in that last scene."

"Where's Anthony? Somebody please call him, now."

"What a freakishly large head."

"If you know, then act like you know."

"Very cool."

"Have you looked at pages. OK. Go ahead and do that."

"That is the gayest CD I have ever heard."

"I wonder if he knows he's gay yet."

"Stupid, stupid man."

"Very well, everyone. You're doing very well."

"Oh good God!"

written. None of us knows what it brings.

My thoughts and thanks to Richard O' Bryant, my old boss and my friend, that one person that kept the slightest motivation in me to graduate and become a sports writer somewhere in this country, for some paper in this country.

You'll be in my mind the rest of my time at UNF, and you'll be in my mind throughout my career and for the rest of my life.

Thanks for the memories.

By DAVID JOHNSON
EDITOR IN CHIEF, 2001 - 2002

On Monday, Sept. 12, we lost a lot when Richard O' Bryant left this world. Richard was a servant of students, a defender of the university, an editor with eagle eyes, an idealist with a unique sharp wit, a talented reporter, a good listener and a great friend.

If he didn't know before, I hope he knows now how much we loved him. We'll miss him.

By DONALD POSTWAY
FEATURES EDITOR

Some African cultures have two words for people who have passed away. One word is for those who passed away, but are remembered by those still living.

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Though I have recently lost someone very dear to me, I will never forget him because he gave me so much to remember.

One thing Richard O' Bryant always told me was, "If you know, act like you know."

I can honestly say that thanks to Richard, I now know a lot.

Richard single handedly taught me more about running a newspaper than I ever learned in any class. This wasn't an especially hard task because I'm a public relations student.

When I first joined the Spinnaker two years ago, I only wanted to write for the pleasure of seeing my name in print. For reasons I will never understand, he thought I had potential. Eventually, he promoted me to assistant features editor and then to features editor.

All the while he remained patient with me as we traversed the deep depths of my ignorance. Before I met Richard, the word quark referred to a sub-atomic particle or character from Star Trek. Not only did I have to learn that Quark was a page-design program, I had to learn about producing pages, formatting things so they can be printed on newspaper and a lot of other things that I never knew mattered.

There's no doubt in my mind that I'm a better writer, editor and person because of what I learned from Richard. He touched my life in more ways than he realized, and I wish I had told him sooner.

Even though Richard is gone, I know that a small part of him remains in me. Perhaps the African cultures had the right idea. As long as I remember Richard, a part of him will continue to exist. And I will carry that piece with me proudly for the rest of my life.

By FRANCINE KING
EDITOR IN CHIEF, 2004

I got to know Richard my last year working at the Spinnaker. But in that time I feel I barely got a taste of the top layer of the complex "Surprise" dish that was Richard O' Bryant.

Richard could be sweet, sour, bitter, and at times a little salty. I've never met anyone with a sarcastic wit to match his. His retorts were unfailingly funny – when I got them – but I must admit, he was so quick that many times I couldn't keep up. But I know that was my failing, not his.

I consider myself to be a relatively intelligent person, but Richard could always put me in my place. It frightened me how much he knew about the world, because it reminded me how much I still had to learn.

I think he liked reminding me that I still had a lot to learn about writing, too. I was in awe of his dedication to making the Spinnaker's stories better, but it wasn't just the paper's grammar and punctuation he wanted to improve.

Richard always seemed to find ways of pushing the envelope – and my buttons. During my short tenure as editor in chief of the Spinnaker, his humorous advice column often challenged my better judgment. But he knew just how much he could get away with: like advising a lonely student to purchase an escort on Valentine's Day.

Having experienced that side of Richard, it shouldn't have surprised me what he allowed in the paper after he took over as editor. But it often did. He was certainly a braver person than I.

Knowing Richard was an education in life's idiosyncrasies. He introduced me to a new flavor of humanity, and for that, I will forever be grateful.

By AN W ITLEN
PHOTO EDITOR

Those who didn't know Richard O' Bryant will probably spend their time wondering why his life ended pre-

maturely. For those of us who know Richard, our minds have been occupied quite differently. We have been sharing stories and memories of his time with us. There never was a dull moment with Richard around.

Richard was the type of person who knew what he wanted, and he didn't hesitate to grab it. He had many dreams and things he wanted to accomplish, but for Richard they weren't mere dreams, they were his life. I wouldn't consider Richard to be a dreamer; at this stage in his life he was an accomplished writer, editor, and friend.

I'll never forget the first time I walked into the Spinnaker office to meet the staff. I was only expecting to stay for about 10 minutes, so I stood while talking to him. After about an hour and a half passed I was still standing, so Richard yelled at me, "Would you sit down already? You are starting to make me nervous." Every time I entered the office for the next two weeks, he would mockingly tell me to sit down. I would soon learn that this was his way of picking on me, not much unlike an older brother would.

On our weekly layout night we would sometimes stay until 3 a.m. to complete everything. In an attempt to speed things up, Richard would chime in every hour on the hour, "It's 10 o'clock people, where are we?" This was usually followed by his usual sarcastic comments and a roomful of laughter.

As time went on Richard became more than just my editor, he became a friend and a mentor. Richard was a part of our family here, and he always will be.

Well, it's now 9 o'clock. Where are we? We are all together as a family, Richard, letting you know that you will always be here in our hearts.

By JENN NAPIER
ADVERTISING MANAGER

To my friend, Richard.

As I sit here trying to formulate words into sentences to best say what I feel I need to say about my friend, I seem to only think about the moments, the snapshots in my memory, of the days shared together. Richard and I did not know each other for very long, but we were family. Everyday without fail I would walk into the office to see him at his desk, drinking coffee and busy at the computer. I knew the day would run smoothly for he was there to help lead the way.

Like a big brother, Richard taught me what I needed to know, told me what was what and always found time to have fun. Together we would discuss and lay out ads, a job done without fail every week. I wish I could be witty or sentimental and tell about Richard or about our moments shared, but I can't. Words cannot describe what he was becoming to me. I could say he was smart and funny and dedicated, but those who knew him already knew that. Basically when I get down to it, Richard was just Richard. He was everything I have said and much, much more.

I am sorry to say that I never got the chance to see more of him or spend more time in his company, but the time I did have with him was wonderful. The office will not be the same without him. I loved how he brought color into the day with his pink mohawk, the aroma of coffee, his witty and often sarcastic comments and most of all, his bright smile.

Richard has helped the rest of us redefine the meaning of friends and family. Through the week, the Spinnaker staff and I have joined with friends, faculty, staff and students creating an even bigger family unit than we had before. To Richard I say thank you. Thank you for helping us become one, thank you for teaching me what I need to know as an advertising manager, thank you to being my friend and thank you for just being you, even with a newbie like me.

By JENNA STROM
FORMER ASSISTANT SPORTS EDITOR

Richard was the most talented writer I have ever had the honor of working with.

In my eyes, Richard was the guru of journalism. He was always attentive to my needs as a member of the staff, and always encouraged me in my writing. He was honest; he told me what worked and what didn't. He led through example. He was the most knowledgeable source in the office and it always surprised me that he was the student, not the teacher in his journalism classes. I admired Richard for all of the heart he put into the Spinnaker and I look forward to continuing to make the paper how he would have wanted it.

Writers are at a disadvantage in that they can't hide things other people can. A writer can't fake intelligence or feeling; their personality and soul inevitably pours onto paper for the subjection of everyone. I learned the most about Richard through his stories. Richard was knowledgeable and sensitive to world events and tragedies I never stopped long enough to think twice about. Richard made me laugh. When I read his columns I could hear his voice and see the thoughtful expression on his face. I wouldn't even have to see his name in print to recognize the dry sense of humor and sarcasm that made everyone smile.

By JOHN DELANEY
UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT

For many, this is a difficult time on our campus. We deal with death in different ways. It is not unusual to have an unexpected emotion from some small reminder. That emotion can range from deep sadness to profound

anger, to overwhelming guilt – and every emotion in between.

Experts who deal with these types of tragedies often offer this advice: For the person we lost, the pain is over. Now it's time for us to start healing.

Our campus is unique because we are small and we all care about one another. We check up on each other. We take care of each other. This is now more important than ever. Together, in time, we will ease the pain and heal.

If you find yourself struggling, reach out. Our Counseling Center is committed to your well-being. Faculty are always willing to listen. Open up to a friend. If you live in on-campus housing, stop in to see your RA.

When someone passes away, that person is said to be at peace. I hope and pray you find your inner peace as well.

By JUDY VAESA
SPINNAKER MOM / STUDENT LIFE

Richard Wayne O' Bryant was "one of the best" to work with. He was funny, but yet had respect for others around him. I could ask him a question concerning the budget from two years ago and in no time, he gave me an answer, "Remember . . . mumbo jumbo, mumbo jumbo."

He was like a son, he was so young and had so much to offer to society and the world of journalism, even if he didn't think so.

The hardest part for me is the mornings . . . he would pop into my office when he arrived at the Spinnaker Office and say "Coffee is ready!" then check to be sure I had coffee through-out the morning.

Richard you were loved and will be missed tremendously.

By KRISTIAN MARTIN
SPORTS EDITOR

For many a coach is one of the most important people in their lives. Coaches are there to help an individual train for life. The person doesn't necessarily have to be an athletics coach, it could easily be one's parents, a professor or in my case, a Richard.

When I joined the Spinnaker staff as the sports editor in the summer of 2005, Richard was the one who taught me everything I needed to know. In my first official week he made me "train" by having me recreate a page layout after going over it once. He of course got much pleasure out of watching me squirm when I realized I had no idea what I was doing. I should have taken notes.

Like a coach he offered up constructive criticism, always letting me know how much my headlines suck (which they do), how if I did something his way it would look better, and how I have horrible taste in fonts.

But Richard was quick to let me know when I was doing something right. Whether it was my being so . . . on top of things, or how he liked my vision for the sports section.

He was also there just to be there, not necessarily to talk about work but just to talk about random stupid stuff. I learned just as much from our talks before everyone arrived in the office and just watching him work.

Richard was always willing to help out no matter how much he had to do himself. He may have acted like you were wasting his time by making a sarcastic remark, but for all of us who knew him, we were aware that those comments were his way of letting you know how much he liked you.

From Richard I take a sense of accomplishment and pride. He was so unselfish and just one of the greatest people one could ever hope to have the opportunity to work with. But like all things there is a time you must say goodbye, and this is the time for he and I.

As he ceases to be my coach I will take everything he taught in our short time together everywhere I go. I am forever indebted to him, and I hope to one day be as great of a person as he was.

So Richard, even though you can't read this, I just want you and everyone else to know you are truly Coach of the Year.

By LESLEE VANHOY
OSPREY PRODUCTIONS

It's hard to say goodbye to someone when they are already gone, especially when they are such an awesome person. Richard was dedicated to his job and loyal to his friends.

He spent his time to make sure the newspaper was a perfect read for the 15,000 some students, who attend this school. He was professional when he had to be, and fun to be around. His loyalty to his friends will live on in the memories that all of us have of the time we spent with him. In the wake of this tragedy it makes me stop, even more now than ever, and cherish all my friends and family.

You truly never know when you will not be able to see your friend's smiles or hear their laughs. To Richard: I will not forget you. The Spinnaker won't be the same without you.

To all my friends: I love each and every one of you and am glad that I have you all in my life.

By MARSHA BERGEN
STUDENT LIFE

Goodbye Richard, I'll miss your ever changing hair-styles, funny jokes and your awesome iTunes playlist. Yes, I'm going to lunch again

By MARTIN BUCKLEY
FORMER ASST. SPORTS EDITOR

Working with Richard my last year at the University of North Florida will leave me with many fond memories. He gave me opportunities that I will never forget and experiences that will last a life time! It is hard for me, as a photographer, to find the words to say what we all feel in the passing of Richard, so I thought I would include one of my favorite quotes. May your spirit shine Richard. You'll be missed but never forgotten.

Death is not the end.

Death is the sunrise before a beautiful day.

Death is the sunset before a starry night.

Death is only the beginning to a more beautiful life.

-author unknown.

By MEGAN SCHUMANN
SPINNAKER FAMILY

I knew I loved the University of North Florida, but I never realized, until now, how much I loved me back. The remarkable reaction from the faculty and staff has been overwhelming, and I'm grateful because for so many of us; it hurts the most when we're alone. The silence forces us to come to terms with reality, the neurons in our brains start to connect again and the memories come flooding forward. I've been wondering the past couple of days if I'm ever going to be able to be alone again without thinking about how much I loved having Richard around, and I've decided that the pain will probably never go away; I'm just going to learn to live with it.

One could probably come up with a lot of names to call Richard; I myself have had some not so flattering titles for him over the past few years. But no one could ever say that he didn't love the Spinnaker, and that he didn't live to accurately report the world as real as he saw it. Perhaps it was the Virgo in him that made him methodical, logical, charming, and as we are learning more and more every day, thorough. He could out think you by four steps, even though I'm pretty sure that until recently he only ever got me by two... max.

It was probably the Virgo in him however that led to the outward lack of feeling and the concealment of his emo

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tions due to lack of trust. I've been thinking that maybe the reason that he insisted on creating the most ridiculous horoscopes anyone had ever heard was because the true Virgo depiction of him was to close for comfort. He left each of us with a little piece of his puzzle, perhaps out-thinking us yet again making sure we would come together to remember him, or perhaps just because it hurt to talk about it all at once.

I've been thinking about some of the reasons Richard and I got along so well, when there were so many reasons for us to clash. For those of you who don't know me, I am on the more active side of government affairs, or so he liked to remind me. He refused to get off the politician jokes. He would go into a long diatribe on anything and everything that was wrong with UNF or the world for that matter, and then look at me sneeringly and say, "damn politicians." But I was never slow to strike back with a sassy comment about whatever it was he was bitching about. And he knew it, and this is why he continued to egg me on. Perhaps it was our impatience with ignorance that brought us closer. Neither of us was very compassionate with, as he would say on a good day, "dumb people." Or maybe it was because most of the time he managed to find something nice to say about my outfit, my hair or my smile. But I don't want to make him sound too mushy, he would be the first to point out that my shoes didn't match if that was the case, but I loved him for it anyways. I would thank him when he was kind and tell him I didn't give a damn when I didn't like what he said. That's just the way it was.

Suicide is definitely a horse of a different color. Suicide contradicts the societal standard of prosperity, profit, and plenitude, of moving up, growing up, getting ahead and staying on top. It counteracts any logical progression that most of us, as humans, or animals, instinctively relate to and in this world of ours that seems permanently shipwrecked on fast forward, it is hard for me to absorb taking an eternal step back. But even when Richard didn't have his pink mohawk, he was quite an interesting character.

I still think I'm angry with him right now. But if there was one thing I knew about Richard it was that when he made up his mind to do something, there was no talking him out of it. I'm thankful for the memories he's left me, a little pissed he chose my birthday to take his life and trying to cope with the fact that he left us in the office. But I know that he lived for the Spinnaker, and that if he could have chosen anywhere to stay forever it would be there, in the office that brought him so much comfort and love. I guess he out-thought us once again, and he made sure that no matter what, a part of him would always stay behind.

*Geniuses are people who dash off weird, wild, incomprehensible poems with astonishing facility, & then go & get boozing drunk & sleep in the gutter.

Genius elevates a man to ineffable spere[sic] far above the vulgar world, & fills his soul with a regal contempt for the gross & sordid things of earth. It is probably on account of this that people who have genius do not pay their board, as a general thing."

- Mark Twain's Notebooks & Journals, vol. 1, 1855-1873, p. 250.

By NATASHA KHAIRULLAH
ASSISTANT NEWS EDITOR

For monkey babies and green tea.
For ducktails and mohawks that never looked quite right on you but always just right on John.
For Tarot cards and bad luck.
For Grey Goose and the burning bush.
For fuzzy arms and little Jewish boys with guilt.
For burning out and skipping out on Waffle House.
For hypercubes and Steel Magnolias.
For my star tattoo that I refuse to show anyone—except for that one night in the Ale House parking lot.
For smoothies.
For being sorry but never apologizing.
For merlot-induced interviews.
For crashing on the couch, in the car, on the porch.
For germs.
For disinfecting.
For training Dave's dog to sit and making both of my cats purr even though I never knew cats REALLY did that.
For waking up my roommate.
For the fuzzy purple change purse of doom.
For Cowboy Cocksuckers and sugar cubes.
For being news editor (both you and me). Gremlin what?
For hating Uma Thurman and bi girls with Greek boyfriends.
For seeing Tomi at the Club and encouraging me to "proceed."
For pointing out every time I was cold and forcing me to aim the fan at you. God I hate that fan.
For me hooking you up and you being patient even though I never quite learned Quark.
For finding an occasion to smoke peach Swisher Sweets.
For running around the beach at night.
For regretting, tomorrow, that I ever told you this tonight.
For hay in your pockets.
For referring me to a hairdresser who refused to cut my hair.
For Tequila and Tabasco on my birthday, waking up confused and smelling of maple syrup.
For INXS.

For working hard and words of encouragement.
For me and Julio down by the schoolyard.
For only a few people knowing where you live.
For burning me CDs and asking where Anthony is.
For scolding my text messaging skills.
For being broke.
For getting paid.
For getting me paid though I rarely turned in my timesheet.
For Google.
For Gravy Train.
For dirty hands — ones that push wheelchair wheels — dipping into the ice bucket.
For never answering your phone.
For asking me how I am and telling me to prioritize.
For gay bars and easy breads.
For imported beers and the weekends.
For C2 tasting like Diet Coke.
For come on Eileen and Lost Karaoke.
For Wackadont's and 70/30 or was it 80/20. 90/10?
For being a tease and skinnies making good kindling.
For being my friend.
For teaching me.
For listening to me.

When they look up at you with those big brown saucer eyes and they go ooooh ooooh aaaaah aaaaah (swinging arms around above your head like a chimpanzee). For all that you mean to me, you will always be my monkey baby.
I love you.

By NICK PERES
FORMER ASSISTANT NEWS EDITOR

Even though Richard O' Bryant is no longer with us, it's hard not to hear his voice, his laughter, or see the vibrant life he brought out in everyone he met.

Richard was the first person I met at UNF over a year ago when I transferred down from the University of Akron. He was the first friend I made, and even though I never quite managed to tell him what a great friend he was, I think he always knew. To all of us on the Spinnaker staff, Richard was much more than a boss. He was friend, mentor and confidant. Richard was the Spinnaker, and we all knew it.

The fleeting moments we all spent together, whether it was over Publix chicken, some of Richard's homemade cheesecake, or just making yet another pot of coffee, are the memories to which I cling so tightly now. We were all more than coworkers, and much more than friends, we truly were a family.

Now that our family is void of such a powerful presence, it seems difficult to pick up the pieces and try to move on. But Richard would have wanted more for all of us; he would have wanted all of us to strive to be the best we could be, whether it was journalistic or otherwise. He would have wanted us to continue to seek to truth, to ask the questions everyone else was afraid to ask, and settle for nothing less than the best we are all capable of.

Although we all have paused to remember Richard, his story is far from over. The contributions he made to UNF are innumerable, and their effects are far-reaching. He touched lives of everyone he met, and changed them for the better. Richard O' Bryant was truly one of the finest human beings I have ever known, and he will always be remembered with great fondness.
Goodbye, my friend. May peace be with you.

By NORMA BRIZZI
STUDENT LIFE

Good night, sweet prince. We will miss you and your love of the Bard.

By RACHEL W ITKOWSKI
NEWS EDITOR

Every time I walk into the Spinnaker office, my home away from home, I expect to see a man with a pink mohawk on the computer waiting for my news stories. I just became news editor over the summer, but I have written for the Spinnaker since my sophomore year and Richard O' Bryant has always been there. He was there for everyone.

I jumped on board without a clue about what an editor should be doing and Richard was the one who walked me through everything thoroughly, even when he had to meet his own deadlines. When a room full of staff would be calling his name for questions, he could remember who spoke what and how to answer them. He was a natural leader and an educator.

Richard was full of talent, wisdom, pranks and sarcasm that gave relief during the most intense times. It was just last Thursday when he sensed that I was overworked and he sent me an e-mail telling me to "just breathe," and thanking me for my work. That's the kind of person Richard was. No matter how Richard felt, he always thanked everyone for the simple things they would do that were required in our job.

Richard was a person unlike anyone I had ever met. He knew his skills could take him places but he chose to stay with us. The influence and training he has given me is more valuable than anything I have ever learned or will ever learn in class. The impact he had on students, faculty and friends will never be forgotten. You've made history, Richard. I will miss you.

By DR. ROBERT BOHLE
JOURNALISM PROFESSOR

Richard's first class with me was a large lecture class, but he stood out anyway with his insightful comments and his test scores. In the editing class, and especially in the newspaper design class, I think he found his true skill and joy. He was progressing so quickly I had a hard time keeping up to challenge his growing talents. Even with the stresses and strains of his life, both in general and as a Spinnaker staff member and editor, he kept up the quality of his work and the sharpness of his dry humor, even when exhausted. I will miss watching him succeed professionally, and I am certain he would have succeeded. The world of journalism has lost a good man.

By TARYN FIVEK
WOSP STATION MANAGER

It seems fairly premature to write a eulogy for Richard O' Bryant. Less than 24 hours ago I was going to sleep happy that people like him existed in this world, but now things are different and I'm forced to sit here and call out toasts to his name. To Richard, I say, and little is left to be said. He was... hell, he still is and always will be, Notorious.

I'll be completely frank because he wouldn't want anyone to talk about him any other way. Richard was the kind of man who held a different kind of truth in his brain, and those people are rare. He was the kind of man that knew what he was talking about, even when he'd been up late drinking, and those people are few and far between. Ah, trusty Richard with jug of coffee in hand, ready to make a witty comment about anything and then strike that grin he had, eye teeth prominent, and brow lowered, as if he were up to something.

Richard was a shining beacon of light in a sea of bullsh*t, never afraid to point the way to those in need. And I really, really miss him. Memories of the dead are always kinder than the ones you had in real life, but I will honestly say that I praised these values he had while he was alive. Richard was as sharp as a tack and I was proud of every word I had with him. He was professional, honest, and trustworthy.

The real tragedy, past the personal loss for everyone around him, is the immense loss the world has in losing someone with as much potential as Richard. We must remember that we all hold the potential inside us to be influential and useful people. It doesn't matter if you are President of the United States or a loving mother of three... we all hold in us the power to change the world. That might sound a little corny, and I can already feel Richard over my shoulder shaking his head, but it's true. We must learn from these lessons handed to us. Richard would surely be disappointed if those who were touched by his departure did not learn something by it. We, no matter how down we might feel sometimes, have a network of people around us — from our mothers to the people we pass in the halls every day — who are touched

