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Friends, family, and everyone who loved Jordy—thank you for being here to celebrate the life of Jordan Michael Patel.

I met Jordy in our first-year dorm at UBC.
He was the guy propping open his door with a stack of programming textbooks and a basketball, waving people in like it was the most natural thing in the world.
From then on, he was my best friend, my adventure buddy, and the person I called for everything—from debugging code at 2 a.m. to deciding which trail to hike on a foggy Saturday.

Jordy was born and raised in Vancouver, and he somehow carried the city's spirit with him wherever he went—curious, generous, endlessly upbeat, and a little goofy in the best way.
He graduated in Computer Science from UBC, co-founded a small tech company focused on accessibility, and spent countless afternoons mentoring high school students in coding.
He believed tech should open doors for people, not make them feel left out, and he built his work around that idea.

He belonged to many of us, but he especially belonged to his family.
A beloved son to Anita and Raj.
Brother to Priya.
And fiancé to Lauren, whose name would make his whole face change—calmer, brighter, like he'd found home.

Jordy made every space warmer.
He had this bear-hug greeting that announced you mattered.
He could fix any tech issue in minutes, but he fixed more important things too—awkward silences, bad days, the unease of being the new person in the

room.

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My favourite memory is our cross-Canada road trip in a beat-up Civic.
We rolled from Stanley Park to Signal Hill on a steady diet of 90s playlists and questionable gas-station snacks, stopping to photograph every small-town mural we could find.
Jordy saw the extraordinary in the ordinary—a flicker of neon in a window, a hand-painted sign, a stranger's smile—and he knew exactly how to frame it.
Street photography wasn't a hobby for him; it was a way of paying attention.

He lived big in the details.
Backcountry camping with sunrise coffee.
Pickup basketball that somehow turned into a full-on community.
A mission to try every local roaster within city limits.
He championed inclusive design, fairness, lifelong learning, and the idea of lifting others as you climb.
And he did it with spontaneous weekend plans that left you saying yes before you knew the destination.

We'll miss those plans.
We'll miss the hugs.
We'll miss the way a problem felt smaller the moment he stood beside it.

Today is colourful, just as he asked.
If you feel moved to honour him, the family invites donations to programs supporting Indigenous youth in tech—because that's exactly the kind of future Jordy worked toward.

Jordy was 35, and he filled those years with purpose, joy, and people.
He taught us that community isn't an app or a calendar invite—it's what you build, one welcome, one photograph, one unexpected road trip at a time.

Thank you, Jordy, for letting us ride shotgun.

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