

An Automotive Eulogy

Ladies and gentlemen, family and friends, we gather here today to celebrate the life and bid farewell to a faithful and iconic companion, a vessel of countless memories and adventures—the beloved Yaris “Bobo” Hilton who has now come to her final resting place. As we stand before this mechanical marvel, we cannot help but reflect on the journey we’ve shared. This shitbox, with its lackluster exterior and not-so-sturdy frame, has been more than just a means of transportation. It has been a constant presence in our lives, witnessing milestones, accomplishments, and the everyday moments that make up the fabric of our existence.

In her prime, Bobo meowed to life with a fierce determination, eager to take on the open road and discover new horizons. Equipped with a katana shifter and a student driver sticker, she carried us with effort through the twists and turns of life, fearlessly gliding through the wind, as if she possessed a soul of her own. Her far-too simple interior and back seat leg room shocked us as she traversed mountains and valleys, taking us to places we had only dreamed of.

This car became an extension of our being, adapting to our needs and desires. She welcomed us with open doors, patiently waiting as we committed countless acts of tomfoolery. Bobo served as the getaway car to neon spray painted hubcaps, a perfect loitering spot for parking lot poker games, and of course a safe hiding place for some kid’s rear driver’s side tire. She was a witness to our laughter, our tears, and the stories we shared with friends and loved ones along the way.

But as time unforgivingly passed, the wear and tear of the road took its toll. Battle scars appeared on what I imagine was a once pristine surface, and Bobo’s suspension began to audibly sound with fatigue. Yet, even in her decline, the Yaris refused to give up. She soldiered on, a testament to her resilience and determination. She reminded us that strength is not measured solely by speed or power, two things that my car definitely lacked, but by the spirit within.

And so, as the fourth owner of this car and with an extremely heavy heart, I invite you all to come together today to celebrate not only the end of this car’s physical existence but also the memories that the Yaris leaves behind. Let us remember the joy she brought us, the freedom she granted, and the unity she fostered as we embarked on countless journeys together. In her legacy, we find lessons that extend far beyond the road. This car taught us the value of gas mileage and down shifting, of coolant flushes and scissor jacks. The Yaris showed us the power of shared experiences, teaching us the importance of forging connections with those around us. The Yaris embodied the spirit of exploration, urging us to seek new horizons and uncover the wonders of my hometown.

As we bid farewell, let us honor this car by carrying her lessons forward. Let us take the memories she gifted us and weave them into the tapestry of our lives, cherishing the moments we spent together. And though this car may no longer grace our presence, her spirit lives on, etched into our hearts and minds forever.

Rest easy now, dear friend, for your tireless service shall not be forgotten. I will always crank up your windows in my heart. May your wheels forever roll along the highways of our memories, a constant reminder of the joy and wonder you brought to our lives. Thank you for the journey, dear car. May you find eternal peace.