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Friends, family, and everyone who loved Jordan Alexander “Jordy” Brooks—

Thank you for being here to celebrate a life that felt like a song we never wanted to end.

I’m standing here as Jordy’s bandmate and closest friend since high school, the kid who lugged amps with him down sticky club stairs, who shared motel breakfasts at noon and long, star-soaked talks at 2 a.m., and who learned how to be brave just by standing next to him on a stage.

Jordy was born on July 28, 1990, and somehow managed to pack several lifetimes into 34 years. He grew up in Austin with the river in his ears and music in his bloodstream. We started in a garage where the cymbals were too loud and the neighbors were too patient, and that garage band somehow turned into a touring indie group that drove farther than our gas gauges recommended, and dreamed bigger than our calendars allowed.

He was the cherished son of Linda and Marcus, the proud younger brother to Deanna, and the happiest uncle you ever met to Miles. He’d light up talking about them—about family dinners, Deanna’s laugh, Miles’s first wobbling chords on a guitar that was almost as big as he was. Family wasn’t a category for Jordy; it was a circle that kept widening.

Music was how he moved through the world, but it wasn’t about spotlight—it was about community. He championed local talent like it was a mission. He produced tracks for artists who’d never set foot in a studio before, and somehow he made them sound like they’d been doing it for decades. He organized benefit concerts for arts education, because he believed kids should grow up with a beat to grab onto and a chorus to stand inside. If you’d asked him what success sounded like, he would’ve pointed to a church basement full of folding chairs

and fresh songs and said, “That.”

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He had a joyful grin that made you feel like you were in on something wonderful. He was generous in ways that didn’t always show up on paper: showing up with strings at 11 p.m., bringing tacos at 2 a.m., spending a Saturday fixing a snare rattle he claimed was a “personality flaw,” and letting you take the solo even when it was his name on the poster. He was creative like oxygen—ideas everywhere. And he was fearless about trying new things, whether it was a synth he found at a thrift store, a kayak route he swore was “totally fine,” or a barbecue experiment that sometimes bordered on mad science. He collected vinyl the way some people collect postcards: each record a stamp from a place he’d been, or a place he was determined to go.

I’ll never forget one night on tour when our amp blew right before a set. Panic hovered, that kind of cold dread only musicians know. Jordy just laughed, reached for his acoustic, slid onto the edge of the stage, and started playing. He slowed the tempo so the room could catch its breath, and he sang the first verse like a secret. Then he invited everyone to sing the chorus, and the whole crowd began to harmonize—real harmonies, like the kind you don’t teach, you just remember. By the second chorus, I swear the walls were singing back. It was one of those moments when you realize the point was never the amp. The point was connection. The point was all of us, together, finding the light—exactly like Jordy always said: “If you can’t find the light, be the chorus that carries it.”

That was his wisdom. He lived it every day.

He taught guitar to kids who showed up with tiny hands and big doubts, and he’d say, “We’ll start with one chord, and by the end you’ll feel like you can do anything.” He produced local artists and taught them to trust the quiet parts of their songs. He picked up trash at the park after shows and packed out more than he brought in. He loved kayaking on Lady Bird Lake—early morning, soft light, no one else around but egrets and the occasional turtle judging his rhythm. He loved those interfaith gatherings where he’d stand at the back, hands in his pockets, absorbing prayers in every language and letting them

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braid into melody. Music, nature, community—this was his spirituality. He was a seeker, open-hearted, curious, sure that meaning shows up wherever we make space for it.

We'll miss his contagious grin—the one that turned any room into a rehearsal space and any rehearsal into a celebration. We'll miss impromptu jam sessions that started with a text that just said "You up?" and ended with five people on a porch, three chords, and a sky that finally looked ready to listen. We'll miss the way he lifted others onto the stage, insisting that there's always room for one more voice in the song.

There are milestones you can list—tours, records, the first time the crowd sang the words back—but Jordy's legacy is more stubborn and more tender than a resume. It's in the calluses on a student's fingers. It's in the confidence of a young singer who found their voice because Jordy turned down his own mic. It's in the benefit concerts that will keep funding lessons for kids who need a chorus to belong to. It's in the way his family and friends now measure time—before we knew him, and after he changed how we live.

To Linda and Marcus: thank you for raising a son whose kindness felt like a standing ovation. To Deanna: he adored you; you were his first duet partner, even when the microphones were hairbrushes. To Miles: your Uncle Jordy left you a universe of songs and a promise that your voice matters. And to everyone who loved him: you are proof that he spent his life multiplying light.

Sometimes grief feels like standing backstage, hearing the music stop, waiting for an encore that won't come. But a celebration of life asks for something different. It asks us to notice the melody that keeps moving through us, to recognize that the chorus doesn't end just because the lead voice is quiet. Today, in honoring Jordy, we say out loud that the song goes on in how we treat each other, how we mentor, how we show up, how we give away our best ideas as if there will always be more—because with Jordy, there always were.

He taught me that bravery isn't loud; it's steady. It's trying the new thing. It's

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making space for someone else’s first time on stage. It’s trusting that the lake will hold you, that the crowd will sing with you, that a broken amp can turn into a night you’ll talk about forever. He taught me to collect not just vinyl, but moments: the way a room sounds when strangers become a choir, the way a friend’s laughter rings like a bell you can follow home.

If you’re looking for comfort, maybe it’s here: every note we play, every river we paddle, every student we encourage, every plate of barbecue shared on a back porch as the sun lowers into gold—these are places he will meet us. And when the world feels dim, we can borrow his line, the one he lived by: “If you can’t find the light, be the chorus that carries it.”

So let’s carry it. For the kids who need a teacher with patience. For the local artists who need someone to say, “You’re ready.” For the family who needs a story at dinner that ends in laughter. For the city he loved. For the lakes and the record crates and the late-night talks that stitched our lives together. For Jordy.

Jordan Alexander Brooks, our brother in music and in mischief, our compass on and off the stage—thank you. Thank you for the fearless riffs, for the generosity of your time and talent, for showing us that the best stages are the ones you build for others. Thank you for turning an ordinary night into a roomful of harmony. Thank you for teaching us that community is the greatest song we’ll ever write.

We love you. We’ll miss you. And we’ll keep singing.

Because you taught us how.

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