

Nathaniel Chase Weston

July 25, 1984 ~ October 28, 2022

Nathaniel Chase Weston lived his life in a way that had a tendency to make you feel bad for the number of hours you spent binging Netflix on the weekends instead of teaching yourself guitar, mastering a martial art, or organizing a film festival. He was a man of many passions–art, film, music, martial arts, programming, self-improvement–and he threw himself into the mastery of his passions with fervent abandon. He was always striving to be better than the day before: a better programmer, a better guitarist, and a better human. Coming from a very dramatic family, Chase had a way of finding–and becoming–the calm in the middle of the storm. His presence was comforting and will be greatly missed.

As a child, Chase was precocious and a natural entertainer. He was friendly, eager, confident–even while wearing early-90's neon-green bike shorts–and entirely too trusting of strangers in sedans seeking help in locating lost pets. He trusted the world to be on his side more often than not, and he managed to retain this trait even after enduring childhood bullying. Chase was someone who cared more for the happiness, joy, and laughter of the people around him than he feared any potential embarrassment or rejection his hilarious antics may have earned him. His comedic inspirations were Jim Carrey, Chris Farley, and Adam Sandler. Our family spent many hours laughing at his renditions of scenes from Happy Gilmore, Tommy Boy, and Ace Ventura: Pet Detective.

Chase found peace playing guitar in his backyard to an audience of his dogs and chickens, hiking the trails of the Wasatch Mountain range, boating at Bear Lake on the Utah Idaho border, indulging in his wife Andrea's delicious baked goods and scrumptious meals, and practicing meditation. He was always mindful of the feelings of those around him, but the work he put into his meditative practice helped him to be mindful of his own feelings as well and to develop a greater sense of tranquility and self-acceptance than he'd known in his youth. The effect of his meditative work was evident in the grace and dignity with which he fought his battle with cancer–constantly reassuring those around him in his final days that, come what may, everything was going to be okay.

He has left in his wake: his wife, Andrea, and their dogs, Otto and Vladimir; his parents, Steve, and Kim; his brother, Dane, sister-in-law, Nattali, and nephews, Noah and Nicholas; his sister, Randi; his sister, Shayna, brother-in-law, Josh, and nephew, Noah; his sister, Breane, brother-in-law, Josh, niece, Payten, and nephews, Hayden, Cash, and Major; his father-in-law and mother-in-law Mont and Patricia; enough aunts, uncles, and cousins to marshal a small army and three-times as many friends on top of that.

In lieu of flowers, we ask that donations be made to the Leukemia and Lymphoma Society in memory of Chase. In order to prevent other families from losing a loved one to leukemia, we'd also encourage those who loved Chase to register for bone marrow donation at bethematch.org.