

In Memory of Masaki Momose

Yun-A Johnson
September 1, 2020



Name: Masaki Momose

Parents: Yukio and Yuko Momose

Birth Date: May, 18, 1992

Ascension Date: August 26, 2020

Contributed by Masaki's Family

His name was Masaki Momose and he was the baby of our family. As the youngest of us and the only boy in our Asian household, there was no way he wouldn't be considered the baby in the family. No matter how old he got, this stayed an incontrovertible fact. Despite this, we'll try to keep off our rose-tinted filters and relay his life as we knew it, as true to how he portrayed himself as much as possible.

Born on May 18, 1992, in Roosevelt Hospital, he was recalled as having been on the fussy side as a baby, cute as he was. He was a very light sleeper and the babysitter at the time noted he needed to be placed in their master bedroom for his scheduled

naps, far from the surrounding noise of the other children. Predictably, his first flight out to Japan at about a year old did not go well for him, and he'd cried almost all the way through. Playful and energetic, he was eager to roll around and explore wherever his chubby limbs would carry him.

Once he was old enough for speech, he was honest and unbiased (where in later years, his friends would jokingly confirm he could turn rather savage), and clear in his likes and dislikes. His defined food palate could certainly attest to the latter. It was fried chicken and broccoli with rice or nothing. He probably had a Burger King meal at least twice a week if not more, and we all knew what his 'usual' was when it came to ordering Chinese takeout. Not one to start off conversations, he tended to be quiet, and was thoughtful and reserved. Once engaged, he was easy to talk to, however, due to the honesty, lack of judgment, and not a small amount of his own brand of dry humor thrown in. Out of his sensitive, considerate nature he would usually offer advice and suggestions only when asked, and wouldn't go too terribly out of his way to make his opinions known.

In his free time, he loved to play online computer games, and we would often hear him cracking jokes or making witty commentary with his friends, fingers flying over his keyboard, clacking away, and mouse clicking rapid fire. When he wasn't busy trading clever comebacks with his friends or playing his games, he was an incredibly gifted artist. He would spend hours staring pensively at his screen as he carefully decided which brush strokes to swipe out, which colors and palette schemes would work best, or if his layout and composition was arranged well enough to pass muster. He also mentored his friends looking to improve their digital painting skills or aesthetic eye, guiding them with pointed questions and critiques.

He was much loved by everyone he knew. We loved him with everything we had. We desperately wish he could have stayed with us longer, for him to have lived out a healthy, passionate life to the fullest. He was incredibly, unbelievably brave to have faced his cancer head-on, even with the constant pain that came with it, and we couldn't be prouder of the strength he showed as he continued to push forward in trying to get better, to stay with us just that much longer. We will miss him, always, and will treasure each memory we have of him

Donations to the Momose family can be sent to the following address:

Yukio Momose
481 8th Ave, Apt. E-12
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