

# Colby remembers Ian Holt '07

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### Ian J. Holt '07 dies in auto accident in Vermont LAX coach remembers Ian

By **Kaitlin McCafferty** and **Liz Bonze**  
EDITOR IN CHIEF AND MANAGING EDITOR

Eighteen year-old Ian Holt '07 was killed in a single-car accident in his hometown of Woodstock, Vt. Thursday evening. According to the Vermont State Police, Holt was alone in his Ford Explorer when he went off state Route 12 on a sharp curve and through a barn.

Holt was northbound near the intersection with Pomfret Road around 9:15 p.m. when he lost control. According to Paul West, Woodstock's first constable, Holt went off the road where he hit a snow bank that launched the vehicle into the air. He reported that the Explorer bounced and then went through the barn where something collided with him. The Explorer halted 230 feet south of the barn, according to the police.

Although Holt was not wearing a seatbelt, it has not yet been determined whether it was a contributing factor to his death. Although the accident is still under investigation, the police believe that alcohol and high speed were contributing factors.

"There was evidence of quite a bit of alcohol consumption in that 24-

hour period," said Lieutenant Ray Keefe of the Bethel Branch of the Vermont State Police of the day preceding the accident, which included his New Year's Eve trip to Montreal, Canada, where the drinking age is 18. Police stress, however, that the investigation is ongoing and that his blood alcohol level at the time of the accident has yet to be confirmed.

Rescue officials and an ambulance responded in minutes; however, Holt suffered massive head injuries and was pronounced dead at the scene.

"This is a tragic incident," Lt. Keefe added. It has no benefit other than the learning effect we hope it has on others. There's too much death involved with motor vehicles."

Holt is survived by his mother Lisa Holt, his father Robert Holt and his brother Josh Holt, a junior at St. Michael's College in Vermont.

Holt was a member of the Woodstock Union High School Class of 2003. He was a National Honor Society scholar and captain of the varsity lacrosse, ice hockey and soccer teams. He was First-Team All-League and All-State, as well as honorable mention All-American in lacrosse. As a ninth-grader, Holt's Bantams



Ian Holt '07.

Division ice hockey team won the state championship. Holt volunteered with Habitat for Humanity and was a referee for the Woodstock Junior Hockey program and a USA Hockey official. He played in his school's jazz band for four years and served as a delegate to the Youth Congress and the Model Congress.

Holt was preparing to become a member of the Colby Men's Lacrosse team. He participated with the team in service projects for the Mid-Maine Homeless Shelter and Hospice Volunteers of the Waterville Area, and this fall he ran in a fund-raising race for the local Habitat for Humanity chapter.

In an email to the Colby Community, President William D. Adams wrote, "Even in his short time on campus, Ian made an impact on Colby. He will be missed by his many friends and by the faculty and staff members who knew him."

Vice President of Student Affairs and Dean of Students Janice Kassman represented Colby at the wake and funeral in Woodstock. She said, "I was amazed at the amount of people at the wake. I waited in line outside for 50 minutes before even getting into the building. Woodstock only has a population of around 3,000 and there were so many people there."

Kassman added that Lacrosse Coach Robert Quinn and a large portion of the team attended the wake.

"So many people kept telling me that Ian loved Colby. Although he was only here for a short amount of time he already made a huge impact," she said.

A memorial Mass was held on Monday at Our Lady of the Snows Catholic Church in Woodstock.

Memorial contributions should be made to the Union Arena Community Center, P.O. Box 246, Woodstock, 05091.

I was asked to write some thoughts and memories of Ian Holt. I am still numb from the news of his tragic passing. As I, along with my assistant coach and a number of players, prepared to travel to Vermont for Ian's wake and funeral service, I thought back to my first memory of Ian on the Colby College campus during his recruiting visit:

It was a beautiful fall Saturday and I had planned to meet Ian and his parents after the Football game. During the game I noticed a "Woodstock" High School lacrosse jacket in the stands from my vantage point in the press box, where I was charting plays of our opponent. There sat Ian with his parents watching the game and enjoying the atmosphere.

After the game we had a great conversation and I could not help but notice the smile never left Ian's face. When Ian left the next day after his overnight with current players, I knew Colby would be his # 1 choice. I enjoyed the conversation and emails we shared during the recruiting process. It was during our communication that I came to the realization that Ian was a special young man who

was involved with many extra-curricular activities-his participation in three varsity sports, his junior ice hockey officiating and his involvement with Habitat for Humanity.

Above all these many interests, Ian had a passion for lacrosse. He could not wait to be a Mule and I was very excited to coach this young man who loved the game. Ian had a very successful high school lacrosse career and we were anxious to see his impact on our program this spring. In speaking with our captains and other team members, it appears everyone was impressed with his talent, ability and attitude. Off the field Ian was always quick to volunteer his time in our various service projects and fundraising efforts, always with that same smile and enthusiasm.

Nothing can make you understand and cherish life so much as the death of someone so young and full of life.

In such a brief time, Ian touched many of our lives. He will be missed terribly by his teammates and coaching staff.

We will dedicate our upcoming season in his memory.

Robert Quinn  
Head Coach, Men's Lacrosse

## Community commemorates lost student

To know Ian was to love him. His smile—it could brighten any room or anyone's day and was completely contagious. You could always rely on it being there because he was always in his usual playful mood, enjoying whatever it was that he was doing. His hug—so strong and meaningful, it fixed any bad grade or stressful night of work. His dance—no words or impersonations can do it justice, but it was a combination of wobbling his head and moving his shoulders and could be viewed only after things that made him even happier than his typical cheerful self, such as a Red Sox win or learning that a class was canceled. His outlook on life—always positive, always. Nothing could make him stressed or upset because, to him, nothing was worth being unhappy. His charismatic personality—people were just drawn to him because being around him simply made you feel better. These are just some of the things that stick out when we think of our beloved friend.

Meeting him on COOT became so much more than sharing an amazing four days floating on a canoe down the Saco River. Yes, we had a great time camping out, swimming and paddling; we had an even better time telling stories, making pepperoni sandwiches and compiling the largest pile of dead mosquitoes ever. True to form, Ian excelled at catching bugs. Using his thumb and forefinger, he developed the Karate Kid approach and we watched in awe as he led us to practically extinguish the mos-



Ian and older brother Josh, left, surrounded by Colby friends.

quito population on the small beach on which we had set up camp. As if his list of accomplishments in lacrosse, hockey, soccer and school weren't enough, bug catching can be added.

It was after COOT when we all realized that those four days had built the foundations of friendships that would define our first semester at Colby. We spent the next four months having fun and making memories, and we thank God for the time we had with him.

We lived directly above Ian in Dana, and we learned early on the ease with

which we could communicate through the floorboards. This started when we dropped something on our floor one night by mistake and were scolded for it by him later, as he had been startled by the loud crash, at the time being just inches from the ceiling in his lofted bed. We soon perfected this method of communication. A few poundings from him on his ceiling meant he was hungry or bored, and either way he needed us down in his room immediately. With several stomps on our floor, we could always expect to see him in the doorway within moments to see what was needed of him. On the nights we were all too lazy to tackle the single flight of stairs to see each other, we would carry on for a while with a variety of knocks, thuds and bumps.

Ian loved our trips to town and never missed them, even if his only purpose for going was to keep us company. One of our regular trips to Wal-Mart would not be complete without allowing Ian and Geoff to play an arcade game outside the store that involved hunting for wild turkeys. We could only leave when every bit of their change and ours was gone. Other trips included the thrift store, Ian's personal favorite, where he purchased, for 50 cents, his wonderful orange and yellow snow hat he wore so frequently. Aside from wearing it during our weekend escapades, this hat completed his entirely yellow uniform he (and only he) wore to every I-play soccer game.

Ian had a remarkable talent at finding the good in every situation. While walking across campus one day to get

to a concert, one of Ian's shortcuts resulted in a vicious case of poison ivy. His legs were swollen and itchy for several days, but Ian never expressed regret, he insisted the wounds were worth it because he reached the concert a couple steps ahead of us.

Ian took every opportunity he was given to have a good time. When a group of us planned to go to a Guster concert at Bates College, Ian decided to come along at the last minute. Despite the fact that Ian had never heard of Guster before, out of the whole group of us, he was the most enthusiastic about going. He proudly wore his "Buck Fates" shirt and reveled in the comments and attention he got from the Bates students surrounding us.

An avid sports fan in general, Ian had a particular passion for the Red Sox. With him we watched the Wild Card race and heroics that sent the Sox to the post season. With him we watched every postseason game, all sitting in the exact same seats and positions for luck, as instructed by Ian. With him we shared the glory of beating the A's in Game 5 to win the Division Series and the pain of losing to the dreaded Yankees in Game 7 of the ALCS. After each win we would watch as Ian and Geoff blared "We are the Champions" on the stereo and ran around the dorm, and occasionally the campus, shouting to ensure that everyone knew of the victory.

A highlight of the playoffs for him was when his roommate Kevin got tickets to a Sunday ALCS game against the Yankees at Fenway. His family was here for Parents' Weekend and he spent the morning before the game making a poster with his mom to bring with him. Before the boys left for the game we painted their entire faces red and blue and sent them off to Boston. They

returned several hours later after getting to Boston and being turned away because of a rain delay. Despite their misfortune, Ian saw things on a positive note, as usual, and viewed this as another opportunity to journey into the city and have some more fun. The day the game was rescheduled for Ian came in our room at 8 a.m. to get his face repainted so he could show his Sox pride and wear it to class all day.

This past semester with Ian has consisted of lunch at Bob's and dinner at Dana (and occasionally Foss if we could convince him to make the short walk which he found so tedious). It consisted of watching "That 70's Show" in his room or "Friends" or "Most Extreme Challenge" in ours. There were the card games in his room on Fridays and Saturdays before we went out and there were the numerous off campus parties. There were the girls' movie nights with him curled up on the floor with all of us, often voicing his complaints of our film selection, but never-the-less always there.

As much as losing this amazing friend hurts now and how the days ahead seem empty without Ian and his smile, the days, nights, weekends, Sox games, movies, and meals we have shared are priceless and we will continue to relive them and cherish the precious memories he has given us. We are so thankful to have had the opportunity to have Ian in our lives these past months and will take with us the lessons he has taught us on how to live life fully and to make the best of every situation.

Ian will live on in our hearts and our minds forever.

Amy Fredrickson '07  
Adelle Donohue '07

I first met Ian on our COOT trip—Saco River. Now, for those of you who weren't there in August, the Saco wasn't exactly a thrill of a canoe trip. However, my fellow COOTers made the trip one to remember—Ian especially. Ian's most distinguishable feature was his smile, and he never went anywhere without it.

For me, the best times of trip were the last two nights when Ian, Geoff, Ryan and I crammed into our four-person tent and just talked (and, man, did Ian like to talk). He would just go on and on about whatever, but there was never a dull moment. He was the one who opened up the communication between everyone on the COOT, not just the four guys; everyone fed off his energy.

When I try to explain the type of kid he was, I am at a loss of words. Here I am writing about someone I knew for mere months, and I can honestly say he was a true friend. One afternoon at a football game he was selling programs for the lacrosse team to people in the stands, one of whom was my Mom. After the game she came up to me and said, "Who's the blonde kid?" I replied, "That must be Ian."

And in the few seconds she got a

chance to meet him she could only say, "Boy is he nice." That's just the effect he had on people.

Whether it was in his room at Dana, the dining hall, the weight room, Mudd right after English, my room, wherever...all I can picture is him smiling. I would like to share with you the stories from last semester I have about this wonderful person, but every time we saw each other was fun and exciting, it happened naturally around him. (I will mention one story: He did more or less kiss Praski to help us get on COOT game show, haha.)

What I'll miss most about him is just horsing around when we would pass each other, and him asking me how football was going. My heart goes out to those from Vermont who knew him well, his family especially, and his close friends here on campus (Geoff, Amy, Carolina, Missy, Adelle, Kevin, Jeff, especially, yet so many more). May he forever rest in peace knowing that he made everyone at Colby thankful for the short time we had together with him.

"It's not the length of life, but depth of life." - Ralph Waldo Emerson

-Brian Liberty '07

If for just one day I could depart from reality, I would want to see you sitting on your favorite chair wearing your crazy yellow hat; that I could see that beautiful smile on your face, hear that enthusiastic laugh, and feel that amazing energy you never ceased to exude. I think back when our friendship began on COOT, how I laughed when you couldn't remember how to pronounce my name. You were charismatic and so full of liveliness that everyone was drawn to you. Our whole COOT became very close, so much that people would jokingly say we had a "COOT reunion" every day. We ate together almost everyday and on the weekends, we would all meet in your room to decide on plans for the evening. We all spent so much time in that room that when I found out you'd be moving to Taylor, I gave you a big hug and told you how much I'd miss you—then you laughed as you said, "you know we'll still hang out. I'm not moving away or anything!"

I remember us walking to lunch from Logic class; me complaining about a quiz and you telling me that I stressed too much. You always made sure that nothing in life brought you down and you didn't want to see others brought down either, there was too much good in life to be stressing; I admired that about you and wished that I could

be like that. You made me look at the brighter side of everything as if nothing was too big to handle. I don't think I ever remember you being upset or having a frown on your face, no matter what, you shined like a vivid light of happiness; you had no regrets, loving life, and living it to the absolute fullest. Even though the time I had with you was short and the pain that I feel in your absence is unbearable, I wouldn't trade it for the world because the memories we had gave me more than words can say.

Looking back at my first semester at Colby, I can't imagine many memories that didn't include you, and I thought we had four more years of great memories to share, but God had another plan and it was time for you to go. How was I to know that on Dec. 15th after having dinner with you, I would say goodbye for the last time? For those of us that had the great pleasure of knowing you and calling you a friend, you left each of us a piece of you and with your goodbye, you have taken a part of us with you too. I know that you are at peace, watching over all of us, and that helps me to cope with losing you. You were an amazing person and you will never be forgotten. I love you and miss you, Ian.

Carolina Sicard '07



Ian in his favorite chair in his Dana dorm room.

quito population on the small beach on which we had set up camp. As if his list of accomplishments in lacrosse, hockey, soccer and school weren't enough, bug catching can be added.

It was after COOT when we all realized that those four days had built the foundations of friendships that would define our first semester at Colby. We spent the next four months having fun and making memories, and we thank God for the time we had with him.

We lived directly above Ian in Dana, and we learned early on the ease with





Ian with Geoff Meldahl '07.

PHOTO COURTESY OF AMY FREDRICKSON

Ian's death saddened us all. His appreciation of and enthusiasm for life was so great that his death is especially tragic to those of us who knew him.

Ian's personality made him a likeable guy. He was so enthusiastic about everything—always smiling. His personality showed on the field. He played the game purely because he liked it. You could see him focus on the ball and then go after it. You could see he really loved lacrosse.

He loved other things too. When we saw him around campus he was always excited about something. He dressed up as a hick for Halloween and could be seen roaming the halls of Dana. Ian's personality made him a popular guy—people liked being with him.

It's a sad thing that we cannot see him anymore and share his happiness and enthusiasm. But we have a lasting image of Ian in our minds. He was always smiling.

The Colby College Men's Lacrosse Team will wear a black patch on our jerseys in memory of Ian. He was a great young man and we will miss him, but his spirit will give us strength.

Colby Men's Lacrosse



Ian in his Dana dorm room.

PHOTO COURTESY OF MISSY CIANCIOLO

Ian—  
I don't know why you think you can just leave us like this. You and I had some serious unfinished business. We were all tied up at a game apiece in the Hallway Soccer Championship. We never got to see which of the Canadian Kings could win another Mini-kegathon on a co-ed team. Plus, who am I going to burn for highlight reel touchdown receptions for the rest of the snow football season? All I can say is, you better keep the party going up there. I know you will. And try to save me a spot, or at least put in a good word for me at the gate.

Love,  
your buddy, Geoff

The first time I met Ian, I swear I felt like I had known him for months already. He was so friendly, so inviting and just an extremely fun guy to be around. As the weeks went on, my friends and I would go down to his room to party, or just to sit because we had no where else to be. Then it started: the Red Sox playoffs. It became a religious activity, and we would be scolded by Ian if we, for some reason, had to miss some of the game. For superstitious reasons, Ian would never let us switch positions in the middle of the games if the Red Sox were doing well because it was "bad luck". I'm telling you, it was because of us that the Red Sox got so far. At the end of each game we won, Ian would blast "We are the Champions" and run outside in the halls to let everyone know that we, Red Sox fans, were the best. Over Winter Break, Curt Schilling moved to my town, and I was so excited to come back and tell Ian, because I knew he would be one of a few people to appreciate it. I bought a Schilling T-shirt, which I'm wearing now, and every time I wear it I will think of him and the fun we had during the season.

When it came to schoolwork, I just don't know how Ian did it. We were in the same bio class, and we were partners in bio lab. I would bet (yes, even bet Ian) that I studied at least twice as much as he did, yet somehow he managed to score higher than me on every test. It still amazes me how he did it, but then again, he was an amazing guy. In lab we would have to spend hours in that one classroom, and let me tell you, I would get very frustrated. But every time I would "flip out," there was Ian telling me to relax and not worry about it, and he would finish up our work for the day. I certainly couldn't have asked for a better partner.

We all have so many memories with Ian, and each and every one of mine make me smile when I think about them. He brought so much happiness into the lives of the people he was close to, and even to those who he spoke with only once. Although he was here at Colby for only four months, his outgoing personality and friendliness allowed him to surround himself with many friends who loved being with him, and shared wonderful memories for his short time here. For those of us lucky enough to have known him, or even luckier to become his friend, his life has touched us in a million ways that we will never forget. On a piece of paper, he is the perfect all-around American college student, involved in everything and excelling in everything. But that description does not even come close to fully describe who he was as a person. He was always smiling, always happy and always ready to have fun. When I close my eyes and see Ian's face, I smile because I can see him smiling right back at me, as happy as ever.

Ian—I was lucky enough to have gotten to know you, and become your friend. I will never forget your beautiful smile and the way that you lit up every room you were in. I will cherish the memories we have, and I know you will always be watching over us. I miss you and I know that someday I will see you again. Rest in Peace.

Stephanie Agrimanakis '07

I was a good friend of Ian's here at Colby and would like to share with you some pictures of him and his friends.

I did attend both his wake and funeral, which were both very touching and moving. The wake had an incredible number of people at it, with more people in attendance than any other wake in the history of the home, according to one person who works there. The funeral was packed with family and friends, and not a single person left it with dry eyes. I only wish that more people here at Colby could have gotten to know him the way we did because he truly was an amazing person and one who is and always will be missed.

A saddened friend,  
Missy Cianciolo '07

I knew Ian from lacrosse pretty well. I will always remember Ian as someone who had a passion for everything he was doing. This is something I always admired about him. One of the first nights we were at Colby as freshman, I remember seeing him covered in mud after sliding head-first for several hours down the hill next to the Chapel. He always had a smile on his face. It was inspiring to see him everything Thursday morning at 6:30 at plyometrics just grinning at every lacrosse player who walked through the door. He was just always happy. In study hall two days a week, I will never forget how often he was smiling and enjoying himself. His glowing personality rubbed off on people too. He made obligations we had for the lacrosse team fun and he lived to enjoy every aspect of life. This doesn't take away either from how hard I would see him work. It was always impressive to see his work ethic in the gym and on the lacrosse field. I never knew him in the classroom, but I'm sure this same ethic was present in his classes too. I know many will miss Ian.

Anonymous student



Ian was an avid Boston Red Sox fan.

PHOTO COURTESY OF AMY FREDRICKSON

Dear Ian,

Why is it that when we need them the most, words are so hard to find? I miss you a lot...we all do. You were a good friend to many and a great person. The other night someone commented on how you were always happy. The more that I think about it, the more I know this is true. Even during early morning breakfasts you had that glow about you. You found humor in the most unlikely situations and were always well equipped with a smile and a laugh. No occasion was too small to go all out. Whether it was gearing up to go to a Sox game, Halloween, or even just an I-Play "Deadly Coogers" soccer game, you were always prepared with an outfit and carried it out through the end. Your energy and heart will be missed but will live on forever in our memories. Memories that were started on the Saco River continued through parties, soccer games, movie nights, Sox games and simple moments such as meals in the dining hall. They will never be forgotten. You will never be forgotten. May your spirit live in our hearts forever. Thank you for it all. I am sure that you have found peace. What I have said is not all that it should be; it does not do you justice, but it is the best that I can do.

Love,  
Jen Anderson '07  
Oh, yeah, and let's go Pats!



Ian with his older brother, Josh.

PHOTO COURTESY OF JEN ANDERSON

I am so grateful for every second I spent with Ian. He was one of those people who I couldn't resist being around because his presence made me so happy.

When he smiled he glowed, and that energy spread to everyone around him. He lived his life to the fullest, and treated everyone around him with genuine kindness. His spirit and desire to enjoy every second of life reminds me to do the same and I truly thank him for that.

Anne Cuttler '07

Ian's spirit was contagious. Not only was he easy to be around but people gravitated towards Ian because he had a way of sharing his energy with others.

There was never a dull moment when you were in his presence. He was charismatic; Ian's personality was charming and energizing to be around. His liveliness was constant and he had the ability to brighten a room with his enthusiasm, positive attitude, and smile, as he did throughout Dana and the Colby campus so many times.

Ian was spontaneous and adventuresome; I knew the night we returned from COOT that having Ian living next door was going to make my first year at Colby eventful and fun-filled. Kevin, Ian, Missy and I were getting acquainted with each other, telling stories of COOT, and settling in to our rooms, when Ian decided we really needed to do something! Road trip! Ian and I jumped in Kevin's truck at 11:30 p.m. and took off to Bangor so he could meet some of my friends.

Upon each mile marker of I-95, Ian entertained me by sticking his head out the window and yelling "YEAH COLBY COLLEGE!" In between the mile markers he'd share amusing stories about times back home with his brother and friends. On our return trip the next morning he taught me how to efficiently order everything you could possibly need off the dollar menu at McDonald's.

Ian sparked my life on several other occasions, pulling me out of bed saying there was a FREE Thanksgiving dinner; we could eat and check our mailboxes at the same time! Can't say no to Ian, so off we went to find there was no turkey left, we had a good laugh and ate stuffing. After Thanksgiving break he brought back several Thanksgiving meals his mom had prepared for him, and claimed he'd never go without turkey again and there was no better cook than his mother.

Ian always enjoyed his poker nights, random snow and hall soccer matches, Red Sox games, and obviously studying. "Yes Mom, of course," were his famous words followed by a sweet smirk when I'd ask if he had slowed down enough lately to do his work. Ian always found the time to do anything and everything that he wanted and needed to do.

Ian was not only a friend to many but he was also a teacher. He never spoke negatively or complained. Ian was happy. He taught so many of us without even realizing it himself, that being happy and positive will leave you feeling fulfilled. Speaking for those who knew Ian, it is overwhelming to grieve the loss of a friend, but for years to come we will look back at our memories of Ian Holt with a smile.

You will be in our hearts always Ian  
Love,  
Billi Blanchard '07

Ian and I lived on the same floor in Dana and we were in the same English class. Ian was one of the friendliest American friends I made as a new international student at Colby. He would stop by my room to chat and invite me to hang out with him and play American football in the snow. He was an easy going, laid back individual, who was forever smiling and laughing, with a good sense of humor. An avid Boston Red Sox fan, he is the one who introduced me to baseball watching the playoffs in his room. His passing away is a sad and tragic loss of a vibrant and integral part of the Class of 2007, Colby and especially his family.

May his soul rest in peace.

Tapiwa Mahaye '07

In response to Ian Holt's death, Counseling Services is offering walk-in hours Monday through Friday, January 5-9 at the following times:

11 a.m. - 12 noon  
3 p.m. - 5 p.m.

Appointments can be scheduled at other times by calling x3394

When the Health Center is not open a counselor can be reached by calling x3960