



## Christopher Collins Ebeling

May 3, 1988 - June 21, 2026

It is with the heaviest of hearts that my parents and I must write of my brother Chris Ebeling's passing on Sunday, June 21st in Utah from a paragliding accident. We are completely in shock and grieving the loss of our beloved son and brother.

We will be having an in-person service in our hometown Salem, Oregon on Saturday, July 11th, full details and official obituary to follow. Because we know Chris lived in so many places and touched so many people's lives across the country and world, we are also considering a virtual service for his friends, colleagues, and clients.

Please feel free to reach out to either me or my parents directly with your memories, photos, feelings, and if you have interest in joining a virtual service. Hearing from people who knew him means so much to us right now, as we could not possibly keep track of all his adventures and the many people in his life, so please know we would love to hear from you.

Chris was the most amazing human I have ever met. He was my best friend, my "little" brother, often assumed to be my boyfriend by strangers (yes, we look nothing alike), and the kindest most loving soul. He was at various times a professional photographer, a ski patroller, a member of search and rescue, a mountain guide, a backcountry ski guide, taught avalanche courses, and most

recently was in school to become an airplane mechanic in Salt Lake City, about which he was excited beyond belief.

He is also the smartest person in the most exceptional way - he could tie any knot after seeing it once, retained technical knowledge about his interests like a sponge, and could pack a car/truck like you've never seen before (his spatial awareness was unparalleled). Downhill skiing as a kid (and later racing) was his gateway drug into the outdoor world, he then went on to excel at every outdoor sport he could find – mountaineering, rock climbing, ice climbing, backcountry skiing, mountain biking, and most recently paragliding.

Chris and my father have experienced many losses of friends, colleagues and community members to the mountains throughout the years, and we feel each loss deeply. Chris and I talked often of risk he could control and the understanding that there is always some uncontrollable risk in the activities he loved. We felt that no one should die doing what they loved, and that statistically we felt more afraid of cars than outdoor hobbies, as long as you educate yourself and come prepared. This loss will never make sense to me - in my eyes he was invincible and I always saw us growing old together.

Please continue to share his memory and know that we have always loved the outdoors community, that will never change. Hold us in your hearts, and we will hold you in ours. Chris lived life more in a year than most people experience in a lifetime. He touched the sky and lived among the clouds. Au revoir mon frere, we love you so much, until we meet again ☐