



Ilya Barbiyeru

July 20, 1986 - May 2, 2017

Service information below.

Cemetery Details

Willamette National Cemetery

11800 SE Mt. Scott Blvd.
Portland, OR 97086

Previous Events

Graveside Service

MAY 11. 12:00 PM - 12:30 PM (PT)

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Tribute Wall

“ I want to start by saying that words are incapable of sufficiently describing the loss we feel when someone we care about passes on no matter how well articulated and eloquent they are. How can one sum up an entire life especially when there was so much life yet to live? They say there is a time for everything and all things shall pass but I can tell you who are reading this now that while some pain and grief will subside as time progresses, the memories and love we all share for Ilya will never fade.

This was supposed to be our life - a long life spent with my brother from another mother. Ilya always wanted to build a shed and fill it with our own tools, build a workshop even if we didn't use it often, now I go to this space alone and reminisce over my old friend. I laugh because I could imagine Ilya caring as much as me where each peg went on the peg board, caring where each tool would hang even though we may not use them often. We grew up together, we rebelled together, fought one another and loved one another like brothers and we learned to take pride in the things we did. We both developed a disdain for talking about doing something yet never doing it; we learned to love being in the shit together. Our friendship was a double edged sword at times because Ilya could be selfish with his time; we didn't celebrate our birthdays or holidays you know but the love was always there. I may have gone through a few surgeries or family deaths alone but I could always count on Ilya to be there when the shit was too much for me to bare.

As much as I would try to look out for him and occasionally offer up some common sense and street smarts Ilya surpassed me in book smarts; I had dreamed of being a Marine the majority of my childhood, Ilya became a Marine and graduated first in class for his particular MOS; I wanted to get out of our tiny hometown of Newberg, Ilya bounced between California and New York; I knew college would be important and something I should get around to, Ilya made the Dean's list at Columbia University an Ivy League school. When I got sick I always thought I'd leave here well before him but Ilya has gone before me. My friend is gone. One of my

brothers is gone now. We always told each other that one of us would make it and do something big and pull the other in and we'd live our lives stress free but he's gone and from here on out I live my life for the both of us.

I would give anything to have made this go differently but now I'm here and he's gone away and I have to pursue our dreams and goals for the both of us. I love my friend Ilya and he is in me and part of me as I continue to live as he is with all of you that knew and loved him. He resides in that part of us that belongs to all the others that have gone before us - those loved ones that we have been so honored and privileged to have in our lives and influence us for the better. Ilya will always be one of my brothers, my closest friend; we will always have our childhood and the adventures we shared as we became adults. He will always live smiling in our memories amongst that pantheon of beloved individuals that have left us too soon.

I extend my condolences to his family as well as to all those that had the opportunity to treasure this complex and amazing individual.

And to you Ilya my old friend, It will always be Willamette and Pacific divided by Ninth - much love and peace.

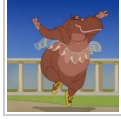
*Your homie,
Justin*

Justin - May 09, 2017 at 09:29 PM

GA

Justin, I thought of you first. My two film makers, inseparable, brilliant, hilarious slackers. Unforgettable was Ilya, despite the years that have gone by since you two passed through my classroom. Thank you for sharing your words and heart. I know you're hurting right now. I'm feeling the hole in the world too. But I'm thinking of you, and holding the light of my memories with you and with Ilya. I'm at school if you need me. Love to you and to Ilya's family. And love to Ilya.
Gail Grobey

Gail - May 09, 2017 at 10:01 PM



I was looking for something else and stumbled upon Ilya's obituary. I can't believe the most brilliant lazy person I ever met is gone. I remember him coming into both jazz band and regular band just to hang out with you in the percussion section while skipping whatever class he should have been going to.

Katie Gray - March 02, 2019 at 01:08 AM