



Matthew Harmon

February 29, 1984 - July 3, 2024

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Matthew Whelan Harmon, age 40, of Nashville, TN, has swiftly started his next adventure. Classic him to break the rules and get a head start. Born on February 29, 1984, in San Rafael, CA, Matt lived a life that was anything but conventional.

Matt was a proud metalhead and die-hard fan of Bay Area sports teams Golden State Warriors, San Francisco 49ers, and the San Francisco Giants. He was a perpetual prankster who never met a rule he couldn't bend, break, or turn into a challenge. His antics growing up in Lafayette, CA, particularly his relentless tormenting of the local mail courier, are legendary and remain unmatched. He masterminded mischief with his friends and brothers that continue to be told like lore. Never seen without a band t-shirt and a hat on his head, Matt's style wasn't exactly evolved, but it was perfectly him. Someone who loved skateboarding, snowboarding and being in the mountains.

Despite his sweet boyish ways, fatherhood transformed Matt into a nurturing, loving figure who adored his daughter, Juniper. He found immense joy in packing her lunches with the weirdest foods, which she surprisingly always (okay, usually) ended up loving. As a dad, he was always the one on the floor playing with her, making the funny voices, and turning a blind eye to the fake

rules she made up as they played. He proved impossible to embarrass for the sake of getting her to laugh. He loved getting to see her ice-skate and was in awe of her intelligence. Fatherhood was the one thing he took seriously, pouring his heart and soul into being the best dad he could be.

Matt is preceded in death by his father who he missed deeply, Richard Harmon; his aunt, Faith Tootell; and his grandfather, Geoffrey Tootell. He leaves behind his wife, Kaylee Harmon (Wilson); his beloved daughter, Juniper Harmon; his mother, Megan Tootell; his brothers, Daniel Harmon (Maggie) and William Harmon (Joslin); and his niece, Jack.

A memorial service will be held in Nashville this October, with details to be announced later. Instead of flowers, the family requests donations to an addiction recovery organization of your choosing in Matt's name, a cause close to their hearts due to his battles and the toll it took on his loved ones.

Matt was not perfect, but he longed to be, and he succeeded in the ways that mattered most. His legacy of laughter, love, and being fearlessly offensive for the sake of making people pause, will live on forever. That, and the time he peed too soon after eating hot chicken and ran through the house with his pants around his ankles seeking the relief of a cold shower.