

Dylan Michael Kimmett, age 18, laid down his armor and slipped away on June 12, 2025, after a successful life in being unknowable.

Dylan was not your average mortal. Born on December 4, 2006, under a mysterious alignment of stars, he entered the world silently judging everyone—until he learned to talk. After that, he just said it.

And never really stopped.

He was brilliant without trying to be, stubborn like it was a competitive sport, and kind in a rare, quiet way that often goes unnoticed. He could be sharp as glass, soft as his favorite blanket, or gone like vapor when the moment got too much. He existed in layers—some laughter, some grief, some code written in a language only he could decipher. He showed love through mystery, kindness through sarcasm, and emotion through long, winding monologues and debates.

His mind was a universe of shifting fascinations: from trumpet and tennis to coding and car repair; from geopolitics and religion to retro video games, LEGO sets, and lovingly sarcastic debates. He

loved Futurama, dominated in Mario Party 8, was a ketchup sommelier, and enjoyed quietly building intricate Minecraft worlds. He wore suits when no one else did and often towered over crowds like a well-dressed cryptid.

He reinvented himself constantly—his ever-evolving dreams taking him down a winding road of self-discovery. Every version of him was real. Every version mattered.

Though intensely private and hard to read, Dylan loved deeply. He showed affection in ways that, from anyone else, might go unnoticed—but from him, meant everything. He adored his siblings—especially his big sister Trinity and her beloved Callie—and he loved his friends in a way that showed in every photo: arms slung over shoulders, light in his eyes, present in a way that words don't quite capture. He treasured driving—his (many, many) cars symbolizing the freedom and independence he fought so hard to claim in his life.

And though he often struggled with connection, when he felt understood, he lit up in a way that made the whole world feel brighter.

Dylan fought hard to stay in a world that didn't always make space for who he was. He fought with everything he had, far longer than most ever knew. And even in leaving, he tried to shield others from the weight of the pain he carried.



In Loving Memory



"When you do things right, people won't be sure you've done anything at all."

- Futurama, Season 3, Episode 20

Dylan Michael Kimmett
December 4, 2006 ~ June 12, 2025



Funeral Service

Friday, June 20, 2025 ~ 4:00 P.M.
Wilks Magic Valley Funeral Home
2551 Kimberly Road, Twin Falls, Idaho 83301
Conducting ~ *Avery Henson*

Musical Selection

If I Had Only Known by *Reba McEntire*

Opening Prayer ~ *Father Pawel Pawliszko*

Life Sketch ~ *James Kimmett*

Musical Selection

Everything Unsaid by *Joshua Hyslop*

Blessing ~ *Chuck Hardin*

Selected Tributes

*Memories of Dylan offered by
family and friends.*

Open Tributes

*Guests are invited to share a story or memory
of Dylan.*

Musical Selection

What Would This World Do by *Maren Morris*

Closing Prayer ~ *Bishop Jared Holland*

Musical Selection

Guiding Light by *Foy Vance ft. Ed Sheeran*



Honorary Casket Bearers

Elisha Stevens | Robby Kimmett | Jacob Santos
Charles Hardin | Clinton Hardin

After Glow

*I'd like the memory of me,
To be a happy one,
I'd like to leave an afterglow,
Of smiles when day is done.*

*I'd like to leave an echo,
Whispering softly down the ways,
Of happy times, and laughing times,
And bright and sunny days.*

*I'd like the tears of those who grieve,
To dry before the sun,
Of happy memories I leave,
Behind when day is done.*