Today I would like to pause and pay our respects to:

V1029200 Spr Danny Rion **Jordan**

Danny Rion Jordan came into this world on the 25th of June, 1992 — bold, bright, and with a natural pull toward the limelight. From the very beginning, he demanded attention not out of arrogance, but from a deep spark within that refused to go unnoticed. He had a magnetism, a fire, and a soul full of stories waiting to be written.

His love for the outdoors revealed itself early. Whether hunting, fishing, or foraging, Danny was most alive when immersed in nature. He found joy in the land and sea, in catching his own food, and in attempting to cook (and usually eat) whatever he could. He was curious, hands-on, and always learning.

Danny’s heart was enormous. He was loving, deeply empathetic, and unshakably loyal. There was a softness to him — and at times, a flash of lightning — passion, strength, and an energy that was unforgettable. He admired and complemented his older brother Kurt in a beautiful balance, and the two of them together made motherhood a wonderfully varied adventure.

At just 17, Danny enlisted in the Army as a Medic. He thrived in the rhythm of Army life, though not always in the classroom. He later became a Sapper — and in that, he truly found his place. The military helped shape him into an extraordinary man. He earned the deep respect of his peers, formed lasting friendships, and carried himself with honour, strength, and purpose.

Tragically, Danny lost his life in a hunting accident on the 31st of March 2016, aged 23. The loss is incomprehensible. The pain, immense. To live without him means rewriting who we are without his laughter, his spirit, his light beside us. And yet, his presence remains — in memories, in stories, in the silent echoes of all he was and all he gave.

Kurt, his devoted brother, was just 24 when he lost Danny. He named his firstborn daughter **Amara Danielle** — a name that carries Danny’s essence forward, a legacy wrapped in love.

We are blessed to have known the kind of love Danny gave so freely.
We are heartbroken to walk this world without him.
But we carry his light always. And always, he will be my son.

Forever loved.
Forever missed.
Forever Danny.

Forever Bud

His ashes have been scattered at Whiriwhiri Road Waiuku.

RIP Danny

Thank you for your service

E kore e warewaretia

Will never forget.

In posting this tribute to Danny I wish to acknowledge the contribute made by his mother Donna Hardie. Thank you for allowing us to share your memories of your son.