

Thank you for your kind words of sympathy.

He was a beautiful boy.

It's still really hard.

Tonight Chris was missing in action for a while so I went looking for him and he was down in Michael's room crying... We built him his own pad in the basement (a bedroom and bathroom) when we were expecting Sarah. So every time we do laundry which is frequently - we go by his room. It's still the same as the last time we saw him which was a month ago today.

I still cannot believe it's true, even though we've been through the whole thing -wake -service -burial, I still feel like he's coming home.

I don't know if you knew, that he lived with us for the last year. He moved in a month before Sarah was born. He came in one night before he moved in and said "It's A Boy" ! I'm moving in. At least we got to have him for 1 year...

He loved Sarah, He called her his little peanut. He would babysit for us when my sitter couldn't, if he wasn't working. He loved having a family.

It's such a tragedy... I don't know if you know the details:

Michael was a bright kid who hated school and quit last year but took his GED and passed with honors. We went to his graduation last June.

We'd usually see him at lunch time or on his day off or between all the goings on. He loved to sleep. He'd come home at 1-2-3 in the morning raid the fridge and sleep till 1.

His days were spent working as a cook in a popular restaurant in town. He'd work from 2 until 10-11-ish, sometimes he'd come home and then go out. He was a popular kid. The phone rang off the hook (now it never rings). Other times he'd call to say where he was going to be. He'd always call. Fifty percent of the time he'd stay over at a friend's house.

The last time we saw him was Wed, October 15th about 6:30pm. He picked Sarah up early from the sitter. Chris and I got home from work shortly afterwards. He was all excited a kid named Paul was coming over to pick him up and they were going to do whatever kids do,-- we never asked (drugs- obviously).

We met Paul. I offered them to have dinner with us. I had just gone to the store and was anticipating maybe Michael might eat with us so I

bought 2 steaks and 2 boxes of rice pilaf. They declined the offer.

But we small talked on the deck for a few minutes. This was the first time we'd met Paul and we both remarked,(later that night)that we really liked him. He was very personable: he loved our dog even though she's a nut, he loved Sarah, Michael really seemed to like him and he took the time to talk to us.

So they left, Michael with Guitar in hand. About midnight Michael called and spoke to Chris and said he was going to sleep over at Paul's and he'd be home in the morning about 9:00.

The police came to our home about 10:45am Thursday, October 16th. Chris was home on vacation, turning the loft into a bedroom for Sarah. Michael was going to help him. Chris had gone out and bought coffee and pick up a doughnut for Michael.

I heard from my neighbors that Chris collapsed on the front lawn when they told him. He called me at work shortly after and I came right home.

Michael and Paul drove into Providence, about an hour away and bought Heroin -----for \$5.00. It's the kind you snort. A lot of kids do it now because you don't have to inject it. It's so pure you can snort it. It's so pure it's addicting on the first try.

Michael was caught in a routine traffic stop in July with another kid and they were arrested because they searched the car and found heroin. That was the first we even knew he was involved with that stuff. We couldn't believe it. We were shocked. We even told him "a little beer, even a little weed maybe, but what the hell are you doing with heroin!!!"

He said he wasn't going to do it again, people look stupid when they do it. He told us what we wanted to hear.

He had finally gone through the lawyer/court hearings and was sent to diversion, because it was his first offense. So he was required to go to counseling at a place called Marathon. That day -- the last time we saw him he had just gone to his first session and they told him that he'd have to be tested weekly and if he tested positive he would have to go to de-tox.

He went out that night to do it just one more time --but he over did it.

Paul said he last saw him about 3:30 in the morning. Paul went to be while Michael stayed up reading a magazine.

Paul had to be to work in the morning around 9:00. He tried to get him up and got no response. He called 911. A nurse at the hospital said he was gone when they brought him in. They pronounced him dead at 10:12am.

If only... marathon had warned us. I guess this is common. Chris spoke to the counselor and he asked her "why don't you hear of this happening" and she said because people are ashamed. Chris and I are not ashamed of the way he died -- we are just very, very sad and empty.

This did not have to happen.

Sorry to go on and on but I thought I'd tell you the whole story.

Bye...