

January 29, 2025

To Whom it may Concern,

The loss of our son...

How do you put a value on the cost of a human life? Our only son was killed by the selfish, criminal and inhumane acts of a reckless drug dealer who's only concern is currency-at any cost. By providing a highly addictive and deadly poison (Fentanyl) to immature and naive children, youth and compromised adults, that dealer has dealt a one-way ticket to nowhere that has robbed and is robbing America of it's brightest future and potential. My son's death has cost us more than funeral expenses, counseling, support groups, anguish, personal grief and sleepless nights. It has cost us parents the most valuable asset any person could possibly attain-the potential for achievement and greatness that resides in every child.

You see, our son's death has robbed my wife and I of a future of new families, grand children, memories of a happy life filled with personal triumphs, joy and love. These cannot be assessed a dollar value, they can only be continued or, in our son's case, erased and brutally ripped out of our lives forever by narcotics trafficking fueled by greed and selfishness.

We are no longer a family, but the remnants of one constantly mourning our son's loss and the permanence of that finality. We go about in a fog to work, to perform chores, to repair what cannot be repaired. We only hope to keep what is left of our marriage remains solvent despite the constant gnawing feelings of our son's death. For such a young man, he had, by his 18th birthday, already saved the life of a friend-the daughter of a local physician.

We try as a couple to heal ourselves by any means be it by counseling, prayer, and through support groups. A month does not go by without us seeing and trying to counsel another parent(s) from the grief of their child's demise from the drugs provided by this trafficker and dealer.

We are past the 7-year time frame of our son's death. Though time does heal somewhat, the pain of his loss will never be a realization we will see.

Thank you,

D.C. Alcantara