

VICTIM IMPACT STATEMENT FOR MY FAMILY OVER THE LOSS OF OUR BEAUTIFUL BOY

Our Son, Brother, Uncle was poisoned by Fentanyl on December 9, 2022. We don't expect you to understand the trauma & pain this has caused, only those that have lost a child would.

My son Daulton Ian Finlayson born 11/13/1992 is our first of three children. He was & still is perfect in every way.

His death has left his loved ones devastated! The grief, pain, guilt, sorrow, isolation are feelings that can never be fixed. Everything will start a cycle of pain, crying, screaming asking why, these triggers can be seeing other people happy, children happy and having fun to a carton of gelato in the grocery store. So, this is my new life.

Before that day we would look forward to driving to Newport Beach to see him. The last time we saw him except in the hospitable was to celebrate his 30th Birthday. Twenty-two days later I received a call from a coworker at the construction site they were working at. It was 12/5/2022 at 16:15 on a Monday, he had been taken to the local ER. Heading home to El Dorado Hill from Folsom as I crested the hill there was a rainbow 15 miles off over the town of Placerville, CA. where he was born, I knew when I saw that something was terribly wrong and that was beginning of the end. The following day his entire family drove to the hospital in Oceanside, CA. His two friends stayed with him the entire day waiting for us to arrive. When we arrived there he was connected to life support. What I knew from the Fire Service I kept to myself, I know what happens when a brain goes without oxygen to long. As I walked up the right side of his bed I held him, then I opened each eye and that is all I need to see, he had severe brain damage, this too I kept to myself. Everyday we'd be at the hospital all day until they made us leave, after we left on 12/9/22 I was called from the hospital, they said all brain activity has stopped. So how does a man, a father tell his family that their son & brother has died? The next day 12/10/22 we went to the hospital again, even in death our sweet boy would save yet another's life as he was an organ doner. We were there in the room when they turned his machine off, the beeping stopped and he was rushed to the OR for the transplant surgery, that was the last time I kissed my son and see him ever again. He just didn't die that day, the pain of that day, the memories of that day replay fucking day!!!

So now, his mother Natalie cries in the shower every day. For me, every time I think of him from the day he was born until that horrible day I cry. People say, "try and remember the good times together", guess what, I cry then too.

So, finding a way to not take my life every day is a struggle, if it were not for knowing that passing the pain I feel to his brother and sister I know I'd be with Daulton right now. That's what I have to remember so I don't give myself a double shot of insulin or down a bottle of sleeping pills. So now, I just wait to die. And let me say this, I feel like I'm one of the luckier parents, you see, I got to hold my son for 5 days while he was alive, most weren't given that opportunity. I'm also close to 70 so I don't have to wait for as long as they do to die. This is the life I live now, just waiting to die for that is the day my heart will be made whole again. I'd like you to look at some

pictures of my beautiful son.











