

To: Members of the United States Congress

From: The Riebl Family

**My family currently lives with the “FEAR” of Fentanyl and has experienced the “Deadliness” of Fentanyl**

My nephew (Godson) Timothy “Forever 31” – 10<sup>th</sup> Grade I see the picture in my mind everyday of him being a starting Quarterback for his Varsity team... Grades in the 90’s and could light up a room with his smile... Addiction problems began in 11<sup>th</sup> and 12<sup>th</sup> grade—and continued into his college years--- But the change in the drugs he used was like a sliding scale of being progressively worse---

Fast forward to his 30<sup>th</sup> year he encountered a legal problem which he avoided jail time, by him attending a New York State shock treatment program (incarceration boot camp)- Based in the Adirondack Mountains in NY, I can remember my visit with him and seeing a beautiful clarity, and the goal oriented you man he could be. After 6 months it was wonderful to know he would be home on my Birthday- Things started great but the evil of addiction crept back in within 2 months-

My phone was always on 24/7 and if my sister or brother in law ( Tim’s parents) called me before 8AM or after 8PM, I knew it was about Timmy. On Nov 18 2015 the phone rang at 6am – the frantic call from my sister –“Ronnie, Timmy overdosed and they are working on him and we will be going to St.Joe’s hospital” My wife and I prepared to meet at the hospital..... Then at about 6:25am the phone call came in from Joey (Tim’s brother) and said in a broken voice “Uncle Ron, Timmy did not make it” —AS I TYPE THIS I GET THE CHILLS WITH TEARS AS I RECALL HOW LOUD I YELLED FROM THE OTHER ROOM.... My wife knew right away – Gathering at the hospital was a nightmare that I can still “see” and “smell” the room to this day as I saw Timmy on the metal slap – It was an Overdose of Heroin containing FENTANYL

THIS IS WHAT WE LIVE WITH--- My sister and brother in law have never been the same—my wife lives with going back to the house while we were at the hospital to see it all the medics’ paraphernalia on the floor along with the vomit, etc....  
how

could anyone deal with all this? I cherish the angel parents out there and their strength- With them I will stay relentless.... BUT MY FAMILIES STORY DOES NOT END HERE-

Our son, James is battling addiction for years and is working on Recovery –BUT Parents in this world live in “hyper-vigilance” EVERY DAY- the phone rings – is it a good call or a bad call- He has had multiple relapses – Has overdosed.. Has been in legal trouble – and when “sober” he also hates what addiction has to done to him and us. We will never give up on him.... But it is the FENTANYL that causes Fear---We all know One Pill Can Kill.... But to the addict they think “not me, not this time”

As parents of James and my daughters, this is the world we live---

When a police car pulls in front of your house – and my daughter who works from home – sees the car on the RING camera and calls me--- my heart races and all thoughts go through your head in seconds--- But it turns out to be a Friend in the police force that was stopping by- Hyper-Vigilance—and my daughter thought the worse---

Or the night 2 police officers came to our door--- No doubt in my mind, we thought this was “The Knock” that all the families dread. It turned out to be related to a local home robbery.

But the only thing we think about is if James uses again – the next time could be his last due to FENTANYL.

***BAD ENOUGH WE LOST TIMMY....***

***WE DO NOT WANT TO LOSE JAMES***

I wanted to have Timmy be the one to speak to Students, but after his lost I committed to doing this as often as I can in High Schools and Colleges – My goal is now to one day have my son by side to tell his story