



Todd Clayton Brewer

Died Age 19

Methadone

Todd Clayton Brewer died on March 4, 2006 from an apparent Methadone overdose.

Clayton was born April 15, 1986. As a child he was very active and inquisitive. Growing into a young man he was very family-oriented. He worked as a boilermaker, traveling from job to job. He liked seeing different places and meeting new people. He was a non-judgmental person who loved life. He believed that everyone should be entitled to live their lives without judgment or prejudice, but they should also live life treating others as they would have others treat them.

Clayton was the oldest of three children. His sister Brittany was ten months younger than Clayton but was lovingly called "Big Sis" because she was a mother hen. Christopher, his younger brother by two years, was lovingly called "Do-Man". Christopher got this name due to the fact that there was nothing that he would not do to keep up with his big brother. Clayton and Christopher were not just brothers, they were best friends. When Clayton was home, you never saw him without Christopher. All of Clayton's friends referred to Christopher as Clayton's #1 rider due to there being many times that Clayton would tell his friends that he was not going to go out with them because he just wanted to "chill with Do". On holidays such as Christmas, my birthday and Mother's Day, they would all three get together to go shopping for me. They loved buying me gifts



that were sentimental and would make me cry and then give me something to make me laugh all at the same time.

Clayton was working in Saraland, Alabama when he passed away. Clayton was taking methadone to help him with pain in his knee and leg. I knew that my son smoked marijuana, and it was something that we did not agree on. I always told him that you will always be limited in life if drugs are a part of them. I also discussed methadone with Clayton about 7 months prior to this because of a co-worker's son passing from the overdose of methadone. I never knew that he took it.

Now because of drugs, my son will never know the joy of falling in love, getting married, watching the birth of his own children and seeing them grow from infant to toddler to pre-teen to teenager and then into adulthood. As his mother, I will never see him become the man that I know he would have been.

Now because of drugs, Clayton's family and friends have to learn how to live without him. We take it day by day. I have not disconnected his cell phone because we all still call it just to hear his voice on his voice mail.

Lovingly and painfully submitted by Clayton's Mom,

~Tracy Brewer~

Remembering Lost Promise