



Michael L. Escalante, Jr.

Died Age 21

Drug Overdose

In loving Memory of my son Michael Lawrence Escalante, Jr.
(Beebo)

June 13 1983-November 10, 2004



Ode to Beebo

As long as I've lived I have wanted to be,
A mother to children maybe two, maybe three,
God blessed me with Eric and, too good to be true,
He blessed me again when he blessed me with you.
I loved being pregnant with you and your brother,
Loving each time the same, not one more than the other.
Though I worried my heart could not possibly be
Big enough to hold love for your brother and thee.
So imagine my joy when to my great surprise,
My heart multiplied when I looked in your eyes.
And I never again had to worry or fret

Whether I had the love, it was there when we met.
Too pretty to be just a boy so they said,
And I had to admit it went straight to my head.
But you were all boy from your very first breath,
And from that moment on you would scare me to death.
Scraps with your brother, as brothers will do,
Always wanting attention from, well, you know who.
But deep down inside I knew at the end,
You would not just be brothers, you would be best friends.
Picking beautiful flowers from bushes and trees,
Were special surprises that you'd bring me.
And my heart would just melt when you'd hand me your loot,
Because often the flowers would still have the root.
You really loved critters, so we had a few,
Rabbits, lizards and hamsters-a fish or two,
But cats were your very favorite of all,
And Whoopie would have to be Queen of that Ball.
You would hug her and tease her until she would scratch,
And you'd laugh 'cause you knew you were never a match.
Grandpa and I spent such quality days,
In bleachers enjoying your favorite sports phase,
Baseball, football, wrestling, hockey and track,
Were just some of the games that you tried to attack.
You were always successful whenever you tried,
Your prowess was always a great source of pride.
I just found your shot puts out front in the dirt.
Than I washed them and cleaned them and inside it hurt.
I remember you going to the park every day,
Your practice, your throw, your technique on display,
For neighborhood friends and their mom's young and old,
And your chest and your head got quite big so I'm told.
What words come to mind to describe my dear son?
Handsome, yes handsome would be number one.
A warm loving heart and a hug like a bear,
And love so much love he was willing to share.
Willful and strong are both words I would use,
And short very short to describe Beebo's fuse.
Than darkness began to creep into our lives,
First slowly and then the disease hit its stride.
A madness took over your beautiful mind,
And displaced all the magic with thoughts, the dark kind.
Though you struggled to keep the Beebo we knew,
It was clear that instead of just one there were two.
One that would hold on to happier days

Remembering Lost Promise



Beebo Escalante, Cont'd

And one would begin to take Beebo away.
So Beebo escaped to a world with a hook,
I only have known from a movie or book.
Where normal is sold by the gram or balloon,
Leaving all lives surrounding in some stat of ruin.
And though I prayed daily that he would be spared,
Deep down inside I began to prepare,
For that knock on the door in the chill of the night
That would tell me that Beebo had just lost the fight.
And when that knock came, I let out a scream
And I prayed and I prayed it really was only a dream.
That I would awaken to find Beebo alive,
That Eric and Michael and I had survived.
Three months now have passed since the day that you died,
Each morning I wake, thinking of you and cry.
A struggle to get out of bed every day,
But I do it and give life my best anyway.
My heart filled with sadness and yearning to touch,
That velvet-like hair that I loved oh-so-much.
To hug you and kiss you and squeeze your left knee,
As I often did as you traveled with me.
To joke, pinch and sing as I often would do,
To help you feel better when you had the blues.
And what would I give to get one of those calls,
That said "Mom, I love you" that simple - that's all.
Once viewed as disruption in my busy day,
Was a blessing from God, yes I know this today.
At the end of my days when I go to my grave,
I'll carry these with me, the memories I save.
Of those gorgeous brown eyes and that radiant smile,
To help me make haste down that last lonely mile

~ Debi Ellis, Beebo's mom

Remembering Lost Promise