



# Richard Hacker

## Died Age 36

### Fentanyl

My son, Richard, was an excellent athlete in high school. He loved to play football and was the captain of his team senior year. He met and married his lovely wife, Kim. He graduated from the Sheriff's Department Academy at twenty-one years old. He had a beautiful baby boy with his wife.

Then, out of nowhere, his life began to unravel. It started with steroids and body building. He got into trouble with that and was dismissed from the Sheriff's Department. Richard then went to work for a trucking company. He injured his back and began taking pain killers.

He spent the next years of his life in and out of legal battles because he became so addicted to meds. He went from regular use to abusing meds in many ways, snorting etc., then, any drug he could obtain. It did not seem to matter what. Pain killers were always his favorite. He overdosed many times before the fatal overdose at thirty-six years old September 30, 2005. He has left behind three lovely children, a wife, two sisters, three nieces, one nephew, and a mother and father who miss him so much.

He had such a promising future until he let drugs enter his life. People assume it is the losers who use drugs. They have it backwards. The drugs make a loser out of anyone, no matter who you are or where you come from. Richard was a kind, loving and handsome young man. The words spoken by his wife at his death were that she wished everyone could have known the real Richard.

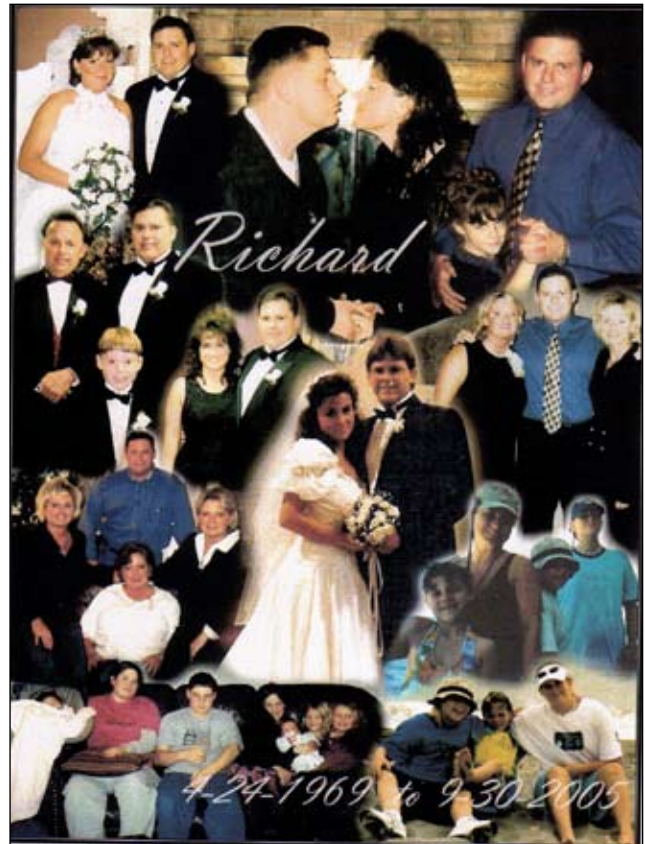
We fought with doctors who kept giving him meds, and people on the street selling drugs to him. We fought the battle with drugs and the abuse of legal prescription drugs for fifteen years. We watched while our wonderful son was being drained of all life that has meaning.

Richard was put into drug programs many times, but the last time seemed to take away all his joy of life. The doctors put him on mood stabilizers, sleep aides and pain killers. Richard was under doctor's care and drug tested weekly, finally deciding to put him on pain patches (so he could not abuse them). Richard died wearing two pain patches, although they

were prescribed one per three days. In the years of drug abuse he had damaged his heart. Two patches—not one—he fell dead while fixing himself lunch, and his eleven year-old daughter came home from school several hours later to find him. If I had a way to wipe out drug pushers and doctors who hand out meds like they are candy with no regard for the lives that are being destroyed I would wipe them out and never blink an eye.

We love our son and our family is forever scarred...

~ Brenda Sturgill



*Remembering Lost Promise*