



Ryan Haight Died Age 18 Prescription Drugs

Ryan was born on December 28, 1982 and Died on February 12, 2001 from an overdose of prescription drugs he had purchased on the Internet. He was only 18.

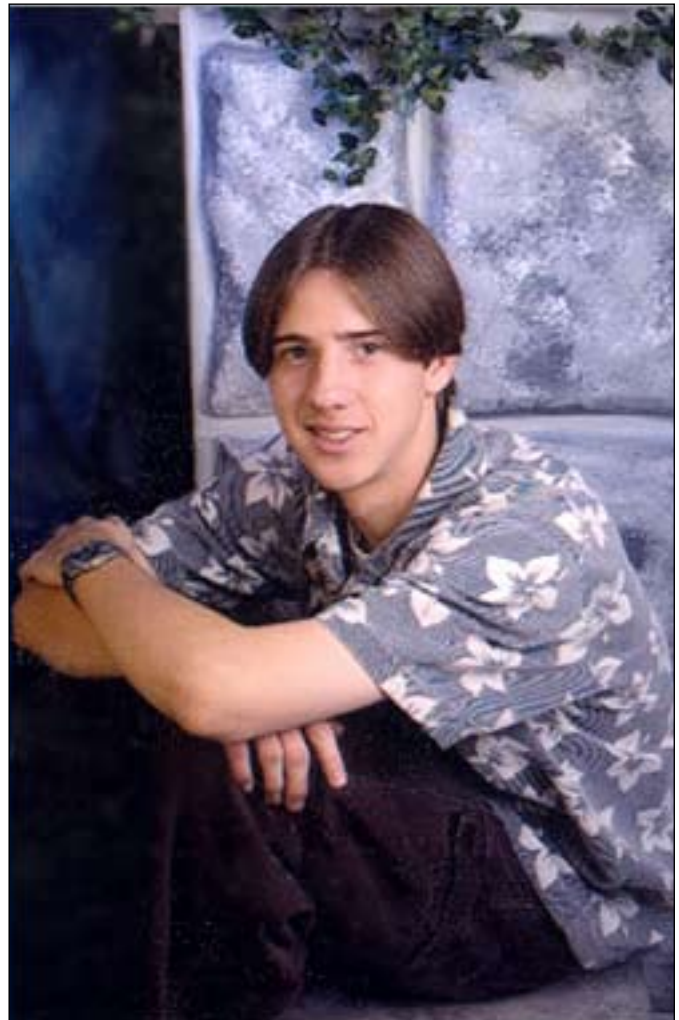
Ryan was an incredible boy. From the time he was little, I always believed that he would make a difference in this world; I just did not know he would be so far away. He was very intelligent and excelled in school. He loved math and science, was at the top of his class, was a Gate student in the elementary years, and then went on to take honors classes. He was an "A" student and maintained a 4.0 or above during his years in high school. He looked forward to going to college.

Ryan was athletic and loved the thrill of competition. In elementary school he played Little League Baseball and then became a top player in the Majors and made the All Star Team. He played Open Junior Tennis tournaments, and went on to play Varsity tennis for Grossmont High School in La Mesa, California. He loved to snow ski, snow board, water ski, knee board, and attempted all sports with great enthusiasm. He loved to play billiards, bowl, and play ping-pong.

Ryan loved using the computer. He was thrilled to find out that he could easily chat online with his friends from school. He could send and receive email everyday. He could enter chat rooms and talk about educational and current events. He learned to surf the Internet. It was a perfect place for him to use for his papers in school, or to seek information he was curious about. Ryan used the computer to play games against his friends, to compete in Fantasy Baseball where players choose their teams. He loved to trade baseball cards on Ebay. Ryan was taking a computer graphics class in high school. He was considering a possible career with computers. But on February 12, 2001 that all stopped.

That day I found Ryan lifeless in his bed. I tried to resuscitate him, but could not bring him back. Ryan had died. I was in shock. Just the night before, we had dinner together after he came home from work at a near-by retail store. He used my Jacuzzi tub because he said his back bothered him from lifting things at work. At midnight I had kissed him goodnight and he said "I love you, Mom." Those were the last words I would hear from him. Ryan died from an overdose of Vicodin, a prescription drug. I thought, How? How did he get these drugs? After one of his friends told us he got them

off the Internet, we gave our computer to the DEA to investigate. Through their investigation, they found how Ryan had ordered the drugs from a medical doctor he never saw, and an Internet pharmacy delivered them to our home. We also learned of web sites on the Internet that have chat rooms that glorify the use of drugs and where sellers go to encourage our children to try them. Since Ryan's death we have found there are hundreds of Internet pharmacies selling prescription drugs.



Remembering Lost Promise



Ryan Haight, Cont'd

Since Ryan's death, my life has never been the same and will never be the same. There is an emptiness that follows me wherever I go.

Ryan loved his family. His sister, Natalie was his best friend. They did everything together when they were growing up. He was a very loving and caring brother to his younger brother, Jeremy. He played games with Jeremy, entertained him, and was very responsible with taking care of him when needed. Our family liked to travel. He saw many of the National Parks from Yosemite to Mount Rushmore. He skied and snow boarded many of the beautiful ski resorts from Sun Valley to Vail. He cruised the Caribbean, and visited Hawaii. He saw the pyramids in Mexico. He camped, house boated and went river rafting. He saw and experienced many of the beautiful things our world has to offer. With so much to live for, his life was lost to drugs.

Ryan is deeply missed by many. My grief continues and extends beyond the immediate family. Ryan's grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins and friends feel Ryan's death very deeply. Ryan will never see Jeremy play his clarinet, or take him out for ice cream. Ryan will never be here to talk for long hours with his sister and best friend, Natalie. I will not see him graduate from college, attend his wedding, and be grandmother to his children. But we continue to water our white roses, and drink our Sprite with no ice in his memory. Ryan will be forever missed and will remain in our hearts forever.

~ Francine Haight

Remembering Lost Promise