LOCAL STORY - LOST TALENT
This section of the exhibit is for the stories of people – loved ones – who have lost their lives to drugs. The lost talent that will no longer shine.
We appreciate the generosity of the families that have shared their stories to help others to avoid the suffering and heartbreak of losing a loved one to addiction and other drug-related consequences.
If you want to post a photo with your story, please contact; Dianna Flores@state.nm.us. You will be asked to sign a photo release.
The stories are posted as we receive them.
Thank you for sharing your stories, and helping us to remember how precious these lives were, and the memories that now are held dear to those who have lost loved ones.
CHUCK "CHUCKIE" MILLER
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Chuck was my only child. He was truly a blessing for me and my husband. As I found out I was pregnant with him a couple of months after losing my father. Chuckie had a loving, caring, generous nature. He enjoyed football, video games, and hanging out with his friends; he was very social, popular some might say. He had a unique sense of humor, with a laugh that was contagious, and he was wise beyond his years. His presence gave so much joy to life, for those that knew him. Chuckie was also a mama's boy, numerous people knew that, and he was not ashamed of that fact. It makes me smile to this day, that he labeled himself as such. The relationship we had was close, the closest bond a mother and child could have, sometimes he would tell his friends he couldn't hang out, because he had plans with his mom. Which we did, we played video games together, watched movies, went bowling, and sometimes out to dinner, just the two of us. This is how special our bond was, he showed me unconditional love.
While in high school my son was seduced by cocaine, as a football team mate offered it to him, exclaiming the drug would make him play better. By the end of senior year, the drug had taken a hold. This person was not my son. He would manipulate, lie and steal from the people closest to him for his fix. My husband and I made every effort to find anyone that would help. My son started seeing a psychologist and was clean for a little over 2 years. He moved out on his own, had a full-time job, and was looking into his possible future career choices. Late 2016, Chuck had asked to move back into our home thinking about his future. A few months past, and one day while at work, I received a phone call from my husband stating my son was"messed up and high on something"and we needed to do something like a rehab. Never in my wildest dreams would I think this was my life. Chuck addicted to OxyContin and Xanax at the time, completed a 30-day rehabilitation outside of Albuquerque, and was sent off on his own aftercompletion.
I thought to myself this is absurd, I could still see he was struggling. I would continually ask him if he was contacting his sponsor. I also helped him schedule an appointment with his primary care doctor, as he had run out of the antidepressants, and other medications he had been prescribed. He continued working his full-time job and attending AA/NA meetings in the community through early 2017. February 2017 was a turn for the worst, as I noticed a dramatic behavior change and asked him if he was high. His response was "yes" I then told him he needed to find somewhere else to go, if he was going to continue doing drugs. I can sit here and tell you all the regrets I have about that day, but it is not going to bring my son back. Three weeks later my son passed away from Fentanyl poisoning. He had taken a synthetic opiate. (Looking identical to an OxyContin) I am very angry that this epidemic has hit so close to home...Our