



Austin Robert Bales

October 29, 1999 - September 17, 2022

Bales, Austin Robert September 17, 2022 age 22 of Woodstock, Georgia formerly of Westland. Beloved son of Brian (Tracey) Bales and Leah Capezzuto Nelson. Loving brother of Brianna Bales, Jacob Bales, Caleb Adams, Sophia Nelson and Vincent Nelson. Dear grandson of Rebecca (Robert) Jorgensen, Mary (the late Eric) Bales and Gary (Teresa) Neino. Also leaves many aunts, uncles, nieces and nephews. Visitation Sunday, September 25th 1-4 PM with Sharing time at 3:30 PM at Vermeulen-Sajewski Funeral Home, 980 N. Newburgh Road (between Ford Road and Cherry Hill) Westland. Memorial contributions may be made to American Foundation for Suicide Prevention, 199 Water Street, 11th floor, New York, NY 10038 or visit www.afsp.org/donate To share a memory, please use the Share a Memory tab on this web page.

Previous Events

Visitation

SEP **25**. 1:00 PM - 4:00 PM (ET)

Vermeulen-Sajewski Funeral Home Westland
980 North Newburgh Road
Westland, MI 48185
(734) 326-1300
westland@vermeulenfh.com

Sharing Time

SEP **25**. 3:30 PM - 4:30 PM (ET)

Vermeulen-Sajewski Funeral Home Westland
980 North Newburgh Road
Westland, MI 48185
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Tribute Wall

AM

“ I miss you so much. I think about you all day every day, still. You are ingrained in me. It's not that I go out of my way to talk about you, it's simply you are in almost every memory of mine. People get tired of me talking about you. I do not care. I'll talk about you until the day I die.

You'd never guess, but I just happened upon a framed poster. A framed poster of Gojira/Tesseract and the date was 6/22/16. Three days after we saw them.

I live in terror most days of feeling that feeling. The feeling of a new memory opened that slices my insides.

That memory is so special to me. I remember that night from start to finish. It's so clear in my head. We had SO much fun.

I wasn't ready to encounter that memory as I just happened upon it, but it broke me. I did what I've been terrified of and had a giant breakdown in front of my friend.

People have told me to "move on, or get over it". Wow would I like that too, however, I get CONSTANT reminders of you. I'm just not strong enough to not have that happen most times I leave the house. Or speak to a stranger who is super nice to me. I just cry. I do NOT CARE how long it's been. It just happened yesterday.

That's what my body tells me every morning.

I have other things to tell you, but I'll write to you in a more private place.

You'd be so proud of our littles.

My love for you is endless. I miss you so very very much. Always and forever, Mama.



Austin's Mama - May 24 at 09:18 PM

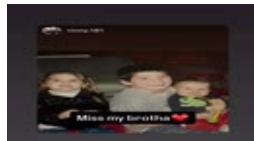
AM

“ Hello, my love. Yesterday was Mother’s Day. Oh boy was it a rough tough day for me. I’m currently traveling to.... stay alive. This year, I traveled on your brother and sister’s birthday, as well as Mother’s Day. Sophia❤️, is 22. 22 the same age you were when you lost your battle with mental health. However, most times I think of you as 23 as you were exactly 6 weeks away from your 23rd birthday. What is six weeks in a span of time? It’s been almost 4 years and that hasn’t changed a goddamn thing. People don’t understand. This feeling I have isn’t made for everyone to have. It is a unique situation. Your mind won’t go there because it’s too horrific to possibly imagine.

I refuse to block you from my mind to disassociate from my feelings regarding you and everything. I’ve been disassociating my entire life. Never about you, never about the Littles. I’ve lost most of my best friends. I won’t mention names they know who they are so do you probably. I don’t know. I am fortunate to have the friends I do have in my life. They help me more than I can say. They love me still. They knew me as your mama and knew I was a good mom. Vincent❤️ has been missing you a lot lately. He’s been posting on his Instagram stories pictures of you and saying he missed his brother and hug your people tight. Vincent❤️ has gone through a change in the positive that I admire so much. I’m jealous I can’t feel that way. But he finally talks about you, Austin.❤️. All his friends know now. Him being able to talk about you is such a huge step in finding his path. I’m very proud of him.

I needed to hear your voice so badly yesterday it’s bad every day but yesterday was Mother’s Day. You know it holds such a place in my heart and encapsulates the start of my life. Because of your Mother’s Day card to me when you were 18 I have your words tattooed on my body. I can hear you say I love you, mama. I feel fortunate for that.

I love and miss you so much, Austin ❤️ always and forever your
Mama





Austin's Mama - May 11 at 02:54 PM

AM

“ Hello, my baby. Its been a bit of a crazy 2 weeks. So much has happened. Some good some bad. I am so thrilled to say I finally got to meet Kayla and Anne Louise. They're just beautiful. I knew your friends would be as beautiful as you. We had so much fun. I'll be going there again.


Your father apparently thinks I said something that indicated that he and Tracey were somehow being blamed by me for what happened. He took your grandmother from me. I have loved her since the moment I showed up at her door with you in my belly and she took me in, your grandpa and her, with no questions. Your dad took you and now he took your grandma. Having a hard time with that. I'm currently not home and am visiting people that love me. I miss you so much. More and more every day. It doesn't get easier. I want my life back.


Here's a pic of your girls and I. Oh, and a jellyfish on the beach. Everyone misses you so much. I love you forever and always,
Mama



Austin's Mama - May 01 at 12:45 PM

AM

“  You are my sunshine,
My only sunshine.
You make me happy,
When skies are grey.
You'll never know dear,
How much I love you.
So please don't take my sunshine away.

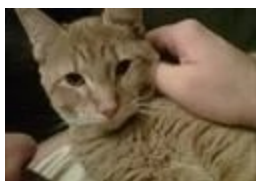
The other night dear,
While I was sleeping,
I dreamt I held you in my arms.
But when I awoke dear,
I was mistaken,
So I hung my head and cried. 

I remember when I used to sing that to you all the time. Not so much of the second verse, but always the first one. Everything's twisted. Everything is wrong. Everything has been wrong since you left. Everything.

It appears I cannot do anything correctly. You would laugh and say, of course. And then give me that little twinkle of an eye and that smirk. This time it's not funny, it's not joyful. It is hurtful. It feels hateful; for no reason.

I've been hurt my whole life. But your hurt? Your hurt is different. I need a phone call. I need to hear your voice. I need to hear your laugh. I need to hear your smile. Your hurt and my dad's hurt, over trumps any hurt. All those other hurts just make everything feel heavier. I love and miss you so very much, my son. Always and forever, Mama

PS here's a picture of jazzy cat that I found. I don't know where. You loved him so and he loved you. And I can't be confident that I haven't posted this picture before. Just saying.



Austin's Mama - April 18 at 07:55 PM

AM

“ *It's getting warm again. It used to be my favorite part of the year. Now I don't have a favorite thing of anything. I left Grandma a text from you and I. I know she misses you so much. Everything in my life has been broken since you lost your battle to mental health. Sometimes I wonder what you thought my life would be like if you left. I do believe you had thought of it at least once. I don't think you realized what this has done. The saddest part to me still, is how you were feeling at the end. It breaks my heart more than anything. My therapist tells me for me to remember that I have people that love me. I told her yesterday that you did too. You were loved more than anyone on this earth. It had been that way since the day you were born. That there was no doubt that you knew how much I loved you and were loved by the kids and everyone. You know, it's true what they say, you do lose all of your friends. As if this wasn't isolating enough, you lose your bestest and longest of friends. Sometimes without any explanation or communication. You basically lose everyone. No one wants to be around the sad one. Neither do the children. Then it makes me think life is crap. Who would do this voluntarily. And I understand. There will always be nothing but love here from your mama. What complete joy you brought to me.*

Forever and always, your Mama



Austin's Mama - April 11 at 10:24 AM

AM

“ Oh, my baby, I miss you so...

Austin's Mama - April 03 at 07:59 PM

WF

“ We are heartbroken to see your continued struggle and while we can't change what happened we hope you find comfort in the amount of life Austin packed into such a short period of time. His memory is forever cherished and we will pray for your well being

Weekend Forum - March 29 at 12:42 PM

AM

Thank you so much, it means so much what you said. And all of you guys wishing me well all these years, I almost feel guilty, but I appreciate you noticing, and giving me well wishes. It feels nice to be thought of. I wish so much I could find comfort. I think about his life, all of it, every day. And while I know one day, I will find comfort, I hope, I find it impossible to do that, still. I miss my boy more than life and nothing I do brings me comfort. He should still be here. He fought a valiant fight, but she proved to be too evil for his sensitive soul, and I cry for that beautiful baby every day. His actions ruined my entire life, but there's no anger only love.

Austin's Mama - March 29 at 05:51 PM

AM

“ I love you so much my Austin. I wish you were here every second of every day. Nothing, absolutely nothing gets easier. I'm drowning every day. We needed you here, at home. We need you here at home. What is this life.

Austin's Mama - March 26 at 05:53 PM

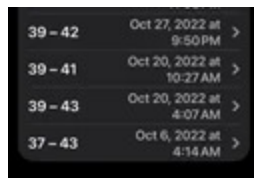
AM

“ Oh, my sweet boy... Vincent lost Diego from preschool two days ago. Your brother... he wont let me see him. He says he doesn't want to talk about it, and I get that. It's a situation too close to you. All you young babies, my heart cannot take it. Just like me, I'm sure this makes it more difficult for your brother and sister. I'm so heartsick. Look after that baby.. make him laugh. I love you endlessly. Always and forever, your Mama

Austin's Mama - March 22 at 10:21 AM

AM

“ Its a Friday, I think. I don't really care. I despise every season change. The smells... ALL of them remind me of you. Spring makes me think of the excitement I had planning and going on our trip. So does summer. What people fail to realize is you are in every fiber of my being. You NEVER leave my mind. That part isn't new. It just hurts now. My beautiful son, how I miss you so. My health is failing and I know it's because it can't survive without you. I happened to find this somewhere in my phone. It's my heart rate. My body wanted so badly to follow you, my heart almost stopped several times. This person I am right now? I despise her. She's weak; mentally and physically, now. These are new feelings for me as I've never felt that way in my life. I miss my life. I miss all of our lives. Forever and always, your Mama



Austin's Mama - March 14 at 11:53 AM

AM

“ I miss you so much my heart just aches and aches. Everyday. I hate this new life. I despise it.

Austin's Mama - March 05 at 04:46 PM

AM

“ Hello, baby. Today is Monday, March 2nd, 2026. The sun is out, but there is still scattered snow on the ground. I still sit waiting for your car to pull up. Some days it's all too real, and some days, it's not at all. I try, I've been trying, to take comfort in your things. I wear your clothes, almost every day. This picture, I have photos of you in this flannel, I have a video of you and Vincent jammin to Nirvana. There is usually something of yours, I mix in with mine. Life is horrible at the best of times. I don't see the littles nearly enough to keep the worst at bay. It's getting more difficult to write to you and I'm not sure why. Just know, with every breath, I miss you more than life. Forever and always, your Mama



Austin's Mama - March 02 at 11:52 AM

AM

“Hello, my little love bug. I know its been too long, but writing you as of late has proved too difficult for me. How much I miss you is killing me. You beautiful man I nurtured, cherished, and love so far no one can reach it. Its not just difficult for me. Its difficult for EVERYONE in the family. Camille is having a difficult time, Chloe, Tete... my baby boy, you know how much everyone loved you. You were such a sweet baby, and toddler, and child, and teen, and man.... All of us miss your aura so much. I love you, my son, and Mama is so proud of you. I always will be.



Austin's Mama - February 22 at 04:16 PM

AM

“ Hello, my love. Today is Friday February 6, 2026. Didn't sleep. Not having a great time over here. My mind is too busy. Any scenario I lose. Apart from one. Life is the same. Ruined. Idk what I'd do without our littles. They keep me breathing. I have SO many pictures to go through. I have so many things I want to do, but cannot. I'm so very very tired my baby boy. The littles got me the most beautiful gold necklace for christmas. I wish you could see it. It's perfect; representing my little loves. We all miss you endlessly. All I can do is sleep. Then so often, I get the remembrance of that time you made it up here in record time, and I awoke to you body slamming me at 6am. We lied in my bed snuggling and talking for hours. The littles weren't here that day. I'll never forget waking with SUCH JOY in my life. I knew it was you and thinking how happy I was makes me now cry. And cry. Knowing the littles and I will never be truly happy again makes my stomach turn. Hell, I thought life was awful when you were alive; because it is, just on any normal day. I won't lie, I wish I could send little insights into my mind to people who think I should be okay. They'd never ever think that again. I miss and love you so much, my beautiful beautiful boy. Always and forever, your Mama



Austin's Mama - February 06 at 01:51 PM

AM

“ Hello, my love. I need you here and I cannot believe you're not. I'm so destroyed. Our little family is destroyed. Life is insurmountably more difficult by the day. My health is deteriorating. I can't function, or work. I still cry and cry every day. You are a part missing from ME and nothing else fills that part. I have other things to talk to you about, but not here. I love you more than life. Forever and always, your Mama



Austin's Mama - January 25 at 01:17 PM

AM

“ I'm here again... to wail and scream. This hurts more than anything. My heart won't stop aching and feeling very heavy. This is getting so much more difficult. All of the storage boxes are now surrounding me. Boxes filled with our lives. Every time I try to go through stuff, I get about a half hour in, and then I can't do it anymore. The deep crying and screaming that feels like it will never end. It probably won't. Austin, I found your first CD... you were 7. You will be 27 this year. That CD is 20 years old. How do I have it?! I'm just flabbergasted *I* would have it. Massive breakdown. Done for the day. All of the grief makes me so tired. I love you more than anything, and the missing you is unbearable. Gods baby... I need you here. Always and forever, Mama



Austin's Mama - January 15 at 02:15 PM

AM

“ *Baby, I miss you so much. I love you more than life. It's getting so so difficult to hang on. All of it is just worse. My heart actually aches and feels so heavy. I have so much to say to you, but it hurts so much. I'm so alone. So alone.*

*Here's a picture of Aria protecting me from my new cpap machine. Smh Biggest c*ck blocker ever. Always and forever, your Mama*



Austin's Mama - January 10 at 04:35 PM

AM

“ *Hello, my love. Today is Wednesday, December 31, 2025. My fourth NYE without you. Everything has a countdown now. It still makes me sick to think these things; true or not. I'll not have plans, just like most years. Life on Mars is depressing as well.*

*I'd very much like to know who drew this for Austin, if anyone knows
❤️ thank you*



Austin's Mama - December 31, 2025 at 10:33 AM

AM

“ This is where I sit every day. Maybe people will have opinions about it; how it's not healthy and all that. You know what's not healthy? Other people's opinions about how I grieve. I lost my eldest son while he lived out of state with his father, at the age of eighteen. I'd already lost so much time with him. He knew he needed to come home. We talked often about it. I won't say why he didn't, even though I know exactly why. I'm a human skeleton with black insides.



Austin's Mama - December 26, 2025 at 04:24 PM

AM

“ It is christmas. This hurts so bad. I'm so tired, baby. I'm so tortured.

Austin's Mama - December 25, 2025 at 06:27 PM

KL

“ Merry Christmas Austin :) You are loved

klade - December 25, 2025 at 02:52 AM

AM

“ I wish I could feel something other than debilitating sadness, bone deep exhaustion, or apathy. Yet, I still do not blame you. I never will. I love and miss you so very much, my son. I hate hate hate the holidays, but I hate most days, so.. you are so so missed by our littles. I am so proud of them, as I was always so proud of you. These aren't secrets as you know how much we all love you... and now miss you endlessly.
Always and forever my beautiful boy, Mama



Austin's Mama - December 21, 2025 at 04:06 PM

AM

“ My beautiful baby boy with his Mama's eyelashes and face. How could I not just be absolutely consumed with love for this baby. He's gone and my life fell apart.



Austin's Mama - December 10, 2025 at 05:02 PM

AM

“ Life is unbearable.

Austin's Mama - December 05, 2025 at 12:50 PM

AM

“ Oh, sweet baby, it has been so difficult to write you as of late. Mama misses you so much, I'm not doing too good. Today is Dec. 1, 2025. 24 days till christmas and then I start the clock of deeper depression. It's been a bad year for me all around. I keep trying to find something in the future that is good. Then only two things as an answer comes up every time. Sophia and Vincent. While, I'm glad they're both doing pretty good, I need more. I need something good for me and I've got nothin. I love you so much my heart aches all the time. It's horrible. Now that we're in winter, I just want to sleep; hibernation would fit me perfectly. I'm so sad, Austin.

Forever and always, Mama

The photo is of you, Grandpa Frank, and Mama. It is your first Christmas. You were 2mos. Old. I miss you both, so much.



Austin's Mama - December 01, 2025 at 12:36 PM

AM

“ Our littles and I went to dinner to celebrate your 26th birthday. Sophia said we did the same thing last year, but I have zero memory of it. I won't lie; it wasn't easy. Being in public... but I have to for the littles. They need to see me, “healing”, and I need them to see me like that as well. But, ohhh, look how grown and beautiful they are, Austin. You should be in that picture, and because you're not, I can't love it as much as I want to. It's late on here, but Happy 26th Birthday, my beautiful boy. We love and miss you more than what is imaginable.



Austin's Mama - November 15, 2025 at 10:48 PM

AM

“ Hello, my little love. I'm having such a difficult time writing to you as of late. Idk why. It feels more like I am just running from the pain. This hurts, every time I write to you, no matter where. Our journal sits, waiting. I take it everywhere. This is so hard. Life is ridiculous. I woke up crying about your toes the other day. Your toes. In all their years: how they were much like Tete's. So stupid. Thankful I sleep alone, so I didn't have to explain the ridiculousness of it all. It just feels so much more difficult. I wish I could sleep. Grandpa Frank's two year death anniversary is coming very soon and that has been rough. I miss him so much. With both of you gone... how lonely my world is. Always and forever, Mama

Austin's Mama - November 15, 2025 at 10:23 PM

AM

“ I can't stand how much I miss you. It's so unbearable. Everyone sucks.

Austin's Mama - November 07, 2025 at 01:09 PM

AM

“ I love you so much, Austin. I wish it had been enough. 💔😭

Austin's Mama - October 31, 2025 at 03:35 PM

AM

“ Oh, my sweet baby. Your 26th birthday is soon. I can't stand it. This just gets harder and harder. Would you have gone if you knew the disaster you would leave behind? How we would all feel and struggle. Struggle more than we ever should, just to breathe. You've missed so much. I love and miss you more than life itself. Forever and always, your Mama.



Austin's Mama - October 24, 2025 at 03:09 PM

AM

“ Hello Love. Today is Wednesday October 8, 2025. Today is my Dad's birthday. Today is hard. I miss him terribly. Everything of his is gone. She took everything. I don't even have any of his ashes. Well, I'm not even sure he was cremated. I know that is what he wanted. I know he wanted a DNR. It doesnt look like they respected him or his wishes at all. I have so much sorrow I carry around all day between you two. Life is difficult. Everyday is difficult. I hate it. This is a picture of Grandpa Frank and I at my 30th surprise party. It's my favorite picture of us.
I love you to infinity and beyond my sweet baby boy.
Love, your Mama



Austin's Mama - October 08, 2025 at 12:48 PM

AM

“ I just miss you uncontrollably. I'm falling apart.

Austin's Mama - October 05, 2025 at 03:42 PM

AM

“ Oh, my sweet baby boy, Mama needs you more than ever. I miss you so much. I love you so much. These words are so inadequate for how I feel. No. No, this doesn't get easier. Now, there's a countdown to your 26th birthday. I just get nauseous. Always and forever, my love Mama
PS. I do not care if I repeat the same picture over and over.



Austin's Mama - October 01, 2025 at 09:49 AM

AM

“ My beautiful boy, today is Thursday September, 25, 2025. On this day three years ago, we held your funeral. It has been unbelievably difficult for me trying to navigate these huge waves I’m caught in. Every year, this just gets more difficult. I still haven’t been able to put you in your urn. I still sleep with you. I have too much to shoulder and I’ll be alone forever. I have my weekly therapy appointment today. I missed last week because I slept right through it. I’m completely unable to keep a normal schedule anymore. Some days I’ll sleep 14 or so hours. I know you know how that feels. Me, you, and Vincent can all sleep forever and like the dead. No pun intended. That appointment I missed was at 2pm. I woke at 3. I don’t think I slept the night before your funeral. Your goons came and all I could do was stand there and bawl my eyes out. Sophia. I just remember Sophia sitting on the couch in front of you in the casket. For 3 straight hours, she didn’t move. She quietly sat there and just stared at you. My gods, my heart. She never moved. I know if you would’ve known what this has done to our littles, to me, it never would’ve happened. You loved us too much. I’m crying all day again. I had a dr. appointment yesterday and I was completely fine until the moment i had to open my mouth and speak. These breakdowns in front of people are so awful. It makes me feel awful, but maybe more importantly, the uncomfortableness it creates, just makes me want to crawl in a hole. I miss you so much. I always say I can’t stand it, and I can’t. My life is miserable. My life is useless now. I hate it.

I love you. Always and forever, your Mama



Austin’s Mama - September 25, 2025 at 10:22 AM

CH

“ I miss you all the time and not a day goes by without thinking of you. I cherish the time spent and I know you are missed and loved by so many. Hoping for a peaceful and restful day for you and your loved ones.

Charlie - September 17, 2025 at 04:24 PM

AM

Thank you 💔

Austin's Mama - September 25, 2025 at 09:53 AM

AM

“ Hello, son. Today is Wednesday, September 17, 2025. Exactly three years ago you left me, the littles. Exactly three years ago my life was ruined and never recovered. Exactly three years ago, Sophia lost her only twin like sibling and who she emulated the most. Thankfully, she still likes to do things she'd love to show you. Exactly three years ago, Vincent lost his best friend. Exactly three years ago, his world was rocked and I got a whole new child. Exactly three years ago, Vincent gave up the drums, although now, he's picked up the sticks here and there. Exactly three years ago Vincent decided to not tell a soul and went the rest of his high school years keeping not only your life, but your death, all to himself. He tries to erase you because it hurts so bad. Its been three years. I miss you more now.



Austin's Mama - September 17, 2025 at 11:52 AM

AM

“ *In less than 24 hours is the anniversary of when my entire world was absolutely ruined. Demolished. Bombed. Till there was nothing left. I still live in the rubble.*

Austin's Mama - September 16, 2025 at 02:35 PM

AM

“ *I'm sending condolences to myself because this is, every bad word there is, unlivable. Every part of it. I can't work. I can't do every day tasks, like take care of myself properly. I can't socialize all the time as before. I can hardly socialize now. I cry talking about nothing with nearly every stranger which is so embarrassing I do not leave the house apart from dr appointments, or with a friend. I can't eat properly. No amount of medications work. I've tried so many antidepressants, and never just one at a time. I'm still on two and one is a newer one again. I tried a higher level of depression care. That didn't work either. I have been diagnosed with TRD-treatment resistant depression. I am truly broken. I am alone and broken.*

Austin's Mama - September 12, 2025 at 05:29 PM

WF

“ *To Austin's Family,*

We are thinking of you during this difficult time of year and cannot begin to imagine what you are going through. Nothing we say can change what happened, but know we are forever grateful for the time we did get to spend with Austin. We are praying for you and yours and want you to know that you are not alone

-Your friends on the WKND forum

WKND Forum - September 07, 2025 at 01:44 AM

AM

Thank you so much for your kind words. Nothing makes me more proud than to know I grew a man whom people loved. He was so loved. It means so much he hasn't been forgotten. So much. All my love to y'all. Love, Austin's Mama, Leah

Austin's Mama - September 07, 2025 at 11:11 AM

BE

Hi Ma'am. Just wanted to echo that we do still think of Austin, and that you and your family are in our prayers. He was a wonderful friend, and we cherish his memory.

Benjamin - September 07, 2025 at 02:12 PM

AM

*Thank you, Benjamin.
And now I'll cherish your words.
And Austin would call me gay for that. Lol.*

Austin's Mama - September 09, 2025 at 07:18 PM

AM

“ My love... Today is Friday, September 5, 2025. I am happy to see my last message wasn't gone. I'm hopeful I'll still be able to write to you here. I remember texting you on this day and said I love you. There are so many things to be said that I cannot say. I despise this time of year. I'm miserable every day, and I so wish this time of year didn't make it worse. There are countdowns. Several. They are nauseating. Countdowns that are exactly 6 weeks apart. You were always so deliberate in your actions; it makes me wonder. It feels as if no time has passed. I've been standing still for three years while the world keeps spinning. I am stuck in this horror show every day. Life wasn't unbearable when you were alive. We spoke so often and so open. I know the truth. I know how you felt. I have had such a difficult time as of late. My surgery has my whole body messed up. I read the drs notes and looked at my labs. I almost died. I almost died and I didn't see you. I know its silly, but my gods what a disappointment it was to wake and realize I remember almost nothing. I was by myself when I went in. I was by myself for most of my hospital stay. I have to handle everything by myself. Learn to live with all thats happened to me, by myself. The littles... they're grown. Busy. I cannot believe I haven't spoken to you in three years. My heart stays broken and no matter what I do, I cannot move on. Austin, I miss you. Austin, I love you. Always and forever, your
Mama

Austin's Mama - September 05, 2025 at 02:49 PM

AM

“ My posts to my son keep disappearing and it is so very painful. So hurtful. I love and miss him so much. I am not well.

Austin's Mama - August 31, 2025 at 03:01 PM

AM

“ Hello, my love. Today is Wednesday, August 27, 2025. Im missing your voice and hugs and love so much lately. It's almost September which makes me want to throw up. No littles to get ready for school anymore. They're so grown and you're missing everything. Chloe had a new baby boy. I cant remember if i told you. Devin is in school and doing amazing. Sophia is doing okay, she says. You'd be so proud of her and Vincent both. Vincent has had more trouble outwardly than Sophia, but i know they're hurting so bad still. Me too. I'm hurting so bad as well. I see you often, in my mind. Pictures and memories of you haunt me 24/7. Just when i think i am doing okay, I remember a new memory and I've got to live through that memory until the next one comes. I think about that time when you were coming to visit and we weren't quite sure when you'd get in, so we kept the door unlocked. I woke up to a full body slam at 6:30am. Some people may think thats a terrible way to wake up, but i just remember squeeling with delight. I💎💎💎d never been more happy to wake up. I can still feel that memory. We lied in my bed for hours talking and snuggling. You missed your Mama as much as i missed you. That was such a great visit. To the gods theres never been a Mama who loved or missed her little boy like I. Always and forever, your Mama

Everything happens for a reason.

Actually, no.
Sometimes bad
things happen,
and it's just awful.
Period.
You didn't deserve it,
and that's that.

Austin's Mama - August 27, 2025 at 08:57 AM

AB

“ I'll never move on. There's a hole in my heart that will never be filled. Every day I think about him. What I could've done differently. What if I could just give him a hug and tell him hes not alone. I can't wrap my head around the fact that I can't just text him anymore. It shouldn't be real.

Austins Brother - August 19, 2025 at 08:37 PM

AM

“ I cannot stand your obituary. I was out of my mind and couldnt possibly think what to say. I wouldve said your praises and sang your glory if i were able to. Instead i sat in that little room and just cried and cried. Now I sit at home and just cry and cry. Always and forever your Mama

Austin's Mama - August 18, 2025 at 10:12 AM

AM

“ It just seems so unfair everyone else gets to just move on and I'm stuck. Stuck for life. I found your ultrasound pictures. They're over 26 years old and still in perfect condition. So were you.



Austin's Mama - August 14, 2025 at 09:22 AM

AM

“ *Mama just loves and misses you so very much. My soul is in agony. Your anniversary is coming.*

Three years seems like a long time, but its just a blink.

Our littles miss you so much, it's difficult for them to even see me because i remind them so much of you. They cant stand it. It hurts too bad.

I understand. Ive had to look in the mirror for almost three years and im reminded. Every time. I'm struggling. So much. I'll love and miss you forever, my binky baby. Always and forever, your Mama



Austin's Mama - August 10, 2025 at 01:26 PM

AM

“ *My messages to you keep getting erased because of course they do. Life is unbelievably unbearable. I never wanted to ever do this life without you. I miss you so much, yet cant look at pictures and artwork from throughout the years. I dont think i ever threw anything out. You're in every single box from the storage unit. Every one.*

How am i supposed to do this?

Today is Wednesday August 5, 2025. It was our last day of vacation. I cant even look at all of those pictures either.

Austin's Mama - August 05, 2025 at 03:10 PM

AM

“Hello, baby. Its been too long and I'm sorry. Ive had a lot going on, but that needs to be a private conversation. Today is Friday August 1st, 2025. Three years ago today was the day the littles and i picked you up for our family vacation. So much has changed, yet, remains the same. I came across your ultrasound pictures from when i was pregnant with you. Last night. I remember when they were taken. Your dad had to work, so your Ahma came with me. She'd never seen an ultrasound before. She was so excited! That created a special bond between you and her. Lol I'm aging myself- the witch that never ages. Back then, that ultrasound was the only way to find out whether you were a boy or a girl. Even in utero you were the best baby. You seemed to be ready to let the world know you were a boy by your spread legs. There was no mistaking it hahaha. Several photos were taken that day. We got your hand and arm, a foot, and you with your hand under your chin as if you were in deep thought. I put them away with your lock of hair i cut after your funeral and your black diamond earrings that were given to us with them being entangled in a big blood clot. Ive never cleaned them. Idk if i ever can. Is that the last of your DNA? It feels like it, so they'll be left alone. This week is always SO hard on me. Gosh, i was so happy back then. The happiest id ever been. I hadnt seen you in almost a year. We'd never gone that long. Now look. In a few days, itll be the last time the littles and i ever spoke to you or saw you again. You did that purposely, i see now. You'd have never...

 “disconnect, and self destruct, one bullet at a time”... 

Tool, of course. I keep having the memory of your goons walking into the funeral home, and me just standing there, just staring at them, silently bawling. A coward was i. I couldnt bring myself to go anywhere near them, but at the same time, wanting to run into their circle and be enveloped in love. I couldnt do it. Its been 3 years and i still cant stop thinking about your funeral. I cant stop thinking about every moment with you. You fill my brain until there is no room left. Im left often feeling dumb in social situations. I forget words. I forget words while im having conversations with people. I forget what i was talking about in the middle of conversations. Can you imagine? Ive never felt more dumb in my life. I cannot function. The littles tell me

how proud of me they are all the time, but nothing feels like progress. Its been almost three years and i still cannot function, Austin. I constantly see you lying on the floor... it haunts me almost every day. Yet, I'm desperate for more photos. I dont care. You died alone, and ill never forgive myself for that. My baby died alone...it cant be. But im reminded every day i wake up.

I have photos from our vacation, but most, no one will ever see. I see your eyes. Your eyes are begging me to make it all better like ive done since you were born. Theyre pleading, silently. I can barely look at them. I hardly ever do. I screamed for you yesterday, did you hear it?

All my everything belongs to you.

I miss your voice, you, so much its killing me, i think. Always and forever, your Mama



Austin's Mama - August 01, 2025 at 12:17 PM

AM

“ Morning, my love. Today is Thursday July 17, 2025. Tomorrow is your Ahma’s birthday. Oh, how she wishes you were here. Took her out yesterday to get all beautified for her anniversary dinner tomorrow. Shes so excited. Its good to see her so happy. Im so envious. Nothing makes me happy. Things make me glad, but id never use the word happy. I dont have anything to look forward to. Quite the opposite. People just dont understand. Our vacation is coming up. The last day the littles and i ever saw or spoke to you is coming up. I’ve thought about that so many times. Why couldnt you, why DIDNT you say goodbye to your littles? Why hurt them so? I’ve not been mad about anything. Im not mad now. Its just so incredibly upsetting for me. They dont say anything of course. All i can do is picture you walking away with me asking if you were going to say goodbye to them. Its just so extremely upsetting for me. I know how much it hurts me, but not them. They wont talk about it. I keep having visions of that night. Of your dad finding you. The reports held enough info I do not have to imagine much. My therapist and i spoke about EMDR therapy. Ill literally try anything. The recovery for this surgery is long and slow. Its so frustrating. I look like i did when i was 5 mos pregnant with you guys. Ive no stupid clothes that fit. The gods know ive enough, just not pregnant clothes. I have a shelf and everything. And it hurts. My breathing would be better, but i have this damn shelf that makes it harder to do so. Like im pregnant. If life weren’t so cruel. I love you so much. It kills me you had forgotten. I miss you so much. It kills me you didnt come home. You felt stuck. Always and forever, my love, your Mama
PS: Aunt Camille found this yesterday. Smh. Just makes me laugh thinking of all the foreskin memes you sent me. Youre just so funny. I miss you



Austin’s Mama - July 17, 2025 at 11:53 AM

AM

“ Hello, my love. Its Saturday, June 12, 2025. Here i sit again just demolished. There are so many things i need to talk to you about. So many. I just sit here so sad. Yeah, i made it out of bed. I even made coffee. I then sit down and all of my thoughts go straight to you. Some thoughts are good. Most revolve around that night and the days leading up to it. Then i picture the photos i received from the detective. I see you. I see your face, well half of what wasnt covered by your underwear. Yeah, i fume at the disrespect your body was given. Your face. I see it. Your body, hours after death. I can see a whole lot. I dont have to look at the pictures anymore. Every one is etched into my brain. Every one. I sit here and that day just rolls over and over in my head. The call as Vincent and i were pulling in the drive. The franticness of me trying to get the call off my car and onto my phone. I didnt make it in time. I already knew. As soon as Tracey’s name appeared across my car screen, i knew. I just remember looking at Vincent for a second and then completely losing my shit as i ran inside screaming for your Ahma. The call disconnected when i came into the house. Tracey called again and i was somehow able to ask what happened. I asked about your dad, where the hell was he and why was Tracey calling me with this news of our son? She said your dad was in the shower. I made Tracey get him out. I asked your father for the specifics. He wasnt quite sure. He didnt know for sure. Im certain your father harbors more unwanted sights than i. You died alone. You died alone and i cannot get over that. My body still has physical reactions to me thinking of you. Not just the crying. Nothing has changed. I love and miss you more than i can put to words, my binky baby. Always and forever, your Mama



Austin’s Mama - July 12, 2025 at 10:56 AM

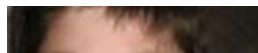
AM

“Wow. Thank y'all so much for sharing. It really means a lot to me even though it may seem silly. I know he was loved well beyond me. And HE loved. He called me 3 months after being down there in Georgia. First thing he said was, Mama, I'm so lonely. His voice sounded like I'd never heard it. It was so sad. If he were home, this would've never happened. Bold statement, but those close know it to be true. I'm so sorry for your hurt. I know him best and he'd never want anyone hurting on his behalf. Eh, easier said than done sometimes. He missed his Goons. The Goon Squad. I miss them too. Although I didn't see them often, I miss hearing about the goofy sh*t y'all used to do. Austin told me much after adulthood. He loved all of you so much.

While his death has ruined me as I was, how the littles were, we all wake up every day and do our best to cope. The last day Sophia, Vincent, and I saw him, is coming up. While I still cry everyday, you'd think it wouldn't matter. However, I've learned there are so many sacred days I have with him. Ive been called silly for having a memory of so much of him and being sad about it. I'm surprised my body can now sometimes shield me from the worst. Any mother that has lost a child understands the depth of hurt we can go to. Its physical and mental anguish mixed together just pulsing through our veins. My reality sucks. I very much need him in my life and I always have. He was mine. Just he and I against the world, most days, when he was smol. I was his confidant. Always. I loved that boy more than my own life, and he knew it. He was gone from me for 5 years, at a job he despised, loneliest time of his life, even when he had that, that girl. That girl who mentally tortured him... to death. I heard more than just his words when he told me, I heard how his voice was. I was scared for him. He was trapped.

Well, this contains more private stuff than I've said before. I'm tired of keeping my mouth closed, so if i feel like writing about something, I feel like I'm not gonna hold back much any longer. Remember, you only take offense to something you recognize. Thats on you. Not me. Always and forever, Austin's Mama

P. S. I am just so in love with your face and always have been.





Austin's Mama - July 09, 2025 at 03:34 PM

AF

“ I miss you every day Austin. I just thought we had so much time 😞

An old friend - July 08, 2025 at 08:55 PM

AM

😭❤️ Thank you 😊

Austin's Mama - July 09, 2025 at 02:28 PM

OF

“ Thinking of you today!! You are missed and loved. You are so important and cherished. Rest easy friend.

Old friend - July 06, 2025 at 05:25 PM

AM

😭❤️ Thank you 😊

Austin's Mama - July 09, 2025 at 02:26 PM

AM

“ I need you **HERE**. **WE** need you **HERE**. Everything is nothing without you here. Everything is nothing.

Austin's Mama - July 05, 2025 at 01:59 PM

AM

“ Weird. My last post isnt there. Sigh. Its whatever, i guess. Today is the 4th of july. Im home, of course, recovering. I cannot remember if i told you about my ICU stay. Why the most weird things keep happening to me, is beginning to make me wonder. I almost died. They think i aspirated something and it sat and festered for a long time. I was diagnosed with Sepsis with acute hypoxic respiratory failure (HCC), Active Problems:

Empyema lung (HCC)

Cervical spinal stenosis

Chronic pain disorder

Anxiety and depression

Sepsis with acute hypoxic respiratory failure (HCC)

Sinus tachycardia

Leukocytosis

Thrombocytosis

Elevated d-dimer

Atelectasis of left lung

S/P partial lobectomy of lung

S/P thoracotomy

Gangrene and necrosis of lung (HCC)

Iron deficiency anemia

I copied and pasted that from my chart. I was in the ICU for 8 days. It was wild. So, they took 15-20% of my lung. Its totally great healing from this surgery. Its a lot of fun. So, i guess im still here, among the living. I don't want to talk about that. How i missed you while i was there. Vincent never came to the hospital. I just kept thinking, he'd never do that if you were here. I know you'd never do that in a zillion years. Not come. I cannot believe Vincent didn't. I do not know what to do with how i feel about that. Life has been really awful without you. I still cry for you every day. Every day. I still cannot look at your pictures. I still havent looked through one of those boxes from storage. I dont know when I'll be able to. For you to be gone, is still so unimaginable for me. You didn't. You didnt do what you did, Austin. You couldnt have. You couldnt have left me alone. We were a team. For forever. Everyone leaves in the end. I just love and miss you so very much, Austin. Forever and always, your Mama



Austin's Mama - July 04, 2025 at 10:10 PM

AM

“ Morning, my baby. Today is Sunday June 29, 2025. This is the last day i worked at the office and they closed our doors and laid us all off. How big corporation's can always get away with stealing your money reallly pisses me off. I dont have the fight in me though. Ugh. Well, ive been out of the hospital for 11 days and have my wits more about me. I can tell you it was a complete shit show. I hardly remember anything. The entire scenario was just crazy. To me, it first started with the rapid weight gain. Something like 50lbs in two months. Im like this is all weird every day. My stomach (on the outside) actually changed shape. I had a fever and really bad body aches for 5 days prior with a cough that i basically ignored. It didnt bother me, it didnt hurt, and prior to that night, I'd have kept brushing it off. However, on the 7th, was Crystal's bday. I'd texted her that i thought i cracked a rib while coughing and that I was going to bed. That was at 7:30pm. I DID go to bed and was woken first at 1am and i was in so much pain, i took more motrin and tylenol even though i wasnt due. I went back to bed. I fell back asleep (idk how, but im pretty sure I was septic by that point). I woke up at two with the most searing pain i really cannot describe, but it was so bad i kept yelling. I got up the stairs, somehow, and got into the bathroom. In there i screamed for Ahma to call 911. She was asleep and had zero idea what was going on. Me either. I remember next being downstairs putting my stretchy pants on and when i pulled up, something made like a big “pop” and then i was out. Of. My. Mind. With pain. I legit could not stop screaming. It was akin to popping out a baby through my left lung. But worse. Ill save all the drama details. Most of them piss me off. So, it turns out, when i finally got taken back at the hospital, i had a collapsed lung, i was septic, had tachycardia... hold up, just gonna copy and paste. for:

- # L fibrothorax with fibropurulent empyema, necrotic lung s/p decortication and wedge resection, chest tube placement 06/12/25
- # L sided loculated pleural effusion
- # Thrombocytosis likely 2/2 to acute infection
- VATS procedure with thoracotomy 6/12, chest tube placement x2
- s/p chest tube removal 6/16
- WBC 12.5 down from 14 on ceftriaxone

- Midline placed today 6/18

So for some reason i didnt have my surgery for 4 days. Idk why. I was out of my mind in ICU, just drugged the hell up. They think I mustve asperated something and it just sat and "festered" for quite some time, they believe. All the while my body is just FILLING up with fluid. There is a couple things im sure im not going to forget any time soon. The xray showed my lung collapsed and fluid just everywhere. Then they put in a chest tube. Now, prior to this, I'd had no idea what that even was. Let me explain: its when a Dr. makes an incision (no numbing) and shoves a clear tube, idk the circumference and idk if it matters, literally shoves a clear tube between your ribs and your skin. Yeahhh not a whole hell of a lot of room there. I was in ICU, idk how many days when this happened. What i will say is how much liquid came pouring out of me. (Well thats what it felt like). They tell me it was a lot. Something around 1000cc's. They ended up putting a second one in while I'm in surgery. I come out of surgery, again back to the ICU. I wake up and all i can remember from that is Camille and Crystal (maybe?... isk who was there), ohhh, no it was Tete and they tell me basically i almost died (i know, bummer), and that I had a section of my lower left lobe from my lung removed. Hahahaha WHAT?!?! I do not remember much else of the ICU. I was in there for 8 days and 2 says on the surgical floor. I had to go home with a picc line and IV push my own antibiotics for ten days. Im finally done with all that. All my incisions and meds are all done. The pain is just horrible. Just awful. Also, there are definite breathing differences. My gods did I miss you in there; for so many reasons and im not comfortable discussing all that on here. I have to imagine you already know, but what do i know. I havent got to use the pool once and im dying to go in it. No pun intended. This one is a long one, but i wanted to let you know. Sophia and i had such a great day yesterday, and she was faithfully wearing her opal. She wears it every single day. Your brother now mostly stays away, so idk how hes really doing apart from picking fights with his very sick mother. Idk what is going to happen to him, but Ed lets him do whatever he wants. He wanted the bare minimum of what I was doing in the hospital. He never came. He kept telling the sista's he was going to come. He never

*came. Never called. Never texted. To this day he still doesnt know all that happened and probably wont ever ask. His dad knew i was in there, but he gives zero @\$&&, and wont make him go. My gods how embarrassing. Hes embarrassed by you, and or I. I made a comment on his post about graduation. He immediately called me and said i loved your comment, but ai erased it because i don't want my friends to find you and because of Austin. He is So adamant about not letting his friends know, and its one of the most hurtful a*s things he does. That action just continually hurts. He trying to erase you and i cant stand it. To leave on a good note, Tete and Charlie just bought their first home. Im just so excited for her. She worked so hard. And Charlie too. They closed the other day and got their keys. My dreams of a home went out the window with you. I love you beyond words and miss you just as much. Always and forever, your Mama*



Austin's Mama - June 29, 2025 at 11:20 AM

FA

“ *There isn't a moment that goes by that I don't think of you, and you haven't stopped being in almost all of my dreams, which is so bittersweet. I wish I was more mature and in touch with myself when you were still here, and I could've been able to help you better, but I know beating myself up about that doesn't change anything. I still love you, and miss you.*

Friend of Austin - June 29, 2025 at 04:04 AM

AM

Thank you 🥹💔

Austin's Mama - June 29, 2025 at 09:32 AM

AM

“ I MISS YOU SOOOOOO MUCH I CAN'T STAND IT. I CANT STAND IT! I CANT STAND IT! I CANT STAND IT! I CANT STAND IT! I CANT STAND IT!

Austin's Mama - June 20, 2025 at 08:07 PM

AM

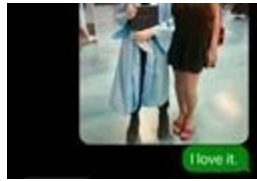
“ Oh, my love, how ive missed you so. Its been too long since ive visited you here. Unforseen curcumstances have kept me away. I wont say im good because that would be a lie. Ill say the world tripped me up again and im still breathing. You were so needed. You ARE SO NEEDED. Mama is so tired. As the year has turned toward summer, I'm reminded of so much, and the nights grow darker. I still cannot believe youre gone. Ive got to go for now. I cannot cry. My body is injured and its so much worse. Ill love you forever. Forever and always, your Mama



Austin's Mama - June 20, 2025 at 08:56 AM

AM

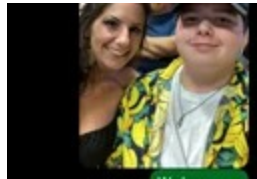
“ Hello my love. Today is Tuesday, June 3, 2022. Our littlest little did it. Vincent is now a High School graduate. I'm not gonna lie and tell you he didn't struggle. He struggled a lot. I'm just so proud of him as I'm sure you are. Your brother won't and doesn't talk about you to his friends. He has a massive friends group that knows nothing about you at all. I didn't realize how serious it was until Vincent texts me and said he had to delete my congratulations comment on his IG. Told me he doesn't want his friends to find me because you are none of their business. Ohh, how I cried. I told him you nor I did anything wrong. You didn't. I certainly didn't, but I realized at prom when all his buddies called Ed, Ed, and I was "Vinny's mom". Oh how that hurts. I'm so depressed. All this.... ALL THIS... makes me miss you so much more. You should've been here. Time doesn't make shit better. Always and forever, your Mama



Austin's Mama - June 03, 2025 at 10:23 AM

AM

“ Hello my baby. Tomorrow, Vincent walks across the stage for graduation. I remember when your sister walked. I'd sent you pictures and you commented her boots were swag. No, I didn't get to see you walk across the stage, or get your senior pictures taken. You decided to do your final year online. You finished it all in 3 weeks, but one class. You absolutely refused to have senior pictures taken. I missed out on all that. It makes me most sad. However, it seems as if I've saved every ounce of artwork, school papers, etc... I've boxes and boxes. I wish I could go through them. I can't. I'm not strong enough. For anything anymore, it seems. Everything hurts. I also had my MRI and of course my back is f*€¥ {>. Bulging discs and all that. I won't go into detail. At least I now know. This pic I'm posting is with your brother and I as we waited for Sophia to cross the stage. We loooooove you so much. My life is nothing without you. Nothing.



Austin's Mama - May 29, 2025 at 11:58 AM

AM

I can still hear your voice. 🥹🥹🥹

Austin's Mama - May 29, 2025 at 12:00 PM

AM

“ Hello my love. Today is Wednesday May, 28th, 2025. It's been 2 years and 8 months. But it hasn't. Not in my mind. Idk what time my mind keeps, but it's not like everyone else. I no longer can be on time for things. I lose all track of time and am always late. As you know, this is the complete opposite of how I was. I feel incompetent. Incomplete.

Vincent graduates this Friday. As Sophia did, I'll watch my last child, my only baby boy left, walk across that stage. I'm so proud of both your brother and sister. I'm so proud of you too. However, this grief, this horrible awful grief overshadows everything. This is our Sophia girl after she walked across the stage. I know I sent you this picture, but here's another glimpse of the girl we love so so much. I love you, Austin.

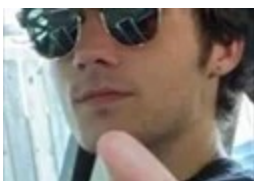
At this point, I miss all 3 of you. I'm just so very sad. Always and forever, your Mama



Austin's Mama - May 28, 2025 at 12:20 PM

AM

“ Hello, my love. Today is Tuesday, May, 20, 2025. Life is just as awful as always. My gods, the way I crave your conversation, and yes, advice. The way I crave to see your beautiful face, and hear your voice and laugh. I still don't know how people survive this. Yesterday was Jolie's confirmation. I went into a church. I walked in and down the aisle looking for Crystal and family. I ask Van to move down so I could sit next to Crystal. Then, Mary Jo reached over and grabbed my hand and said something... idk what it is, but I just broke down with a panic attack and bawling. Right in the middle of the isle where everyone could see. Everyone always says it a fine, don't worry about it or what people think. I usually don't, but that particular day, I went into the restroom. I was trying to clean up my face from the crying. This woman with this little girl come out of the stall. She comes to the sink area, looks at me, and says, "I hope you find peace for whatever you're dealing with". I was so touched, then embarrassed. These people are strangers. It's not like I can fall into their arms and just tell them how absolutely exhausted I am every damn day. Or, about how I still cry and cry and cry for you. How I look for your scent in all your clothes because the urge is so strong to just give up. I finally have my MRI today. I really hope all goes well and it comes out clear. I'm so over the physical pain, in which no drs really seem to give a shit. Ugh. The pain Dr I'm going to for the shots; his office seems so disorganized. If I've got to call a drs office more than twice to explain a situation, I'm rolling my eyes to the damn heavens. It's difficult when you've worked in offices for so long. Your bro has his first bid duty and that is to take me as I'm supposed to get it sedation. I can't stay in one position for long. Sigh. It's been a nightmare on top of a nightmare. I guess that's the story of my life. What a shitty story. What a shitty life. I love you more than I'll ever be able to convey. I'll miss you more than I'll ever be able to convey. Life wasn't supposed to be like this. Forever and always, your Mama



Austin's Mama - May 20, 2025 at 08:21 AM

AM

I love your beautiful face so much 🥹💔🥹💔🥹💔🥹💔🥹💔🥹💔🥹💔🥹💔

Austin's Mama - May 20, 2025 at 08:22 AM

AM

No one understands anything of how this feels, but lots of people have suggestions. I've always found that to be funny. As if someone says something that one, I haven't already thought of, and two, will make everything all better. I just have to think positive. Well, hell, if that's all it took, I suppose every psychiatrist and therapist would be out of a job. Think positive.... About what?! I think positive about Sophia and Vincent, but that's it. I guess I wasn't done talking. I love you.

Austin's Mama - May 20, 2025 at 08:28 AM

AM

“ I'm just so so incredibly sad. Nothing works. I'm debilitated by this. I cannot work, or be the Mama the littles need. I do not know if I ever will be. Austin, I'm just so sad.

Austin's Mama - May 12, 2025 at 08:05 AM

AM

“ Hello, my boy, my baby; the one who made me a mother. Today is Mother's Day. I hate it. I hate it so much.

Austin's Mama - May 11, 2025 at 06:35 AM

AM

“ Hello, my son. Today is Friday May 9, 2025. Sunday is Mother's Day and the one who made me a Mama, is still gone, and I'm just as broken as the second I knew. Your brother is graduating soon. My heart is just so so broken. You're missing everything and I cannot stand it. I can barely stand anything. My arm and shoulder are soo bad. I think I told you what happened. If not, to sum it up, I need an MRI before anyone will touch me. They say my symptoms are too bad. We will see what the MRI says. Every time I see the sunshine, I think of you because of our last trip. All sea and sunshine. I wish I could say I had a favorite smile, or look, or word. I don't though. Never in my life would I'd have thought that would be the last time I'd see you. No. Nothing has changed. I do not feel any better. I just want to run away where NO ONE knows me or my name. It's been almost 3 years and it sounds impossible. My time has still stopped. I cannot figure out dates prior now. Everything is so confusing. You're so much more on my mind in the sunshine. I cannot say it enough. Here is a pic of me, you, and Kevin. He was just born, so you were 3mos old. Oh, how you two loved each other. I love and miss you to death. Always and forever, your Mama



Austin's Mama - May 09, 2025 at 10:30 AM

AM

“ Morning baby. What a week you missed. I’m so sad. You missed your sisters 21st birthday, your brothers 18th birthday, and also his prom on the same day. Camille has been here for the last two days. The reality that you are gone hits us all still so hard. For the first time, it was difficult to not be mad. Mad that you missed all these milestones. Mad that it hurts your brother and sister that you’re not here. Mad because who knows how all this affects them. I’m tired. I’m so very tired. I love you, my baby. Always and forever, your Mama.



Austin's Mama - May 05, 2025 at 07:29 AM

AM

“ Today is April 29, 2025. I purposefully waited to write to you until I was around halfway in between Sophia and Vincent's birthday. You've missed your sisters 21st birthday, on the 27th. You will be missing Vincent's 18th birthday on the 2nd. As well as him graduating this year. I have so many feelings towards these situations. It's so very difficult. You'd never make my life more difficult if you were here. Same with our littles. I don't believe you meant to make our lives harder, but that's the reality of the situation. We all miss you so much. Your Ahma is still struggling as well and started therapy again. As I keep saying, it doesn't get easier. Every day without you gets more and more difficult. I listen to your playlist everyday. The overall theme is so sad. It kills me to think of you the way you were; sooo sad and lonely along with such confusion. Listening your playlist makes me feel closer to you. YOU'VE listened to these songs. YOU'VE picked all these songs. It's a beautiful way I remember you. I still cry and ache so. Every day. I can only describe it as the feeling you had at the end, but I have to get up and live with it everyday. You've missed your sisters 21st and Vincent's 18th birthday. You've missed Vincent's graduation. I love and miss you more every day. Always and forever, your Mama



Austin's Mama - April 29, 2025 at 02:19 PM

AM

“ Oh, my baby. I've been missing you something awful as of late. Today is Easter, not that I give a shit. Nor, would you. But it's a day we all come together, anyway. Our littles are coming and so is your Tete and Charlie. It's just another day for me. I don't celebrate anything apart from your brother and sister. Who, as you know, their birthdays are coming up. Milestones for both. Sophia will be 21 and Vincent will be 18. And then there's Vincent's graduation coming up. I've so many memories of Easter morning with you. So many pictures. I'm thankful I have all I do of yours. I wish I could share all I've found of yours in the boxes with your brother and sister, but it's still too hard for them. That makes it harder for me when all I want to do is show everyone and say, "look what I've found! Look, it's a part of your brother, look what he made". Life is stagnant. Life is just as horrible today as it was then. Im still stuck in time and can't move forward. Honestly, idk why everyone expects me to. Maybe so they think im less suicidal? Idk. This is no holiday to me. It never will be. Your Ahma is doing great. It's so nice to see. I was worried for a long time. Time still seems to mean nothing to me. If it's not in my calander, it doesn't exist. Sigh. It's exhausting. Btw, I absolutely love Alex Cameron. lol oh, my baby. Your humor lives on. Even in music. There's nothing I listen to but your playlist. I'm so I love. I love and miss you more than I can express. I can't believe you're gone. I just can't believe it. Oh, Austin, my baby. I'm dying. Forever and always, your Mama



Austin's Mama - April 20, 2025 at 09:51 AM

AM

“ Oh, my baby how I miss you so. It just gets worse and worse. Every day. I say the same things over and over because words fail me, consistently, now. Your Ahma is doing pretty good. It's good to see her engaged and happy. But, oh, how she misses you. Life is torture. I currently have a physical ailment that is absolutely so painful, I really do want to cut my arm off. I woke up one day a few weeks ago feeling fine. By the afternoon, there's like a twinge in my shoulder blade. So, I try to roll it out like always, but by the next day, I'm looking up stretches to do. By day 6, the pain is so bad, I can't take it anymore. It starts on the left side of my neck, down my left shoulder blade, over the shoulder blade as well, to my elbow, where I was diagnosed with tennis elbow, to my wrist where I was diagnosed with carpal tunnel. I have what's called spinal stenosis in my neck. All of this is absolutely from work and trauma. No doubt. I'm doing physical therapy, and then we will re assess. I haven't slept in weeks. This is just ridiculous how bad the pain is. No pain meds touch it. So, here I am, just sitting at home in the most emotional pain known to man and now physical pain almost to match. Life is a damn joke. Some good news, Vincent went to Clearwater, Fla for spring break. He and a bunch of his buddies drove down. They all came back in one piece and your brother had the time of his life. I'm so proud of the boys and your brother. You were with him as always with one of your chains. He won't talk about you, still, and I can't stop. It's difficult for the littles to see me now. I'm a walking talking replica of you. I see you every time I look in a mirror. I don't do that much anymore. I don't really need to as I really don't do much. Although now I have all these Dr appts. Sophia is doing good. She's still working. She got a new gecko, so she's over the moon. I went to the storage unit. You're in every box. Every one. Pictures, school artwork, and clay work. I don't think I ever threw anything of yours out. I'm overwhelmed with it all. I can't go through the boxes. I miss you so much. Been listening to your playlist about every day. I love it so much. There is so much of me in there. I love it, but it's hard to listen to. In September it will be three years, but it doesn't feel like that. This just happened yesterday. Every day, it happened the day before, and I'm hanging

*on by a thread. Those boxes are gonna kill me. I'm exhausted. I'm in pain. I'm just so sad. I love you so much. There's never been a boy so missed. Forever and always, Mama
Look at you, my beautiful baby boy... my gods.. how? How has this happened?!*



Austin's Mama - April 10, 2025 at 07:32 AM

AM

“ Hello, my love. Today is Monday, March 31, 2025. I went to our storage unit yesterday again and got out more stuff. You. Are. Everywhere. in those boxes, I don't think I ever threw away any of your artwork through your years. The littles too. Every one I peeked through, I could see it. There are soooo many I've to go through. These are the hardest days. I do not know how I've made it this far. I'm just torturing myself every day. The littles give me some reprieve. When I see them. Vincent just got back from spring break in Clearwater, Fla. with a few of his buddies. He is safe and I'm just so relieved. Sophia bought another gecko. Lol so, she obsessed with her new baby. I got some bad news. My neck has bone spurs that are pushing on my muscles, which is making pain radiate down my arm, but I also have tennis elbow and carpal tunnel in my wrist. This all happened within 6 days. I mean, the physical pain is so so extremely intense. I went to one ER on Thursday and he just said he knew exactly what was going on so he didn't take any imaging. He just tells me to keep stretching. I left that place in a very nice manner, but told the nurse and Dr I'd never walk through their doors again. This is a new stand alone emergency room that's affiliated with garden city hospital. They did nothing to help me. He tells me if it gets any worse to go to the ER. I said to him that I AM in an ER. So, as sure as you are dead, I woke up (didn't really sleep), in so much more pain and more of my hand and fingers were numb. My left arm is completely useless right now. It hurts just sitting still, I can't grip anything or hold anything in that hand, or I get sharp shooting pain all the way up my arm. So, I go to a real hospital the next day. Everyone I spoke to was visibly aggravated he didn't take any X-rays or any other tests. The Dr at the real hospital was so kind. He walked in to to talk to me about my X-rays. He tells me nothing shows up. I just put my head down because I'm just soo defeated. He then says, I believe you, so I'm going to get you a cat scan, or maybe it was a CT scan, and more pain medication. He comes back in again after looking at the results, and he looks so somber. That's when he tells me I've those three going on. He looked at me and said, ya know, there is all this same equipment at the first place you went to. He was PISSED now because he knew I

wasn't lying about my pain after the imaging, and that other Dr did nothing for me. All this is from being in dentistry for 22 years and having to move my body at weird angles. Oh, I also have arthritis. Wtf. I'm not that old! When I'm done talking to you, I'm going to call my drs office and set an appointment to go over the results. The ER doctor said I'd need to be referred to a specialist. My life is just ridiculous. I ordered a sweet guitar stand that has shelves and I can put my record player on top and my albums in another. I've got to have more room, so little by little, I've been going at it. You'd be so proud of your Mama. Sophia and I have had a couple issues as of late. She's trying and that's all I asked for, so I'm happy about her including me in her life. It's just so hard for them to be at home here. All the memories here of you, and me being a walking talking replica of you doesn't help in the slightest. I'm trying to not let it hurt my feelings, but it does, even though I understand why. Understanding doesn't take away the pain though. My pretty little baby Aria, is doing so good. Getting braver by the day. She's now comfortable enough to hang with Ahma and grandpa. She's a funny cat. However, she's in heat and it's the most annoying shit ever. I'll be setting up an appointment to get her spayed today. They apparently go into heat every 3 weeks!! Ohhh, nooo, I'm not dealing with that. She's just gonna have to be baby less like me. That actually bums me out. I want a baby kitty that I can raise. Aria is skittish. Idk if that will ever go away. I want to be able to take my kitty's outside for a few. I'm trying to get Aria used to her walking halter. Hahaaha she's not much of a fan, but she doesn't put up a fuss. It'll be a while before I can even attempt to take her outside. She's scared to death of outside. She takes off like a bat outta hell every time someone opens any doors. I'm glad I got her. I adore her. It's super sweet, but odd maybe, that she rubs and purrs and head bumps your cremation box, but I love it. Oh, at the storage unit, I found a few clay things you made. I just cry. I just cry. What am I going to do with all your stuff? I cannot throw anything of yours away. I love and miss you so much. You're missing everything. I just wish you woulda came home as we planned. I just know things would've been different. Always and forever, your Mama





Austin's Mama - March 31, 2025 at 11:06 AM

AM

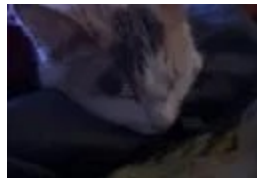
“ It’s been two weeks and I can’t go any longer. I haven’t written. Everything feels the same. Today is Monday, March 24, 2025. Vincent is down in Clearwater with his buddies for spring break. That was hard. It still is. I worry so much. Sophia and I are supposed to do something today. Idk what yet. I’m so so heartbroken. Every day is harder, not better. I’m trying another type of treatment to feel better. It’s not working. I went to the storage unit. I got some things out. Totes I’d forgotten what was in them except I knew it had some of my childhood in them. I found my Danny Carey drumsticks Ed and I caught at the front row Tool show, and the tickets, but mostly, they were filled with you. Our hospital bracelets, your first and second pair of shoes.. just so many things. I kept everything. All your artwork and school projects. Sooooo many pictures. Pictures I cannot go through. Bags of photo albums just staring at me in the face, everyday. I mean, I still have your first bike in the garage with your little name license plate on the back. What am I to do with all your stuff. I can’t get rid of them. I can see the picture of you lying there after the police came. You had a black eye. You’ve never had a black eye. I can’t get past that day. My mind won’t let me. Nor my body. I wonder how some people can sleep at night because I sure as hell can’t. I know how you were treated. It keeps me up at night. I can’t get it out of my mind. To know how low you were... and even though I don’t have the proof, I don’t need it. You’d already told me. Aria is doing good. She’s super sweet and I know you’d steal her from me. And I’d let you. Not a single minute of every day you’re not thought of and mourned and loved. The stuff from the storage brought me to my knees. It’s a never ending nightmare. I love you and miss you more than words. Forever and always, your Mama



Austin’s Mama - March 24, 2025 at 09:28 AM

AM

“ Hi baby. Today is Monday, March 10, 2025. I got us a kitty. She’s a rescue about 10 mos., they think. I named her something special I know you’d appreciate. She helps some, I guess. I still feel the same, I now just have to take care of a cat. She’s very sweet and I love her. I’m glad I got her. I’m hoping to train her to go on walks. Idk though with her being left outside in a parking lot. They think she was someone’s pet and they dumped her. We will see. Other than that I don’t think I’ve anything new to talk about. I REALLY wish you were here to talk politics with. The misogyny, the hate, the got cha moments, it’s all very exhausting. This country’s future looks pretty bleak at the moment. It’s interesting times and you’re missing it. So am I, I suppose. This is no life. This is daily torture. Minute by minute, hour by hour. I miss everything. I selfishly miss all that was, with you here. I’ve lost it all. Everything. I love you so very much and miss you just the same. I’m just so so sad. Always and forever, Mama



Austin's Mama - March 10, 2025 at 06:35 PM

AM

“ Hello, my son. Today is Sunday, March, 2, 2025. It's been ten days since I've written on here. I've been very stressed and overwhelmed. You'd be proud of me. I went to my High School reunion. I survived. I had a good time. It was really nice seeing everyone. As always, your Mama didn't get crap for photos. It's weird how I never think of it when it bothers me so much when I don't. I told aunt Camille grief brain is sooooo much worse than pregnancy brain. It's ridiculous. Usually, the only thing I can remember with clarity, are you, and traumatic events. Neither gives respite. Nothing does. I've realized although I can have a good time now, there is still so much guilt. I don't know if that will ever go away. Because while I'm having a good time, the knowing of how low you felt to be able to do that, eats me alive. The last time I felt pure joy and the happiest I'd ever been was taking all three of you to that resort. Now, a heavy shadow hangs low obstructing my ability to see any light. I feel gray. I still don't know how to describe it any other way than that. Vincent is in denial. Confirmed by what he said to me the other day. It's taken him 2 1/2 years to stuff you down completely. Or what he believes to be completely. It's very upsetting to me because eventually all of his grief will come out in one way or another. It's scary to me. He won't believe therapy will help. Sigh. Gosh, we all just effing miss you so much. This is so so hard to handle. I love you so much, son. I'm sharing your test scores from 8th grade. I will never forget getting that in the mail. My brilliant boy, I'll brag about you till the day I join you. Always and forever, your Mama



Austin's Mama - March 02, 2025 at 09:05 PM

AM

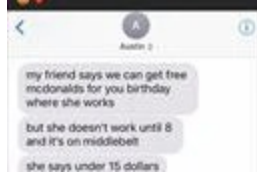
“Hello, my baby. Today is Thursday, February 20, 2025. I miss you more than ever. It’s been so hard lately, for a few reasons. I’ll write to you in my notes about that. Ohhhh, how you and I love that book. Life is unbearable. I love and miss you always and forever, Mama



Austin's Mama - February 20, 2025 at 03:12 PM

AM

“ My little love... Today is Friday, February, 14, 2025. Tomorrow, your sister is flying out to visit her partner. You'd be so so proud of her. Same with Vincent. While you know he's been in sports and active forever, he's picked up weight training. He looks so different. I know for sure you'd be proud of him. I told you not to worry. But, that was before. Now, I'll FOREVER be terrified about the both of them. I miss you so so much my little forever Valentine. Life has been just so difficult. Breathing is just so difficult. Sometimes I don't want to. I'm still so nauseous every day. I still cry and SCREAM for you. It hurts so bad all you can do is scream. I still have so many questions I'll never get answered. I can't remember if I told you I bought that book you raved about. I let her keep yours. I know you'd like that. I look at that book every day. I'm terrified of it. Scared to death. I want to read it so bad, but like your/our music, it feels so connected to you, I know it's gonna hurt. The thing is about the "hurt" I keep talking about is that I often try to avoid it because it is all consuming, my body shakes as it did when I found out, just over and over and over these giant waves of physical pain and any other kind there is wash over me. I can feel it in my bones. It lasts FOREVER. I cry for you every day, son. Every day. I talk to you on here and other places. So often, I want to hear your insights on things that matter. That beautiful brain that was so curious, so full of knowledge, so absolutely witty and hilarious, so sweet and thoughtful, and so very kind. That was your core. Your tough guy image only worked on your dad and his family. Apart from your Grandma and Grandpa. Both your Ahma, and grandma miss you so much. Ahma told me she'd tried to get a hold of you after we got home from vacation. You also ignored your Ahma, which you've never done. You did SO MANY things out of character in your last weeks and days, I now know why. I'm so very lucky for the support system I do have, or I'd have done caught up with you already. My FOREVER VALENTINE, I love and miss you so much. Forever and always, your Mama
P.S. uploading pics on here sucks because it doesn't give me an option to see if it fits or anything. Living in the wild Wild West acting like that in 2025. Fingers crossed because I can't delete it after I've posted it.



Austin's Mama - February 14, 2025 at 08:11 AM

AM

“ Hello, my love. Today is Sunday, February, 9th, 2025. Today is my birthday, as you well know. It is also the Super Bowl, this year. Idk, I just want Taylor Swift's bf to win. I woke up sick for the first time in at least ten years. So, it ruined the plans the littles had. They were going to take me to dinner. We'll figure out another time. I miss your voice so much; I'd do anything to hear it, as I know our littles would. This birthday of mine, I'd know you'd have a field day with it. You'd probably learn 27 different languages of just the word "old" and terrorize me with them all day. I'd have laughed, eyes bright, beaming with pride and love for you. Instead, tears fall where crinkles should be. As there's no way to describe your death, there's no way to describe how much I love and miss you. Everything is impossible. I so much miss feeling your love and safety. Today is my birthday, but I don't care at all. It's just another day where I'm tortured by your absence. Happy birthday to me. Always and forever, your Mama.



Austin's Mama - February 09, 2025 at 08:57 PM

AM

“Hi baby. Today is Thursday February, 6, 2025. I hardly slept. That is unfortunately becoming common. I can't stay asleep; waking up every few hours. Even in misty haze of sleep, boom, you're right there and mostly I cannot go back to sleep. The days of remembering every detail of you don't go away. The memories do not make me happy, they kill my soul. I often think about the time, I've probably mentioned it before, but when you came up to visit and got here early. You full body slammed me at 6am. As crazy as it sounds, it was one of the happiest moments with you because we laid in my bed for hours just talking. Snuggles here and there. I get sick at the thought of never seeing you again, I walk around nauseous all day. The book you let Anne Louise borrow before you made your choices, is the same book you raved to me about and promised I'd love it. It's a series and you'd been waiting on the next one to come out. You didn't wait long enough. I asked Anne Louise if she'd then give it to someone else to borrow. That book is all worn and beautiful. They felt you were in the pages. As most difficult as it was, I let them keep it. I got pictures of it and all the love. I ordered a brand new one and got it the other day. Unfortunately, at the moment, I cannot read. I promise you I will read every single book to that series if it takes the rest of my life. I mentioned the book to the sistas, and Tete said it was so good. lol I should've known one of them had read it. Tete and you loved to talk about books too. What she also said was it is a very sad series. Oh, my love. What I wouldn't give to have been able to take all your pain away and have you still here, instead of me having all your pain and everyone else's. You needed your Mama so much, but I was too far and couldn't do anything. I will never ever forget the way you looked at me on vacation, eyes full of pain, silently begging me to fix it. I'll never forgive myself for not fixing it whether I could or not, and I couldn't. I'll still never forgive myself. I love and miss you to my soul. Always and forever, your Mama



Austin's Mama - February 06, 2025 at 10:06 AM

AM

“ Hello, my love. Today is Tuesday, February 5, 2025. As you know, my birthday is in 4 days. #45. This year it's on Super Bowl Sunday. Who cares. Where are you to tell me how old I am and buy me another pack of adult diapers as a joke? Two years, 5 months, and the thought of not talking to you on my birthday is agonizing. The pain intensity isn't just one day. I feel it leading to the days of any sort of holiday or birthday, or Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday... it never goes away. I'm consistently nauseous, still. I still have awful eating issues. I think of you, tall, dark, and handsome; standing at 6'1", but at the time, you only weighed 156lbs. While that appears to be a healthy weight according to the BMI, you stopped eating. I noticed on vacation and called you out. How did no one else notice you weren't eating?? You'd lost so much weight. As time goes on, and my head clears little by little, I have all these questions. Questions I don't think people would like to answer. 5 years is a long time to be away from your Mama, starting at 18, when no one knew you better. We'd only been apart for a while one time, and other than that, it was two weeks every year to go on vacation with your grandma and grandpa (and Kevin). That's it. The littles and I, the 4 of us, we got all your real smiles. Smiles I now only see in videos and photographs. It'll never ever be enough. Never. Two years and 5 months seems like a long time, I'd think, for most people. It is a drop of time to the grieving. Time means and moves differently now. I get so confused on what day, year, month...I now have to use my calendar religiously, or things just don't exist because I cannot remember them. I've never felt so dumb in my entire life and I don't like it at all. I miss you so much, son. I hate making memories without you. It's so hard. Everything for me is too hard. I love you with all my being. Always and forever, your Mama.
P.S. as you know, Maynard always has the words.



Austin's Mama - February 05, 2025 at 10:31 AM

AM

“Hello, baby. Today is Monday January, 27, 2025. Trump took office again a few days ago. The country is so divided. Trump gave the order to go ahead and arrest people (what they call illegal alien's) from schools... I just can't. I'm actually glad you're not here to see this. Who knows what the future will bring. I'm having such a hard time still. I went and saw Carolyn, you met her at the A Perfect Circle concert. It had been too long. I love her and missed her so. I am very fortunate to have the friends I do. So, I did leave the house this past weekend. I'm trying to say yes more often. I love seeing my peoples, but the guilt after sometimes is just SO heavy. I just want to hear your voice, my love. Mama misses you so much it's still debilitating. I'm just so tired. I love you, my son. Forever and always, Mama

me: what about the other parts?
grief: they will find a new way.
me: a new way for what?
grief: a new way to breathe.
to laugh.
to walk.
to wake up.
to create.
to experience nature.
to see the world.
to be courageous.
to hear music.

Austin's Mama - January 27, 2025 at 12:57 PM

AM

“Morning, love. Today is Friday, January 24th, 2025. It's cold and there's snow. You'd love it. I walked Vincent out for school, and burr. He parks in the precise spot you did. Just that tiny little detail tears me apart. I won't tell him that as I think he does that just for you. He's almost done with his senior year. I can't believe it. My birthday is in a couple weeks. Super Bowl Sunday to be exact. I'll be 45 and you won't be here to tell me I'm so old. Again. I still have the adult diapers you and Vincent got me probably 7/8 years ago. Gosh, you are so funny. You'll be 26 this year. It's crazy to imagine. I have to imagine it because you're no longer here for me to experience it. Nor your sister and brother. I belong to so many grief groups online. They're (We're) all so sad, Austin. All these parents just in constant suffering every day all day. Some days the pain will drive you crazy. The book Anne Louise was reading, that you'd lent her... she loved it. Now, someone you cared for very deeply, as you told me, has it. She's almost done with it, but found such a profound attachment, I'm going to let her keep it. I've been asking for your books since day one. Never received any. I was excited to get that one, but I know you'd be happy I let her keep it. I asked for some photos of the book. I remember you raving to me about this series you were reading, insisting I read it too... you were just waiting on the last book... I couldn't remember the name of it. As soon as I saw the cover and name, I knew it was the series you wanted me to read. So, read them I will. The pain will never go away. I love and miss you so much, my binky baby. Always and forever, your Mama



Austin's Mama - January 24, 2025 at 08:20 AM

AM

“ *It's the same every day. Groundhog's horror. I have only left the house a handful of times since before Christmas. I don't want to. I don't want to do anything. Everything hurts. I love and miss you beyond the stars. Always and forever, your Mama*



Austin's Mama - January 22, 2025 at 10:48 AM

AM

“ *I miss you so much I can't stand it. I can't stand it, Austin!* 🥹🥹🥹
🥹

Austin's Mama - January 11, 2025 at 12:09 PM

AM

“Every day is the same. I wake up, and I immediately remember. There’s no going back to sleep no matter what time it is. Some days I sleep okay and others, not so much. It’s hard to heal when you can’t sleep. Heal. That’s a funny word. There’s no healing this. There’s only suck it up and get back to work in this society. Work, ha! I can’t work. Unless I can find something online, there’s just no way I can interact with people every day all day, again. Oh, Austin... frequently I think about how alone you were that day. How you stayed alone for far too long. I have so many unresolved feelings regarding that whole day. I have so many unresolved questions from that day. I’ve read all the reports. However, I read them when they were all done, over a year ago. I know I need to read them again because it’s all so fuzzy, but internally, I’m scared to death. I’m scared to death of the pain all of this causes. I’ve never felt so much pain. I still have all the photos from your funeral boards in the bags from the funeral home. They’re sitting on my bedroom floor. I see them sitting there every day. There are so many pictures. Recently, it occurred to me I didn’t send out any thank you cards. I hope those that came understand I’ve just not been able to do it. Thank people for coming to see my beautiful baby boy in a box? I can’t do it. There are frequent memories that play in my head and one of them are Sophia. Your beautiful sister sat in one place on the couch in front of your casket and just stared at you for hours. She didn’t move once. You broke your baby sisters heart, my love. I will never get that image out of my head. To me, seeing the littles there... Vincent didn’t speak hardly.. it was the hardest thing I’ve ever done and still continue to live with. Writing to you feels therapeutic some days. Others, I feel I’ll have a damn breakdown. You are so very loved, and have always been our light and rockstar over here at our house. How I wish you would’ve just come home. The love you questioned wouldn’t have even been a question here. Mama loves you so much. Always and forever, my baby boy, Mama.



Austin's Mama - January 09, 2025 at 12:42 PM

AM

“ Today is January 4th, 2025. Every day just feels worse. I miss you so much, it makes me physically ill. I can't stand it, Austin. I'm a word that hasn't been invented yet. It's more than sad, it's more than devastation, it's more than everything and I can't find the word. No one could POSSIBLY understand. I'm so sad. I'm completely undatable. Who wants to live with this s*it. I certainly don't. I've been alone a long time, by choice. It's been over two years and I can't keep myself together enough to not make everyone sad. Sometimes I feel I wouldn't be as sad if I didn't have to shoulder all of this by myself. You'd tell me, again, I am doing life all wrong and I should find me a "sugar daddy". The last few years you'd tell me that often and I'd always laugh and tell you I'm not made that way. Ridiculous! You'd say. I know what you wanted for me, for this life. Now, it's inconceivable. Forever and always my love, Mama



Austin's Mama - January 04, 2025 at 01:43 PM

AM

“ Hello my baby. It's another day. Today happens to be New Year's Eve. Our third without you. It's harder than before. It seems that way every day. As I was waking, the memory of you coming up to visit from Georgia one time, destroyed me; crying and screaming. What a way to wake up. It's the beautiful memory of you getting here a little earlier than expected, but I left the door open for you. It was early, maybe around 6:30am. All I know is I'm sleeping and all of a sudden you fully jump on top of me to wake me up. The shock! The surprise! The excitement! Gods, we laid there and snuggled and talked for hours. You were around 21. You loved your Mama so... you were as excited as I was. We went and got the littles from school that day as a surprise. YOU WERE OUR LIGHT. You made everything better for all of us by just being you. Such a massive black hole sits in my heart unable to be mended and leaks out memories whether I want it to or not. I called you and Grandpa Frank at midnight every New Year. Now you're both gone. I'll never get over losing you. I love you and miss you more than life. Always and forever, your Mama



Austin's Mama - December 31, 2024 at 12:25 PM

AM

“ My baby boy. Yesterday was Christmas. It was one of the hardest days I've had in a long time. Oh, how your presence was missed. I didn't come on here. I didn't wish you a Merry Christmas. I couldn't. It was all I could to just breathe. I wanted to scream and scream and scream. I hurt so bad. I love you and miss you so much I can't stand it. Nothing is easy. Nothing. Our littles and I went through some more of your stuff yesterday. How much they hurt is awful. I can feel it from both of them. Vincent wouldn't take anything at first, he just kept pacing. He can't stand it. Sophia, is the one who brought up the fact we needed to go through it. I bawled, Sophia bawled, and our poor Vincent just looked so upset and sad. You've hurt our littles by leaving. Thinking about that part is the only time I get mad. I'm mad at the world and everyone just keeps on truckin. How I miss you so.. Merry Christmas, my love. Always and forever, Mama.

Austin's Mama - December 26, 2024 at 09:16 AM

AM

“ Today is Christmas Eve. Ten years ago today is when our Nonnie died. That Christmas was life changing as well. We lost our Matriarch. Since then, I've never been able to get back into “the Christmas spirit”. I look back and see how much happier we all are from before then. I look forward and I cannot imagine the season ever being fun again. To the gods I hope I'm wrong. This is just awful. I'm so tired. Our littles, Austin...this is just as impossible for them. I love you, my son, and I'll talk to you tomorrow. Forever and always, Mama. Merry Christmas Eve, my love.

Austin's Mama - December 24, 2024 at 11:39 AM

AM

“ Hello, my love. It's been 9 days since I've wrote to you. A lot of life has happened in those 9 days. I REALLY wish I could talk to you about all of it. It's 4 days to Christmas and I still cannot believe you're not here. I want to throw up. One of the most difficult things to come to terms with is the simple fact of no more new memories. What?!?! Noooo! My body and mind scream. They SCREAM. I SCREAM. Sometimes it helps and sometimes it doesn't. Nothing really helps and with all that went on recently, I've lost all hope anything ever will. Gosh, Austin, our littles miss you so much. It hurts so bad. I live with my hurt, but I also live with theirs. You needed to be home with your Mama. Not in some stupid town in Georgia and I'll NEVER forgive myself for not pushing you harder to come home right then... but you and I had a plan and we were just waiting... and then things happened to make you feel as if you had to stay there. I have a lot of anger. Not toward you or anyone else, but just the name of that state, or that disgusting corporation that promised the moon, in trade for your soul. Oh, and I misspoke. Your job and that awful awful girl you got caught up with. After over 2 years I can mention that girl, and ALLLLLLL of the things you told me about her on our vacation. Things she was doing to you. Things that girl should go to her grave being miserable about. However, those types of people just don't care. It's okay. I'll never forget. I'll never forget how unloved and unwanted people made you feel there. I will NEVER forget. You were MY everything and you should've stayed home and got into the career you wanted to. I have SO many regrets regarding your move. It's difficult to think about. Most everything having to do with you is difficult to think about and I hate it so much because you're my SON and I SHOULDNT HAVE sad feelings toward you. But they're there and not any better since that awful phone call. I love and miss you more than I can express, every day. Forever and always, your Mama.



Austin's Mama - December 21, 2024 at 11:17 AM

AM

“ My son, my love.... It's been 2 years, 2 months, and 28 days since you left. That's 817 days I've woken and got out of bed when it's the last thing I want to do. I don't know how I've made it this far. So many people love and miss you. It's going to be Christmas soon and I hate it. Our littles... they miss you so much. Vincent still won't say your name and neither will Sophia. It's so painful for me to see them hurting too. They hide it well, but I know my children, as you very well know. Your dad and Tracey brought me some more of your things around thanksgiving. I asked them to. Your room. I've seen your room through the police photos.... I've seen you. I had to. Nothing could've prepared me. I'm enraged the police used dirty underwear from your floor to cover half your face. The disrespect. The pain. How dare they. This isn't recent for me, but my dreams last night... everything haunts me. The lies and blatant disinformation and misinformation in your final report from the detective on your case makes me see red. The police couldn't have been more useless if they tried. It's been over two years and nothing is “over”. Almost daily something comes up still that brings me to my knees. Tuesday, I had a dr appointment. The nurse asked me how many children I had. I was in no way expecting that question. It is the first time someone has asked me that since. That poor nurse. She didn't know what was coming. Neither did I. I sobbed and sobbed and so did she. It's one of those inane questions people ask all the time. It seems like such a harmless happy question that most women are happy to answer. I'm guilty of asking that same question to my patients, prior, when I could work. I will never ever ask another woman how many children she has or anything like that ever again. When something so painful like that happens, it feels like it sets me back into deep depression. That night I went to bed and slept 17 hours without waking once. Yes, you could do the same and so can Vincent, but I've not done that since I was a teen. I was up for 7 hours and went back to bed for the night and slept almost another 12. I'm so tired. All the time. Still. I cry over wanting to feel “normal” again, but I know it'll never happen. I have good things in my life and I struggle to accept them because of the horrific guilt I still feel for having a happy feeling or two. People say, “your son would want

you to be happy". Given all the circumstances, I cannot accept that. You may want me to be happy, but my brain... today is Thursday, the 12th of December, 2024... two years, two months, and 28 days. P.S. the meme I know you'd get a kick out of. I love you so much, my binky baby.



Austin's Mama - December 12, 2024 at 11:35 AM

AM

“ Grief Is ...

Wondering how the world can move on.

Having conversations with you in my head.

Feeling like no one understands me anymore.

Knowing no joy without guilt.

Lonely, isolating and confusing.

An experience that doesn't get easier.

Something I am learning to live with.

My constant connection to you.

- Changing Perspectives with Jenni Brennan-

I read things like this all the time. It's all true and then some. These days, there seems to be no words without pain. We had to put Rita down last night. The space of the house is desolate. Your dad and Tracey brought me more of your things. I tried to go through it all, but the first things I found were your glasses, the wallet I had made for you with your name engraved on it; with your license in it. It's a Georgia license and I hate it. I hate it so much. But, I love it. Nothing makes sense. Your face in your picture says how unhappy you are. It's so blatant. That picture was taken when you were 21... almost a year prior to your decision, but if anyone who knew you looked at that photo they'd be able to tell how unhappy you were. It sinks my heart to the depths of my soul thinking of your pain. That is one of the hardest parts about this for me. Your eyes begged me to fix it, but I couldn't. Your pain brings me to my knees and reminds me every day I couldn't save you. How does a mother live with that forever?



Austin's Mama - December 06, 2024 at 12:19 PM

AM

“ It’s here again. Thanksgiving. Again, I struggle to feel thankful at all. Except the littles. I can’t stop crying this morning and it’s because I can’t stand being here without you. Devin turned 30 yesterday. 30. You missed it. We miss you. Everyone misses you. Forever and always, Mama

Austin’s Mama - November 28, 2024 at 10:32 AM

AM

“ God I miss you so much. Every day. All day. Even in sleep. Today is Devin’s 30th birthday AND YOU SHOULD BE HERE. Tomorrow is thanksgiving and I just wanna throw up.

Austin’s Mama - November 27, 2024 at 11:43 AM

AM

“ Hello, my little one. Today is November 26, 2024; the day Grandpa Frank died last year. It feels like everyone is dying and I can't stand it. I miss Grandpa Frank, and YOU. This second year is no joke as the literature says. Today is harder than most. I still got out of bed. Idk how I keep doing that, but I do. Thanksgiving is around the corner. We are cooking this year. I still don't feel like celebrating. I finished Christmas shopping and I still don't feel done. I'm missing a whole child. You'd say, "I didn't want anything, anyway". You never asked me for anything. Ever. It was always, "save your money mom, I don't need anything". The littles do the same thing. It's a nice feeling to know I provided enough for my children, y'all didn't want anything else. Do you know I talk about you as much as possible. Most of the time, it's not even on purpose. You're just everywhere and everything in my brain begins and ends with you, as it always has. I can't stop. Even when I make myself cry accidentally. The thing is, some days some things bother me and others, they don't. I just never know and that's what is so scary about the outside world. Most of the time I try not to participate. Friends won't let me though. I am so appreciative. I need to get out of the house more, but I can't live my life with you missing from it. You may as well consider my heart the black hole. Although, some people are doing a good job of filling in the gaping wound. I'll just leave it at that. I miss you so much. I miss being happy. Forever and always, Mama.

P.S. I found a shirt I wish I could get you. I know you'd love it. It's just perfect. Idk. I may buy it for myself.



Austin's Mama - November 26, 2024 at 01:47 PM

AM

“Hi baby. Today is Tuesday, November, 19, 2024. Only a high of 60 today. We're starting to get cooler. Your favorite. I despise this time of year. I just wanna hole up and not move. Mama is just so sad, Austin. So sad. I've been trying to leave the house more. Socialize more. Agoraphobia has its grips and I'm fighting. I'm doing the work and what I'm supposed to be doing, my therapist says. She gave me homework. She said when I say "I'm trying", I make it sound like I'm failing when I'm not, she says. So, I'm supposed to replace it with, "I'm doing. I'm doing the work". Not gonna lie, it's not easy to even say such simple words. They're not simple to me though. Nothing is simple anymore. Nothing. You're everywhere in this house, this city... my car even. Nothing is simple. I finished Christmas shopping and I feel like I didn't. I should be buying for you too. It's foremost on my mind. Gift giving I love and you know it. You got that trait from your Mama, my sweet thoughtful boy. I'm so lucky I have such great people supporting and surrounding me, or I'd have never ever made it this far. I never wanted to. Every day I wake it's a surprise for me. A horrific surprise. I'm awake and you're still not here. I'm obsessed with your birthstone now and can't quit buying pieces of jewelry with it in it. The blue ring is from your Tete. It's an Australian Opal. I'd no idea they had so many different kinds. The necklace I bought your sister for Christmas is one of the most beautiful pieces of jewelry I've ever seen. I'll post it after Christmas. It's called a honeycomb opal. It's absolutely gorgeous. Sigh. Life is fine. Everything is fine. Forever and always, my baby boy, Mama



Austin's Mama - November 19, 2024 at 12:25 PM

AM

“ Hello, my love. Sigh... today is Friday, November, 15, 2024. It's 6:30 am, but I've been up since 4am. I will say I do like the dark and the quiet. Your brother is home sleeping still, but he'll have to get up soon. We spoke about you last night. Well, technically I speak about you every day, but Vincent won't always respond. He will sit and listen to me talk, cry, whatever, for as long as I need him. He's getting better about opening up. He told me last night he just needs to keep busy. Busy he is too. I recently got his senior pictures taken. He's so handsome and the dimple popped out this year! So stupid, but I love our one dimple. So, senior pics, You know, the ones you refused to get hahaha. Brat. At the time, I was just annoyed you wouldn't get your pics done. Now, I'm so sad. I have your sisters, your brothers, but none of you. You said senior pictures were dumb, and mom, why would you spend money on that? If only I could've made you understand they were for me and not you. It's difficult with pictures of you these days. I keep being reminded I've no new ones and I'll never get any. That sounds just completely absurd to my brain. Just ridiculous, really. You're so so very missed, my son. Mama is having such a rough time. I despise this time of year. It'll be a year for Grandpa Frank soon. That's just as surreal. My father was larger than life and I miss him too despite our differences. Okay, let's talk about it. The urn. I finally chose one. Talk about absurd. It's absurd I had to buy an urn for you. It took me over two years to choose one. I like it, I think. I've yet to put you in there, but I will. Mama will put you in your forever home. It has to be me. This urn has messed me up. It makes it all too real and it hurts so bad. As aunt Camille said yesterday, "A star he was on earth, so a star he shall remain". It's a play on a Mystikal lyric. Mama has to go wake Vincent up for school. I love and miss you, always and forever.



Austin's Mama - November 15, 2024 at 07:13 AM



I forgot to mention, Vincent wore your tie for his pictures. ☐ gosh we all just miss you so much.

Austin's Mama - November 15, 2024 at 07:15 AM

AM

“ Hi baby. Today is Friday, November 8, 2024. We've passed the REALLY hard days, but then why don't I feel better? I feel worse most days. I'm trying to get out more and making plans with friends. That is so encredibly difficult. The plans. I've told myself I'm not allowed to cancel, so cancel, I haven't. I don't want to. I want to go out again. I want to smile and laugh for a while. Every single time I do, I still end up crying, whether it's public or not. I somehow feel so vulnerable out there. I'm not steady out there yet. It's scary as hell out there still. My mind is worse. I've still been stuck on your Spotify. I'm so in love with it. With how long it is, I've not yet heard everything, even still. I cherish it. I feel closer to you. Life is hell. Life is scary. Life is so so sad. Life is still crying; every morning and then some. Life is lonely. Life is desolate. Life is filled with so much love from our littles. Life is unlivable without them. And you. The Presidential election was the other day. Definitely a day of history. Donald Trump won again and all I feel today about that is nothing. Today, my mind is filled with you. I had my first vivid dream that I can remember about you. I was running my fingers through your beautiful hair like I used to do. I woke with that image and it's there and I can't get it out. I have to go in public today... I can't cancel. I love and miss you more each day. Always and forever, Mama. P.S. Sophia voted in her first presidential election and Vincent volunteered at city hall. I couldn't be prouder of both of them.



Austin's Mama - November 08, 2024 at 11:07 AM

AM

“ Hello, Baby. Today is Monday, November 4th, 2024. I'm coming up on Grandpa Frank's one year anniversary. Who exactly am I grieving everyday? Is it the both of you? I feel like my dad is fighting a way in to be acknowledged. It'd be just like him as he was always the center of attention and didn't really like it when he wasn't. Sigh. Sad doesn't cover it. I've been having just such a rough time lately. I get it's all the birthdays and anniversaries and all that, but I'm still so saddened. Logically I know that. Emotionally, mentally, and physically logic doesn't have a place. Logic doesn't fit in this scenario one bit. It never will. I have a logical brain. I wonder if maybe that's why my grief is just so hard. There's nothing logical surrounding the entire situation and no one seems to know why. It makes me sick. I felt as if I dreamt of you last night when I woke up. It's those days that are the hardest. Crystal says it's you visiting me. I don't really believe that. I don't know what I believe anymore. So much change. Too much change. I've changed. I can feel it. I've more trauma responses now. No one understands. Instead of going away, I feel they're mounting. At the same time of feeling all this, I still feel so unprotected. I feel a sense in Vincent to take your place there and I welcome it. In that sense, (and of course, others) I feel very lucky I still have a baby boy child. I understand how fortunate I am to have him still. Sophia as well... *I* cant imagine. I've read of mothers losing multiple babies that way and I can't breathe. I can barely read those stories, but I do because those Mama's deserve to be heard and have people stand in their space and be present. Just like I would as well. It's definitely something I'm still trying to get used to. I'm fortunate to have a lot of support. However, I've had to lose almost life long friends because they ignored me reaching out. I've been in some very dark places. Places that I don't want to be in, which is why I reached out. People really turn out to disappoint. I'm sad about it and wish it were different. You know us, though, and how much we dislike asking for any kind of help. It's excruciating. I've had to bare my soul and ego to ask for help recently. It was so humbling; as if I needed any more of that. You were always the first to humble me so quick. I learned to never say never because of you, and I've stuck to that since your first humbling. lol I had a lot to

”

learn being such a young Mama. I'm back to crying multiple times a day, most days. Everything has just been so much lately. This veil I live under has taken a beating. The holidays are coming up and all I can think is I do not have to participate, if I can't. Of course, the littles are different. I'll be the "happiest" I can be for them in person. I need a hug and a back crack. I need to hear you laugh. I need to hear you being back to you, you. Im selfish as hell. I want it all. I love and miss you, my little love, Always and Forever, your Mama. P.S. I remember us walking from the pool on vacation and you mentioning how long my hair was. I asked you if you didn't like it. You said to me, "no, it looks pretty". I got a haircut. One I like. But, my gods was that so very very difficult.



Austin's Mama - November 04, 2024 at 11:23 AM

AM

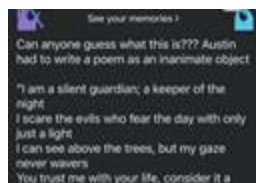
“ It’s All Hallows Eve today. Today, the day I brought you home from the hospital. I put you in a tiny little pumpkin outfit. Your Grandma Mary did have pics, probably most of them from your infancy since we lived there and she just loved you so. You loved this holiday and time of year. All three of you do. Little weirdos. Give me a beach any day. lol Today is perfect weather for the little ones trick or treating. It’s a bit windy, but will get up to about a cool 70. We’ve had snow already some years. Those years seem so long ago. I guess they were since you’re 25 now. I think I found your Urn. I gotta show it to Vincent and hopefully it’s a go. Well, there is two I may get. Idk. I can’t make decisions anymore. I feel debilitated. My mind is just so foggy. This was the first night you also slept in your beautiful cherry oak crib. You slept all night; so long, I had to wake you up to feed you. My sleepy little baby. I’d find out that would be the norm. How brilliant you slept in that crib all by yourself and loved it. You never even tried to climb out. Could be that I was too quick to get you out because every time I walked in to get you from sleep, you always had THE biggest smile and I’d never seen anything more beautiful. You ALWAYS woke up so happy. I’ve been having such a difficult time lately. So difficult. Everything is wrong. Everything. Mama is just so unbelievably sad. As sad as the day it happened. I’m still here and getting out of bed everyday. Everyone says I’m doing so much better, but I’m not. Makeup, tricks, and illusions... those are better. It’s unbearable, this missing you. My heart physically aches. Happy Pagan Day. I love and miss you always and forever, your Mama
PS. This is apparently my grandson, Adrian. Sophia and Aries named him. He really is such a ham on camera. I know you’d love him too.



Austin’s Mama - October 31, 2024 at 10:18 AM

AM

“ Hello, my love. Today, is your 25th birthday. A quarter of a century, and you missed it. Nothing is easier, in fact, it's so much worse. The statistics make so much sense. You made me a Mama, and you were so so incredibly wanted. I hate my life. I have all this.... Stuff I carry, and I don't see how all that stuff will ever improve my life. I'll probably be alone forever because people don't understand and I don't have the energy to try to explain. While the thought seems fine with me, I know it would be easier for me if I'd had someone to help shoulder the burden. The people who should help shoulder the burden don't give a crap anymore and that just makes me sick and furious. I've made up my mind about the storage unit. I'm going to go through it and get rid of it. An entire house all in one massive storage unit. MY house. I know I'll find so much of your stuff. That's why I've put it off for so long. What will I find in there? There are so many horrible memories attached to all that stuff. Horror show memories . Just my stuff though. Nothing of the littles or you. Today is your 25th birthday and my entire body aches. I'm having such a difficult time since your second year anniversary. The fog has mostly lifted and I get hit like a broken dam. Every day. You're 25 today and I cannot stand it. I cannot stand ANY of it. I want to go find my baby. 🥹🥹🥹 you were 16 when you wrote this poem. So clever. So intelligent. I've always always always marveled at your brain, and then you went a put a bullet in it and took it from me forever. Austin Robert Bales, I love you, Forever and always, my love, Mama



Austin's Mama - October 29, 2024 at 10:36 AM

AM

“ How will I ever love my life again? Two years and it's still pure agony. I just want to hear your voice. And hug you till I can't anymore.

Austin's Mama - October 26, 2024 at 01:33 PM

AM

“ I just feel so sick today. Your birthday coming up is killing me. I just can't. 😭



Austin's Mama - October 24, 2024 at 12:32 PM

AM

“ Hello, baby. Today is Saturday, October, 19, 2024. Today is your Tete's 39th bday and in ten days, you will be 25. Idk what to do with myself. YOU SHOULD BE HERE. EVERYTHING HAS BEEN TAKEN FROM ME. YOU SHOULD BE HERE AND I CANNOT STAND THAT YOU ARE NOT. I haven't been able to do ANYTHING since you've been gone. I want you back. I want my LIFE back. 25...25 years old and 25 years of my life is just gone, ripped from me. I cannot stand it. It's a dup pic, but idc, I love it. Always and forever my love, Mama



Austin's Mama - October 19, 2024 at 03:46 PM

AM

“ Hello, my little love. Today is Monday October, 14, 2024. I'm missing you so much my heart has been literally aching and it hurts. How I've stayed breathing has everything to do with the littles. I'd go through no pain like this otherwise. The ignorance of some is frustrating. Yes, it's been two years, but my baby boy, who made me a Mama, decided to use a 9mm Beretta on himself, and I just can't move past it. I'm really not supposed to. My dad... how he died.. what a disgusting human she is. All these things, Austin, all these things.... I have so much trauma... so much. It was supposed to be us against the world. Where did you go?



Austin's Mama - October 14, 2024 at 03:41 PM

AM

“ Hello baby. Today is Friday, October, 11th, 2024. Today is just.. eh. I can't stand how much I miss you. It hurts so so bad. I need help. <https://www.facebook.com/share/p/XS7kQNJdqyB3bbxJ/?mibextid=WC7FNe>

Austin's Mama - October 11, 2024 at 11:04 AM

AM

“ I keep having to run. Run away. I'm thankful I have places to go. I think I just need to go where you aren't. I despise myself for feeling that way, but it hurts so much. I can only take so much. I've lost friends. For whatever reason. This.... All of this is just so much for one person to handle. Not to mention Grandpa Frank. His birthday is the 8th of October. Everything just goes downhill after your anniversary. Everything. So, I'm gonna run.

Wanna feel wanted, might do 100 mph
past a cop later idk

Austin's Mama - October 02, 2024 at 09:07 AM

AM

“ Hello, my baby boy. Today is Tuesday, October, 1, 2024. It's October. Yours and my dad's bday month. lol not just you guys, it's also Tete's, Marci's, grandpa Bob, Erin's Matt, and Chad's. There may even be more. It's ridiculous lol. Just got done with therapy. I just want to feel better and we both know there's no pill for that. Although, some mescaline may help, but no one seems to be handing that out, so...lol it's funny, if world peace is what you're after, everyone's gotta be on mescaline, not Prozac. Ahhhh, but you know no one actually wants world peace, or anyone who could make a difference wants it. That's another chat for another time, my dear. Speaking of chats, you and I had innumerable chats and discussions. The best part being one or both of us walked away with more knowledge. Every time. I remember early, after it happened, me thinking you'd taught me so much and I felt you had so much more to teach me. I see now you're still teaching me; just in a different way, and I hope I'm making you proud. I am trying so hard. All I ever wanted, in regards to me, was making my babies feel proud to have me as your Mama. I know I made you proud then, and I know I make the littles proud now. They tell me all the time. Gosh do they miss you something awful. We all do. I have so many things to tell you... I just can't speak.
I love you and miss you so very much. Always and forever, Mama



Austin's Mama - October 01, 2024 at 03:19 PM

AM

“ Sunday, September 29, 2024. It's a gloomy day with light drizzle. I'm sitting here looking at your brother's car in the driveway, wondering where he got the balls to park there; especially after he decided curfews don't exist. Oh boy is this one giving me a run for my money when that's the last damn thing on earth I'm interested in. All I would've had to do was call you and tell you to talk with your brother and I'd have my little back. It's a two tiered question as is he acting this way because of your chosen path, or is he just a PITA teenager? I do not have the answer. I'll never know the answer to that because I'm not the only one changed. Everyone changed. Against our wills. To survive. All I can hope is the change will become positive for them. I wish I could just smell you...which makes me sound weirder than I maybe am. Here's the tape of INXS you bought me randomly from 'Rock of Ages', with Julia. I will NEVER forget this day when you brought this home for me. I love and miss you so much I cannot stand THIS reality. Forever and Always, Yo Mama



Austin's Mama - September 29, 2024 at 01:52 PM

AM

“ Today is Saturday, September, 28th, 2024. It is 69 degrees with a light drizzle.

Every day I start to write and stop. I'm just repetitive. How many times in how many different ways can you say , I love you, I miss you, I can't function, I can't breathe, I can't remember anything except you from birth to death, I can't sleep, I can't eat, I cry every single day no matter what I'm doing, I can't handle stress of any kind, or panic sets in, I feel so unlike myself, a puddle of nerves and mess.... I could go on... and all these things still do not convey how I feel, or how I'm doing, or how I'm feeling because inside, it's all just so much worse. Nothing is better. If anything it's worse. It is damaging to my very heart and soul to not have seen or talked to you. Every day I feel it is impossible, this entire situation and how am I still here. I'm so tired, Austin. Just so tired.

Your goons...❤️ Forever and Always, my love, Mama.



Austin's Mama - September 28, 2024 at 11:42 AM

AM

“ I made it so far. I couldn't come here the last few days. I just couldn't. I love and miss you so much, it still makes me sick to my stomach and idk if that'll ever go away. I miss your voice so much. I miss your great big hugs lifting me off the ground. I miss you cracking my back. I could go on.... Today is Thursday, September, 19, 2024. The pic is of Vincent and I when I took him school shopping. You'd be so proud of him and Sophia, Austin. I know they miss you as much as I. We love you so much. My life consists of counting days now... I love you forever and always, Mama



Austin's Mama - September 19, 2024 at 01:44 PM

AM

“ How am I gonna make it?

Austin's Mama - September 15, 2024 at 10:33 PM

AM

“ Hello, my baby love. Today is Sunday, September, 8, 2024. It is a bit chilly and sunny. Your favorite weather. It’s actually all 3 of you and Sophia and Vincent’s favorite weather and time of year. I often wonder if there is significance to the date.... I wonder that a lot. I can’t think of anything, but idk. Mama is... okay-ish. I mean, I’m not, but grief has changed at this time. They are not stages of grief, they are waves that never stop. I still am unable to describe how I feel on a day to day basis. I’ve had a lot of distractions as of late. Ahma, for one. Oh, Austin... you didn’t even text back your Ahma after our vacation. Where were you, baby? Had you already made your decision? It makes me so ill to think about. People say, “then don’t think about it”, haha as if intrusive thoughts don’t exist. Still, mostly anything related to you feels like intrusive thoughts that catch me unaware and bombard my defenses. So, there is still a lot of crying. I feel nervous about going in public still, or hanging with friends. I’ve only been surrounding myself with those I feel comfortable around. 9 days and I’m scared. Scared of the feelings I know are coming. Feelings I try to keep at bay every day. It hurts so much. Remembering you hurts SO much. I’m afraid of it. I’m afraid of a lot of things since you’ve been gone. I have so much more to say, but I won’t say it here. Not today, not when I can physically feel my heart ache. It’s scary and I’m scared. I’m so sorry I failed you. Always and forever, your Mama.
PS: here’s our favorite fridge magnet, ya little dork, from your big dork, Mama.



Austin’s Mama - September 08, 2024 at 01:41 PM

AM

“ Oh, my love... it is September 🥹

Austin's Mama - September 03, 2024 at 03:14 PM

AM

“ Tuesday, August, 27, 2024. 94 degrees today. It's been pretty hot for the last couple of days. We just had a thunderstorm come through. Worried me enough to make your bro stay put and not be driving around. Speaking of, Vincent has a mechanical class over at the VOTECH school, first hour. Just like you. That part of school that year was fantastic us being 5 mins away. I remember our morning drives very well. Some of our BEST conversations happened in the wee hours of the morn taking you to school. Same with Vincent. lol Sophia still insists on the back seat, so conversation is difficult. Although, for the past couple years with the two of them having cars, it has been a while since all 3 of us were in my car at the same time. It feels like forever. I didn't even drive for over a year... I think? Maybe to take the littles to school? Oh, I forgot about going back to work, so I drove there and back for 6 months until they shut my office down. Everything I did was out of necessity. The only difference between then and now is that I can finally (1000% me) rely on friends to make me socialize, and in doing so, I've had a few happy moments. However, I always pay for those. Still. I look at photos from years past, and I see myself smiling and laughing, for real. With no thought. Complete ease. Will I ever have that again? Literature says it will come in time, but it won't be the same. Of course it won't. NOTHING will ever be the same again. I'm drowning over here, kiddo. Is the answer to socialize more? That's exhausting. Is it more self seclusion? They say that's unhealthy and it is. It's that gray medium area where I'm to try and balance. Hahaha. Okay. I'm doing my best. Sophia had a wonderful visit with her partner Aries. Your sister, again, expressed being terribly sad you'd never meet them. I happen to agree. I'm wrecked we are making memories and you're not there even though you're everywhere. I feel cheated. You made me a Mama and saved my life. I'm trying SO hard. The littles are taking over. It is helping. Always and forever, Mama



Austin's Mama - August 27, 2024 at 07:04 PM

AM

“ *I cannot stand you're missing out on our littles growing up! I hate it so much!! THEY HATE IT. I'm just so, so, sad.*

One of my favorite pictures of you and Vincent with the Jazzy cat we all loved so much. I can't write any more today. I'm not in the right headspace. I love you. My soul feels hallow. Always and forever, Mama



Austin's Mama - August 20, 2024 at 02:10 PM

AM

“ Hello baby. Today is Friday August, 16, 2024.... someone’s bday is coming up! How very exciting for their family, I’m sure. They get to turn another year older. How very nice for their family to be able to celebrate. You, yourself, will be 25 in October. It’s a milestone. Quarter of a century, and somehow, you’re missing it. I remember my 25th birthday. Austin, you’d have been 6 that year and Sophia would’ve been 2, and not a Vincent in sight. You, now, will forever be 22 years old. That’s what they’ll say. My body tells me different. It’s bereft of your soul, and the wound is still gaping; with almost two years round the bend, I’m still left shaking. They’ll say it’s two years, when I can still hear Tracey crying in my ear, but all I’m doing is screaming. I’d gone to get Vincent from his buddies house and he walked out with a completely shaved head. Vincent looked like you and I cried the whole way home because I still hadn’t heard from you. Seems absolutely ridiculous now given as soon as we pulled in the driveway, I guess I was given something to really cry about. Tracey’s voice coming through the loud car speakers, but it’s not her voice because she’s crying. I had to snap at her to tell me what I already knew... Vincent and I locked eyes and I just took off, screaming for my Mama. I left your brother in the car by himself after hearing that. To be honest, I don’t remember much, but pain. Pain I didn’t know existed. Pain so deep I was sure I was dying. I’d have gladly taken it that day too. I’ve since had a conversation with Vincent about just... taking off, and have apologized profusely. I feel like an even worse Mama. Your 15 yr (at the time) old brother turned and looked at me dead in the eyes and said, “it’s okay, I promise, I’d have ran to my Mama too.” Your Sophia and Vincent have been the most understanding toward me. They’ve not once said a negative word. They do the opposite and tell me ALL the time how glad they are I’m their Mama and how proud they are of me. How did I get so lucky to have 3 absolutely beautiful souls love me. I’m terrified of this time of year. The pain... it is agonizing and torturous... and I cannot believe you’re just gone. This picture of you, Nonnie, and Poompa is burned in my brain. A great grandchild so deeply loved by the two greatest grandparents I could’ve ever asked for. Forever and Always, your Mama



Austin's Mama - August 16, 2024 at 11:09 AM

AM

“ Hello, my baby love. Today is August 13, 2024.

It's about 80 degrees and partly cloudy today. I try not to think about what the date is, but of course it's impossible.

I'm so so sad, Austin. Sadder than sad. Non functional sad. It's stripped me bare... I've barely a memory, of the last year. They say it's normal, I say I feel dumber than a bag of rocks. Lost among a sea of emotions and memories, photos and mementos. I live somewhere in there, and I don't know if I'm swimming or drowning. Our littles are doing okay, I'd say. Actually, I'd say our Sophia girl is doing very well. She still hates driving though. She loves her job. Can you believe it. You'd be so proud. Her and I went on a date last weekend and just had such a wonderful time. We spoke about you some. SHE spoke about you some. She spoke about how much she misses you and how sad it makes her that she can't show you the computer she built. Her brains, Austin, she got the Poompa gene like you.. and Aunt Camille. We even chuckled at one point about a memory she had of you. What a beautiful feeling I had that day. Like you and I had our little sushi place, I took her to one she's never been to before. She loved it so much, she asked if it could be mine and her spot. I'm so sensitive, I cry over everything. She gave me happy tears. So, our Honey Girl, is trying every day and doing as well as she can, and I couldn't be prouder.

Let's talk about our Vincent. Oh, boy, this child of mine. He's going to give me a stroke, I swear. Actually, he and I have been super good. We got back on our normal schedule as much as we can with him working. It is easier with him having a car again... ugh. The car. I really don't want to go down that lane of memory. With me, he's been good and stayed out of trouble, but I know thats only because I've got lucky. lol he's into his second week of losing his car. Ed took the keys. Vincent got a ticket, but he says he wants to talk to me about it in person... Hahhaha idk what happened yet, but all I know is he is alive, so I don't care. Not healthy, probably, but that's how I have to deal right now. He's been back to his normal sweet sweet self with me for quite a bit, now. He comes home at curfew, he gets up and goes to work at 4:30 am. Ironically, he too loves his job. With the littles, I feel we're slowly finding our way, without you. I can feel

*the foundation getting stronger again. And I hate hate hate you're not here to tell them how proud you are. You know they always looked at you for praise you'd lovingly give. I've been able to stave off the crying, for the most part, when I'm with them. I'm sure that helps. *I* am so proud of them. We've still the rest of our lives, being forced to live without you, but for right now, our littles are okay.*

I'm very worried about Aunt Crystal. I won't go into detail, but if you're bored wherever you are, go give her some lovings. Or scare the absolute crap out of her. She'd probably prefer the latter.

That old saying, "everything has changed, but still remains the same", I think of often. Life feels like that. My brain is stuck in 2022. Every time I have to write the year, I write 2022. That could stop. It just goes along with being/feeling dumb.

Ahma is doing alright. The neighbors took a weed wacker to the honey suckle and I thought Ahma was going to lose it. They know. I know you know they know as well. I REALLY wish they'd just stop messing with her. Although, I will say that when I pulled into the drive the other day and I happened to look over in that area, I instantly got mad. I'd already been having a bad day; I got out of my car, in a not so graceful way, I'm sure, and marched over there. I stood in front of the destruction for a moment and started crying. There were a couple little branches that still had some green on them and I lovingly went over and weaved them back into the fence. I'm so damn sentimental (like Ahma) that honey suckle has been there since the neighborhood was built and the first owners planted them. Around 66 years ago. They have history and love woven in and out of the fencing. Ahma and Gigi, me and the sista's, Devin and Chloe, you and the littles.... We've all stood there as children and drank the sweet honey they produce. Yeah, I probably got as mad as Ahma about them over that now too. You know I've preached to not argue with the neighbors, but oh man, it's not going to be pretty if they upset your Ahma again. I'm done.

*I am sooo very done with a lot of things. I'm so done being quiet about anything. I'm probably an even bigger a**h*** than ever. Keeping quiet about things only ever hurt me. Why would I continue to hurt myself. I'm suffering sufficiently, and then some.*

Our Jolie is spending the day with me again, today, for circumstances I'm not willing to discuss. I'm just soo glad she's here and so is she. I love and miss you more than ever. More than ever, Austin, more than ever. Today was a BAD wake up day. And I'm done caring if I post duplicate photos. I can't remember what I've shown. Look at you and our Honey Girl. The absolute love. It breaks my soul.



Austin's Mama - August 13, 2024 at 03:04 PM

AM

“ August, 6, 2024

Two years to the day. This day is the last time the littles and I saw, or spoke to you. That day, this day, is as bad as when I found out. It's a cool, rainy day, with dark grumbling clouds. It fits me perfectly today. Surviving is hard. I'll cry with the rain all day, and wonder how I'll ever make it to tomorrow.

Btw... this may be one of my top 5 photos of the three of you. It's just soooo perfect.

Always and forever, my baby, Mama



Austin's Mama - August 06, 2024 at 10:28 AM

AM

“ *Violent Femmes: I took Julia with Crystal and Van to the concert. It was everything and more. They sounded really great, like not having aged at all. They played the entire album of their self titled album, along with what I believe is their 2nd album. Sometimes I can't talk about activities I've done because I feel bad for having happiness, or some form of it, that day, or longer. This was one. I have to wait for the forgiveness before I can say anything about being happy. Grief is a mf. I will never really be truly happy again. How can I be? Happiness for me includes ALL my children, Austin. You knew that. Through talking with some of your friends, it is apparent how much you loved the littles and I. You talked about us ALL the time. Saving the littles bday's in one of your Georgia best friends, phones. We, his family at HOME, loved him more than I think he could ever believe or imagine. People speak about the forgiveness issue all the time. Well, I should say, my grieving groups. We all have the guilt for feeling something other than soul destroying pain. When I'll be able to conquer that, I've no idea, but I got out of bed today and tried. I feel sicker and sicker every day. I'm not worried about me so much as being absolutely on edge regarding Sophia and Vincent and living the rest of my life in terror, one of them will follow suit. It happens SOO MUCH-TOOOO MUCH. being a suicide family survivor, in the groups... just soul breaking, toooo many siblings or parents, or best friends. The closer it gets to August 1-6... it feels exactly the same. I'm riddled with pain,(my heart just physically aches), my anxiety goes up, and my depression heads down. I'm doing the best I can. I love you, my beautiful boy. Always and forever, yo Mama.*



Austin's Mama - July 28, 2024 at 01:35 PM

AM

I forgot... today is Sunday, July, 28, 2024. I keep writing the wrong year. I keep writing the year you left. 2022. I even wrote it on my voting ballot like that yesterday. Idk. My vote may not even count, now. Sigh.

Austin's Mama - July 28, 2024 at 01:56 PM

AM

“ Hello, my little love. Today is Thursday, July 25th, 2024. I don't want to talk or see anyone today. Last night, I was looking for something on my Amazon and I ran across the swim shorts I bought you for our trip. Which was unexpected and sucked, but what really sucked is I accidentally washed the last shirt you wore in the ocean, playing catch with your bro; the jellyfish incident. Idk how. Idk HOW I could be so dumb. I could smell you. I could see where the salt dried on the shirt. Somehow, it still felt damp. It somehow got mixed in with the other clothes and I now think about that shirt every day and if I can ever forgive myself. Since you lived with your dad and Tracey, obviously, your room and all you owned was in there. I think about your room all the time. I think about how when I look at the pics from the cops, I can see things I bought you. Idk where it all went. The more the shock wears off, the more I remember about those early days. What I do know and am 1000% correct, is that your room and everything in it was also supposed to be part of your probate, and it most certainly wasn't. Your dad and Tracey said they had to get everything out of there because the homeowners insurance had to lay more carpet.... I know why. I saw why. I got some clothes. Mostly the weird ones I'm sure neither approved of. Basically drawers were just dumped into big black bags. I got a couple quality items that mean something, but I wonder where the rest of it went. Where is the headset I'd just bought you that was a few \$\$\$, where is your computer? Why did they give away a guitar to someone with what seemed like zero thought. Where are your skateboards?! The pads for them.... Sophia, I'm not even sure she got anything. I see things all over your bedroom I bought you. Where are your glasses?? Your dad and Tracey didn't bring them up with them for the funeral. Who has them now? Who has all your books?? You were such an avid reader and preferred to hold a book instead of a tablet. You'd tell me ones you read and recommend to me. I can hear you say, "you're gonna love this one, Mama". Of course I cannot remember the names. That's all it takes. Something so simple can ruin me in a second. It has been a while now since I've been stuck down in THIS hole. Is it me? Is it medication? I have zero idea. I just know it feels as if I am

no different. Not better, not worse, but almost as if my body says, nope, this is it. This is your new life now. Good luck!

I made a mistake I'd love to write about, but I'll just keep that little nugget to myself for now. Not a SINGLE thing is the same in my little life. The life I created with you is just gone. The family I created with the 4 of us, is just gone. Since this has happened, the littles have chosen to distance themselves tremendously; from me. FROM ME. It's heartbreaking and ruining me more. I can't even count on our littles for anything, really. I know they don't have a clue what to do other than make it stop hurting, the best way they can, and Ed's house isn't mourning, of course. They don't want to be around me. I remind them of you. Because there is no Mama without Austin and never was for the littles. It's lonely in the house where I see you in all of your shapes, sizes, and ages. You breathe through the floor boards, and sometimes I swear I catch a drift of your beautiful baby smell. Everything. Everything here just makes me think about you even more. I see you all over this city... at every age. Especially after you got your car.

I keep gong back and forth about moving. Nothing is happening until Vincent graduates next year. As always, when I mention the kids' age, I can hear you just so completely surprised at how big they're getting. Yes. Vincent's senior year. Idk how to feel about it either. Mama loves and misses you with every breath.

Forever and always, your Mama



Austin's Mama - July 25, 2024 at 11:57 AM

AM

I accidentally clicked on the wrong photo. Look at him twice.

Austin's Mama - July 25, 2024 at 11:58 AM

AM

“ Yay. The last one posted, yesterday.

Today is Wednesday, July, 24, 2024. It's a cloudy and cooler summer day. Fits my mood. I'm going to lunch with E today and these kinds of things are hard on me. I have to mask, but in front of my best friends, it's super difficult and we are going to be in a restaurant. Oh, well. I feel all of Westland has probably seen me crying by now anyway, if they saw me out of the house. I've missed my friend. So much. It's just that I don't like to leave. I love and miss you more than my mind could ever process. I'm still not sure if it has. Mama loves you forever and always, my binkie baby. P.S. I got these pics from Aunt Camille. I look and I can feel my emotions. There's never been a baby more loved. I miss your entire aura. I walk around missing an entire 1/3 of me. It's just an empty hole.



Austin's Mama - July 24, 2024 at 11:49 AM

AM

“ I’m gonna try posting here again.... Hi baby. Today is Monday, July, 22, 2024.

We are coming up to the anniversary of our last and only family vacation. I cannot even think about Hilton Head. I look back at the last time I saw you in person... I missed everything. I thought one behavior was for other reasons, but I was so wrong. August 1-6 will forever be the start of my cycling nightmare. I have many thoughts about that time, but I’ll keep those to myself. August 6th was the last time we spoke. I tried, but you never answered. My last text to you was at 9:59pm, I told you I loved you; you didn’t respond. The next day, you were gone. No notes. No texts. None of that makes any sense to me. No notes? No texts? What?!? I always told you no one would love you as much as your Mama. I still know that to be true. No one loved you as much as I did and no one understood you more than me. I also know, I’ve never been loved as much by anyone else apart from you. Well, maybe Ahma. Your love felt special. You didn’t freely give it away. It was reserved for certain people. I know you loved Julia, as you told me yourself. I also know Julia loved you a great deal as well. She misses you so very much. The wood box you made for her is just beautiful. I love it so much. You were great at everything you tried to do. There has never been a prouder Mama.

It’s a great big thunderstorm out there right now. Lots of soul jumping from Mother Nature and her righteous howls, for she mourns as well. Mourns the her she used to be before everything was ruined.



Austin’s Mama - July 22, 2024 at 02:30 PM

AM

“ *I've written twice with pictures and they're just not showing up. This is awesome. All my words to my baby.
I hate it here*

Austin's Mama - July 20, 2024 at 12:23 PM

AM

“ Hello, my little love. Today is Thursday, July 11, 2024. Once again, I had soooo much written to you and then boop, it's gone. Frustrated. It's 4am and apparently I'm done sleeping for the day. I'm thankful I've not had much sleep disturbance. Possibly because I am so emotionally and mentally drained. Grieving is no joke. Idk. The worst part of the year for me is fast approaching. The first week in August was our Hilton Head trip....That and everything after that is ruined for me. Exactly 6 weeks after I dropped you back off at your fathers, you were gone. Just..gone. It was exactly 6 weeks to your 23rd birthday. I still cannot think about that trip, or see photos. September 17, 2022... the day I died too. It will be two years coming up. I find that to be completely impossible. I've very large swatches of time missing. Absolutely just a black hole where my memory used to be. Two years... living every day by tiny little breaths, and tiny little steps, is something I'd never willingly do. The longer it is, the harder it is. I don't hear your voice or see your face... until I look in a damn mirror. I hardly ever look in a mirror now. I don't need to. I don't wear makeup hardly at all since you've been gone. I just don't care about anything. I will say, in that aspect, I feel so much more free. Low self esteem and confidence, since I'd been little, drove me to develop the habit of never leaving the house without makeup. I don't have confidence. I don't have any esteem to be high or low. I've nothing. The entire foundation of our lives is gone. Every single aspect of my life has changed, dramatically. The littles are older, both have jobs, Vincent will be starting his senior year. His senior year, Austin. You will miss it. You're missing all of it and I hate it. This has been especially hard on your brother. He lost you, his best friend; the only person in his life that he had the most in common, except for me. He doesn't want to hang with me. lol who would?!?! He is doing better; he has so many friends, but for both of them, we already know what the statistics are, and they make me sick. The grief groups online help some, but at the same time, when you're reading a mothers story about their child and they say, "it's been 12 years and it still feels like yesterday".... Ugh. Those stories are more popular than I'd ever imagined. So are the stories of siblings and parents falling ill with their mental health after

a loved one has succumbed, and following their footsteps. My life is terrifying.

*I love and miss you to my very bones. Forever and always, your
Mama*



Austin's Mama - July 11, 2024 at 07:03 AM

AM

I don't know why, but this picture breaks me. I cannot disassociate with this moment and it hurts so bad.

Austin's Mama - October 02, 2024 at 09:46 AM

AM

“ *Hello my baby boy. Today is Sunday June 30, 2024. I was happy yesterday, so today, I'm paying for it. I'm unable to conquer being happy, or some type of form of it. If I am, I'm so incredibly sad and feel so guilty the next day, or however long. People can't stand to be reminded of death and death is all I think about. I love and miss you so much. Always and forever, Mama*



Austin's Mama - June 30, 2024 at 01:56 PM

AM

“ *This hurts so bad. I don't want to do it anymore.*

Austin's Mama - June 22, 2024 at 01:38 PM

AM

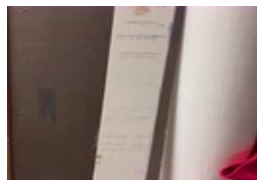
“ I remembered part of a dream with you. That space between sleeping and waking up, I held you in my arms. You were my infant again. I picked you up from your crib and you curled your tiny little body inward until I placed you on my chest. I can still see the image. Then it cuts to me breastfeeding, and I can see you and I can feel the desperate love I feel for you. I’ve not had a dream like that before. I woke up crying and just so so low. These types of days usually means I’m gonna cry all day as I have no energy or control over my emotions. When it comes to you, I’m nothing. Forever and always, your Mama



Austin's Mama - June 20, 2024 at 02:19 PM

AM

“ This wrecked me for weeks. I still cry. I cry watching the video. I cry watching the video because I can hear and feel and ache what that woman's pain is. It's never going away. Forever, my baby boy, Mama



Austin's Mama - June 19, 2024 at 02:46 PM

AM

“ Hello, my little love. Today is Father’s Day, June 16, 2024. After some fog and shock went away, I realized you’d lost one of your favorite people ever: your Grandpa Eric. In January of 2022 you lost your grandpa to covid. You wouldn’t talk to me about it. Said you were fine. No, no you weren’t. I’m so sorry I failed you. This is a terribly awful mistake on my end. I love you more than life. This is my first Father’s Day with my father not alive. This roller coaster between you two is hell. My dad died only 5 months ago, but it feels like forever. Didn’t handle it very well, looking back. He was who he was, but I was still his daughter, daddys girl, and I loved him. And I absolutely know he loved me. Happy Fathers Day, Dad.

Life is so confusing and complicated and horrible. Always and forever, Mama



Sometimes,
carrying on,
just carrying
on, is the
superhuman
achievement.
- Albert
Camus

Austin’s Mama - June 16, 2024 at 08:18 PM

AM

“ Hi baby. It's Thursday, June 6th. Not that it really matters. Every day feels the same; except for the days when I'm worse. I swear, there never was a Mama more proud of her son. You are such a good man, with the heart as big as your Mama's. So funny and handsome. You could've had whatever kind of life you wanted, but you were pulled in by the undertow and she was ruthless. The littles miss you more than I can say. Sophia, Vincent... jeez, Austin... you were their best friend. I now have two children I hardly recognize. Our entire family dynamic is all wrong and messed up. Everything is messed up. I carry this sadness in me like a nasty stench. Everyone can see it. Everyone can smell it. No one wants to be around it. Who can really blame them. I can't. I remind them of a reality their brain cannot comprehend it's so awful. No one wants my sadness leaking on them. Everyone is just trying to survive and I represent a sadness they can feel, but don't want to acknowledge. I represent the worst thing that could happen to a parent and it's scary as hell. I'd never in a million years think I'd have to make decisions that I'm going to have to make. Oh! It's Crystal's bday tomorrow. If you CAN haunt her, she'd love it.
Forever and always, my love... your Mama.



Austin's Mama - June 06, 2024 at 03:17 PM

AM

“ 6/2/24— Sunday.
I just typed all my thoughts and I thought I sent it, but it's not there.
I'm exhausted. I love you.

Austin's Mama - June 02, 2024 at 09:57 AM

AM

“ It’s so confusing... all of this. There is so much I just don’t understand. For instance, none of the details make sense relating to what happened. Why would someone come on here anonymously? Austin wasn’t into anything nefarious, so why hide. He didn’t do drugs, or let’s just say no drug that shows up on a test. I don’t care. I’m not saying he was perfect because he wasn’t, but he was perfect to me. I’ve asked for photos and videos from specific people, and I’ve received nothing. What kind of person would do that to the bereaved mother? Especially one who has kept her mouth shut and hasn’t said one word. What kind of person would be cruel just for the sake of being cruel? I have zero shame in my desperation to acquire as many things of my son as possible. You know how much he loved me and the littles, that can’t be denied. It will be 2 years in September, and it hurts as much today as the moment my world died. As his mother, as the one who gave birth to him, I’m begging for anything, with zero shame. My son was my entire reason for being here. Books, videos, pictures... literally anything big or small. This has ruined my life in every way imaginable.
.....The hot dog. You absolutely loved that costume. It was so you hahaaa. This meme came across Camille, and... you know our humor.... It’s getting worse every day, the missing you. I’m so scared to live with... I’m just so scared. I love you and miss you so much everything hurts. Everything. Every day.



Austin’s Mama - May 31, 2024 at 09:54 AM

AM

“ 5-29-24— Someone shared a video I'd never seen on this memorial page for you; of you. I'm scared to death of these last months of the year. Nothing has got better apart from me learning to fake it. They say to go live life. This is the only way I know how. What life is there to live anyway. I don't have one without you. I have moments of happiness, but every time, I wake the next day, I just feel guilty. It's hard to snap out of that. I'm just exhaustedly sad. All the time. How are you supposed to live life when you're literally the party pooper. I feel bad for people that have to be around me. These torturous thoughts are never ending. I went to Mary Jo's youngest son's wedding this past weekend. The weekend was great. But, now I'm home and you're everywhere, again. Ahma and Bob went down to the keys. Ahma definitely needed a vacation. I'm not sure when they'll be home... today is a very bad no good day. If I wake tomorrow, hopefully it'll be different. I'll love you forever and always my beautiful brilliant boy, your Mama.



Austin's Mama - May 29, 2024 at 10:32 AM

YB

“ This video of you. You might have held it together (the look in your eyes!!!) if not for hearing an absolutely terrible burp at the arcade in that moment... but the moment was too good for composure. I dont have the words for how much i miss you, or how it feels to be here without you, knowing its still only strangers around. But this video melts away so much of it. I just see you and in the moment i feel warm. My best friend, I miss you so much, always and forever



your buddy - May 24, 2024 at 12:23 AM

AM

Thank you SO VERY much for the video. I wish I could hear it. Hear him laugh. I'm not sure who you are, but I'd love to have any pictures or videos you have of my son.

Austin's Mama - May 29, 2024 at 09:23 AM

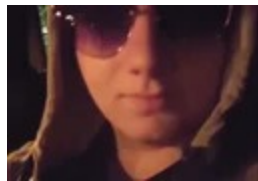
AM

Please, if anyone does, I'm begging.

Austin's Mama - May 29, 2024 at 09:55 AM

AM

“ Hello, love. This week has me down bad. Idk why. Four months to the day today is two years without you and I just don't know how that's possible. This type grieving doesn't get better. It gets worse. I don't hear you, I don't see you, I don't have that feeling of contentment anymore. I have nothing. I lost my safety and security when you left. I cry every day. I'm nauseous every day. I don't fit in this world without you. You were the reason I was still here. Now I'm just sad and gloomy and that's just annoying to be around. So, other than a couple concerts, I stay home. No one likes the sad girl. At this point, idk if I'm posting duplicate pics nor do I really care.



Austin's Mama - May 17, 2024 at 09:20 AM

AM

“ Today is Mothers Day 2024. It's the second one you've missed. Nothing is okay. I sit here and act like everything is fine. I don't want to make the littles sad... so I say nothing. I think in my head, you made me a Mama first. I am your G. O. A. T. , always and forever. The sadness is overwhelming. I'll never get used to you being gone, just like I didn't when you lived in Georgia since you were 18. Just a baby. My 18yr old baby. This is the last picture I have of all of us on Mother's Day. You were 15 ish and in your "no pics" phase. Today just makes me sick.



Austin's Mama - May 12, 2024 at 02:04 PM

LN

“ I’ve stayed away. Tomorrow is Mother’s Day and ohhh how you loved to spoil your Mama. Just the sweetest. I don’t want any of that. I’d give it all back. I don’t even remember last Mother’s Day; the first one without you. Not even a little bit. I’m so tired of hurting. My love

Leah Nelson - May 11, 2024 at 06:13 PM

LN

“ Hello, my love. Today is May 1, 2024. Tomorrow your brother turns 17. His grades are good. He just has...issues...with following rules. If there is a way to get in trouble no matter what you’re doing, Vincent will always find a way. It’s almost comical. He got a job that he loves, so far. You’d be so proud of him. If you were here he’d not be getting into all this nonsense. He knows it too. It’s so STARKLY obvious you’re not here and every time I’m around Vincent, I feel so so sad for him. He lost you; his best friend and the one he loved and was an inspiration for. He no longer has a music partner, except me, and I’m not you. The past few weeks he’s finally showing me new music. A few have been some up and coming rappers in the D. They’re good. You’d like them. He absolutely REFUSES to play the drums anymore and my heart just breaks more. You were so VERY important to him. He wears your ashes around his neck every single day. Won’t even take it off for showers. We all wear a piece of you, every day. This is torture to live through this. Mama loves and misses you so hard! (As Nonnie would say). Every day is still the same. My sorrow is so deep I wear it like a cloak... with a smile on my face.



Leah Nelson - May 01, 2024 at 10:44 AM

LN

“ Hello, love. Today is Sophia’s 20th birthday. I’m as shocked as you, promise. Where have our littles gone? Vincent will be 17 in 5 days. I can’t help but feel empty. You must’ve been the glue that held us all together. I love and miss you more than I’ll ever be able to articulate. Gosh, baby, I hope so much you are finally at peace. It has taken me a long time to be able to say that one simple sentence to you; for my own selfish reasons. I’m trying so hard, to not picture you there; where your mind was, but I know, and it makes me sick to my stomach you’ve EVER hurt that bad. It makes it worse for me. How many times in your life did Mama say, “if anything happens to you, I will NOT be okay”, those exact words? Countless. Countless because I knew the reason my heart was still beating was because of your breathing. Everything has changed. Everything. All these changes with our weird quirks?! You know it feels like a barrage of hurt being hurled my way and I’m doing my best to navigate and I don’t think I’m doing that great of a job. People say I am, but I’m not. I’m just getting better at hiding it. Forever, Mama



Leah Nelson - April 27, 2024 at 11:54 AM

LN

“ I want my beautiful son. 🥹🥹🥹

Leah Nelson - April 26, 2024 at 09:41 AM

AM

“ You’re so heavy on my mind. All the time. I am just here; without you, and that’s not how it is supposed to be. It clicked in the other day that the pictures I have of you, are all I have. There will be no more. You are forever 6 weeks away from being 23, and I’ll be so sad for the rest of my life. I love you, son. I miss you, son. I still don’t fully believe this is my life, now. Forever and always, Your Mama.



Austin’s Mama - April 19, 2024 at 06:31 AM

AM

“ It’s been one year and seven months. The very thought of that is nauseating. Is this living, what I’m doing? I honestly don’t know. You live and breathe in the floor boards of this house. I see you everywhere I go around here. I find articles, pictures, memes, that I know you’d love and I have to remember I can’t just send those to you anymore. It’s a physical pain. My heart physically aches. Is this living?

You were so fun and such a goofball, you brought all the light to this family. It’s been horrible living in the dark.



Austin’s Mama - April 14, 2024 at 12:46 PM

AM

I have your bandana now, baby ❤️

Austin’s Mama - January 09, 2025 at 12:51 PM

AM

“ I just love and miss you more than I could ever articulate. 🥹🥹🥹
🥹🥹🥹🥹🥹🥹🥹🥹🥹

Austin's Mama - April 10, 2024 at 09:09 AM

AM

“ All I have are memories. All they do is haunt me. I still feel so sick every day. I can barely eat. This house lives and breathes you and it's quite unbearable. Every place around home you've been to, so it just brings up more memories.
I got reprieve from that for a little while by going out of town. It was all new memories and I couldn't fully picture you there. It was easier for me. I felt like I was living a life again, somewhat, and while you weren't there, you were, because I bring you everywhere with me. As always, I want to ask your opinion. A question that has only come about because of this situation. The irony. I can't smile, again.

Austin's Mama - April 07, 2024 at 02:17 PM

AM

“ Hello, my love. Yesterday was Easter and all it does is remind me you're not here. We don't even celebrate, but it doesn't matter. When you kids were little, we did, but none of you are little anymore. I still call them the littles, even though the reason I started referring to them as that, you, is gone. They were little compared to you. Sophia started a job. Since you went away, school is on hold for now. She is excited about it. She was/is very upset she couldn't tell you because she knew you'd be excited for her. I do not know how to fill the very massive hole you've left the littles with and it kills me. I'm so proud of her and I know for a fact, you would be as well. We all lost the person we turned to first to tell any news to. Vincent isn't handling it well. At all. All my love, baby, forever, your Mama.



Austin's Mama - April 01, 2024 at 02:11 PM

AM

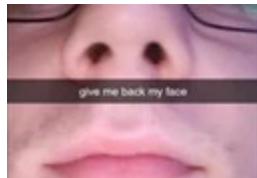
“ Hello, my baby. The sun is shining and theres snow on the ground. It's March 24,2024. March always drops a snow bomb on us at least once after a nice warm spell that makes everything start to bloom. Then the snow and cold kill them. Maybe I shouldn't have come home yet. Maybe I'm still not ready. It's been a difficult adjustment for me. You live and breathe in this house. You're everywhere. You're nowhere. I spend my days playing hide and seek in my mind. I just rearranged the plants so I can see the lighthouse that spins in the wind that we got for Ahma in Frankenmuth years ago. Vincent totaled your car by messing around. Thankfully no one was hurt. Except me. Except Sophia. That action broke our hearts. Seems so silly with something you can replace. You being gone made that car irreplaceable to me. Idc if it's sane or not. You, on the other hand, would probably have cheered him on. It's so different now. I love you, my Son.



Austin's Mama - March 24, 2024 at 12:21 PM

AM

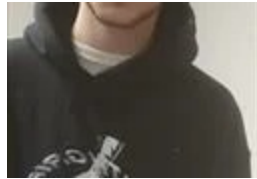
“ I've not been here. It is harder to be while I'm in the place I'm in right now. The missing, the longing, the aching, never goes away. I'll love and miss you forever, my binkie baby. Always, your Mama



Austin's Mama - March 13, 2024 at 01:52 PM

AM

“ *It's Valentine's Day. And while it's not really a thing we celebrate, it is still a very stark reminder you're not here. I love and miss you so much, my baby boy. I'm just so very sad.*



Austin's Mama - February 14, 2024 at 02:08 PM

AM

“ *Another birthday gone by without you. While I can honestly say I had a great time, you're still gone, and it lays heavy on my heart. So heavy. I want you here, with me, with our family. I should be used to not having what I want, but I'm not. Life is cruel.*



Austin's Mama - February 12, 2024 at 11:51 AM

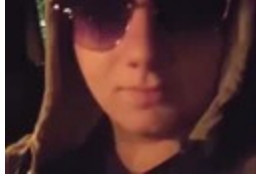
AM

You are so beautiful. 🥹💔

Austin's Mama - February 12, 2024 at 11:52 AM

LN

“ *You’re always there. No matter where I go. My mind brings you everywhere. It’s not enough. It’s just not enough...* ”



Leah Nelson - February 01, 2024 at 02:15 PM

LN

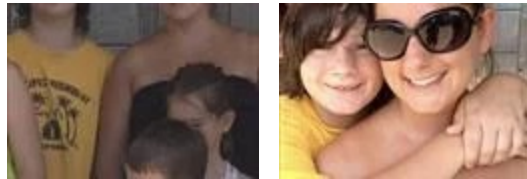
“ Oh, my love. Mama misses you so. I miss you making fun of me. I miss your laugh. I miss you and I blaring the radio in the car and singing along. I miss your sweetness. I miss your voice. I miss your hugs.. so very very much. I miss you cracking my back. I miss watching you and our littles cracking jokes and laughing. I miss your energy.. it was always so pure. I miss being able to vent to you and hearing you vent to me. I miss your unmatched wit. I miss the pure goofyness (prob not a word) that was you; either making a million funny faces for a picture, or just anything that would make anyone laugh. That was your favorite thing to do since forever.. making people laugh. I miss your breathtakingly intelligent brain who taught me so very much. I miss the way you'd stick up for me. I miss your beautiful face looking at me and smiling my smile, with the one dimple, right back at me. I miss your eyes and hair you got from your Mama. So much of you is like looking at my own reflection. I didn't look in a mirror, for over a year because all I could see was your face staring back at me and I couldn't handle it. It's still hard. I've never gone this long without makeup. lol and to be honest, I don't care enough to put the energy into doing it regularly again. I'm just gonna cry it off anyway. This hurts so badly. I'm still so crushed and lost. Mama loves you so much. Forever and always. 🥹💔



Leah Nelson - January 26, 2024 at 12:03 PM

LM

“ Hello, my baby. I'm having a hard time today. I had a good weekend. First time I can say that in a long time. Idk why I even write. I just say the same thing over and over. You're so incredibly missed, I can't stand it. I'm trying to live. Trying to get better for our littles. It is almost impossible to do, it feels like. I have my bday coming up, and again, you won't be here. That's all I can think of... is that no matter what's going on, you won't be here, and it's so incredibly hard. It's just awful. It hurts. Physically, mentally, emotionally... any and every which way you can think of, and that pain never goes away. Never. I wake with it, I sleep with it, I walk with it every day and idk how I'm doing it. I don't want to feel like this anymore. It's so unfair. I look at the littles and my heart is so broken for them. You took so much with you when you left, and I just cannot stand it. I can't. 23 years and you're just gone when I know damn well I wasn't supposed to do this without you. You knew as well. My god.... How many times did I tell you, if something happens to you, I will not be okay. Countless. Countless times. You'd always say, nothing is going to happen to me Mom. It's almost like I knew it was coming. That I knew deep down I'm not allowed to be happy. That you would go.... I can't stand it. Always and forever, Mama



Leah, Austin's Mama - January 16, 2024 at 05:17 PM

LM

“ Oh, the things I want to share with you. It's not enough to hear your voice on a clip anymore. I need to talk to you and I can't. So, I write. I write letters to you; poems to you. Some I share, some I don't. Never said I was a poet...

No, not a poet, just a Mama in so much pain, she has no choice but to write to you. It's been an emotional week. I came across new pictures of you I forgot I had. It makes it so much worse when it's unexpected. I don't have the words anymore because all I can think of is how very much I miss you. How very much I love you. Forever and always my baby boy, Mama.

Leah, Austin's Mama - January 11, 2024 at 05:08 PM

“ I hate the mornings. I dread waking. The most awful awful feeling makes me want to stay in bed forever. But I don't. I don't because I know if I do that, I'll never leave it. Woke to snow this morning. Just a little bit still, ew.

I'll be 44 in February. Even I think that's old. You'd be 25. The littles... not so little anymore. Vincent is still doing football and will be a senior next year. The honey girl is going to be 20.. 🤪 she's driving around in her little car. Life just keeps moving for everyone else. I feel stuck. Stagnant. I can't go anywhere, the public doesn't need to see me crying. Annoying. Where would I go, anyway. Thankfully, I don't have to go through the mountains which is what I think of most about the drive to get you. I'd never driven those mountains by myself. With the littles in the car?? I was scared. Torrential downpour at the top of a mountain isn't so fun. I'm thankful the route is different. It's a long way, but I'll have your playlist. All will be fine. Driving across the country by myself, just makes me feel old. This is what our parents do. They drive. I've been back and forth between the two states so many times. I actually have memory from our last drive. What a nightmare. I don't know how we all survived. Seriously. The excitement of seeing uncle Mark and aunt Shannon will get me through, just as the excitement driving to get you, made me invincible. That's how I felt. It didn't matter what I was feeling, I was going to see you! I do not ever want to go through the Tennessee mountains ever again. It just makes me think of you and no. Im trying to remember the last time we went down to go visit Grandpa Frank. I think it was right before I got pregnant with Vincent? Hell, idk. Long time. Going down there will make me do a few things. For instance, it's warm and sunny all day. I didn't ever go in the sun at all in 2023. I didn't want to. The sun just makes me think of our trip. I couldn't do it last year, so I'm going to do it this year. There's no way uncle Mark isn't going to push me into his pool at the very least one time. No way. Then I'll plot until I can get him back. We have fun. Or I did. There's no way uncle Mark won't let me eat. I'm going to return twice my size, probably lolol. The cuisine is totally different down there, so idk, food doesn't seem gross? Maybe I'll be able to eat it. I wish so

*much you were going with me. Uncle Mark wants to see the kids, so I told him I'll bring them back in the summer. Idk. That's stupid football schedule is ridiculous, so idk how much time Vincent will have. This is our family again. Much smaller than before, but no less impactful. Mama needs to pack. Ugh. I love you so much baby. And miss you the same. The first pic is what Uncle Mark looked like last time I saw him. Now the old man is grayer than even dad was hahahaha. Uncle Mark was never supposed to age. And no, that is not Aunt Shannon, I imagine that's a bar friend. He makes friends wherever he goes. Time... time is a b*tch.*



Leah, Austin's Mama - January 07, 2024 at 09:19 AM

LM

P.S. Uncle Mark has the dimple as well. As far as I know just the three of us got it in the family.

Leah, Austin's Mama - January 07, 2024 at 09:31 AM

LM

“ January, 6th, 2024. I love this picture so much. Julia, thank you, baby. He's belly laughing here. This is a rare photo. He just looks sooo happy... and he was. He was happy at home. He wanted to come home and I almost had him here...covid has ruined so very much.

My god, idk how I'm ever going to get through this. There is nothing natural here. We all know I'm supposed to go first.

I know you, son. I've always known you best. That's why I have such a hard time believing she just leaves and you've got nothing to say to her about it. Radio silent for an entire night and the horror of what happened after. It's truly unbelievable. Sigh. I love you forever and always, my baby boy. Your Mama



Leah, Austin's Mama - January 06, 2024 at 10:16 AM

LM

He used to tell me that Julia made him laugh. I just thought it was obvious. We would never be with someone who doesn't make us laugh. I love this picture. It may be the only one like it. I don't recall seeing one like this.

Leah, Austin's Mama - January 07, 2024 at 10:29 AM

LM

“ Oh, sweet baby, Mama misses you so. It's January 4th, 2024. Everything about that seems so wrong. Camille's bday is tomorrow. Everyone misses you. I can't remember if I told you, but Ed, Caleb, and Vincent all decided your car should be Vincent's. I asked that from the get go and everyone said no. They thought it would be too hard. I agreed immediately. So, Caleb took it. I'm bothered by the car. I'm bothered by every time I think, okay, I can maybe do this, something about you and your stuff changes and I have to get used to something new all over again. I mean, I've sat in this chair for over a year just watching out of the window remembering where you'd park and watch you walk up to the house. Now, I have my baby son in that car and idk how I feel about it. I'm going to have to see it. I haven't seen it since I dropped you back off at your dad's from vacation. You were a goof with that car. You beat the hell out of it lol, but you always had it fixed.... You didn't this time. How am I going to feel about getting into it?? I'm scared, which means I'm gonna lose it. Hopefully, it only happens one time. It was always such a treat when you'd come visit because I'd usually make you drive everywhere. Ugh. I used to drive all over and nope. Not anymore. You didn't mind though. I'd just thought about something that coincides with your new anniversary date, and it just gets worse. Not that day. Sigh...it's the not hearing your voice. That is absolutely the worst. We'd speak so often on the phone, we had a routine. I'd either call on my way into work as you'd be getting off midnights, or I'd call you on my way home because it was around the time you needed to get up for work. I don't have my person anymore. Idk where to put all of these conversations, all this love.. sleeping has become a huge pain in my as*. I'm waking before the birds, like 4-6:30am. It's anyone's guess. The worst part is that once I wake up, there is no going back to sleep because I've already remembered. Once that happens, I'm done.

This picture I love. It's with your dad's side, and I'm certain Grandma Mary was taking the pic, so she's not on it. I look at your dad, hanging on your grandpa. I try to remember if I've ever seen you or he do that to each other. You'd lose your grandpa to covid in January of '22... just absolutely heartbreaking. I remember when

you called to tell me, it was like your normal voice, but short. You shut down on me again. I know how much you loved Grandpa. How close you and grandma and grandpa were. Max also passed shortly after you, so your dad's family had to deal with that as well. It's been pretty rough for everyone. How could it not, everyone loved you. Forever and always, my baby boy, Mama



Leah, Austin's Mama - January 04, 2024 at 09:40 AM

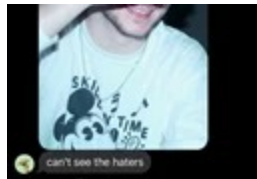
LM

This has to be around the time you moved down there. Maybe a year or so. I try to pin it down by the hair lol but you aren't too skinny here. So yeah, I bet you'd. Been there for about a year.

Leah, Austin's Mama - January 06, 2024 at 10:00 AM

LM

“ I would like to say happy new year, but I just can't. It's indescribable, but I'm definitely not happy. I love you, my binky baby. I miss everything about you. You know Caleb's wedding was yesterday and I just do not have words.



Leah, Austin's Mama - January 01, 2024 at 07:59 AM

LM

“Hi baby. It's December 29, 2023. We're about to head into another year. Next year you'd be 25. You're supposed to be here, with me. Missing you does not get easier. Sometimes, when I close my eyes, I can think back to memories long forgotten and seemingly hear you, see you. That will never be enough. Never. What's so good about a new year when everything feels bleak and broken. I spoke with Julia for a moment yesterday. You were so loved. I can't stand it. Everyone loved you. Now I have all this love to give and nowhere to give it to. I just found out, after Caleb's wedding, Ed will tow your car up here. For Vincent. No, of course I wasn't asked at all about it. It had been apparently decided on months ago. I sit here every day, waiting, watching for you to pull into your parking spot, knowing you're not going to... but I now will see your car and I have zero choice in the matter as you know Ed quit coparenting long ago. I'm having a really rough time about the car. Something so seemingly insignificant, is never that, for me. Everything about you is a big deal to me. And no one has an inkling. I have allllll of those pictures from the funeral I can't bring myself to look at. I've looked at you in all the pictures I have in my phone. Numerous times, so while it hurt excruciatingly at first, the more I looked at your beautiful face, I was okay with those. These would be fresh and I'm not sure where they all came from. Most likely Mema and Ed. I couldn't look at myself in the mirror for almost a year because all I could see was your face. I'd eventually lose too much weight to look like you, it felt like. I'd no idea I'd lost so much weight. Eating... eating is rough. I do not know why. I'm absolutely never hungry. I don't even think about it. And it mostly sounds repulsive. There is this gaping line of before and after. That is my life now. Before and after. So many horrible awful things have happened to me since the after and I don't know why. They could stop any day now. It's true what they tell you; time is healing. This is just so extremely slow. It's also true when they say you'll find out who your true friends are. Indeed. I've been very disappointed in a few and I have all my old work ladies, coming out of the woodwork. They all remember you. And kindly reached out. They know. They know and saw how important you were to me. It's been just so surreal. Miss you so so much and our talks. I love you

to infinity. Forever and always, Mama.



Leah, Austin's Mama - December 29, 2023 at 09:27 AM

LM

He's got that look that says, yes, I know grandma is taking my picture, so I'll just look nonchalant. But I see the little corner of your mouth turned up and your eyes have that mischievous twinkle. I love this picture.

Leah, Austin's Mama - January 07, 2024 at 10:55 AM

LM

“ It's our favorite pagan holiday today. Gonna be a balmy 53. Definitely warm for Christmas in Michigan. Another holiday where you're not here. Another holiday without being able to love on you. I can't stand the massive hole. Forever and Always, my love. Mama



Leah, Austin's Mama - December 25, 2023 at 11:07 AM

LM

“ Hello, baby. Today is December 22, 2023. There is no snow and idk if we will get any. Totally fine with me, I am no fan of the cold as you know, but you loved it. I live in the wrong state for weather. It's gotta come from living in Texas for some of my childhood. All three of you kids like the cold. It's like I don't understand y'all at all, and how could they be my kids when all I do is worship the Sun God. Little weirdos. Life is a hellscape. I've dreamt of you. I never remember my dreams, but you float there trailing the back of my memory as I wake, and every time that happens, I wake so sad. On a better note I am excited to go stay with Uncle Mark and Aunt Shannon. I need to be surrounded by love and laughter, I think, and Uncle Mark's is the PERFECT place. They're so fun. It makes me sad knowing y'all would've got along famously. Uncle Mark gets along with everyone. lol also, I miss my dad, I cannot believe that woman gave me absolutely no chance or choice to say goodbye to my father. Yes, we had a complex relationship until I got older. It's funny, when you fight back a bully, mostly they'll never mess with you again, and form a kind of respect for you. That's what happened with my dad. My dad would literally do anything I said, and basically I was the only one in the family who he no longer gave any sh*t to, I became his favorite. I would be the only one who could give as much as I got and he loved it. Strange, yes, but I was also the only one he'd listen to. I remember back in 2017, he'd randomly call and say things like, “Leah, I need you to write this down and he gave me his phone password, in case I needed to get in. Which apparently I was supposed to call some “gold guy”. If anything happened to him. I had zero knowledge of what he was saying then. He was doing this at least once a month, giving me the code to his SAFE?? WHAT? He told me where all his important papers were, the deed to the house and the titles for his truck and Harley. I'd asked him so many times what was going on, was he dying??, sick,,, whatever, and he'd always tell me, “no, I'm never ever getting married again, so I'm just telling you where things are and adding you as my sole beneficiary. Just make sure you get into my phone to call the gold guy.” You see, your, great Grandma and grandpa Capezzuto were very smart with their money. When they died, they passed down a

lot of money along with bars of gold and silver. He had a lot of money in gold. It's not in his safe as we all looked together. He then started blaming his sister, Tina, of stealing it. Now, that actually is a possibility as first, she knew he had some, and second, she was taking out \$500 every two weeks to "grocery shop" for grandpa. When I tell you I walked into my fathers home and not only cried, but I immediately saw red. Fridge was about 4/5" open and wouldn't shut. Everything in it was rotten... milk still in there from 6 mos previously... just beyond my imagination, bad. Tina actually complained to me my dad ruined the microwave by putting something metal in it and blew it up, he didnt know how to use the microwave anymore. So, what was he eating??Okay, Tina, but where are all these groceries you've been buying every two weeks for my dad. SHE WAS A HOME NURSE. Yeah, she took most of that money for her groceries and that massive gambling problem she had. Shreveport was just right over the border, no problem . Dad and Tina never got along anyway. She was the second born, first girl, and I'm pretty sure my dad messed with her from day one. Uncle Mark was the baby, so he got some, but not as much as the other siblings, until Mark got older. I remember living in Texas quite well, even though we left when I was about 6. Uncle Mark was over and he and dad started arguing, and when that wasn't enough, the blows started, and when that wasn't enough, Mark went to his truck and pulled out about an eight ft. Pole that was hallow in the middle, but the circumference was prob about the size of a plum or so. Then dad got one and they started on each other with metal poles. I have no idea how it ended, I remember watching it from the doorway, crying because my dad was scary as hell and he was harming my uncle Mark. Pretty sure I got pulled away before it ended. I sit here and remember all these memories, ones I'd love to tell you, and ones I'd never want you to know about. I'm just so sad. Forever and Always, my love, Mama.



Leah, Austin's Mama - December 22, 2023 at 10:26 AM

LM

He was always the happiest being right next to me, or making contact by lovin and hugs. My god, I will never be the same.

Leah, Austin's Mama - January 07, 2024 at 10:52 AM

LM

“Morning, my love. Today is December 17, 2023. Everything is different, yet, it's all the same. I have been feeling a bit better 🎉 you already know I dislike this time of year. It's now worse as it reminds me I have only 2 children to buy for at Christmas. We joke, you and I, about our family celebrating this day. It's the presents, duh. You'd always tell me, Mama, I don't need anything. Don't buy me anything. This child.... He said that often, birthdays, Christmas.. I eventually told him look, you can tell me something you want and haven't bought for yourself, OR you run the risk of absolutely hating my gift. It's your choice. lol finally a breakthrough! Those headphones I last bought you, you'd said you'd been thinking about buying them, but didn't want to spend that much on yourself. You see, Austin had zero issues with buying me gifts, and expensive ones, and never batted an eye, it was always just stuff for himself, he was very frugal where it came to himself. I wonder where he got that from ☐. I haven't taken down your reindeer you made with your little hands and foot from last year. I can't. It hangs from the picture stand and I look at it every day. I mean, I guess it doesn't matter, you're everywhere all the time. Everywhere. You won't be here for my bday to call me “old, but a witch that never ages.” The diaper prank was the best. I've never thrown them out. I cannot. Every time I look over at them, all I see is love, and hear all 4 of us dying with laughter. I cannot even clean the ☐ off of your earrings as it makes me feel like it's the only thing left of your DNA. Which may be the case. I was going to wear them, but I cannot get myself to open the ziplock. So, they stay with me at all times, as does the lock of hair I took from you at the funeral. I've got your very first haircut hair in an envelope, somewhere...eventually, I'll keep them together. I carry a lot of you in my gorgeous purse (from you). It gives me comfort to know it's there. Anything about you gives me comfort and I need it... but it's also particularly difficult as well, as the circumstances surrounding my father's death are complex and I'm still mourning you. Well let's just see what happens. I cannot believe it's Christmas again. Because there's at least a year in my head I've blocked out, so it's this huge gaping hole and I have almost no sense of time, some days. I wake, as I do every morning, and I have zero idea how

*I'm going to feel. Am I going to cry in front of a stranger again, and feel so dumb, I then feel like I have to tell them why I suddenly started crying, so I don't look looney. Yeaahhhh that happened again yesterday. Sigh. So, I stay at home and very rarely leave the house for anything. But I feel a change in your Mama, for the good. I'm actually excited (holy s**t) to go stay with Uncle Mark for a while. It can't get here soon enough. I miss my dad and while it was a difficult relationship, mostly until I was an adult. I know he loved me very very much. However, Uncle Mark has the precise laugh as my dad, and my dad was mean to everyone, so Mark and him didn't speak for at least 25 years. Brothers; the only brothers left. My dad made his bed, and he gave his shit to everyone. As the years went by and I grew and learned about generational trauma, I know my father did the best with what he was taught. However, at some point in your life, you have to take responsibility for your actions. He never mentally matured enough to do that, before he became unwell. He said he was sorry for my shitty childhood in his own way. He was the eldest son of 5, the first son (🙄), and things were a whole lot different then. My dad got it the worst just because he was the eldest, and a boy. My Grandpa Capezzuto didn't play. Also, grandma and grandpa were also about to start their first business. Rocco's Pizza. It was kiddy coroner from Westland mall. Gpa and gma would sell the the pizza business to my Great Uncle Frank, my dad kindly called him Uncle D^*k. He'd run that place the rest of his life. It's now called "Slice of the 80's". GMA and gpa will eventually move to Florida while my dad was a senior in high school... he couch surfed his senior year. Then GMA and gpa moved to Texas and started multiple restaurants made with the best red sauce ever, and always was and had been very successful. The restaurants were a homey feeling with the best smells, and there was also my GMA working the room, saying hi to all the regulars and making new ones. My gpa was usually behind the counter cooking and flipping pizza dough to make me laugh. After I was born, we moved to Texas and was there (mostly) until I was about 6. I can still smell the restaurants, and have yet to smell another like it. I literally will not eat anyone else's red sauce. It's never comparable, and I'm a red sauce snob. Sundays when we'd go visit my great grandma*

Capezzuto (Camille and I called her GMA with the white hair) I'd get soooo excited walking up the walk and smelling her sauce. My dad told her every time to stop cooking for us; as if that would happen. It did a few times as dad got smart and just showed up there instead of calling ahead of time, she'd be so mad because she didn't cook. I imagine she missed it as she really didn't have anyone to cook for anymore. I remember seeing her smacking my dad and him laughing, just egging her on. He absolutely loved every bit of her, and I'm certain she was his favorite person in the whole world. She was tiny, maybe 4'11", and spoke with a HEAVY Italian accent. I loved her. She'd grab my face when we'd walk in and just kiss me side to side over and over, but I remember her hugs. They were strong, safe. Camille and I were bored a lot as she didn't even own a T.V. For the longest time and absolutely no cable. She passed when I was 11/12. I remember when we went down to see grandpa Frank one year, and you made fun of me the entire time. I learned to speak in Texas, in back country. Denton at the time was a tiny town and they've built it up, but we lived all over the state. I've got me a pretty heavy drawl that I pick up almost immediately, anywhere south of Ohio, and won't go away until I'm home for a few days. It's so embarrassing. I love and miss you more every day. Every day. I'd give anything to have you make fun of me one more time. Forever and always, Mama.



Leah, Austin's Mama - December 17, 2023 at 10:54 AM

LM

This never gets taken down. It feels tangible to me. I have proof you WERE here...those are your little hands and foot. I come sit in the front room every day and look at it, and remember. And think. Lots and lots of thinking.

Leah, Austin's Mama - January 07, 2024 at 10:46 AM

LM

“Hello, my baby. I got the tattoo dedicated to you yesterday. Barb designed it and I absolutely love it. Dude. The little Simpson guy?? Where the hell did he come from because no one has been able to figure it out. You’d be laughing, and possibly not tell me the answer until after like 5 mins because you loved to mess with me and you got me almost every time. Oh, and thanks for teaching Vincent that lesson... Today is Saturday, December 9th, 2023. Ohhhh the things I want to tell you...the things you’re gonna miss... it weighs heavily upon my shoulders. I’m sad you’ll never meet Uncle Mark and Aunt Kimmy, now that the guilt is gone. I often think about you having interactions with those I love, that are safe, and missed me a whole lot. People you’ve never met, but heard me talk about. The conversations would be fascinating. I’m sad you never really got to know the Capezzuto side of the family because I wouldn’t chance a thing with my babies. If my dad had made it, I would’ve taken you down, each of you, one by one when you became an adult. He used to be proud to tell people, oh yeah, Leah, my daughter, she doesn’t take any sh@t, so I wouldn’t f\$#@ with her. Idk why he would do this. It was a weird kinda brag that wasn’t true because someone did. Which you already knew. The thing of it was, I’d turned into my father as a teenager, sort of, mad as hell and didn’t know why. Also, the only way he knew that was because of himself. I loved my father very much, as you know. He loved me the only way he knew how and I’d understand why that was, as I got older. I got your words tattooed on me, and every time I look at it, I can hear you say it. I take that as a gift. There have been small steps I’ve finally been able to take and everyone says I’m doing so much better. I mean... it’s... eh. Because idk if it’s a mask, or if it’s for real. As always my little love, forever and always, your Mama.





Leah, Austin's Mama - December 09, 2023 at 02:59 PM



“ Austin Robert Bales

December 07, 2023 at 05:11 AM



“ *There is meaning behind the bat. My baby, Sophia, made the bat from a pattern and hand sewed the entire thing years ago; I kept him at work. When I went back to work, I had to leave you, and I clearly wasn't ready. Your Tete was kind enough to put a little bit of you in a tiny jar. When she was done stuffing you securely, Sophia fixed him right up. I take him EVERYWHERE with me, and it worked for a while, and then I just kept feeling worse. I called my girls at the office and asked them if they'd mind me just bringing you in. The amount of support I received at work was unparalleled. I love and miss those girls and I wouldn't have ever got through those 6 mos without them. The cockiest corp. co. I've ever seen in my LIFE bought out our office, and I watched them day by day flush that office down the toilet. It was VERY clear people above me had No clue as to what they were doing. Everything I predicted, came true. They closed the doors in June. I know you're happy to hear I'm not working there anymore as you hated how I was treated. I miss you and our conversations more every day. I need a hug from my son.*



Leah, Austin's Mama - December 03, 2023 at 04:01 PM

LM

“ My father died on Sunday, November 26, 2023. You met him only a few times and I remember having the feeling the last time you saw him would be the very last, it was around my 30th birthday. There’s a feeling that all abused people can feel when they know it’s coming. He scolded you for something and I felt 3 again. That was all I needed. I knew then, he’d never change, no matter what I did, and he most certainly didn’t belong in my children’s lives. You were proud to be Italian. Idk why Italian people are like this, but we are. Sigh. I broke family tradition when you were born and did not name you after my father. First born son gets their grandfather’s name, in my family. I just want to give a shout out to my cousin, Justin, because my uncle Mark gave that poor handsome baby the name Pasquale, and while it’s kind of unique in the US, it’s pure Italian and was my grandfathers name. Had I been a boy, that would’ve been my name. That would’ve been fun in school. I already had a last name people made fun of because no one could say it...let alone spell it.

I remember the conversation I had with my father about it, and he was pretty upset. I was finally an adult then and told him there wasn’t any way ever I was naming any of my children after you. I told him he had one of the worst names in history. He was shook. lol he was so vain. It wasn’t his name. It was him. I didn’t want you or the littles to be tainted by his volatile, unpredictable behavior, and I couldn’t imagine looking at this perfect baby and naming him after the man who deserved no such thing. So that was that. You kids never saw him again. Awful people aren’t always awful as well as good people aren’t always good. There are always gray areas, in everything. I do wish he would’ve been the man he should’ve been and am disappointed he never emotionally matured enough to take responsibility for all the harm he caused throughout his life. So, wherever you are, stay away. He’s another narcissist. I miss you and love you so very much, Austin, life is bleak.

<https://www.parker-ashworthfuneralhome.com/obituaries/frank-capezzuto>





Leah, Austin's Mama - November 30, 2023 at 11:07 AM

LM

<https://www.parker-ashworthfuneralhome.com/obituaries/frank-capezzuto>

Leah, Austin's Mama - November 30, 2023 at 11:07 AM

LM

Austin's first Christmas. He and I flew down to visit Grandpa Frank. He was so good. I keep saying that, but he always was.

Leah, Austin's Mama - January 07, 2024 at 10:35 AM

LM

“ Today is Dev's bday. He misses you so. This time of year is very difficult for me, now, I guess it always will. Every day is difficult. I look back at our messages and feel as if no one understands, and I know they don't. You are missed every single day by so many. This was the last Happy New Year. Forever and always, my love.



Leah, Austin's Mama - November 27, 2023 at 09:46 AM

LM

....so lost without you.

Leah, Austin's Mama - November 27, 2023 at 10:36 AM

LM

I can hear you say it and I hope with everything I have that never goes away. 💔🙏

Leah, Austin's Mama - November 27, 2023 at 10:47 AM

MT

“*Austin would petsit at my parent's house with me a lot. I was very nervous the first time because my cat and dog are notoriously bad with people. He said he would be fine. He came in at 7 am after work, and my dog just looked at him, but didnt get up in a barking fit. My cat didnt scratch or hiss or hide either. She ended up loving him, and would always sit on his lap. He loved her too and seemed enamored by her. If she was on a chair he would crouch and look up at her. His eyes were so beautiful and sweet. For months i would look for reasons to pet sit, so we could play house and be with the fuzzy sweet animals who loved him so much.*”



Missing you today - November 24, 2023 at 02:13 PM

LM

.... I'm not sure who this is, but you just described my son to a T. He's loved cats since he found his first stray kitten. Austin was about 3 and named him cute nose because it had a little white spot on it. I SO VERY MUCH appreciate the picture and beautiful story about my beautiful son. Babies and animals literally flocked to him. Much love to you and please take care of yourself. ❤️

Leah, Austin's Mama

Leah, Austin's Mama - November 24, 2023 at 05:52 PM

MT

My cat's name is Kitten and he would always say her name at random times when he was thinking about her. Sometimes id say "what?" And he'd say "she has a goatee.../i like her goatee" (she has a little circle of black fur under her chin). My dog was abused (by a man) before we rescued her so i had told him that she's very slow to warm up to men, but she really just loved him almost instantly. I've never seen her like that with anyone. I was dumbfounded. She would squeeze up to sit between us on this small couch we'd watch tv in front of, and she definitely didnt fit but she'd sandwich herself inbetween us with her nose to his cheek. And Kitten would be on his lap at the same time ❤️

Missing You Today - November 25, 2023 at 10:14 PM

LM

“ Today is Thanksgiving, or as you and I like to call it, Native American genocide day. I miss you so much, to the light in your eyes down to the skip of your step. Oh, sweetheart, I wish you were here for your Ahma. Love you baby.



Leah, Austin's Mama - November 23, 2023 at 08:48 AM

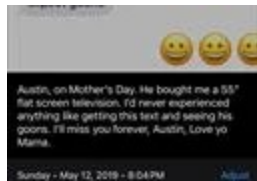
LM

I absolutely cannot pick out an urn...yet. I've looked and looked, but nothing is you. I'll know it when I see it.

Leah, Austin's Mama - November 23, 2023 at 08:50 AM

LM

“ When Austin moved to Georgia, he’d often surprise me with things that he’d know I’d love, most of the time without telling me. It would just show up. He knew how very much I missed him. I never in those 5 years got used to him being gone. I did the same, but he really did it with everyone. He was just so so loving and generous. To have a child of yours as an adult, to spoil you so because he knew I never was...it was always just so so touching and made me love him more because I knew he’d been thinking of me and wanted to put a smile on my face. The same smile as his. It’s always the little things. Always. Forever and always, your Mama ❤️❤️❤️



Leah, Austin’s Mama - November 22, 2023 at 01:22 PM

LM

“ There are so many things to say. So many. I miss you more than I can say. Forever and always, my baby boy, Mama loves you.

Leah, Austin’s Mama - November 20, 2023 at 08:06 AM

LM

I think you’d be quite surprised about a few things since you’ve been gone. The gonads that have been grown in your absence is actually quite impressive. It’s hilarious. Don’t you fret, you know Mama can take care of herself. My love, always and forever.

Leah, Austin’s Mama - November 22, 2023 at 03:11 PM

LM

“ It’s been one year and 8 weeks since you left. It’s hell, kiddo, I gotta tell ya. I wonder if there will ever be a morning when I wake where you’re not the first thing I remember. Especially this time of year. I do not have high hopes. There’s an ache, constant in its heartbeat, that beats your name and flows through my veins. I know now my body knows you’re gone because every time it remembers, chills run up and down my body and I get very nauseous . I have a physical reaction to you being gone. The worst part is knowing why you bought the contraption. You knew *I* knew. That’s why you kept it from me and when you did finally tell me on the phone, I was driving home from work, and I immediately started crying because you knew, I knew. You did the song and dance of mom, don’t be silly, it’s just to have, thinking he could fool me. He was a 21 yr old man (Child-I know you feel big, but you don’t know shit❤️), who emphatically implored me to not call his father. Ever. I wish I would’ve broken the promise I made to you that I wouldn’t, as your mother, violate your trust in me and talk to your dad. I’d rather you be angry with me and maybe you’d still be here. Again, all those woulda, coulda, shoulda’s that will haunt me to my dying day. It was a BIG day when you called me to tell me all about you stepping out of your comfort zone in Georgia. You usually worked midnights and there is a skatepark by your house that was usually empty when you got off work. So, you went out and got your (our) Gojira board and went a skating. The best part was hearing MY son again. You told me about the two friends who also had the same idea as him and the three of them became buddies. I’m telling you, the sound of my sons voice made me burst into tears when we got off the phone because I’d finally heard YOU again and it had been YEARS. Anne Louise and Dean, Austin loved you so ❤️ and in return, so do I. For a while, you gave me my son back and I will never ever forget that.



Leah, Austin’s Mama - November 12, 2023 at 10:28 AM

LM

Anne Louse, Austin was up here and he and I went shopping. He stopped dead in his tracks and tells me he has to buy that TikTok hoodie/shirt for her because Dean and he always called her the tik tok queen... or something of that nature. He was so excited to give it to you. ❤️

Leah, Austin's Mama - November 12, 2023 at 10:41 AM

LM

“*To the WKND group.... I'm tickled pink. Thank you so very much. Y'all are just so thoughtful. One of the sweetest things anyone has ever done for me. Much love and hugs ☐ ❤️*



Leah, Austin's Mama - November 08, 2023 at 12:28 PM

LM

Austin has the most thoughtful friends. I'm so very proud of the man I raised. Always. ❤️ I wear these bracelets with love and hope. Break the cycle ❤️

Leah, Austin's Mama - November 08, 2023 at 12:35 PM

TW

Thanks to the WKND GROUP! I just ordered my bracelets!

Tiffany Wellman - November 10, 2023 at 04:32 PM

LM

I love you, Tiff ❤️🥹

Leah, Austin's Mama - November 10, 2023 at 05:18 PM

LM

“ Today is your birthday. You’re 24 today. You should be here and I should be whole.

You were born on a full moon 6 hours from your due date. Devils night. It was a crazy experience because the hospital was SO FULL of women having babies, I had to stay in triage for 6/7 hours. Which is basically unheard of before covid. Crazy. Finally when we get to our birthing room, your Ahma went to get me a cool cloth, and she about lost it completely when as she’s coming out of the bathroom to tell me there are no wash cloths, no towels, no soap... she was hot.. and then a nurse wheels in the IV stand and it was covered in someone else’s blood.... Oh boy. Didn’t get off to a great start to begin with and then it got scary as every time I’d have a contraction, your heartbeat dropped. So, a massive amount of pitocin was given to me to hurry the labor up, but I still hadn’t received my epidural as the anesthesiologist was in with twins being born. This is the night shift yall, being rocked by a full moon. Finally get my epidural, which I now know didn’t work, but it at least took the edge off enough to allow my body to dialate. We had the coolest OBGYN, he was this small Jewish man that delivered all three of my babies and I loved him. He took superior care of me always. So, Dr. Markowitz comes rushing in his street clothes, throws on a pair of gloves and told whomever was down there they were going to rip me and to move and within seconds you were here. He was a miracle worker. You were THEE absolute hairiest baby I’d ever seen. You had black hair covering your entire body, including your forehead and long black 1” strings of hair outlining your ears. That’s how you became Tete’s Monkey. You were the most beautiful baby I’d ever seen. You looked like a little man almost immediately and your face didn’t really change much as you got older, unlike the littles’ did. You looked like me. You came out screaming your Italian heritage with all that hair...you had a pelt on your back that was thick and long enough.. you could’ve easily made a merkin. I’d never loved a single soul more than yours. It was just you and I until you started school because your father was working the exact job you were doing when you decided to do this. Your dad was your boss. That company tried to strike before this happened, and it was

stopped. You were so tired and beat down... among other things. My lexicon cannot express how much I love you and am demolished with you gone. If only love were enough, you'd have lived forever. Happy 24th Birthday, my love. Forever and always, your Mama. 🥺
🥺💔💔💔



Leah, Austin's Mama - October 29, 2023 at 03:04 PM

LM

“ *Leah, Austin's Mama lit a candle in memory of Austin Robert Bales*



Leah, Austin's Mama - October 21, 2023 at 10:16 AM

LM

“ *Alright my little love. You've slept enough. Time to start the hauntings.*

Leah, Austin's Mama - October 21, 2023 at 10:15 AM

LM

“ Today is your Tete’s Birthday. You named her that when you were oh so young. Same with Ahma. They cherish those nicknames you gave them. It’s been so many years I mostly refer to my own sister as Tete. She’s in my phone that way. She’ll never be anything else. Weird how you had no issue saying Aunt Camille?? We all miss you so very much. There is no getting better. Forever and always, my love

Leah, Austin’s Mama - October 19, 2023 at 11:44 AM

LM

“ Every day this gets more painful. Every day.

Leah, Austin’s Mama - October 14, 2023 at 12:44 PM

FA

Good Morning Leah, I am part of an online forum your son Austin belonged to. We wanted to reach out to let you know how much his friendship meant to us and also offer our direct condolences. I want to personally apologize for not contacting you sooner, I don’t have a good excuse for why I didn’t and can only hope that reaching out now provides some measure of comfort. In Austin’s honor, a member of our forum put together some memorial items and collected donations for the charity you specified in the obituary. If you are comfortable with us doing so, we would like to send some of those memorial items to you via a forum member who lives in Michigan. Thank you for your time and consideration, once again I would like to emphasize how much of a friend your son was to us and how much we still treasure the memories we have with him.

Friends of Austin - October 15, 2023 at 01:34 AM

AF

Hello Leah, I am also apart of an online forum Austin was apart of. Austin was a very kind young man and we all were very happy to have known him. Please reach out if theres anything we can do <3

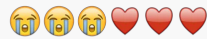
A friend - October 15, 2023 at 01:51 AM

BE

Hi Leah, another member of the same group. We all miss Austin dearly, and speak and think fondly of him often. Please know that you are in our prayers, and that we treasured your son's friendship.

Benjamin - October 15, 2023 at 01:13 PM

LM



*Thank you so very much.
Are you both from the same forum?*

Leah, Austin's Mama - October 15, 2023 at 01:14 PM

JE

I believe that all of us who have commented here are. I would like to second Ben when I say we all remember him fondly, miss him dearly, and continue to think of him and his family.

Jerry - October 15, 2023 at 04:51 PM

RI

Another forum member here. I remember sharing a lot of laughs talking with Austin, and I most definitely miss that. He had a way of cracking everyone up with his stories, and I know everyone there was grateful for the time they got to share with him.

Rico - October 15, 2023 at 05:08 PM

AF

Hi Leah, just chiming in too. Austin was legit hysterical, and had a great way of dropping succinct one-liners that would highlight the funniest (or most bizarre) part of any situation.

He was a handsome kid, and it was an ongoing joke that he was likely prettier than most of the girls some of us have dated. The forum hasn't been quite the same without him, and my heart goes out to you and your family.

Another Friend - October 15, 2023 at 07:28 PM

JO

Hi Leah, another forum member. It can't be stated enough how important Austin was, and still is, to our group. Everyone knew him and loved him, and still share memories of him. We may have only known him online, but we will never forget him.

Josh - October 15, 2023 at 07:40 PM

LM

For the first time in over a year, I've smiled, more than once, and even chuckled. And I meant that shit. Y'all have no idea what your words mean to me. Truly. Today, today y'all made a very very sad woman feel not so sad and in this situation, that's no easy feat. Thank you. Thank y'all so very much. I know I won't be the only one in the family who will absolutely treasure these kind words. So much love and gratitude sent your way. I, too, am here if anyone wants to talk. Suicide reaches far and deep. The thought of another Mama going through this is torture. Y'all hug and love on your people. 🙏💔💔📺❤️

Leah, Austin's Mama - October 15, 2023 at 09:17 PM

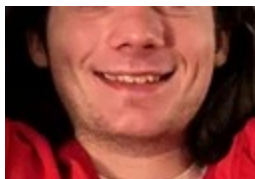
LM

Also, I wanted to share my condolences to y'all regarding Chase. All of this is so awful and the way y'all found out makes it worse. I cannot imagine how devastating that was. Check on yo people. 📺❤️

Leah, Austin's Mama - October 15, 2023 at 09:58 PM

LM

“ *Some days I crave your face, and some days I can't even bear it. Some days I can't bear anything at all.*



Leah, Austin's Mama - September 29, 2023 at 09:44 AM

LM

*I look at this photo of you and memories come abound. You are so beautiful, my son, inside and out. You always were. I see love, laughter, and happiness in your eyes. You're looking at me. I'm taking this picture, and on the other side just shining with love and pride. I will always be so very proud of you. I will always be demolished knowing how you felt till the end because it's oh so scary, unendingly lonely, and so very dark...and Mama wasn't there...
the one you wanted took you to a place of no return. On purpose. I feel so sick.
Forever and Always, my love, Mama*

Leah, Austin's Mama - October 08, 2023 at 12:14 PM

AL

“*As the leaves change and the air gets cooler, it always makes me think of you. You were supposed to be a “Devil’s night” baby, and you almost were, but starting on the 28th and ending on the 29th, after hours upon hours, on a full moon, you were ready and oh boy, so was I. Being heavily pregnant during the summer isn’t so great. Do not recommend.
I’m certain I have some sort of separation anxiety. It’s unfathomable, to think I have not spoken to you in a year; and yet, I just breathe because my body knows you’re gone, but I can’t believe it. One breath at a time, my love. Always and forever, Mama*

Austin's Mama, Leah - September 29, 2023 at 09:32 AM

LM

“ It’s 6 weeks from your 24th birthday. I’m so incredibly lonely for my son. Never ever have I gone this long without at least speaking with you. I keep saying that, but I really just cannot believe it for a number of reasons. It’s been a year and I haven’t even grieved yet for my pregnancy and birth with you, let alone almost 23 years of being your Mama. My god but have I grieved...We were a team, you and I, just us for so long, and even after I had Sophia and Vincent, it still felt that way. There’s almost 5 years between you and your sister. You were SO excited for her. Same thing with Vincent. You love babies and were always so good with them, even though you swore you didn’t. Kids and pets know. Kids love you. I love you. Everyone loves you. You lost sight of yourself and allowed the kind of treatment from someone who really didn’t love you; nor understand you. You should’ve come home after you knew you weren’t happy, and I’ll never forgive myself for not trying harder to get you here. Never. Fly high, my little free bird, Mama loves you forever and always.

Leah His Mama - September 20, 2023 at 08:32 AM

LM

“ Today, as every other day, I cannot put into words how very much I miss hearing your voice. Out of all the pics and little videos from your friends, no one seems to have caught you talking, other than little words here and there ... your voice. In this digital age, I cannot believe I don't have your voice. It's been a year today, but I wouldn't know. I feel exactly the same since I was told. Shattered. My world is completely shattered. I don't know how to live it without you here. I can't just move on as some people think should happen. I now have a debilitating life as part of me is just gone. With no goodbyes....

Austin Robert Bales, you were my greatest gift and I know we had a special relationship. You came to me at the perfect time and it opened my eyes to LOVE. I had no idea I could feel that way, so strongly, so feral, there was no way anyone was gonna hurt you. You were Mama's baby. Always and forever, my binky baby, Mama loves you so.... you'll never be alone again.

Leah His Mama - September 17, 2023 at 03:58 PM

LM

“ It feels like a countdown to dooms day. I'm crawling out of my own skin.

Leah His Mama - September 10, 2023 at 04:48 PM

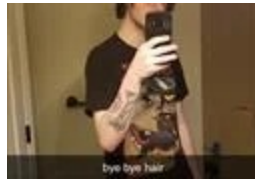
LM

“ It's September 5th. I'm not ready. I don't know how I got here. Your loss is a gaping wound that won't heal. Your Mama will love you forever, my beautiful boy.

Leah His Mama - September 05, 2023 at 11:05 AM

LM

“ 11 files added to the tribute wall



Leah His Mama - August 31, 2023 at 09:42 AM

LM

“ I didn't realize I'd uploaded a video in the media section where all the pictures are. The issue is you can't move past it. You have to go out of the media button and go back in and start after that. The page won't let me delete anything.

Leah His Mama - August 31, 2023 at 09:04 AM

LM

“ It's almost September and I am unable to make that make sense. Everything feels like yesterday. Vincent has started his Jr. year and you'd be having a fit because he's getting so old. You had the same reaction every year regarding their birthdays or school. You were so incredulous every time. It was so hard for you to be away. I find it impossible. Impossible you've just... gone away, but it must be true because I haven't heard your beautiful voice in a year, and I carry you around in a box, sleep with you, take you everywhere, SO YOU ARE NEVER LONELY AGAIN. NEVER. You're right here with Mama like you've always should've been. I have so much to tell you. Where are you.....

Leah His Mama - August 31, 2023 at 08:49 AM

CB

“ I'll never forget the first time I saw you. We were at your Poompas funeral and you came and bounced down next to me on the couch. I looked over and it was literally like looking at your Mom from childhood. I said to you do you know who I am and you smiled at me and said no. I laughed and said I've known your Mom since we were about your age and you could be her twin if you had long hair. You said ughhh.. everyone says that to me. Lol. Through the years I got to see you grow up into a super smart, beautiful man and super funny guy with the sweetest kindest heart. You are loved by so many. Rest peacefully you beautiful soul.

Crystal Bain - August 25, 2023 at 02:32 PM

LM

🥹🥹💔 I love you.

Leah His Mama - August 25, 2023 at 02:40 PM

LM

“ There hasn't been a day gone by where you're not the first thing I think of when I wake, and the cyclical nightmare begins. They say it's a different kind of grief than other ways of sudden death. I've read all I can find, but each ultimately tells you "you have to learn to live with it and it will take years". No. No, this I will never get used to. You were a month and a half away from being 23. Longer than half my life, I was graced to be your Mama. You had SO MUCH more to teach me. Your mind was a beautiful maze of knowledge that lit up my world. Was it 9th or 10th grade you and the goons were building your own computers? You've always amazed me in so many ways. I couldn't BE a PROUDER Mama. Forever and always, my love.

Leah Nelson his Mama - August 15, 2023 at 01:35 PM

GM

He was so smart and thoughtful. I miss him and love him with all my heart.

Grandma Mary - August 17, 2023 at 01:01 AM

LM

Ohhhh how he loved you and Grandpa Eric. If love were enough... all the love and hugs Mary. Today is hard.

Leah Nelson his Mama - August 17, 2023 at 01:50 PM

LM

“ *I really wish his “goons” would get a hold of me* ❤️❤️❤️

Leah Nelson his Mama - August 13, 2023 at 10:15 AM

LM

“ *I’m so embarrassed of his obituary. I could’ve went on for days about my loving, talented son, but at the time, I couldn’t think, or stop crying long enough to think. Brian was pretty much the same. There was never a child/boy/man like him. I am so proud of the man I raised. Forever and always, my love...your Mama.*

Leah Nelson his Mama - August 13, 2023 at 10:13 AM

LM

“ On this day last year, while on vacation, Austin and Vincent walked down to the ocean with me. I sat on the beach while the boys played catch in the water. Tide was out, so the dry sand I was sitting on was pretty far away from you two. I’m awful awful awful about remembering to take photos and that all the time, but I happened to take one of the only videos I took of you two playing catch. You weren’t out there long, maybe 5 mins, when you both started walking toward me. Austin yelled out, “mom, I got stung by a jellyfish”. Now, here I am in paradise and hear this and immediately say, “what the @&&&”, what? How?”. The people sitting next to me must be used to this because all they did was laugh at me while I’m freaking out. Vinegar. Go to the desk, and they’ll give you vinegar to pour on it. Oh, the drama I created, almost crying... you two boys thought it was hilarious. He said it burned a little and only did for a few hours. He was right as rain the next morning.

On this day, we also went parasailing. We did that before that fateful accident. I took video on the boat ride as well; Mama was on a roll with the camera this day. I’m videoing you and Vincent because you’re sitting across from me on the boat. When I rewatched the videos, only a couple months ago, I noticed something. I took screenshots of those things I saw. What I saw will haunt me for the rest of my life. You were so incredibly sad and you were speaking to me through your eyes. I REMEMBER thinking, why is he looking at me like that, I see it now. I’ll never NOT SEE it. I’ll never forget it. There are just soooo many shoulda, coulda, woulda’s that you don’t see until after the fact.... And they haunt you.

Leah Nelson his Mama - August 03, 2023 at 03:13 PM

MB

Oh dear Leah. I am crying reading this. I know exactly what you mean. I too have looked at some pictures I have of my precious grandson Austin and see terrible sadness. Realized too late. Love you.

Mary bales - August 08, 2023 at 03:05 PM

LM

🥰❤️ I love you too.

Leah Nelson his Mama - August 09, 2023 at 12:58 PM

LM

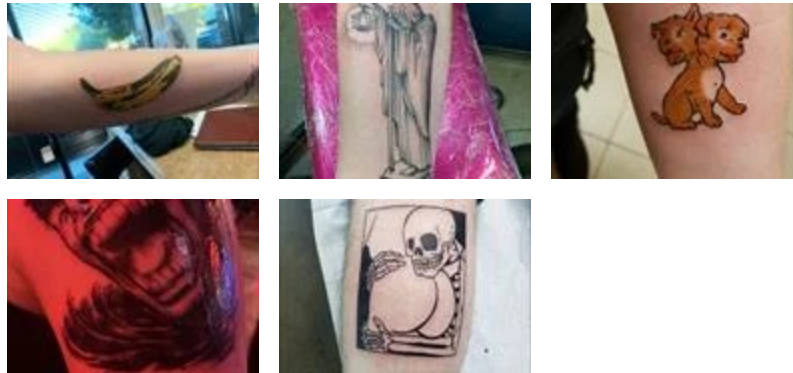
“ Today, last year, the littles and I would start heading your way to come get you for our first family vacation in prob 10 years. We picked you up in Georgia on Monday, August 1st, and drove the 5 hours to get to Hilton Head’s resort. August 6th would be the last time the littles and I saw you. It had been almost a year since I’d seen you; the longest we’ve ever gone and it was wayyy too long. Way too long.

So many memories and important dates are going to be here soon. You should be here. You did everything right. You should be here.... And you won’t be and I have to find a way to live with that. So far, I’ve not been able to do that. One breath at a time. My love, Forever and always, your Mama ❤️

Leah Nelson his Mama - July 30, 2023 at 10:15 AM

LM

“ His tattoos crack me up. So random and awesome.



Leah Nelson his Mama - July 28, 2023 at 10:45 AM

CA

love his tattoos, haha ❤️

camille - July 29, 2023 at 10:15 AM

LM

Definitely. And I also know you probably know them all ❤️

Leah Nelson his Mama - July 29, 2023 at 12:41 PM

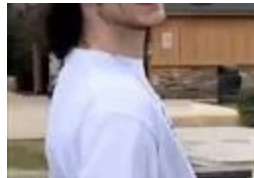
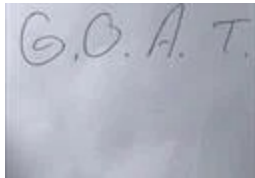
MB

Love these pictures. 💕Precious memories. 😭

Mary bales - August 08, 2023 at 03:10 PM

LM

“ 14 files added to the tribute wall



Leah Nelson his Mama - July 27, 2023 at 10:32 AM

LM

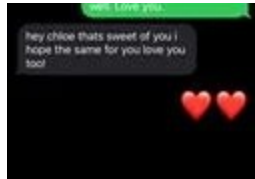
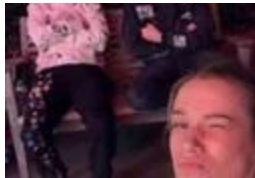
“ 11 files added to the tribute wall



Leah Nelson his Mama - July 27, 2023 at 10:20 AM

LM

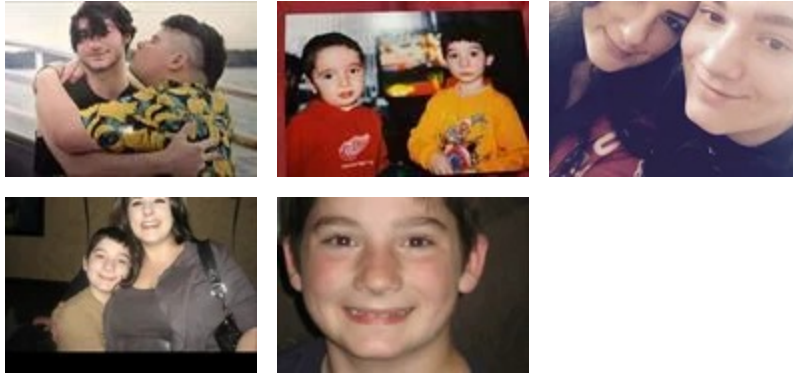
“ 7 files added to the tribute wall



Leah Nelson his Mama - July 27, 2023 at 10:11 AM

LM

“ 12 files added to the tribute wall



Leah Nelson his Mama - July 26, 2023 at 08:08 PM

BP

“ We are so sorry for your loss. Our sincere condolences & prayers to all the family 🙏🙏🙏
Brian & Chrissy Pifer

Brian S Pifer - September 25, 2022 at 05:48 PM



“ Fiery Lily and Rose was purchased for the family of Austin Robert Bales.



September 24, 2022 at 05:06 PM



“ *Simply Elegant Spathiphyllum was purchased for the family of Austin Robert Bales.*



September 24, 2022 at 01:52 PM



“ *The Siren Family purchased the Sentiments of Serenity Spray for the family of Austin Robert Bales.*



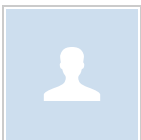
The Siren Family - September 24, 2022 at 09:58 AM



“ *Gary Wendy Alyssa Nina Harley Millie purchased the Divine Peace Bouquet for the family of Austin Robert Bales.*



Gary Wendy Alyssa Nina Harley Millie - September 24, 2022 at 08:25 AM



“ *Emerald Garden Basket was purchased for the family of Austin Robert Bales.*



September 23, 2022 at 07:27 PM



“ . purchased the *Serene Retreat* for the family of *Austin Robert Bales*.



. - September 23, 2022 at 05:26 PM



“ *Emerald Garden Basket* was purchased for the family of *Austin Robert Bales*.



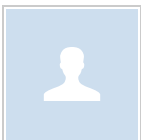
September 23, 2022 at 02:44 PM



“ *Strength & Solace Spray* was purchased for the family of *Austin Robert Bales*.



September 23, 2022 at 12:13 PM



“ *Medium Dish Garden* was purchased for the family of *Austin Robert Bales*.



September 23, 2022 at 05:46 AM



“ *Enchanted Cottage was purchased for the family of Austin Robert Bales.*



September 23, 2022 at 01:27 AM



“ *Chris, Angie, Savannah and Emma Thomas purchased the Simply Elegant Spathiphyllum for the family of Austin Robert Bales.*



Chris, Angie, Savannah and Emma Thomas - September 22, 2022 at 05:28 PM



“ *Country Basket Blooms was purchased for the family of Austin Robert Bales.*



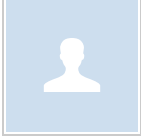
September 22, 2022 at 05:17 PM



“ *Small Garden Dish was purchased for the family of Austin Robert Bales.*



September 22, 2022 at 04:37 PM



“ *Small Garden Dish was purchased for the family of Austin Robert Bales.*



September 22, 2022 at 02:38 PM