

ALLIANCE AGAINST INTOXICATED MOTORISTS

Victim Stories



The Derrick E. Ellis Tribute

July 26, 1992 – February 23, 2014

Derrick Ellis was a son, brother and father until he was killed in a car crash caused by his so called friend. The driver got behind the wheel under the influence of drugs and alcohol. If Derrick was here on earth today, he would celebrate his son's first day in First Grade. If he was here on earth, my mom would not be so dependent on others for company. If he was here on earth, my mom wouldn't have been admitted to the hospital from hearing the tragic news. I wouldn't have to live each day in fear that the driver's family will come after me for showing up to court dates to finally get some kind of closure. I've been waiting for over two years to finally hear the defendant plead guilty. I just want this court case to be over and try to move past this.

I speak almost every month about my brother and how the driver impacted my life. Unfortunately, that's the only time I talk about him. I wish I could forget about him so I wouldn't hurt any more. I use this time to keep others from making the same mistake the driver did and also use this time as self-therapy. I feel if I pour out my heart and soul, they will understand the reason to not drink and drive. My brother and I were not the closest, but we are still family. Derrick was the little brother that depended on me when he needed something. I helped him cross the street, pick what school bus to ride, say no to strangers and told him no one will hurt you, because I've got your back.

My mom took this tragedy really hard; she was admitted in the hospital for two days. Since I didn't have her to help, the pressure of arranging the funeral was all on me. I took all the responsibility, so my mom could grieve for my brother. I was so busy that I didn't really have time to grieve for him. My mom had to learn to cook just for her. She also had to learn that Derrick was not coming home. She had to learn to go grocery shopping for one person, which was hard since Derrick was a big eater.

This whole experience has taught me that time is too short; we should enjoy every minute with family. Now that Derrick can't raise his son, I try my best to be in his life. His son and my son love each other's company. They love to play games, ride bikes and watch movies. I know my brother would have been an awesome dad.

I'm happy our final days were one of my favorite memories. We were able to celebrate Christmas as a happy family. We were able to laugh when our mom sang karaoke or when she was falling asleep while a plate of food was still on her lap. It was funny to watch my brother get on a snowmobile, asking me to record it so he could put it on Instagram. My brother affected a lot of hearts. He has a friend that did a custom paint job as a tribute to him. He has friends that go to his gravesite and take a picture and post it on Facebook. Unfortunately, I have only been at his gravesite once or twice, because it hurts so badly; plus, I was not involved in his life after I turned 18. I love him and wish he were here. I wish I had a second chance so I could be more involved in his life.

Miss You Little Bro
Shaneka Meyer
Your Loving Sister