

ALLIANCE AGAINST INTOXICATED MOTORISTS

Victim Stories



The Nicholas Kilpatrick Tribute

Sept. 1, 1997 – Sept. 9, 2014

On the night of September 9, 2014 I received a phone call that would change my life forever. My son was hit by a truck and no other details were given. I immediately woke my other two children and rushed to the hospital. On the way to the hospital I received the call that Nick didn't make it. I was told Nick was struck and killed by a drunk driver while riding his skate board.

I insisted on going to the coroner's office to see for myself that it was my child. It was then and there that I saw my baby lying on the gurney, lifeless. I felt for his heart beat and listened to his chest for breathing, there was nothing. I begged and pleaded for him to wake up. I held him and didn't want to let go. The coroner explained that Nick had died upon impact. His neck and spine were broken, his skull fractured and he had a multitude of other internal injuries. My heart shattered over and over again, with each and every word she said. I've never known a pain so true or deep.

Nicholas had just turned seventeen, eight days prior to being killed. He had his whole life ahead of him. Now instead of celebrating, I was planning his memorial service. I kept thinking to myself this isn't how it's supposed be. We don't bury our children, they bury us.

My youngest son, Christian, idolized his brother; he was his hero. They loved to fish and long board together. He wanted to be just like Nick; now he is so lost. Keira, my daughter struggles with the fact that the last words she ever spoke to her brother were in an argument. We all carry so much guilt and regrets.

We thought we had more time; we SHOULD have had more time. Every day without Nick is harder than the last. One of my greatest fears is that people will forget he existed; forget how Nick was charismatic, funny, fearless, protective and how he loved with his whole heart.

As of August, this year I officially joined the AAIM family as a Victim Advocate. I feel as though this is what I'm meant to be doing with the life that has been dealt to me. All I want is to be the shoulder to lean on, the ear to listen, and the source of strength my AAIM advocate was and is for me. I don't think I would've made it through without Kelly.

Nick, you live on through your brother and sister, I see you in them every day. I see the signs you give me to let me know you are with me still. You are always on my mind and forever in my heart.

We love you always and forever, Mom, Keira and Christian