



Amanda Danielle Boryla

Died Age 20

Heroin

October 15, 1985 – November 17, 2005

Amanda was born on October 15, 1985, the first of four children. She was my only child for 11 years, so in essence, we grew up together. She was bright, energetic, always laughing, and full of life. She was limitless in her creativity and imagination. From her first smile, to her first steps, I was always there, trying to keep her safe. I remember the day we taught her how to ride her first bicycle. “Look mommy, no training wheels!” I watched and my heart raced. She was growing up so fast and I was new at learning to let go, just a little.

A few years passed by and soon she was in middle school. Amanda was social, happy and always curious. She tried out for the school play and won a solo part. She was so proud of herself and so were we! “Look mommy, look at me! Do you think I can make it to Hollywood?” Oh, my heart and head swelled and yes, of course she could do anything she put her mind and heart into. I would be right there, supporting her, loving her and learning to let go, just a little.

Time quickly slipped by and the High

School years were now upon us. Amanda had grown into a beautiful young woman who was bright, intelligent, funny, and extremely witty. She had long, curly dark blonde hair and the most amazing soulful blue eyes. Her heart was filled

with kindness and sincerity and she had a true love for animals. She was an excellent Marksman in ROTC, fluent in Spanish, a tutor in Algebra, and she was well versed in several computer programs.



Still, lying beneath the surface, were many more limitless gifts and talents. Unfortunately, somehow Amanda was never completely aware of her abilities or of her inner and outer beauty. She battled with her lack of confidence and low self esteem. Soon she was diagnosed as

Bipolar and with Borderline Personality Disorder. Now it was “Mom, look at me, I’m a failure.” How my heart would break as her mother, watching her efforts and seeing her struggle to become independent and to do everything on her own. I remained ever supportive, trying, watching, waiting, crying and learning I still had to let go, just a little.

The days would come and go as Amanda moved out to be on her own and then moved back

Remembering Lost Promise



Amanda Danielle Boryla, cont'd

home in a most valiant effort to be the independent young woman that we all knew her to be. She enrolled in college and was in her freshman year, studying to be a Veterinarian Technician. She was incredibly smart, making all A's, working part-time, staying up late, socializing with friends, and just being a young adult. "Mom, look at me, I can do this, I really can!" Curfews were a thing of the past at 20 years of age, so here I was again, learning that I had to let go, just a little.

It was at this point in her life that Amanda, surprisingly and unknowingly to us, had succumbed to the drug war. At 3:00am, November 17, 2005 I found my daughter on the bathroom floor as I cried and begged her to wake up. The needle was still lying on the floor and the hair band she used as her tourniquet was twisted ever so tightly around her wrist. Her hand jerked in mine, but I was to never see her smile, hear her voice or feel her hugs, ever again. Her soulful eyes had now dimmed and stared right through me. No more hopes and no more dreams for Amanda. My heart and soul was ripped out of my body. I had not kept her safe. Oh, I can never let go, not even just a little.

November 17, 2005 was the night our lives changed forever. It was the night Amanda died from a Heroin overdose. How quickly life changes in the blink of an eye. One minute she and I were laughing, joking and holding bunnies and the next I am picking out a beautiful white casket with brass roses for my daughter. Roses, Amanda loved roses, yet she will not see another one bloom. So many things were left unsaid, left undone, or left behind.

Lucas and Zackary, her brothers, and McKenna, her sister, miss her so very much, a step-dad who loves her and a broken-hearted mother who cries daily because she misses her so much it physically hurts. Amanda left a lifetime void that will never be filled. I have learned the true meaning of never and forever.

We have suffered a loss so great and so unimaginable and sometimes the grief is just unbearable. The loss of such a beautiful life, long before her time, before her youth, before her light was to shine ever so bright and before her promise of life, love and happiness could ever be completely fulfilled. A beautiful young life ended because of the demon called addiction; and a future stolen by a thief called Heroin. The poisons and perils of drugs have no boundaries and no limits, as we have seen first hand.

Yet, while we have lost one child, there is still hope and potential for our other children through education and learning from this personal experience of losing our loved one in the battle against drugs. There is no shame in this fight. We won't give up and our family will find the ways and the courage to speak out and to speak up about the dangers of drugs, not only for ourselves, but maybe we can save just one family from this great tragedy and they won't have to let go of a loved one, not even just a little...

Dee Boryla-Lett
Mom of a beautiful angel, Amanda

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