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## Requested Information Regarding Fentanyl Deaths

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Susan Carol [REDACTED]@gmail.com&gt;

Thu, Jan 23, 2025 at 11:11 AM

To: [REDACTED]@voicesforawareness.com" [REDACTED]@voicesforawareness.com&gt;

Joseph Mills Handley

10/21/1969 – 11/4/2020

Susan Chvala – [REDACTED]@gmail.com

Dear Sir or Madam:

On October 21 I gave birth to my son, Joseph Mills Handley. He was born at Research hospital in Kansas City, Missouri weighing in at 7 pounds 14 ounces.

Like other mothers who have a son will say, "He was the perfect child." Joe was a joy. He was kind, honest and never caused any problems as a child or as an adult.

Twenty-six months later I gave birth to a daughter who demanded a lot of attention leaving little time for Joe. I am sure that took its toll on a 3-year-old.

His father and I divorced when Joe was 7.

Meanwhile, my job offered me opportunities to move around the country. Joe and his sister attended many different schools growing up and I believe this may have contributed to the fact when Joe was grown, he lived in one state for most of his adult life as well as worked for the same company for 19 years.

Joe attended and graduated from Texas Tech in Lubbock, Texas. He was President of the UC Program and was very active in community projects such as serving the homeless meals during the holidays and helping fellow students achieve their goals.

Straight out of college, Joe worked for EDS. One of his fellow co-workers was fired from his job right before Christmas. Joe bought gifts for the man's family so his children could have a Merry Christmas. This was the

man my son was.

In his late 40s, being single and with most of his friends married with children, Joe started socializing with a younger crowd. People who I would consider not like the friends he usually surrounded himself with. He started going to bars and eventually met and fell in love with a woman who was hooked on drugs. Being the kind of person Joe was he thought he could help her kick the habit but in reality, she helped him to an addition. After Joe was addicted, she left him and broke his heart.

Joe never married. He had no children. He had lots of friends and co-workers who respected and thought highly of him. However, Joe was a very private person and only let a few into his personal life. He lived alone and spent time alone but when Covid happened, he reached out to his friends letting them know he was not pleased with not being able for him to be with them. Today, I realize that was because he had no access to drugs. To find drugs during Covid, Joe, who was tech savvy, resorted to the dark web. On what I believe was Friday May 8 he inhaled cocaine poisoned with fentanyl.

From May 9 through May 11 Joe's friends tried to reach him by phone and at his home. They contacted the police several times with no response to their concern. On May 11 they contacted the police and told them they were going to break Joe's door down and with that, the police responded. They had to break down his door. Upon entering they found Joe in the bathroom dead where he had been for at least 3 days.

That Monday morning, I received a phone call from the police department in Austin, Texas advising me that Joe had been found in his condo. I will never forget that awful day. Mothers' Day had been that weekend. Joe always called on special occasions so I wondered why he had not.

An autopsy and toxically report showed Joe had been poisoned with Fentanyl and Meth.

Even though Joe passed on Trump's watch, I do not blame Trump as he was building a wall to stop this type of action from happening in America. Today, thousands of people have died due to Fentanyl and yet Biden allowed the border to be open stating over and over it was secured. I thank Trump for acknowledging the Cartel as Terrorists. He should also declare Fentanyl a weapon of mass destruction as thousands of Americans have died because of it. And, because it comes in many forms, China can easily send a balloon over our Country and have it burst making a simple act as Biden saw it as a deadly weapon.

I will never get over the untimely death of my son. My first born. My only son. Each day I carry the guilt and regret not knowing that my son was in mental pain. He was an extraordinary person and I was honored to be his mother.

As a mother and an American citizen, I beg you, the government of the United States, to stand firm against fentanyl. The number of deaths since 2013 is staggering. It has to stop.

Thank you for listening to those of us who have lost a loved one because of Fentanyl.

Sincerely

Susan Chvala