



"Death Of The Mad Man": Design by Delora D. Klugh. Artwork by Tammy J. Mair. © 1994
Photograph courtesy of Seth Brown

GONE TOO SOON

DEATH OF THE MAD MAN (PART 11)

By Timothy S. Klugh

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I'm not sure how to start this entry. Seth was not related to me at all, yet he was a son to me.

It has been years since I saw Seth. Circumstances would have it that I wasn't really able to see him in the last few years. The only person who connected my life to Seth's was his sister whom I was once engaged to. Once the engagement ended I only saw Seth a few times more but that was long ago. As time went on I journeyed down other paths and I never got a chance to see Seth. Now I won't have the chance for the rest of my life.

The tale of my relationship with my former fiancée was a bitter part of my history, and the details of that experience are not needed here. For, the only point I need to make of it is that I was not the only one who suffered from her wrath. Seth, the youngest in her family, was a victim of her rage and ridicule as well.

Seth and I had a good friendship. It started out rough at first but that was because of the situation. My fiancée's family had a single parent in their home. That parent, their mother, passed away during the engagement period. The family was unstable so my fiancée and I decided to take care of her siblings and be their guardians. Because we were getting married, it seemed a good idea.

However, the family came into hard times and everything began to fall apart. My fiancée became a tyrant over her family. She chose which siblings she'd support and shunned the others. The one who was shunned the most was Seth.

Seth liked baseball. In fact, it was a great passion of his. He had quite a collection of baseball cards and would watch the games with much enthusiasm. His favorite team was the Toronto Blue Jays.

We did a lot of things together, just the two of us. One of our favorite things to do was to take a walk to the store to get a soda. The soda of choice was Crystal Pepsi. The walks allowed Seth to really get away from the strain. He and I would talk. It was our best place to discuss things. No one else was there to harass us. I think we both enjoyed the break very much.

He and I were quite a pair. We would play games, go bike riding, watch movies, and do other activities. We had a favorite television show that we watched together. It was called "*The Simpsons*". We tried never to miss a single episode. It was quite a funny show.

It surprised me to find out how little Seth's family cared about him. They were very selfish and callous people. They could be very mean. Seth and I both knew what it was like to be ganged up on or cast out.

I broke off the relationship before it was too late. I got out before I married. It was the best decision I could make at the time. I regretted one thing in doing so though. I knew Seth was alone there and would be the only one to suffer.

I heard that Seth went to live with his father, which eased my heart. I figured no more damage could be done to him. I didn't know that later his father would move away and Seth would have to return to his family.

I found out that a few days ago there was an argument. Seth and my former fiancée had a heated fight over something trivial. However, Seth was ganged up on again and in frustration went to be by himself. The topic of the argument was not the issue on his mind. Seth had been torn to pieces by his family and had given up. He threw a cord around a rafter in his basement ceiling and tied a noose in it.

Surely he had contemplated the decision many times before. The thought of being free of his pain was surely considered by him in other devastating moments in his past. No one else was there for him and he felt truly alone. The recent argument was not the reason, but was the final push.

My former fiancée called for him several times, but Seth didn't answer. She went searching for him and came across what certainly must have been of horrible sight.

The paramedics came to try to revive him but nothing could be done. Seth's life slipped away from his agonized body.

It was not the right decision. Suicide never is. Seth could have taken other paths and his world could have changed for the better. Now he must face whatever comes for him beyond his mortal existence.

His family has been crushed in the emotional strain. I feel sorry for my ex-fiancée's loss, but I blame her as well. Hopefully, she has been scarred to the point of changing her ways.

I've been thinking tonight if there was anything that I could have done for Seth, but I don't feel I would have had a chance. All this time I thought he was somewhere else. There wasn't much point in worrying about him when I felt he was in the arms of safety.

Seth had many dreams. He had more ambition than his family. His future would have put him far out of their reach. But he ended it short, and he was gone too soon for anything to happen. I understand why he felt he had to do it, but I'm truly sorry he ever did.

I hope Heavenly Father will go easy on him. He's been through a lot already, and my prayers are with him tonight.

Dedicated to Seth Brown

Died: Monday, November 3, 1997

at the age of 17.

(Completed: Friday, November 7, 1997, 11:00 PM)

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