

MY BROTHER, THE HERO

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Note: John's younger brother Michael was a Chicago Police Officer who was killed by a drunk driver while on duty.
This was the Eulogy that John wrote for his brother's funeral.

He was my best friend. As the eldest son I watched him grow from boy to man in what now seems like days. Being the baby was tough, but he always found a way to make us proud. Looking back now, I wish I had told him more how proud I was of him. After high school, Michael joined the army. "I want to see the world; I want to be all I can be."
MY BROTHER, THE HERO.

Basic training was tough, but he never complained. He was a Gordon after all and his achievements were great. He became an MP, saved a man in South Korea and was crazy enough to go Airborne. He saw death and destruction in Bosnia and was even pinned down by enemy fire with orders not to fire back. MY BROTHER THE HERO.

Police work called. It was a "family business" after all. But soon the quiet suburb and a stack of commendations were not enough. What he wanted was CPD. Finally, he'd arrived...A Chicago Police Officer, the childhood dreams come true...and he went into it like he did anything else...HEADFIRST. He volunteered for one of the worst districts in the country so he could learn more, and learn he did...In no time he proved to be a cops' cop, always there to back you, always hungry for the next felony, always chasing "the rock"...from beginning to shift's end he never dogged it. Inspiring others to do better, PRIDE...the early morning phone calls constant. "John, I got a felony arrest or John, I took down another dealer. Excitement in his voice, "John, I am making a difference.
MY BROTHER THE HERO.

Another early morning phone call came recently, but it was not to tell me of the latest conquest. After everything, I'd always thought him to be invincible, but My BROTHER, THE HERO was gone...Taken not by gun, or knife but by a drunk driver. "The Gordon Boys left to grieve, left without the toughest link, the eldest could not save the baby.

My worst nightmare a reality. I cursed the job, cursed the district, cursed the city...I screamed and cried. I regretted not telling him that I was proud of him...the he was truly a hero in my eyes...that he was my best friend. THAT I LOVED HIM.

But, Michael achieved what many of us never do. He lived his dream. And I find solace in that. MY BROTHER, THE LEADER, MY BROTHER THE MOTIVATOR, MY BROTHER THE "SUPER COP," MY BROTHER, MY HERO.