

Over the last few days, there has been a lot of speculation over what really happened surrounding the death of my wife, Deven, and I want my voice to be heard. Over the past decade, my wife has been very very sick. She had a serious mental illness and her addiction was a side effect. I loved her with ALL of my being. When she was her true self, she was an amazing wife, amazing mother and amazing friend. Deven had a huge heart, and she would never intentionally hurt her children or anyone that she loved. She was an incredibly nurturing, giving, loving, and hilarious person. She was full of life and joy, and she would do anything to share that with those around her. I tried to hide what was going on for so long in order to protect her, but because of this tragedy that has happened to my family, I feel that now is the time to share the truth with all of you. She is the reason I have advocated so hard for those struggling with their mental health. I want her story to inspire people to reach out for help, and not to be afraid or hide from their illness. If you know someone with a mental illness, have compassion and empathy, and know that they are not bad people, they are suffering. I want this to inspire change. I want California law to change to help people like me help others get the help they need. How can someone who is so sick realize themselves that they need help? She wasn't well enough to understand how sick she really was, and she wasn't able to get the help for herself that she really needed. This shouldn't have to happen to other mothers, or anyone for that matter. I'd give anything to have the chance to hold her again. I'd give anything for my kids to have their mother back. I have comfort in knowing that now she has found freedom from her illness, and she is finally at peace. Deven, I love you bebe. I'll never love anyone the way I loved you, and I'll never get over losing you. I promise I'll do everything in my power to raise our precious boys the right way, teach them the good values you wanted them to have so badly, and to break the cycle of abuse we both experienced as kids. I'll do everything I can to make your dreams that you had for the future come true in your memory. The tattoo down your back, from the poem I wrote for you when we started dating, said, "Even in death, I'll be by your side my love," in German. I swear one day I'll be there with you by your side when my ride here on earth is over. I love you, Luber.