



ADAM CHRISTOPHER DICK

September 26, 1994 – March 3, 2013

On March 3rd of 2013 Adam was looking forward to a bright future. He'd graduated from high school the previous June with a Double Dogwood (English/French) and the school's Renaissance Award for being a talented and active participant in all the fine arts disciplines. He had been working since then, trying to decide what to study, and had been volunteering at a local elementary school. He and I spent the morning getting his portfolio in order and applying for the digital animation program he was planning to start the following month at BCIT. He'd met the program representative the previous week and it had gone so well that we knew it was the right fit. He was feeling good and had never had any health concerns. After completing the registration process, I drove him to his job at the local Tim Horton's for the afternoon shift.

At 6:30 that evening my husband and I received a phone call from his supervisor telling us that Adam had collapsed while making coffee. We were there in minutes and his brother arrived not long after. There had been police officers in the restaurant who immediately started performing CPR, and they continued to work alongside the first responders and then the advanced life support unit. He was defibrillated nine times but never responded. Our 18 year old son left this life as easily as he'd entered it. He'd never had a single symptom of an arrhythmia disorder. The coroner's report was inconclusive. Tissue samples were sent for further genetic testing, but none of the more common cardiac disorders were detected. Adam's father, Gregory, older brother, Carl, and I have been working with Dr. Andrew Krahn and his associates through the BC Inherited Arrhythmia Program here in Vancouver.

Adam was an optimist and very funny. As a 'drama kid' he loved performing, showing a special talent for comic timing. He was also a writer and had once won a school writing award. He had recently discovered spoken word poetry and loved the combination of writing and performing. As for music, he played trombone in the school band when he was younger, and had recently started singing lead vocals in a band with friends. The last photo I have of him was taken during a performance at an open mic event five days earlier. Finally, he loved to draw, especially comics, and, as a child, spent thousands of hours in his private graphic world. He was the most all-around creative person I've ever known.

Adam was a good friend to both humans and animals. His life touched many others, and he was the sort of person who could be really relied upon for support due to his deep compassion and non-judgmental personality. He was also passionate about animals, volunteered at a raptor rehabilitation centre (OWL) and doted on his pets. The sport he most enjoyed was Australian Football. Our local youth club now presents a spirit award and a Grade 12 scholarship in his honour.

Losing Adam has left a huge hole in our lives. We hope that further research will shed light on SADS as a whole, and improve outcomes for many, even if we never learn the direct cause of Adam's death.

Andrea Pratt (Adam's mom), 2014

<https://youtu.be/O-IsNC7LF6Q>