

Our family is very grateful from the bottom of our hearts to everyone that has prayed for our family and those who have supported us in so many ways. We are especially thankful to everyone that has and continues to honor our daughter, Detective Deidre Mengedoht to help to ensure she will never be forgotten.

December 24th, 2018 is the worst day of my life and each day since then I live with remembering how and why. I should not have had to bury my daughter, no parent should have to bury their child. The settlement reached with MSD in no way will ease or bring closure to the pain in my heart for what my daughter went through on that horrible tragic day. It is said that time heals all wounds, but a pain like this doesn't heal, I'm having to learn to live differently and through it one day at a time.

Deidre should be here loving and raising her wonderful son, they had very special bond, she was as much his world as he was hers. He will always remember her and the bond they shared as he journeys through his life without his precious mother.

I know many people only know Deidre as a police officer and for the tragic way she died, I want people to know the way she lived... Deidre was not only an officer; she was a mother, daughter, sister, aunt, granddaughter, niece, cousin, and friend and had a deep love for God.

I remember as a child she loved to play with her baby dolls. I can still see her singing, fixing her hair, feeding and rocking her baby doll in the same rocking chair that I used to rock her to sleep as a baby. She used that same rocker when she was at our home with her son. Her favorite doll and this rocker still sit in my home, precious memories that I'll always have is now all that will be for the rest of my life.

I also cherish the many letters, drawings and cards Deidre gave me throughout her life. She always gave them with a big hug, smile and kiss and "I love you momma" while eagerly waiting for me to read, even as a grown woman she never lost her excitement for Chuck and I to read what she would write to us ... always so loving and from her heart. Deidre will never give me and Chuck another hug, kiss, card, or tell me "I love you momma". We will never again sit around the table hearing her laugh, never get to watch her love and raise her son, we will never get to hear her stories and hug her through her pain after a tough day at work when her heart was feeling heavy because she cared so deeply about people.

Deidre used to park her patrol car at our home and I remember looking out the window from my office seeing her leave for work, rushing to catch her to give her a hug and kiss. She would look towards the door waiting to see if I'm running through it and smile. Each night I would check to see that her patrol car was parked out front when her shift was over and thank God for keeping her safe.

As an officer Deidre was known for her acts of kindness and being humble even outside of working hours, she did it for the children, elderly and homeless in the community...because she cared and felt it was the right thing to do. Deidre would even go and welcome people who were moving into her division so they could know her and she would encourage them to reach out to her if they needed help. She would also go visit those she had met during prior incidents to encourage them to take the next right steps.

There are many wonderful stories people have told me about my daughter, the one I'll never forget is the mother that had lost more than one child and through her loses my daughter was there for her. This mother reached out to 2nd Division when my daughter was killed and lovingly talked to me about what my daughter did for her during the most painful and difficult time in her life. She shared how my daughter had heard the call over the radio and was waiting at her house so she didn't have to face coming home alone or people she didn't know. Deidre went to the funeral and burial of her daughter to be by this mother's side because she cared for people from her heart. I am so thankful for the time this mother spent with me; my heart still goes out to her in her loss.

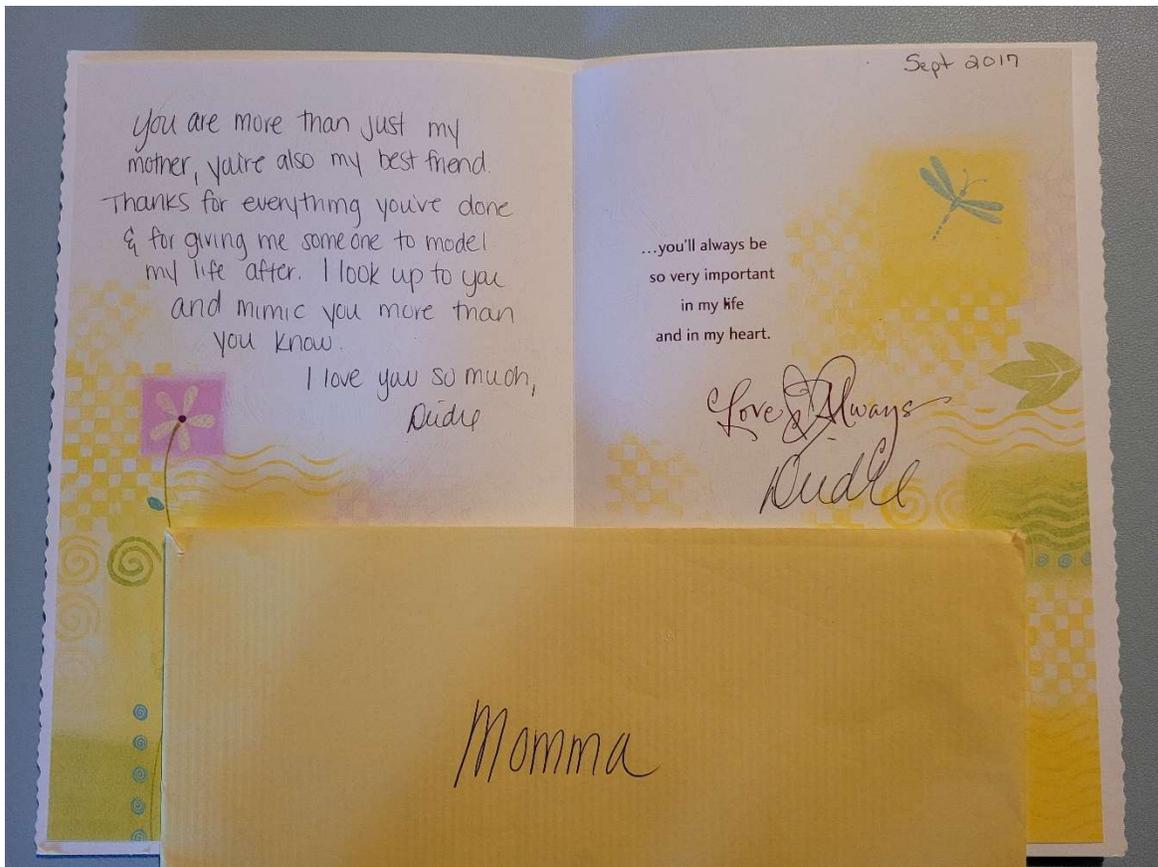
Many officers have a beautiful heart and became an officer to make a positive difference in our communities, like my daughter. My daughter wasn't perfect; she would tell you herself that Jesus is the only perfect one. Deidre's impact on others has been shown in their shared stories, respect and honoring of her both as an officer and a woman.

The woman behind the badge will always be our little girl and a loving devoted mother.

Brenda Young
Mother of a daughter with wings,
Detective Deidre Mengedoht



My birthday card from Deidre, Sept 2017



My last Mother's Day card from Deidre

