We'll never forget

Remembering
10 Lives Lost On
Utah Roads

2014 Teen Memoriam

We will not forget
The life that you lost,

A moment's mistake
For an everlasting cost.

We know what you left,
Your life and your light,

You left us your memories,
You left us your plight.

Your ending was short
But it gave us a choice,

We can heed your warning,
And follow your voice.

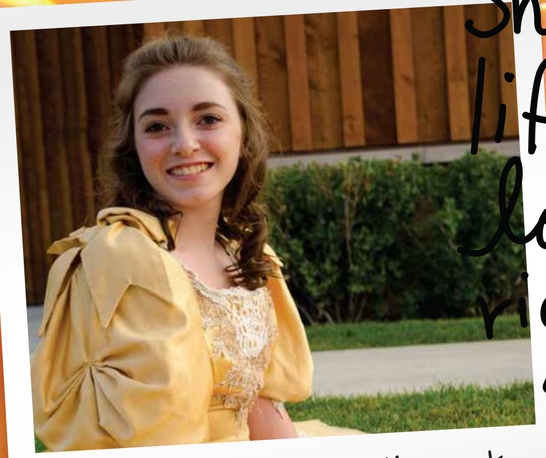
If we but listen
To the story you gave,

We can honor your life,
And more lives can we save.

By sharing the memories of those lost on Utah roads and learning from their experiences, we can honor their lives and choose to live ourselves. There's no need for others to meet this same fate. Read the stories of those who died—teens just like you—and remember that your potential is too great to risk losing. Drive smart; drive safe.

We would like to thank all the courageous families for sharing these stories that will help prevent others from dying in motor vehicle crashes.

She loved life and it loved her right back



Katherine "Katie" Joyce Hancock
Age 15
Eagle Mountain, Utah

Katie, the fourth of five children, was born on April 26, 1999 in Murrieta, CA. Her personality quickly earned her the nickname, "Queen Katherine." By the time she was five, it changed to "Tricky Chicky" because her ability to find and sneak sweet snacks amazed us all. She called the pantry "Pan-treat". Katie's strong personality was balanced by a soft heart. She idolized her sisters, adored her brothers, and loved watching T.V. snuggled close to family members with "Puppy" and "Blankie" (both of which she still slept with at age 15). Around age seven, Katie discovered she could get people to laugh by making funny faces and sounds, talents that she began working to improve every day. She loved to laugh, but having people laugh with her was even better. Katie also loved to draw and continually had a pen in her hand to create manga-style people and animals, especially ponies. She practiced everywhere-including the backs of two couches and, throughout middle school, on homework assignments.

We moved to Utah in 2008, and when it was time for 7th grade, Katie attended where her dad worked and kept him company in the car driving to and from American Fork for the next three years. Katie did well enough at school, but she cared more about friendships than getting high grades. With her open smile, genuine kindness, and efforts to cheer up and entertain, Katie made many, many friends.

Katie completed 9th grade in May, 2014, and discovered a hidden passion in June, Bikram Yoga. She loved every sweaty minute of the 5:30 a.m. class she attended six days a week. She was so excited and we were so proud of her determination and self-discipline. On July 21, 2014, Katie talked a friend into attending a ball at This Is the Place Heritage Park. They rented gowns and enjoyed swishing around the dance floor and curtsying. When two little girls shyly asked if she was Princess Belle, Katie beamed at them and said, "YES!"

On July 24, 2014, around 1:15 p.m., our family started a drive on SR-73 on the way to Tooele. I was working that day so the front seat was free and Katie got there first. David remembers everyone happily talking-then the car spinning. He called out, James, and Isaac replied, but Katie did not. David, James, and Isaac were taken to the Intermountain Medical Center in Murray. Paramedics pronounced Katie dead at the scene.

The other car reeked of alcohol and an open container of Jack Daniels was found. Tests later verified that the driver's blood alcohol level was almost twice the legal limit.

Our message is simple: DO NOT DRIVE if you've been drinking. Period. You aren't able to think clearly and it is NOT your right to endanger other people's lives simply because you have a driver's license. DO NOT DRIVE WITH ANYONE WHO HAS BEEN DRINKING. Period. No one is indestructible; you may never make it home.

Our home is too quiet now. Katie was love and light and laughter, and we miss her more than words can say. At school, David remembers her talking in the halls, by the lockers, and in his classroom. Katie's friends stop by to talk and share memories. We miss her witty and (often) sassy comments. I paint my nails an iridescent turquoise that reminds me of Katie's favorite color and bird, the peacock, and I wear a "Katie" necklace every day, even at yoga... sometimes I feel her with me during class. Her siblings have pictures of Katie in their rooms and memorial jewelry of their own. We try to talk about her often and laugh more because we know that's what she'd want, but there are days when the sorrow is almost unbearable. We just take one day at a time.

The Hancock Family,
David, Libby, Brittany, Audrey, James, Isaac... and Katie

"DO NOT DRIVE if you've been drinking. Period.... it is NOT your right to endanger other people's lives..."

He built a life he loved

Ryan McCutchen
Age 19
Roy, Utah

On June 25, 2014, we were packing up so we could close on the sale of our home the following Sunday. We had to be out by Monday. At about 1:00 p.m., two police officers came to our home. I immediately thought my son had somehow been in trouble. Not like him, but not entirely impossible either. Unfortunately, that would have been something to celebrate compared to the news we actually received. Our son had been involved in a fatal car crash at the intersection of Harrison and 12th Street in Ogden, Utah. He was killed almost instantly.

He and a friend were driving to the lake for a get-together. I still don't know the reason they were coming the direction they were, but a bad decision on the driver's part put them on a collision course with a full-size pickup truck. My son and his friend were in a Nissan Sentra. My son's friend made a last second left hand turn into oncoming traffic which was traveling between 50-60 miles per hour. The driver of the truck didn't have time to stop. My son, Ryan, took almost the full impact of the crash. The wheels were knocked off of the car my son was in and his door was embedded into the grill of the pickup. Both drivers walked away from the crash.

He was an amazing kid. I don't even think we realized how amazing he was until we'd lost him. His passion was music, he was truly gifted. He learned how to play the guitar, drums, and piano, all within about six months. Another one of his gifts and passions was acting. He spent some time both in front and behind the scenes at several school plays and was amazing to watch. Ryan loved playing Magic: The Gathering with his friends and absolutely loved his longboard... don't even think about calling it a skateboard! And, most importantly, he loved Jesus.

Ryan lived for his friends. They were always his priority, above everything else. He was an amazing listener. As we learned in the days after his death, he helped more people than we ever imagined deal with and avoid self-harm and suicide. A group of boys that Ryan was close to served as our pallbearers - something that was too devastating for me to ask of the adults in his life, so I asked his closest friends.

Our entire family is close and has been greatly affected by his death. He was the first and only grandson for eight years. Our church family was amazing after Ryan was killed. People we didn't even know came to our aid. Our family lived all over the country and Roy Christian Church provided us with a place to come together on a regular basis to spend time together.

Ryan was loved by so many people that we were completely overwhelmed at the support we received during the hardest part of our lives. His little sisters adored him and we aren't sure how to go on without him. We miss him, more than can be described. We will never be the same. Ryan was fortunate to spend his last moments with someone he cared deeply about. We were fortunate it wasn't worse. Forgiveness has been instrumental in our healing, which is still a long way off.

Whenever you get into a car, please, PLEASE, remember it isn't just you that is affected by the decisions you make when you are driving. You are responsible for more people than just yourself when you are behind the wheel. The consequences are farther reaching than anyone would ever want to experience.

Our son is gone. Some days his memory sparks laughter, and others, a torrential downpour of tears. We love and miss him more than can be expressed and hope he can make yet one more difference in someone's life.

"Whenever you get into a car, please, PLEASE, remember it isn't just you that is affected by the decisions you make when you are driving."

He made the world a better place

Ryker Lance Dattage
Age 18
Hyde Park, Utah

As part of a weekend family reunion in Bear Lake, Ryker enjoyed a Friday night rodeo with his family and friends. He hugged his family, including his brother, parents, and grandparents, good-bye as he departed to drive a friend back to Cache Valley. As he left he said, "I'll see you in the morning at the finish line,"referring to a 5K race that family would be running the following morning. Ryker was up early Saturday morning with every intention of cheering on his family members as they finished the race. Ryker's bank statements showed that he stopped at both Taco Bell and McDonalds before starting his drive through Logan Canyon to Bear Lake.

His family ran the 5K race and found it odd that Ryker was not at the finish line, as he had promised. They enjoyed breakfast together and later gathered at the beach for boating. Family members continually asked, "Where is Ryker?" His parents were unable to reach him on his cellphone. Word spread around Bear Lake that a terrible accident had occurred in Logan Canyon. We assumed Ryker was held up behind the accident or had stopped to assist and this was causing his delays.

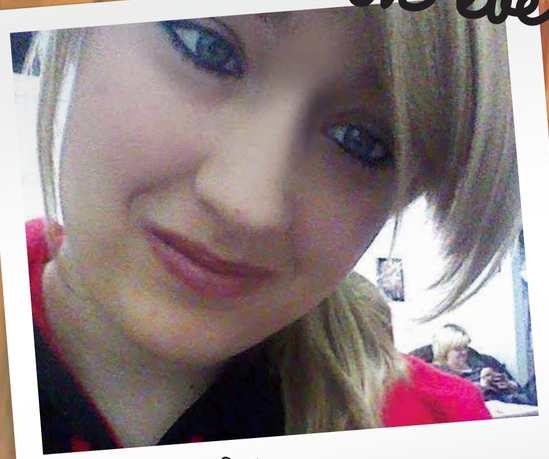
By early afternoon, law enforcement officials reached Ryker's Dad on the phone and later, in person to family members with shocking and terrible news. Ryker was in a fatal, head-on collision, while traveling north through Logan Canyon to Bear Lake. Police think Ryker fell asleep while driving and crossed the center line. The vehicle he struck was carrying a Boy Scout troop driving home from a scouting trip. Thankfully, the passengers in the other vehicle received only minor injuries.

Ryker was 18-years-old at the time of the crash. He had just graduated from Sky View High School and had received an L.D.S. mission call to serve for two years in South Dakota. He was a member of the debate team, an Eagle Scout, an avid skier, and the funniest guy in Hyde Park. His accident was a terrible loss not only to his family but to his community.

Ryker loved his church, his family, and his friends. He also loved trucks, semis, cars, and anything with an engine. He wanted to work with his dad, uncle, and grandpa in their family towing and hauling business. More than that though, he wanted to be a nice guy who loved other people, had time for them, and made them happy. We miss him every single day! We miss that big grin he had, his funny jokes, and the way he made us feel. Ryker, we will "see you at the finish line!"

"I'll see you in the morning at the finish line."

She found beauty in everything



Angel Stringfellow
Age 19
Ogden, Utah

"One simple decision to put on a seat belt could have saved my daughter's life... and it will save yours!!!"

To all students and young drivers,

Our Angel baby, the second of three beautiful girls, was going to be named Cherokee Delaney but her father and I couldn't decide on her name. Just minutes after she was born, the doctor said, "Look at this beautiful child! You should name her Angel because she looks just like a little Angel." And so she got her name. She had big, beautiful blue eyes and perfect rosebud lips that formed a perfect little "O" that looked just like an angel singing praises. She was the happiest, funniest little girl and always smiling.

Angel was born in Pascagoula, Mississippi and was a total country girl, she loved every living person and living thing. As a kid, she loved to play and get dirty, and I (as her mom) loved to dress her in frills and ruffles. She was happy to oblige me, always knowing, somehow, that this was something momma needed. She had a perfect innocence about her.

She loved to help people less fortunate than herself. She was a peer tutor throughout school and loved to help the children with disabilities. She wanted to be a therapist for them. She spent her high school years as a typical teenager. She overcame many learning disabilities and just blossomed into an amazing, beautiful butterfly. During her senior year, she was a cheerleader at Ben Lomond High School. Angel did anything and everything she could to participate in all of the dances, games, and school functions. Then came her graduation. She was the first girl in our family to graduate in such a long time. The pride that I had that day was overwhelming. After that, Angel just tried to pack a lifetime into her last three months on this earth. She got her own apartment, a good job, and her first car. Oh that car...

On October 9, 2014, at 2:35 p.m., I came home from work to find two State Troopers at my door asking what my relationship was to Angel Stringfellow. I knew at that time that my baby was in trouble, I just didn't realize how much trouble and that life as we knew it was now over.

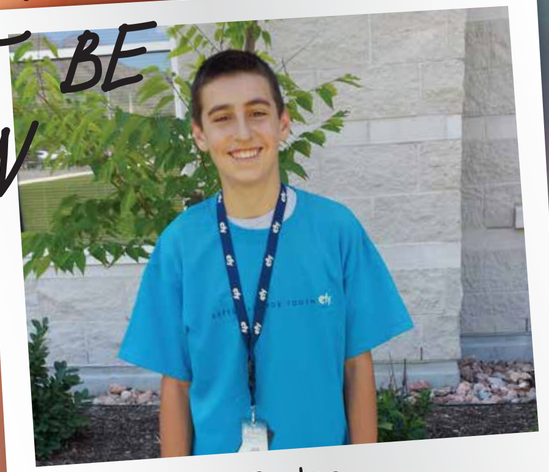
My daughter and her very good friend decided to go to St. George and check out Dixie State College. They were on their first-ever road trip through southern Utah. I don't know a lot about what happened. Did my baby suffer? Was it immediate? What really happened? So many questions that may never be answered.

From what I understand, Angel and her friend were going southbound on I-15 and when she went around a bus, her tire blew out. She over corrected and went down an embankment, rolling her car. She and her friend were ejected. Angel lost her life due to head trauma and blunt force trauma to the lower extremities. Her friend has permanent trauma to her body that she will have to live with for the rest of her life, but she survived. In a matter of seconds, so many people's lives changed. The only thing we have left are memories. Though we treasure every beautiful memory we have, we can't get past the feeling of loss and the hole that is gaping in our hearts with no way to heal the pain.

As parents, we love you! We truly only want the best for you. It's not just lectures, rules, and controlling ways. You don't always know when something bad is going to happen. When I read the stories about the other children who left us so suddenly, they were all taught to wear their seat belts but for some reason, on those days they didn't. One simple decision to put on a seat belt could have saved my daughter's life... and it will save yours!!! FOR GOD'S SAKE put on your seat belt, go the speed limit, and pay attention to what's going on around you! Don't let your family lose you. Your life is so precious. You hear all of this every day, apply it. There is a reason why we tell you things-we love you. I'll never see my daughter get married, have babies, or grow as a woman. I'll never get to say "I love you" to her again. That's something I think of everyday. There isn't a day that I don't cry and miss her. I get angry. I scream. The reality is, my baby is never coming back. Never is such a long time. Please think about not only your family, but think about your FUTURE self and know that you have a future, so protect it.

All of our love,
The Child Family (Brett, Angela, Megan, Ashley, AuBree & Kyle)

His Light and Life Will Not Be Forgotten



Jacob Carlos Santos
Age 15
West Jordan, Utah

Jacob was a fun loving, easy-going 15-year-old. He was born on October 18, 1998 on his mother's birthday. She could not have asked for a greater gift, a true bundle of joy. Jacob had a passion for music, including playing the piano and singing. He enjoyed hiking, hunting, baseball, and participating in school plays. He loved playing cards and horsing around with his siblings, cousins, and friends. Jacob had a funny personality and you could always count on him for a laugh. His fun-loving personality made it easy for him to make friends. He was very independent and a great example to all.

On August 23, 2014, Jacob and his grandmother, Ruth Nelson, were coming home from the Box Elder County Fair in Tremonton, Utah. Jacob had his learner permit and had already completed a driving course that summer. He was in need of more driving hours so he could get his license on his 16th birthday. His grandmother willingly let him drive her home because that's what loving grandmas do. They exited off of I-15 in Perry, Utah heading toward Highway 89. He came to a stop sign on Highway 89 where there was a high-profile truck making a right hand turn. He came to a stop, then proceeded to pull out in order to turn left onto the highway. Jacob did not see a truck in the other lane that was hidden from view by the truck turning right. As a result, they were T-boned by the oncoming truck on Jacob's side of the car. They were both wearing their seat belts, but the impact was so strong that they both died on impact. The driver of the truck that struck Jacob was physically unharmed.

Jacob was wearing his seat belt, he was a cautious driver and he was not driving recklessly. Drugs and alcohol were not a factor. But he had a lack of experience being a new driver. The lesson that we have learned and that we hope to share with others, and maybe save lives is this: Are we paying attention when we have a teenager just learning to drive? Or are we just passengers? We need to keep in mind that we are instructors who need to be paying attention 110% of the time. They depend on us to help them make good driving decisions. It doesn't mean that Jacob's grandmother was to blame. However, how many accidents could be prevented if we paid closer attention? We cannot bring our son back and do things differently, but we hope and pray that we can all learn from this experience.

We all miss Jacob and wish he was still here with us. He truly touched the hearts of everyone he met. We know that we will see him again and we will be together forever.

The Brown and Santos Family,
Robert, Deanne, Sara, Jessica, Samantha, Isaac, Porter, Connor, and Elizabeth

"Are we paying attention when we have a teenager just learning to drive? Or are we just passengers? They depend on us to help them make good driving decisions."

life gave her wings, and she flew

Cambrie Allyn Cozzens
Age 18
Riverton, Utah

Cambrie loved everything to do with art and pottery club. She filled hundreds of sketch pads with her drawings, doodles, poems, songs, and art. She was a passionate equestrian and had a natural ability to connect with horses. Cambrie began riding lessons at the age of 10. She and her mom shared endless days with her horse/best friend Rio (Quiet Riot) at Rose Ranch Stables, and she competed in horse shows as a member of the Utah Hunter Jumper Association. She loved car rides, traveling all over the U.S. with her dad, playing games, laughing with family and friends, and hour-long showers where she sung for the world to hear. Cambrie had a very close and unique relationship with her brother, Chase. She had so many friends of all ages and loved them all unconditionally.

We adopted Cambrie as a baby. She reached out to her birth mother several years ago and, soon after, reached out to her birth father as well. Cambrie was the glue that put everything together and made everybody feel comfortable and accepted... she brought all of our families together. She attended Riverton High School for most of high school but during her senior year, she was blessed to live with her birth mother and family in Tooele, where she graduated from Stansbury High School.

After Cambrie moved back home, she worked at AA Callisters in the Tack Department and loved being a part-time nanny for "her boys." She was looking forward to spring semester at Salt Lake Community College and her future with her boyfriend, Nick. Her dream was to become a psychologist, using horses to help troubled kids.

But everything changed on November 9, 2014. Cambrie and her boyfriend were in a crash on their way to a friend's mission farewell. She was sitting in the front passenger seat and took the full force of the crash. Cambrie was killed instantly.

Always cherish those who you love and remember that relationships with a loved one can change in an instant. We would have given almost anything to tell Cambrie goodbye or to give her one last hug. She was so full of life! Her death has left such a big empty place in our lives and our hearts.

Ironically, Cambrie and her mom attended the Zero Fatalities presentation along with her driver education class at Riverton High School in 2011. We are so thankful for this project and hope it will help people just take a second or two more to check both ways.

"We would have given almost anything to tell Cambrie good-bye or to give her one last hug."

"Nick" Nickolas Pete Stamatakis was born on March 23, 1999. He was a sweet, caring, loving young man right from the start. He loved making us laugh and absolutely idolized his older sister.

Nickolas was naturally curious and loved taking things apart just to see how they worked. His goal was to become a diesel mechanic, which didn't surprise any of us in the least.

He had a great love of the outdoors. Camping, hunting, fishing, skateboarding, but most of all riding his dirt bike. He got his first one for Christmas when he was five. We taught him to be careful, wear his safety gear, and always ride with respect.

On August 16, 2014, our lives all changed. Nickolas was riding his dirt bike when he collided with the trailer of a diesel truck while riding home. He had on a helmet and goggles. The only thing he could've done differently was stop before crossing the highway.

In a split second our sweet son, brother, uncle, and grandson was gone. He had ridden where he wrecked a million times. He and his friends had played on those hills for years.

We aren't entirely sure what happened at the time of Nickolas' crash. The road he had to cross isn't heavily traveled, but it is used by coal trucks in our area, which gives people a false sense of security. He was literally two minutes from home. He was only 15 years old and, like any kid his age, thought nothing like this could happen to him. Unfortunately, for our family, it did.

We want anyone who reads our fallen rider's story to take away a lesson from it. No matter how unlikely it seems, things can happen to any of us at any time. So practice the best safety you can with any and every motorized vehicle or situation.

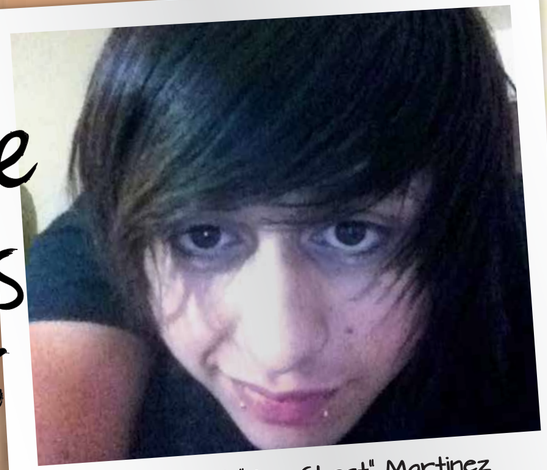
With our love, Nick's family

"He was literally two minutes from home. He was only 15 years old and, like any kid his age, thought nothing like this could happen to him."

Nickolas Stamatakis
Age 15
Wellington, Utah

His every moment lives in our memories

He was an Artist and Life was his canvas



Joseph Michael "Joe Ghost" Martinez
Age 16
Ogden, Utah

Our dearest Joe, you were taken from us way too soon... Riding your skateboard and a truck hit you, then drove off. The driver didn't bother to call 9-1-1. They left you to die and a second car ran over your head. If they would have called, Joe, you would be alive today. Our hearts bleed every day for you. This tragedy has torn our family apart.

You were born on August 16, 1998 at 10:20 a.m. and had just turned 16. You were learning how to drive. You loved to play your guitar, especially for your sisters, Brittany and Savannah. You loved going to the skate park, concerts, and hanging out with friends. You knew you had your future career already in mind by being a gamer - "Joe Ghost" - on YouTube. Then boom, hit and run on November 1, 2014 at 10:20 p.m.

Every time you met a person in need, your words would change their mood. You always, always had the secret to help cheer someone up, especially your friends. Joe, your hugs were the best healing, therapeutic thing in the world.

The only good experience that has come out of this is that you had decided to be an organ donor, and now, two people have sight. Your name is engraved on the Celebration of Life Monument at Library Square in Salt Lake City. Our family connection with Gorgon Skatelights has also been a blessing. Please, everyone that rides a bike, skateboard, and who enjoys walking and running, visit their website and sign the petition to save other lives.

We know that if you were able to share a message with others, it would be, "Don't ride in the streets. Wear bright clothes if you are riding at night. Take the time to be aware of your surroundings. Like everyone and love your family because life is short. Yesterday is history and tomorrow is a mystery, so enjoy! I choose you!"

Love your hugging-you-right-this-second family,

Casey (mom), Joe (dad), Brittany and Savannah (sisters), Kelly (grandma), Grandma Fackrell, Ed (grandpa), Nate (uncle), Lauren (aunt), Nason, Zane, Brooklynn, and Kennedy (cousins), and many, many friends and family

"You always, always had the secret to help cheer someone up, especially your friends."

For the rest of my life, I will remember the evening of July 9, 2014. My wife, Pam, was at Girls Camp and something told me to stay at work late to finish some projects that needed to be completed by the end of the week. I got home around 10:15 p.m. and 10 minutes later received a phone call. When I answered, I heard a frantic voice on the other end telling me my daughter had just been in a terrible roll-over crash at mile marker 36 on I-15. He then hung up. I could not believe what I just heard. I immediately called the number back, but no one answered.

I jumped in my car to rush to the scene from our home in St. George. As soon as I backed out of the garage, a thought came to my mind that Natalie was dead. I told myself to stop thinking negative thoughts. Then, it came to me again that Natalie was gone. After fighting these thoughts for 10 minutes, I started preparing myself. For the next 20 minutes while I was driving, I thought about what was sure to be at the scene of the crash.

As I approached mile marker 32, all I could see through my tears were flashing lights. Two fire trucks, three troopers, and a paramedic. I pulled in between two of the vehicles. I jumped out of my car as I saw a body lying on the shoulder of the road, covered by a blanket. I knew it was Natalie. As I ran to her, a Highway Patrol officer and the firemen grabbed me and held me back. Natalie was gone. Not for a few days or a few weeks, but forever.

Natalie was our youngest. She was 19 when she died. Her car rolled across the median on the freeway and she was ejected through the windshield. Since she was not wearing her seat belt, Natalie did not have a chance to survive the crash.

I sat on the ground next to my car and waited for the mortuary to come take Natalie's body. I cried. I prayed. Time seemed to just stop while I was in such agony. I could not believe my beautiful little girl was gone. Just two hours before, life was great. In a single second, our family's life would change. Then I realized that I needed to make one of the most difficult phone calls of my life. I called each of Natalie's brothers and sisters to tell them what had happened... there was a terrible car crash and Natalie did not survive.

Natalie was an amazing friend to everyone she met. We all adored her, especially her siblings, nieces, nephews, and cousins. In that split second, the last second of her life, thousands of lives would forever be changed. As we think of Natalie, it is impossible to not think of all the times we will never have with her again. Birthdays, holidays, vacations, as well as hugs and kisses, all gone.

We don't know what the outcome would have been had Natalie been wearing her seat belt. We do, however, know the outcome of Natalie not wearing her seat belt that night. We love her. We miss her.

Cliff Holt, Natalie's dad

"We don't know what the outcome would have been had Natalie been wearing her seat belt. We do, however, know the outcome of Natalie not wearing her seat belt that night."

Her gift was life, She showed us how to live

Natalie "Nat" Paige Holt
Age 19
St. George, Utah

Candace Jo Wines was ambitious, polite, outgoing, friendly, and was always the first to tell the truth whether you liked it or not. If she didn't, guilt would consume her to the point of tears. She always knew what she wanted to be and set many of her life goals at a very young age. She did whatever it took to accomplish her goals and be successful. With graduation drawing near, she was on track to compete her associate degree. She loved the challenge of her classes and the physical challenges in her weight training class as well. Her hard work in school did not go unnoticed and her little brother, Dylan, was able to receive her diploma on her behalf.

She loved many people and many people loved her. The community support after her death was amazing. It was overwhelming to see how many lives she touched. The stories are still coming as the year mark of her death approaches.

Every time the door opens I wait and long to see her come through it, happy and wanting to be held again. The reality is, it will never happen again. We are heartbroken and don't know what to do with this empty spot that she once filled. As the days go by, we have found many things that indicated Candi was unknowingly showing us the path we needed to take after her death. From finding her belongings packed so she could move out on her 18th birthday, December 5, 2014, to the items she wanted displayed at her viewing and how she wanted her headstone... as unique and beautiful as herself.

On October 31, 2014, Candi and her fiancé, Lander Kern got ready for Halloween. They also helped Candi's little brother and sister, Tanner and Hailey, get ready. Then they were off. Not to a Halloween party, but to visit each of their grandparents that lived in the Ogden area.

On my way home from work my, fiancé, Fred Hess, called to let me know he was on his way home, coming north from Brigham City, and that he saw Lander's truck heading south. They had just passed the cement plant... little did we know what was about to happen.

I got home, changed into my Halloween costume, and took pictures of the kids in their costumes. A few minutes later, I received the call from Lander saying in a very calm voice, "We got in a wreck and I need you here. I can't wake her up." He was so very calm, I think he was in total shock. He said they were near Willard Bay and that he could hear sirens so help was on the way.

I yelled at Fred, "We have got to go NOW! Candi has been in crash!"

When we got in the car, I called my family... I couldn't reach anyone as it was Halloween night. The whole time we were trying to get to Candi, I felt her spirit with me, telling me she had hurt her head, her fingers, left leg, and side. She was hurt bad. I kept calling everyone. I felt like we needed somebody to get to McKay Dee Hospital, that if she was going to a hospital it would be there.

I called Lander. He told me they were going to Brigham City Hospital and that Candi was already there. Fred called his sister to pick up Candi's siblings and let them to stay at her house until we came back home.

As we were getting closer to the hospital, I could feel Candi's spirit telling me that she fought as hard as she could, but she had to let go now. I cried so hard when she let me know... I knew we had lost her, but there I had to hold on to even a spark of hope that she would be okay.

We beat Lander to the hospital and Candi wasn't there yet. Lander didn't understand what was going on, he was told she was already there. They wouldn't let me talk to Lander except for a brief moment when he got out of the ambulance. While we sat in the waiting room, they told us Life Flight was there and everyone was working on her, but that it didn't look good.

When the hospital psychiatrist came in and let us know that Candace didn't make it, the pain filled every fiber of my being. They informed us that as Candi was passing a semi-truck, her truck was sucked toward the semi and she over corrected, flipping into the median. She was ejected out of the driver's side window and Lander ended up tucked in the backseat. Thankfully, he was able to escape out the back window with only a few scrapes. Another semi-truck had blocked oncoming traffic so they wouldn't get injured more.

Incidentally, the facial injuries Candi's fiancé suffered from the accident were in the exact same places that Candi had created fake injuries on her youngest brother, Tanner, for his Halloween makeup just earlier that evening.

Candi's crash was due to lack of driving experience. She needed more time to develop her driving skills before driving on the highway for long distances. As her siblings are learning to drive, I want them to feel confident in their driving skills before getting behind the wheel solo or driving a long distance.

She is our angel that left us on mile marker 355.

She was our favorite hello, and our hardest goodbye

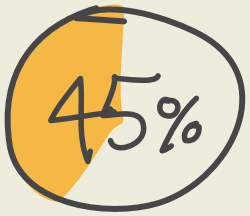
Candace Jo Wines
Age 17
Garland, Utah

"She is our angel that left us on mile marker 355."

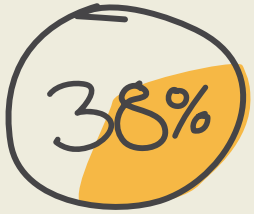
2014 teen crash statistics

29 teens lost their lives on Utah roads*

*A fatal crash is defined as a crash involving a motor vehicle traveling on a traffic way resulting in the death of at least one person within 30 days of the crash (Utah Department of Public Safety)

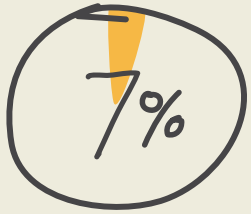


DRIVERS



PASSENGERS

PEDESTRIANS



MOTORCYCLE DRIVERS

OF THE 29 TEENS KILLED IN 2014

62% were male

55% on weekdays

62% single vehicle crashes

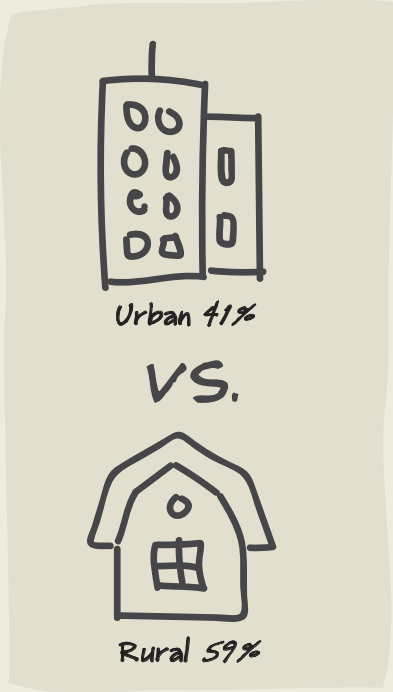
ALMOST HALF

of all teen occupants killed were

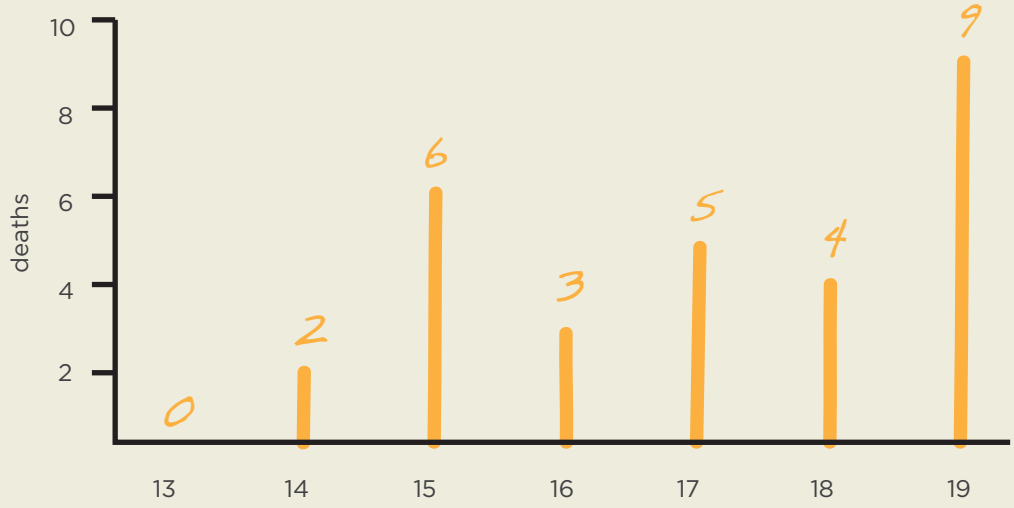
NOT BUCKLED UP

Teens have the lowest seat belt use of any age.

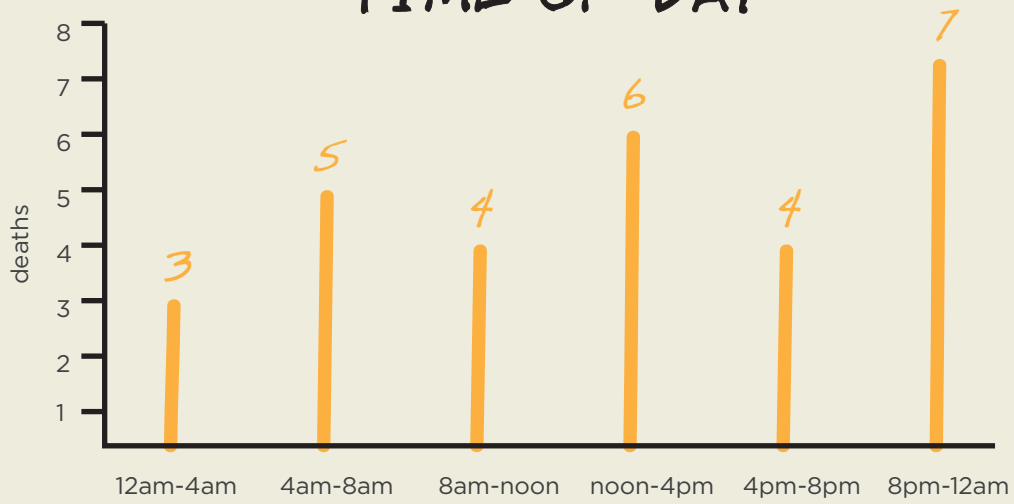
Since the Utah Graduated Driver License (GDL) laws went into effect in 1999, there has been a 65% decrease in the rate of teens ages 15-17 killed in motor vehicle crashes (Utah Department of Health).



AGE OF TEEN DEATHS



TIME OF DAY

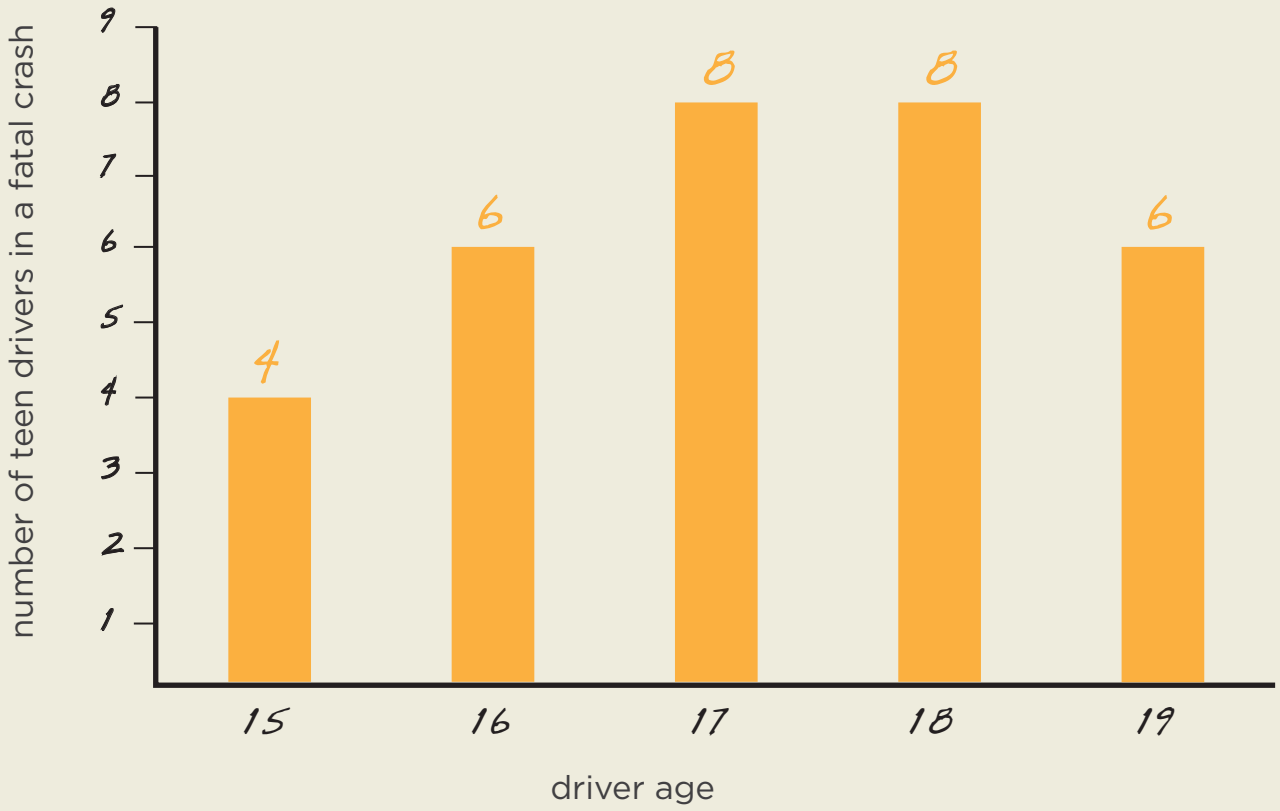


Teen Driver Statistics

In 2014, 32 teen drivers were involved in fatal crashes; a total of 33 people were killed in these crashes, including 15 of the 32 teen drivers. In 2014, teen drivers were 1.8 times more likely to have a contributing factor in a fatal crash than drivers of other ages.

- 31% EXCESSIVE SPEED
- 19% FAILED TO STAY IN PROPER LANE
- 16% DISREGARDED A TRAFFIC SIGNAL
- 16% OVER CORRECTED
- 13% FAILED TO YIELD THE RIGHT OF WAY
- 6% DRIVER WAS DISTRACTED
- 6% DRIVER SUFFERED A MEDICAL ILLNESS
- 6% FATIGUE
- 6% RECKLESS DRIVING
- 6% DRIVER SWERVED
- 6% VEHICLE DEFECT
- 6% VISION OBSCURED BY ANOTHER VEHICLE
- 3% DRIVER WAS UNDER THE INFLUENCE
- 3% IMPROPER LANE CHANGE
- 3% VISION OBSCURED BY GLARE
- 3% DRIVING ON WRONG SIDE OF THE ROAD

AGE OF TEEN DRIVERS IN A FATAL CRASH

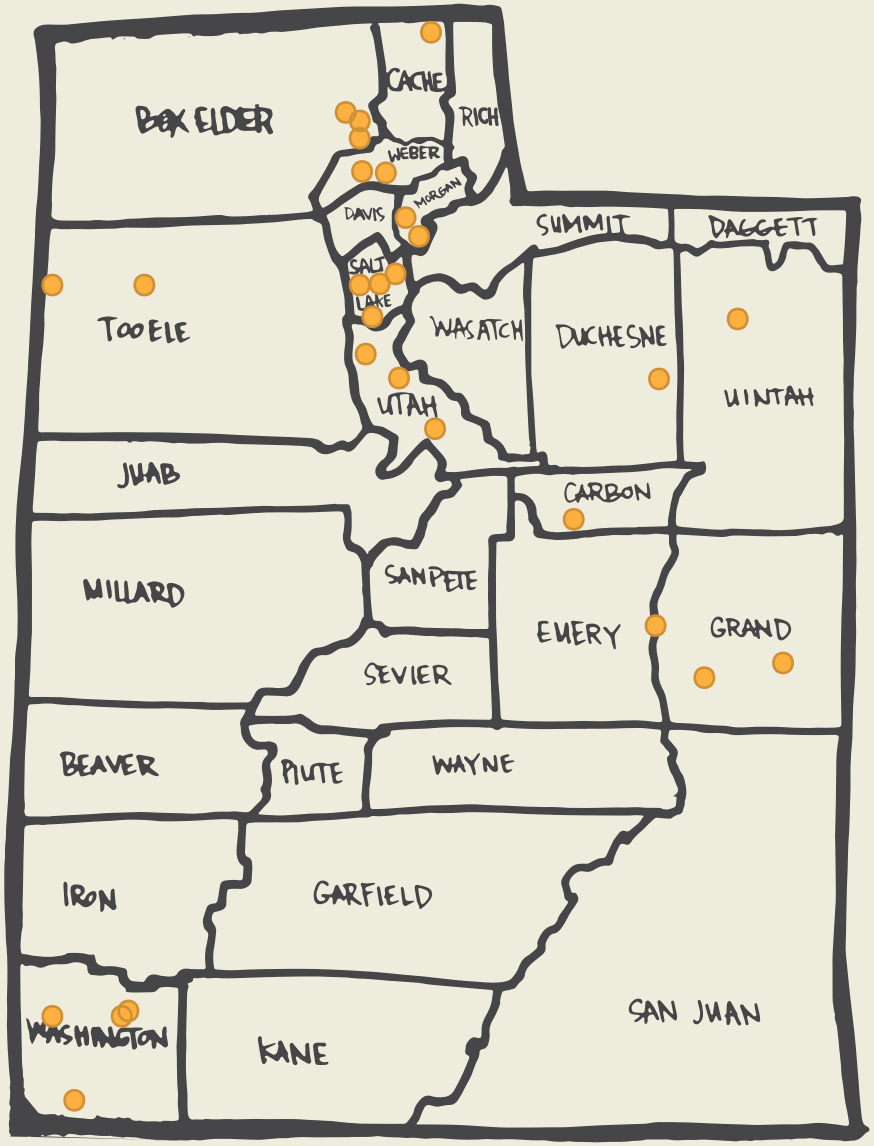


Nationally, crash fatality rates (crash fatalities/100,000 population) are highest for 16- to 17-year-olds within the first six months after getting their license — and remains high through age 24.

Source: The Children's Hospital of Philadelphia Research Institute and State Farm Insurance Companies ®. 2013.

2014

Utah teen Motor Vehicle fatalities



How to use this book to save lives

For the past seven years, families have courageously shared their stories on how they lost their teen on Utah roads. Their hope in sharing these stories is that others never have to feel the pain of losing a loved one in a car crash. Please learn from these stories. Talk with your loved ones, friends, classmates, and students about these tragic stories and set rules for your car and whenever you ride in a car.

When reading these stories, please consider the following questions:

- What caused the crash?
- Could it have been prevented?
- What rules can you set while you are driving or riding in a car that can help avoid this type of crash?

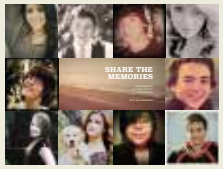
Remember to be sensitive and to not place blame on any one person. Rather, focus on the principles that can be applied to encourage safe driving. Point out actions that are dangerous and should be avoided.

This book would not be possible without support from the following organizations:

Utah Department of Health
Utah Department of Transportation
Utah Department of Public Safety
Utah Teen Driving Task Force

To view Teen Memoriams from previous years visit

DONTDRIVESTUPID.COM



2013

2012

2011

2010

2009

2008

2007

HONOR THEIR LIVES BY CHOOSING TO DRIVE SAFELY.

DON'T DRIVE STUPID

zero Fatalities® *A Goal We Can All Live With*

DontDriveStupid.com