



A landscape photograph showing a paved road on the left that curves towards the right. The road is bordered by a field of dark, jagged rocks. The sky is a mix of orange and blue, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The overall mood is somber and reflective.

No more status updates and no more profile pictures. No more comments and no more “likes.” No more friend requests and no more followers. All they left behind are memories of how it was and dreams of how it could have been. Too brief was the life they lived, and long gone is their potential to become great.

But we can share their memory and learn from their experience. Now is the time to choose to live. There’s no need for others to meet the same fate. Read the stories of those we’ve lost—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 their stories to help prevent other teens from dying in motor vehicle crashes.

# Amanda “Mandi” Gail Brown



loves horses, camping, country music, the ocean and shopping



16 | Brigham City, UT



“...the most important thing we can do is talk to our teens about wearing their seat belts...”

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Amanda was 16 years old and had just completed her junior year at Box Elder High School in Brigham City, Utah. Amanda was an amazing girl. She was full of life and lived life to the fullest. She was funny, caring, happy, beautiful, friendly, outgoing and a prankster. Amanda loved riding horses, mudding, camping, listening to country music, going to bonfires and spending time with family and friends. She also loved the ocean and boogie boarding. She loved auto shop and bought an '85 Chevy Blazer 4x4. She also loved her 4-wheeler. She would go find a mud puddle and get stuck, muddy or both. Amanda didn't care how much trouble she would get in—it was worth it.

Amanda was born in Lodi, California. In 2007 we moved to Utah. She was the baby of the family. She had three older brothers who made her tough. She loved shooting guns and wanted to go hunting. Amanda also loved animals. She wanted to be a vet or a horse trainer. She was perfect and so fun to be with. She was my shopping buddy and her Daddy's mud angel. Amanda and I had just gotten back from California the day before the accident. I am thankful I had 10 fun days with her in California.

On June 28, 2013 our lives changed forever. The Brigham City Police Department knocked on our door at 5:30 p.m. and told us our daughter was in a single car accident and in critical condition. They were flying her to the University of Utah Medical Center. Amanda left home that day around 1:00 p.m. and was going to Malad, Idaho with two friends. On their way back from Malad, the driver overcorrected getting on to I-15 and lost control of the truck. The truck rolled down an embankment about six times. Amanda and the other passenger, Tyler Stuart, were ejected from the truck and landed in the middle of I-15. A semi-truck blocked the freeway so the teens would not get run over.

Her friend died instantly and Amanda was in critical condition. She was face up on the road and had suffered severe brain damage, a broken neck and a laceration from her forehead over her eye and to her ear. She was in the deepest coma someone could be in. When we saw our baby girl, she was bruised, scraped, cut and her face was so swollen that she didn't look like Amanda. After five days in a coma, we had a meeting with the doctors and talked about the quality of life she would have.

Basically, she would never wake up or be able to do anything. That wasn't any kind of life for her or us. We made the decision to take her off life support and let her go. On July 5, 2013, our angel returned home. A piece of our hearts died with her.

The driver broke his back in the crash. It was his second rollover accident in a year... he was only 18 years old. The Highway Patrol officer told us that the teens were not wearing their seat belts. Amanda always wore her seat belt. My husband and I learned at the hospital from her friends that the seat belts in her friend's truck didn't always lock. We don't know what caused the crash; the driver wasn't speeding, texting or talking on his phone. There were no alcohol or drugs involved.

Amanda told us that she wanted to be an organ donor. We donated her liver, kidneys, pancreas and heart valves. Her heart and lungs were too damaged from the crash to donate. She saved four lives and we've met the little girl who got her right kidney. It helps us because Amanda is still here and something good came out of our loss. Amanda will always be loved and missed by her family and friends. She was our mud angel.

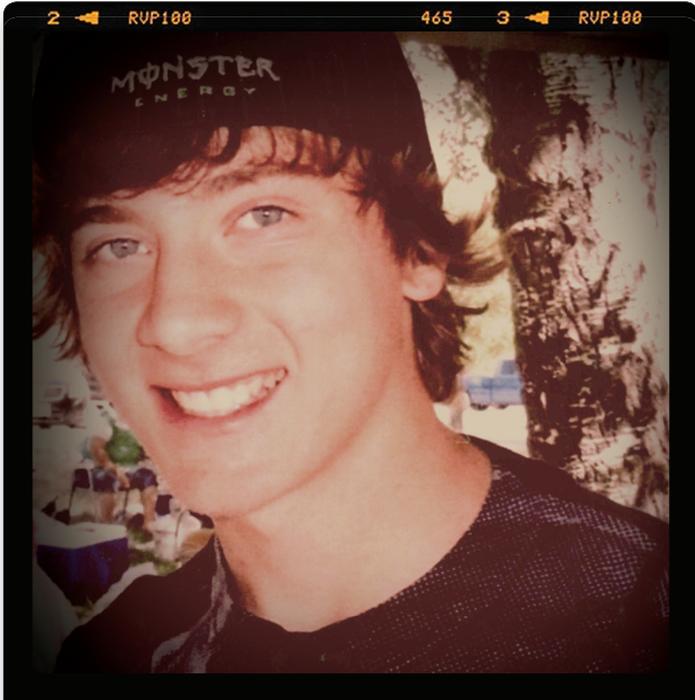
As parents, the most important thing we can do is talk to our teens about wearing their seat belts and also to make sure the vehicles they ride in have seat belts that lock. I also feel that teens need a lot of practice before they get a driver license. If I had another teen, they wouldn't be allowed to ride in their friends' cars or drive with friends in their car. This was a sad accident that changed three families' lives forever. After Amanda died, some of her friends wore their seat belts but then they stopped again. If we had known about the seat belts not locking maybe she would be here today.

Amanda would have graduated high school and would be turning 18 in August. We miss and love her so much. I keep hoping it is a bad nightmare, but it is reality, she isn't coming home. I think Utah should have a seat belt law and a helmet law for bikes and motorcycles. California has those laws and a police officer can pull you over for not wearing a seat belt and give you a ticket. Parents can receive tickets if their children aren't wearing helmets while riding their bikes. If Utah would adopt these laws, there could be fewer deaths from crashes.

With love,  
The Browns

Kyle & Melissa (parents), Nick, Jesse and Eric (brothers)

# Tyler Jason Stuart



	adventure junkie...loves motocross, BMX, sushi and scuba diving with sharks
	16   Brigham City, Utah
	“Tyler had been taught to always wear his seat belt. He thought he was indestructible. He wasn’t.”

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Tyler Jason Stuart was born on Sunday, October 13, 1996. From the moment he was born, everyone always said that there was just something about him. He loved everyone, whether they were two or 107. He could strike up a conversation with anyone and quickly become their friend. He always had stories to tell and wounds to report. He loved adventure. There was never a dull moment in his 16 years. He loved to motocross, BMX, scuba dive with sharks, snowboard, wake board, ride horses with his father, play with his dogs, have bonfires with friends, eat sushi with his aunt, camp with his grandfather, have midnight pancakes with his grandmother and travel the world with his mother and brother. He was truly loved by everyone who knew him. Tyler had beautiful blue eyes and the most contagious smile. He wanted to join the Marine Corps, like his older brother, and was looking forward to a bright future.

On June 28, 2013, Tyler was an unrestrained passenger involved in a single vehicle rollover. Tyler and the other passenger (Amanda Brown) were ejected. Tyler was killed instantly, due to severe head trauma. It was the worst day of our lives. Tyler had been taught to always wear his seat belt. He thought he was indestructible. He wasn't.

We cannot begin to describe the pain that we feel every minute of every day. We miss him more than words can say. Our hearts have been broken into pieces. Every happy event in our lives will be bittersweet because he will not be there to share in those special moments. Even every normal day is full of sadness and painful reminders that he is gone.

Our family is forever changed, and we will never be the same. There will always be a huge void in our hearts. We plead with anyone who gets in a car to always, always wear their seat belt. We don't want anyone to have to go through what we have had to go through.

Sincerely,  
The family of Tyler Stuart

# Devereaux “Dev” Hallett

Driving a car is a responsibility, not a luxury. You are wrapped in 3000+ pounds of glass and metal that can kill someone if you do not pay attention. My son lost his life because someone thought their phone was more important than paying attention to the road. The driver thought he could take his eyes off the road for five seconds and it wouldn't hurt anything. It did more than just hurt something; it devastated a family in a matter of seconds.

Dev was riding his bike to work at the Deseret Industries in Harrisville. He was sitting on his bike, listening to his music, at the intersection of Wall Avenue and North Street waiting for the light to change. The light changed and Dev started to cross the intersection. The driver was headed North on Wall Avenue and was texting on his phone. He didn't see the light turn red. He hit my son at 50 miles per hour. Dev was thrown into the hood and windshield of the car that had hit him. He rolled over the car and onto the pavement where his body finally came to a stop in the middle of the road.

Dev was rushed to the hospital and into surgery. For four days, I begged God to please open Dev's eyes so I could look into them and let him know I was there; to let me be able to say I love you one last time. At 9:00 a.m. on July 11, 2013, the neurosurgeon pronounced my son brain dead. I knelt beside his bed, holding tight to his hand, and felt his life slip away. I felt a part of me die as well. I never got the chance to look into his eyes and say, "I love you, baby."

Dev loved life and held nothing back. He lived his life to the fullest and enjoyed every minute of it. He loved doing things with his cousins, his friends and his family. Camping, snowboarding, free running and Parkour were some of his favorite things to do. Dev was only 18 years old. He had his whole life ahead of him, and now it's gone. Gone, because the driver thought his phone was more important than watching the road. Gone, because the driver forgot that he was in something that could kill someone if he didn't pay attention. He did kill someone, my son, and "I'm sorry" will not bring Dev back. The driver has to live with the guilt of killing an 18-year-old kid, and I have to live without my son. No phone call or text is worth taking someone else's life!



works at Harrisville D.I., loves camping, snowboarding and Parkour



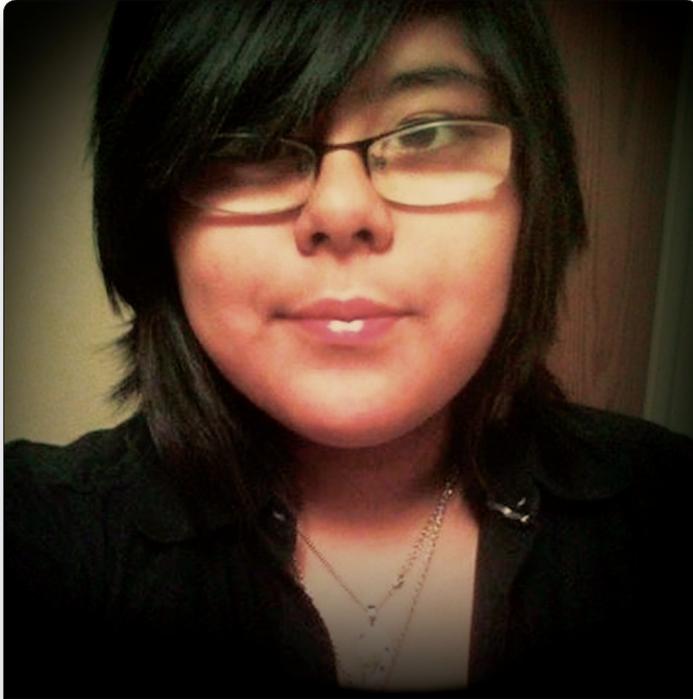
18 | South Ogden, Utah



“My son lost his life because someone thought their phone was more important than paying attention to the road.”

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# Francine “Cine” Monique Martinez



love being mommy to my babies,  
Dominic and Kylee



19 | Salt Lake City, UT



“On their way home, Francine’s  
boyfriend fell asleep at the  
wheel. The car drove into a wall...  
and Francine didn’t make it to  
the hospital.”

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Francine (or “Cine” as we called her) was a very loving daughter, sister, mother and girlfriend. Cine was the oldest of five kids, with two younger brothers and two younger sisters. She was a kind person who always wanted to help others and keep the peace between everyone. She always put a smile on people’s faces with her presence. My daughter, Cine, had two beautiful babies, Dominic and Kylee, who were born four months before she left us.

Cine was 19 years old when she was killed. She was into animé and loved to draw. She was very ambitious and dreamed of owning her own café or bakery, always wanting to cook or bake creative desserts.

It was Sunday, September 1, 2013 when my children and I went to visit my mother because she was moving to California the next morning. I left my mom’s place minutes before Francine decided to leave. Her boyfriend had driven her over there with their twin babies to say goodbye to Francine’s grandmother and great-grandma. On their way home, Francine’s boyfriend fell asleep at the wheel. The car drove into a wall, with the impact on the passenger side where Francine was sitting. She had a really bad head injury and didn’t make it to the hospital.

I got a call from my mother an hour after the crash saying that Francine was in a car accident and the twins were being flown to the hospital. My boyfriend and I drove up to the hospital to see if the twins were OK. About 30 minutes later, I got a call from a different hospital telling me where my daughter Francine was. I drove there and a nurse took me to a room. She asked if I was her mother, and I said yes. She then told me that Cine had not made it through the car crash.

I was devastated. I went home that night and gathered the rest of my children in a room. I told them what happened to their older sister, and we all sat there in silence. Then we began to cry. I did not want to be home or anywhere except someplace where I could see Francine again. Later that night, we decided to stay at a hotel to comfort each other. We then told everybody close to Francine the news and went to bed.

Every day for that entire month I was so depressed and would just cry all day. My children were sad about it, too, but it seemed as if I couldn’t let it go as easily as them. Every time I heard her name I would remember all of the great memories, but it only made me sadder. I remember my children telling me they had something exciting to tell Francine, but then they’d remember that she was gone. It took us all a great amount of time to accept what happened to Cine. We will never forget her. She will always be loved and cherished by our family and her friends.

# Kristopher “Kit” Zulon Collins

Kit was born on February 12, 1998. He was the youngest child in a family of seven children. Shortly after he was born his parents divorced, so he was raised by a single mother for most of his life. He grew up to be a very gracious young man. He cared about everyone he met. He would almost always sacrifice his own needs to provide for someone else. He was loved by everyone who met him and, because of his caring nature, he made loyal friends who were faithful to him throughout his life.

On August 1, 2013, Kit and one of his close friends decided to ride their skateboards to Walmart, which is about three miles away. It was getting dark and he was supposed to be home at dark. Kit called me to ask if he could go to Walmart with Ben and his mom. Then Ben’s mom would bring him home. But that wasn’t exactly what they were planning on doing. Instead, they rode their skateboards along one of the busiest streets in Ogden in the dark. Along the road, there were places where there were no sidewalks so they rode in the street.

Kit was the furthest out in the street, and he was hit by a truck and killed instantly. There are a lot of unanswered questions about how the accident happened. There has never been a clear explanation as to why the driver did not see him, but even if the questions were answered, it wouldn’t change the outcome. There has been a huge, gaping hole in our family and our community since he died. He had a positive impact on so many people because he cared so much. The world lost one of its brightest lights that day.

If Kit had told me the truth that night, I would not have let him ride his skateboard to Walmart in the dark on Washington Blvd., and this wouldn’t have happened. As young drivers, it is important to understand why your parents counsel you. Your parents love and care about you more than anything else in the world. When they are telling you things, it is because they want you to be happy and safe. They are trying to protect you. When they show you how to drive carefully, follow what they say. When they tell you to be home by dark, there is a reason for that. They want you to be safe. It’s not because they want to control you, it’s because they love you. Be grateful that you have parents who care enough to teach you these things. When your parents speak to you, open up your hearts a little bit. They are your best friends... they will always have your back.



skateboarding, BMX, soccer, tumbling, the outdoors and Bella’s Fresh Mexican Grill



15 | North Ogden, Utah



“As young drivers, it is important to understand why your parents counsel you. They want you to be safe. It’s not because they want to control you, it’s because they love you.”

Share

# Maria Fernanda “Fer” Herrera



	studying social work at Weber State University
	18   Layton, UT
	“Her death has left an empty space in my heart that will never be filled.”

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Maria Fernanda or “Fer” is what we always called her. She was born on May 24, 1994. The day she was born was one of the happiest days of my life. She was the oldest of five children and was the queen of our house.

Maria was so helpful with her little brothers and sisters. There was a nine-year gap between her and her next sibling, so she would often help care for them while I was working at the family restaurant. When Fer was old enough, she worked in the restaurant and was a joy to have around. She always worked hard to serve our family. We miss her every day.

When Maria was little, she always wanted to be helping someone. She had the biggest heart and always put others before herself. Fer cared about everyone she met. She had nice things to say about everyone. She graduated from Northridge High School and was attending Weber State University studying social work. Maria’s goal was to work with children who had been abused. She also volunteered her time to work with children with special needs. She was beautiful inside and out. Fer had a bright future ahead. She was engaged to be married to her loving fiancé when she was suddenly taken from our lives.

Our family does not talk about the crash. It is too painful. As her father, it is really hard for me to talk about what happened that night. It should not be this way. No parent should have to experience such a tragedy. The traffic on northbound I-15 was stopped, because earlier that day there had been a bank robbery. The police were chasing the suspect on I-15 near Kaysville, when they were finally able to forcibly bring the chase to an end. Traffic was backed up quite some distance. Maria was driving home and was going too fast when she came upon the stopped traffic. She did not have enough time to stop. She swerved in an attempt to miss running into traffic, but was unsuccessful. Her car hit a sedan and then hit the back of a semi-trailer. She died on impact.

We cannot control the consequences that came from speeding. Our family lives every day with the results of this crash. We are all very sad; the kids miss her very much. There were over 1,000 people at Maria’s funeral. She truly touched the hearts of everyone she met. Her death has left an empty space in my heart that will never be filled. I do believe we will see her again and we will all be together forever.

The Herrera Family,  
Martin, Eva Maria, Andrea, Carolina, Martin Jr. and Alejandro

# Nathan Tyler Haun

Nathan (Nate) was the third of four children and brought the laughter to our family. He had a funny and joking personality, yet was kind and friendly, which resulted in his having many friends. During his free time, Nate enjoyed longboarding and spent that time with his friends. He was very talented with drawing and was an aspiring artist with plans of attending art school in the future. He left behind his creative work, some of which is displayed on his headstone and around our home. He also had a talent for acting and participated in plays throughout his school years. He had pride in working and earning his own money and enjoyed where he worked.

Nate was out with friends the night before his accident. Just a normal Friday night. For some reason, that night Nate decided he would walk home instead of calling home for a ride. In the early morning hours of July 13, 2013, he was walking down a rural road when he was hit from behind by a truck. Nate was killed instantly from the impact—from the speed and power of the truck—and was found shortly after by another driver. The unknown person who hit Nate did not stop and has not come forward to confess to this day. We do not know the reason why the driver hit Nate. They could have been texting, intoxicated or simply sleepy. Regardless of the reason, the driver was not aware of his or her surroundings while driving and did not take responsibility for their choice of not paying attention.

We want to recognize the importance of not being distracted while you're driving. Do not speed. Do not text. Be aware of what is around you. Be aware of pedestrians. You could save a life. Our family is forever changed and we miss Nate every day. Because of one choice, he won't have any more experiences here on earth, such as marriage, kids, etc. We have realized that every day is important. We are so grateful for all the memories we have of our son, brother and friend.



longboarding, art and acting



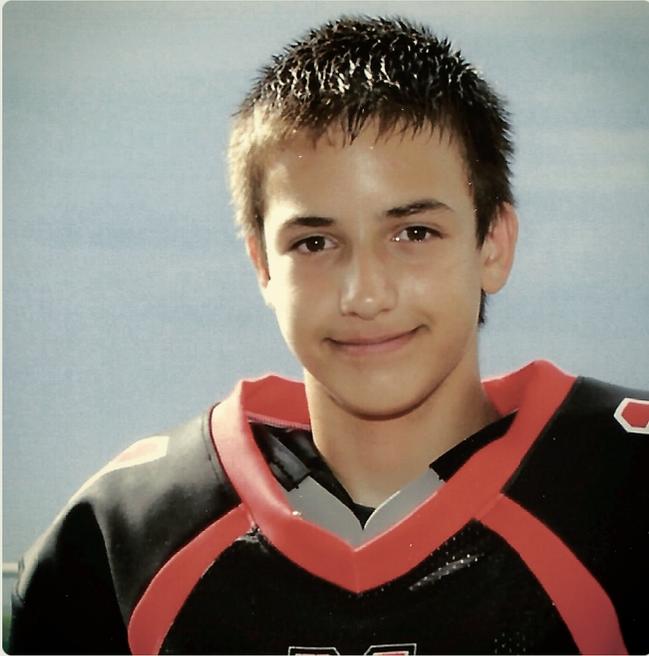
17 | Spanish Fork, UT



“Do not speed. Do not text. Be aware of what is around you. Be aware of pedestrians. You could save a life.”

Share

# Nicholas Lee Martinez



loves telling jokes and football



14 | Nampa, Idaho



“The young man who hit my son now has to live life with the knowledge that he could have prevented it by sitting in his parked car, calming down and being free of distractions before driving.”

Share

What do you do when life as you know it ends?

When my baby was hit by a car, and then died, my life ceased to be as easy and carefree as it once had been. I asked “Why? Why? Why my baby?” The answer is so surprisingly simple, so basic, that it seems like a joke that no one listened.

We are taught that driving is a privilege, not to be taken lightly. Teenagers and adults alike are given hours of instruction on driving. Mothers Against Drunk Driving (MADD) and other organizations fill our airwaves with constant reminders about driving, and still we are human and we forget. Maybe we need better reminders and maybe that is why my baby, my Nick, died. Instead of the intangible reminders we see and hear every day, maybe my son dying will be the one story we will remember a little more. A more vivid reminder to slow down, pay attention, limit our cell phone use and, most importantly, don't drive while under the influence of drugs, alcohol, intense emotion or lack of sleep. Whichever of these things impairs you, the result is the same.

Nick (Nicholas) Martinez was a great son, brother and friend. You always knew where he was because he was so loud. He often joked that he was in the halls at school because the teachers needed to “breathe.” He tried everything! Just to see, just to experience. He packed more into almost 15 years of life than most do in a longer lifetime. As the fifth of six boys, Nick was as rough and tumble as they come, but he had a heart bigger than himself. He considered his friends as family and was constantly expanding his “family.”

On Friday, November 28, 2013, Nick went with his friend Dillon to Utah to visit some of Dillon's family. The boys decided to walk down to the store to get some soda and candy. The driver who hit Nick had just gotten into a fight and was on the phone with a friend trying to calm down. He told police he saw a car coming toward him and felt it was too close so he swerved to avoid the car, and in doing so, he struck my baby.

All the reminders say, “If he had been wearing a helmet, a seatbelt, if, if, if...” Yes, if Nick had been wearing a helmet he wouldn't have died, but who the hell wears a helmet to walk down the road? No, the reminder here is to be smart. Know when you are safe to drive and when you are not. If only the driver had sat in his car to call his friend and calm down, instead of driving in a state of intense emotion.

The driver was young, only 19 years old. He had just gone through all the classes, seen all the books and corny movies about the consequences of bad driving, but they still weren't real to him. It wouldn't happen to him. But now it has. His failure to remember the reminders given led to the death of my son. The young man who hit my son now has to live life with the knowledge that he could have prevented it by sitting in his parked car, calming down and being free of distractions before driving.

My heart is broken not just from the death of my son, but also for the pain of the young driver. I worry how he will overcome this, how he will cope, how he will continue his life. I forgive him, but I worry that he may not be able to forgive himself.

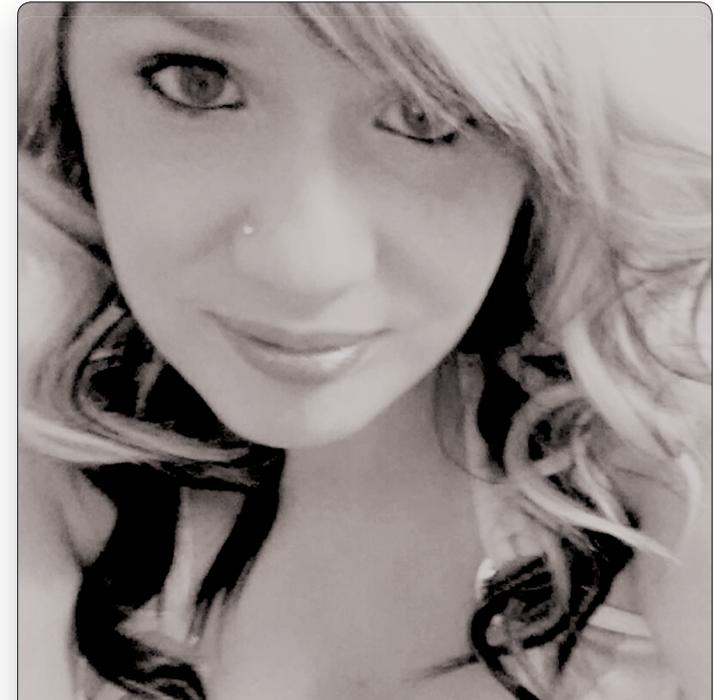
# Taylor “Tayla” Marie Have

Taylor “Tayla” Marie was an outgoing 17-year-old. On May 13, 2013, Tayla and her boyfriend made plans to meet for a late movie to discuss a recent argument they had. I helped her with her hair, told her I loved her and to drive careful and watched her drive away. The details of what happened while they were at the movies are still unclear, but it is believed that they left the theater around 11:35 pm. At 11:48 p.m., I received a text message from her boyfriend letting me know that Tayla was speeding. I didn’t want to distract her while she was driving, so I decided to wait until she got home to talk with her. Unfortunately, she never made it home that night.

I waited 30 minutes for her to come home. When she never arrived, I contacted her boyfriend to see if he knew where she was. He told me he hadn’t seen her since they had left the theater, so I decided to go look for her. As I traveled down the freeway, I could see a crash on the opposite side of the freeway, but because of the barrier, I couldn’t really see what had happened. I decided to turn around and investigate. I will never forget the feeling of helplessness when I came upon the crash site and saw Tayla’s car. Those images will forever be burned into my memory.

As I got out of the car, I was approached by a Highway Patrol officer who told me that I couldn’t stop there. I explained that the car was my daughter’s, and I wanted to know where she was. I will never forget his words, “I’m very sorry to tell you this, but your daughter didn’t survive the crash.” I asked what happened and was told that Tayla was traveling at a high rate of speed—over 100 miles per hour—causing her to lose control of her car. The car had spun several times before impacting the sound barrier, where it then rolled three times. Tayla was ejected. I was told she wasn’t wearing a seat belt. I have never known my daughter to get into a car without putting on her seat belt. She would always be the first person to remind others to wear their seat belt, so I still am unsure as to why she wasn’t wearing hers that night.

My message for other drivers is to always wear your seat belt and to drive at or below the speed limit. Many teens believe they are invincible. I had talked with Tayla several times about the dangers of speeding and my worries about her rolling her car. Her response was always the same, “Mom stop worrying. Nothing bad is going to happen to me.” I honestly believe that if she had been wearing her seat belt, she would have survived the crash. My hope is that others will learn from Tayla’s story and that lives will be saved.



hanging out with friends, listening to music and playing with my puppy Tinkerbell



17 | Taylorsville, Utah



“Tayla was traveling at over 100 miles per hour causing her to lose control of her car. The car had spun several times before impacting the sound barrier, where it then rolled three times. Tayla was ejected.”

Share

# Claire “Claire Bear” Elizabeth Kenyon



BFFs with my twin sister Courtney



16 | Layton, UT



“Every tomorrow starts without you.”

Share

Claire,

The birth of you and your twin sister was the greatest moment of our lives. For seven years we prayed for your arrival. We read the baby books, went to the classes and received all kinds of advice from family and friends. But nothing prepared us for the overwhelming wave of happiness when you were born. Being your parents has been our life, our highest priority, our greatest joy. We were the happiest family of four, sharing this beautiful world.

Claire, you have been described in so many ways. If we could use only two words, just two words to describe you, it would be sweet calm. You flowed through life with such poise, patience and grace. Your smile and twinkling eyes would light up the room. You always saw the best in people and stood up for those in need. The stories of how you touched so many lives with your kindness, compassion and acceptance of all continue to warm our hearts.

You loved to sing and dance. We called you Clairedell when we heard your melodic song. Your sweet voice and flowing chassè filled our home and hearts in the most random, most unexpected, and most wonderful way. Whether it was hip-hop, jazz or ballet, watching you dance was mesmerizing.

You loved our golden retrievers, Windsor and Nala. We will always remember the tears of joy you cried the day Daddy surprised you with Nala. Watching you train her, play with her and snuggle her in your bed are now just lingering memories.

You loved your twin sister and best friend, Courtney. The two of you shared life, laughter and dreams of the future. Your love for each other brought your parents such happiness. You will be in our hearts forever, but especially Courtney’s. You are our special angel, watching over us, bringing us comfort and strength. Your gentle lift continues to carry our heavy hearts.

Claire, the horrible accident on June 27, 2013 took you from us. While heaven gained an angel, our lives are forever changed. Every tomorrow starts without you. We are three now and carry an enormous sadness. We’ll pass out of this valley, it will just take more time. We promise... we’ll get better in this life. And in the next, we’ll be a foursome again.

CK forever... we love you sweetheart.

Love,  
Dad, Mom & Courtney

# Families Aren't the Only Ones Affected



It started out as just another routine workday. I was riding with a fellow trooper who is a long-time friend. We have been on some rough scenes together so we used the time riding to build our friendship and share job-related stresses. Things were pretty slow until a call came out about a crash that was blocking traffic. We turned on our lights and siren and started toward the scene. As we rolled up, I told the trooper to let me out, back up and give me a traffic break so I could clear the road by the crash.

As I waited for the trooper, I had no clue my life would be changed forever. I stood on the side of the road and watched as another vehicle swerved into the cars that were stopped on the side of the road. I watched bodies fly through the air. I remember feeling absolutely helpless for a split second. I took off running. The first people I came upon told me they were ok. Then I heard screaming and saw a couple running around a vehicle to get to their baby, who was crying. Crying is a good thing.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw a body lying on the asphalt. A man holding the head. There was a woman standing over the body with her hands on her face. I knew this was bad. The trooper and I ran to the girl on the ground.

Her breathing wasn't normal and the trooper called for a helicopter. Then I saw it— I watched as this young lady stopped breathing. I started CPR and went for as long as I could. When I tired out, I had to hand off to the other trooper. He went for what seemed like hours, and then we switched again and again. Finally, the paramedics arrived and took over.

I stood up and gathered myself. The job is never done. I went to the patrol car where the girl's mother had been seated. I tried to calm her as she was asking the hard questions. I held her face so she couldn't see as they wheeled her daughter to the helicopter. I couldn't leave her alone. I decided to drive her straight to the hospital to be with her daughter.

At the hospital I had to talk to the father on the phone, giving him what information I could and directing him to the hospital. A short time later, the girl's sister walked through the door. We recognized each other instantly. She immediately said, "You taught our driver education class last month." I was shocked. Instantly hundreds of faces flew through my mind. Had I taught them correctly? My heart sank.

The trauma surgeon came and delivered the worst news. The girl had died. She was only 16 years old. I felt the tears well up, but held them back thinking I had to be strong for the family. I watched as the sister walked out the door. No one followed her. I thought I should make sure she was OK, so I stayed back as I watched her walk to a table and lay her head down. After a time, I walked over and took her outstretched hand. She looked up at me and asked, "Why do you do what you do?"

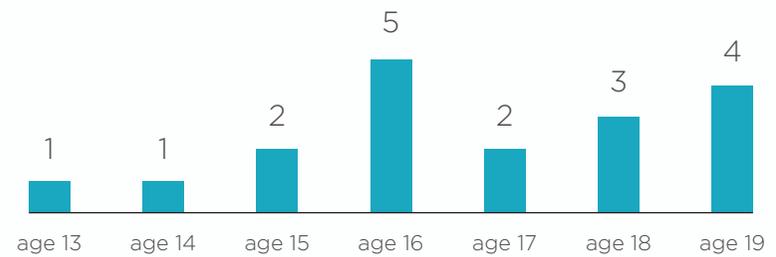
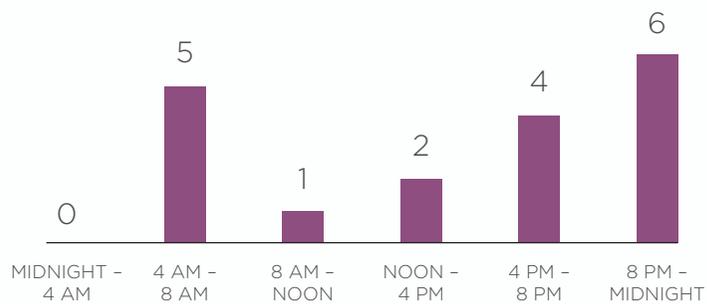
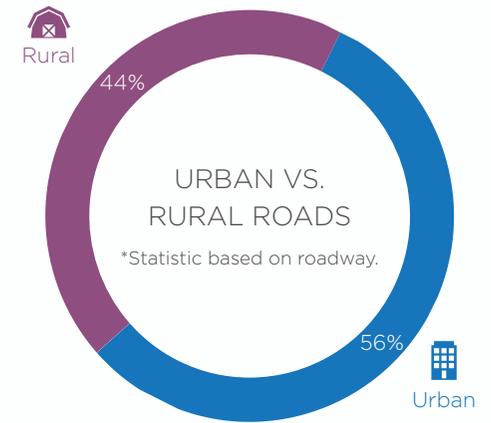
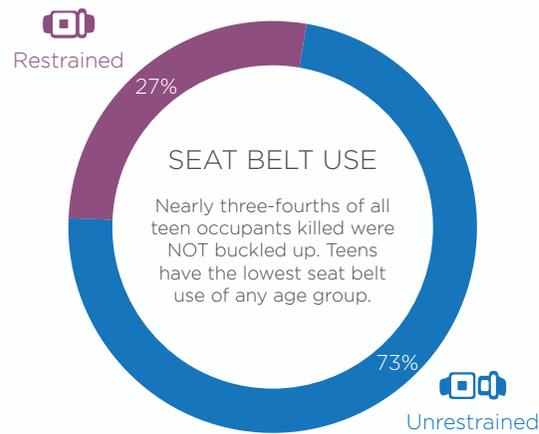
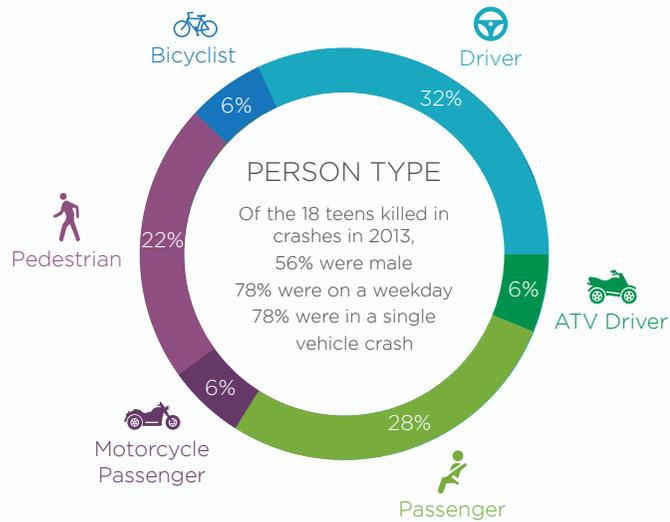
That was the first time I ever cried on the job. The pain I felt for this family was overwhelming. A young life lost. A family changed forever. I left the hospital and headed home, arriving in time to see my own family sitting at the dinner table waiting for me. I couldn't eat. My daughter asked me what was wrong. All I could say was, "It doesn't feel right that I get to sit here and eat dinner with my girls and that dad doesn't get to do that anymore." The tears came again.

Life is not the same today. I think about this incident a lot. I still spend time with the girl's family. They are amazing and teach me things I would have never learned had this not happened.

Colby Vanderbeek, Utah Highway Patrol

# 2013 Teen Statistics

18 TEENS LOST THEIR LIVES ON UTAH ROADS

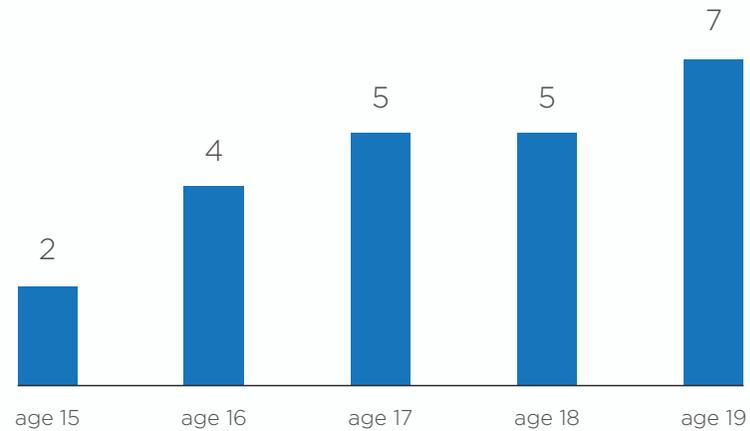


# Teen Driver Statistics

In 2013, 23 teen drivers were involved in fatal crashes. Over two dozen people lost their lives, including six of the teen drivers. In addition, teen drivers were 1.3 times more likely than drivers of other ages to be involved in fatal crashes due to the following contributing factors (each crash may have more than one contributing factor):

- Excessive speeding
- Failure to stay in proper lane
- Overcorrection
- Distracted driving
- Failure to yield right of way
- Driving under the influence of alcohol/drugs

Since the Utah Graduated Driver Licensing laws went into effect in 1999, there has been a 65% drop in the rate of teens ages 15-17 killed in motor vehicle crashes. In 2013, half of the teens killed in a motor vehicle crash were within this age group. Parents, enforcing the Graduated Driver Licensing program rules and regulations with your teens can save lives.

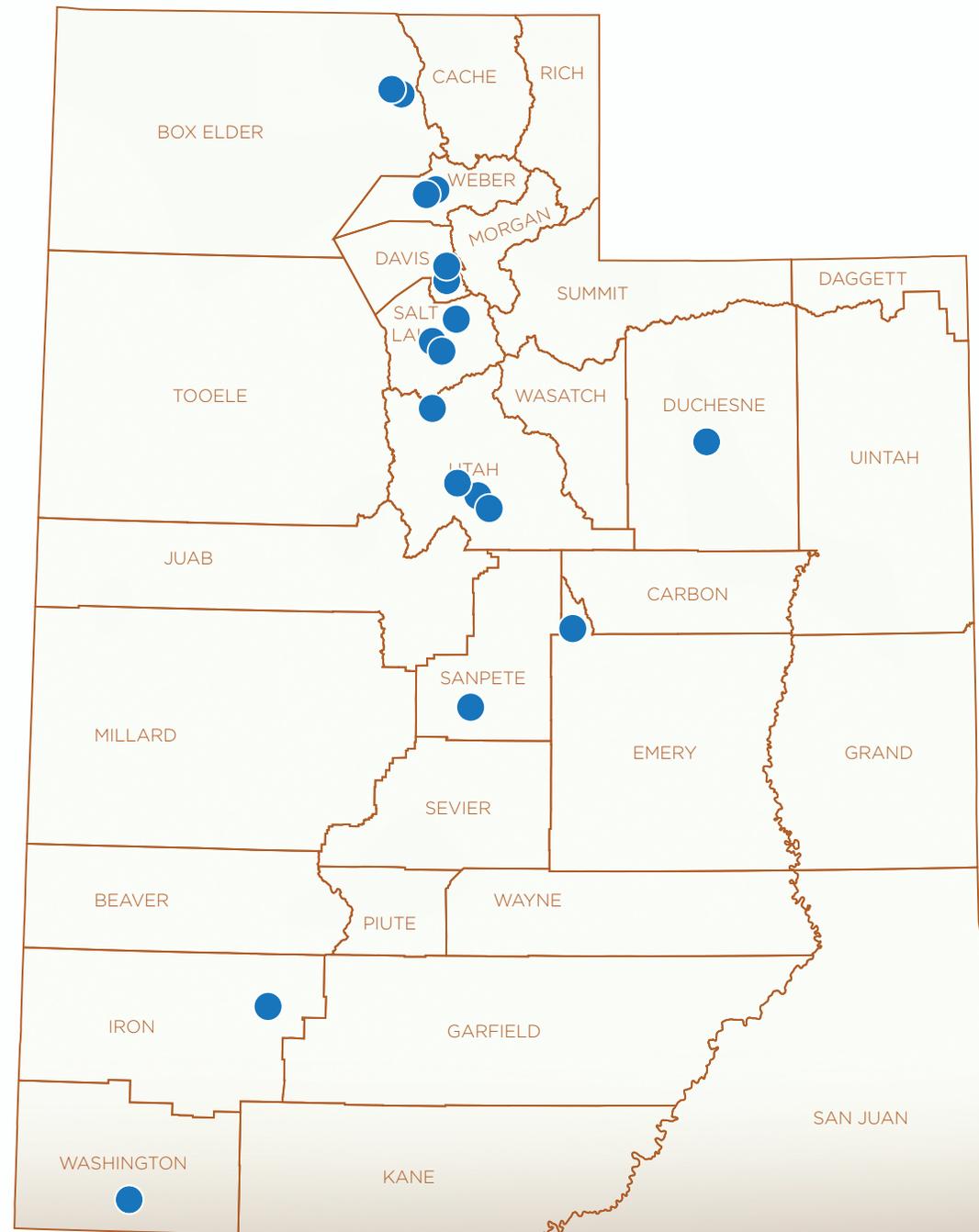


AGE OF TEEN DRIVERS INVOLVED  
IN A FATAL CRASH

The fatality rate for drivers ages 16 to 19 is four times higher than for drivers ages 25 to 69.

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

# 2013 Utah Teen Motor Vehicle Fatalities



# How to Use this Book to Save Lives

For the past six 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 car crash?

Remember to be sensitive and not to 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:

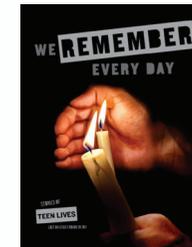
- Utah Department of Health
- Utah Department of Transportation
- Utah Department of Public Safety
- Utah Teen Driving Task Force

To view Teen Memoriams from previous years

VISIT [DONTDRIVESTUPID.COM](http://DONTDRIVESTUPID.COM)



2012



2011



2010



2009



2008



2007

**DON'T DRIVE  
STUPID**

**Zero Fatalities**<sup>®</sup> *A Goal We Can All Live With*

[DontDriveStupid.com](http://DontDriveStupid.com)