

January 14, 2007: a car flipped over in the ditch. January 14: the driver dead. In the car next to him, the passenger dead, and the driver sent to jail. The boy in the flipped car was 18 years old, a high schooler. He had planned to go to college, had three siblings, a girlfriend, and played in a band. January 14: the day the boy's life was taken from him in a flash as he drove home late one night. January 14, 2007 is a date that will forever be embedded in my mind. My cousin Josh died in a car crash by a drunk driver ten years ago, and the aftermath is just as devastating today.

I may have never been involved in a car crash fortunately, but Josh's car crash opened my eyes to the inexcusable use of drinking while driving. There will never be another holiday spent with Josh, another memory created, or another joke shared. I can never go to Josh and ask him a question, or just sit next to him and watch everything unravel around us. It is the simple things in life that one realizes is important when a life is taken away. From this experience, I learned never to drink and drive, yet I find it devastating when anyone in the family decides to even after experiencing Josh's death. I have never understood why one does not learn from the mistakes of others. Drunk driving is fatal to oneself and to others driving on the road. I learned this when I was in second grade.

What surprises me the most is how many people die each year from drunk driving. The statistics of this is close to 10,000 people die every year because of drunk driving. That's 10,000 lives that were changed for the worse and over 10,000 people that lost someone they love. It is completely horrible to wake up everyday knowing things could have been differently if someone else had made a better life choice, yet I can not imagine the agony one would feel if they had been the drunk driver in the car accident. In schools we are talked about the problems of