



*Because to Sue and Michele....
You Matter!*

SHARE "THE DRUNK DRIVING POEM"

by Beth Hering

The Challenge

Few events are more tragic than the death of an innocent victim in a crash caused by a drunk driver.

Fortunately, "The Drunk Driving Poem," also known as "[Death of an Innocent](#)," has sobered many... but not yet enough.

During the two minutes it takes for you to read the poem, another person will be injured in a [drunk driving](#) accident. That person could be the driver, who made the terrible decision to drive while intoxicated. Or that person could be a mother of three who just ran out for a gallon of milk and is now fighting for her life in a hospital bed.

While it is sad to think that automobile accidents are the number one killer of children ages 2 to 14, it is even worse to know that 21% of these kids die in [alcohol-related crashes](#). Their parents may have strapped them in and drove carefully, yet not even the most vigilant parent could protect them from a drunk driver.

Holidays are some of the most dangerous times of the year on the road. More than two-thirds of traffic fatalities on New Year's Day and half of those on Christmas involve a drunk driver. Holidays should be a time to spend with loved ones, not bury them.

The good news is that you can help innocent people from being hurt by drunk drivers by getting others to think twice about whether to drink and drive.

How to Make a Difference

Many people have been touched by the following "Drunk Driving Poem." (The author is unknown.)

Death of an Innocent

I went to a party, Mom,
I remembered what you said.
You told me not to drink, Mom,
So I drank soda instead.
I really felt proud inside, Mom,
The way you said I would.
I didn't drink and drive, Mom,
Even though the others said I should.



I know I did the right thing, Mom,
I know you are always right.
Now the party is finally ending, Mom,
As everyone is driving out of sight.

As I got into my car, Mom,
I knew I'd get home in one piece.
Because of the way you raised me,
So responsible and sweet.

I started to drive away, Mom,
But as I pulled out into the road,
The other car didn't see me, Mom,
And hit me like a load.

As I lay there on the pavement, Mom,
I hear the policeman say,
"The other guy is drunk," Mom,
And now I'm the one who will pay.

I'm lying here dying, Mom...
I wish you'd get here soon.
How could this happen to me, Mom?
My life just burst like a balloon.

There is blood all around me, Mom,
And most of it is mine.
I hear the medic say, Mom,
I'll die in a short time.

I just wanted to tell you, Mom,
I swear I didn't drink.
It was the others, Mom.
The others didn't think.

He was probably at the same party as I.
The only difference is, he drank
And I will die.

Why do people drink, Mom?
It can ruin your whole life.
I'm feeling sharp pains now.
Pains just like a knife.

The guy who hit me is walking, Mom,
And I don't think it's fair.
I'm lying here dying
And all he can do is stare.

Tell my brother not to cry, Mom.
Tell Daddy to be brave.
And when I go to heaven, Mom,
Put "Daddy's Girl" on my grave.

Someone should have told him, Mom,
Not to drink and drive.
If only they had told him, Mom,
I would still be alive.

My breath is getting shorter, Mom.
I'm becoming very scared.
Please don't cry for me, Mom.
When I needed you,
you were always there.

I have one last question, Mom.
Before I say good bye.
I didn't drink and drive,
So why am I the one to die?

Please, reduce avoidable injuries and deaths by distributing "The Drunk Driving Poem" at the times when drinking and driving is most likely to occur:

- E-mail a copy of "The Drunk Driving Poem" to ten friends near Christmas and New Years Eve.
- Send a copy of "The Drunk Driving Poem" to your local newspaper and ask them to print it the day or so before Super Bowl Sunday and other major sport championships.
- Ask newspaper editors at your local high school to print a copy of "The Drunk Driving Poem" in the school newspaper before Homecoming and prom.
- Post a copy of "The Drunk Driving Poem" on a bulletin board at work during the days leading up to the Fourth of July, Memorial Day, and Labor Day.
- Send a copy of "The Drunk Driving Poem" to leaders of the Greek system at your alma mater and ask that it be posted in fraternity and sorority houses during pledge time.

We hope this poem will help keep you and your family safe. Hopefully, you will forward this to others.

As always, if you know of someone who would appreciate our services, please call or e-mail us with their name and number and we will be happy to help them. Please feel free to give them our names and phone numbers or e-mail, and they can contact us. Serving Moorpark, Thousand Oaks, Simi Valley, Newbury Park, and parts of the San Fernando Valley.

Warmest Regards,

Sue and Michele, Realtors
Troop Real Estate

E-mail: WellsEdelstein@WellsEdelstein.com

Website: WellsEdelstein.com

Sue: 805 390-7179 DRE# 01445374

Michele: 805 796-6618 DRE# 01441796

