A watercolor splash in shades of green, blue, and brown, with the words 'unfinished stories' written in white cursive script across it.

unfinished stories

10 STORIES, 10 INCOMPLETE LIVES, 10 TEENS THAT DIED ON UTAH ROADS.

it ends here

Their lives were gone in a blink of an eye, abruptly interrupting a masterpiece in progress. All we have are memories of an incomplete life. Like a great work of art that will never be finished, we only see glimpses of what could've been, but we'll never know their full potential.

It ends here. The loss, the deaths, the tragedy. It ends with us taking a stand and committing to always drive safely. Read their stories and learn about the teens who died on Utah roads—teens just like you. When you're in the car or out on the road, remember these stories to avoid leaving another story unfinished.

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



Andrew Tolman

16 | FARMINGTON

“PLEASE BE ALERT
NEAR CROSSWALKS,
AND SLOW DOWN
BELOW THE SPEED
LIMIT ANYTIME YOUR
VISION IS IMPAIRED,
ESPECIALLY NEAR
PEDESTRIANS.”

Andrew was 16 years old, the sixth of eight children, beloved uncle to four nieces and one nephew, and a special part of his family. He was a junior at Viewmont High School and played on a competition soccer team. He also played the trumpet and had many friends in school and band, as well as on his soccer team. He loved to play the piano and filled our home with beautiful music. He was a part of his high school marching band and had aspirations of trying out to be drum major his senior year. He had just finished his requirements to earn his Eagle Scout award. He wanted to follow the example of his sister and brothers and serve an LDS mission. But that will never happen.

Andrew had gone on a bike ride in the afternoon after school and was on his way home for his sister's birthday celebration. He was walking his bike across a crosswalk at the bottom of an overpass, less than a half-mile away from home, when a car hit him. The driver wasn't speeding, but with the sun in her eyes she didn't see Andrew and her SUV hit him at full speed without braking. He hit the windshield and was thrown over the car, hitting the pavement and losing consciousness on impact. He had suffered a fatal head injury. Though emergency responders managed to revive some of his vitals, he passed away en route to the hospital.

The following day most of the student body at Viewmont dressed up in their Sunday best for school in remembrance of him. At his funeral, more than 160 young men and women formed a choir to sing.

As the days passed, his friends visited our home frequently to show love and to comfort our family. Even months later, his friends still come to our home to show their love for Andrew. Andrew was the kind of person who touched many, many lives in his short life.

Friends rallied together to raise money to purchase orange flags for individuals to use while crossing several of the crosswalks in Farmington, so that this kind of tragedy can be avoided in the future.

Andrew is loved and missed every day. He was a talented young man with goals and plans. He wanted to be an architect and a missionary, a friend and a father. He had a very bright future. His death is a great loss for his family, friends and community.

Please be alert near crosswalks, and slow down below the speed limit anytime your vision is impaired, especially near pedestrians. An otherwise normal intersection you drive through every day can change in a moment, so please adjust how you drive according to road and weather conditions. Don't assume that another person will do what you expect them to do, whether they are driving, walking or riding a bicycle. Anytime your vision is impaired, be extra cautious because you never know whose son, brother, friend, or loved one could be hidden by the glare of the sun or a frosted or snowy windshield. Life is precious.

Janet Velasco

18 | OREM

Janet was a fun, loving, open-hearted, and amazing girl. She truly did enjoy every minute here. When you met her you couldn't help but smile. She was nice to anyone who crossed her way. She loved making new friends as well. Janet loved singing, playing the guitar, and being with family and friends. She had graduated from Mountain View High in May, where she had won homecoming queen her senior year. She was going to be attending Utah Valley University the following fall. She was a hard worker who didn't give up. You saw her and you would honestly be amazed at how much dedication she put into something. She truly was something special.

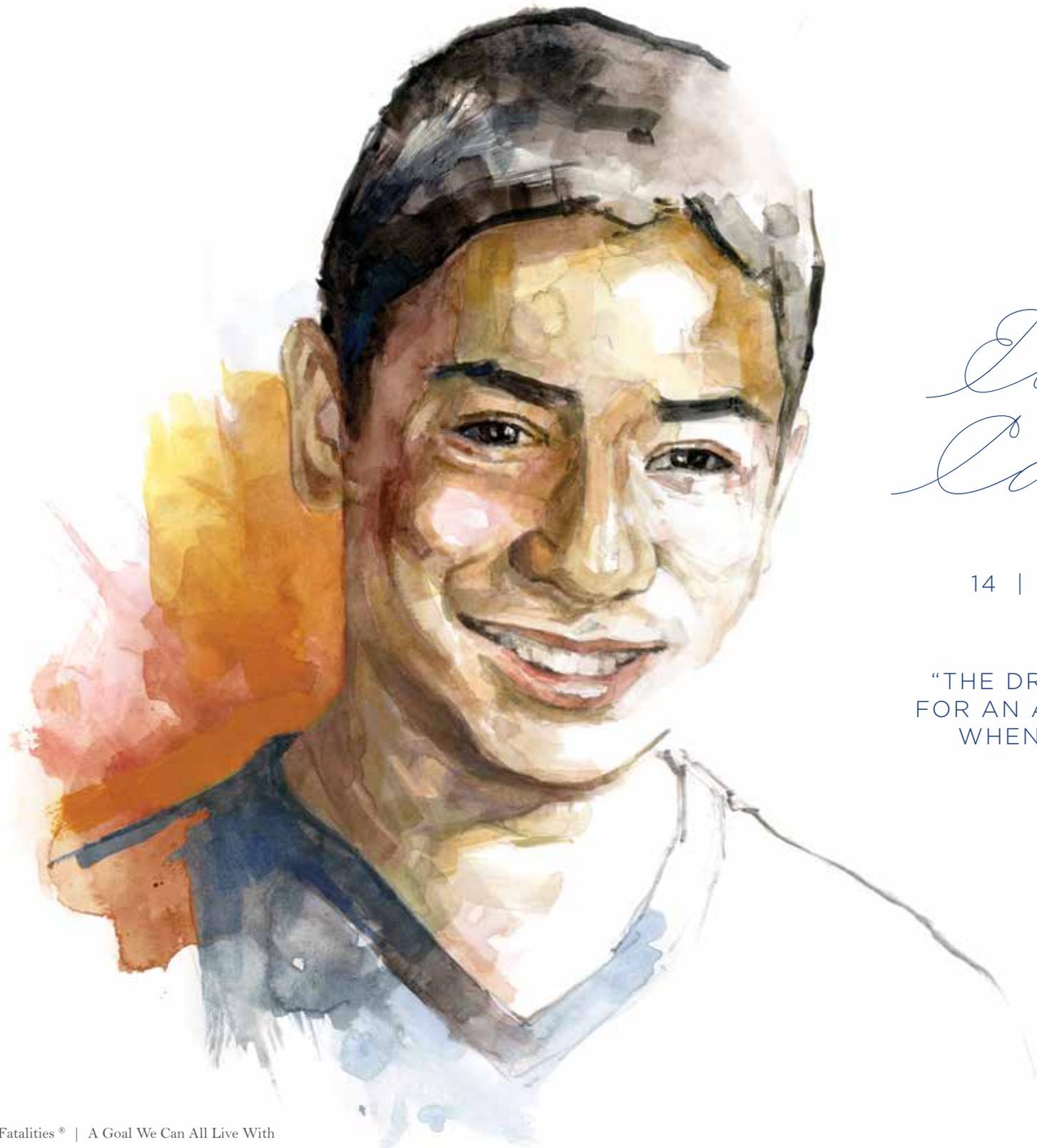
On July 8, 2012, Janet and her friend, David, were driving down Provo Canyon and lost control of the motorcycle they were on. They crashed into metal barriers. That morning, heaven gained two amazing angels. Whenever you are going to be driving a motorcycle, just make sure to wear helmets (both David and Janet were wearing helmets that night), drive the speed limit, and just be safe.

Janet has two sisters, one older and one younger. She also has a little brother. Janet and her older sister, Alejandra, were very close. Alejandra has a baby boy, Isaiah, whom Janet grew to love. In the short five months that she was with Isaiah, Janet loved him more than anyone could love someone. Alejandra and Janet were each other's support systems. They would go to each other whenever they were feeling down or just needed to talk. Elizabeth, Janet's younger sister, was also very close to her. They went to Mountain View High together Janet's senior year. They counted on each other for everything. The three sisters grew up together and, even though Janet is gone, they will always be as close as they were. Oscar, the only boy in the family, loves his sister more than ever. She admired him so much; they had a connection that no one could describe. We, as parents, were very close to her as well. Everyone saw her as their best friend, or close friend, but we saw her as something bigger than that. She had so much potential. She was truly amazing and is missed by the whole family.

With love,
The Velasco Family



**“WHENEVER YOU ARE GOING TO BE DRIVING A MOTORCYCLE...
WEAR HELMETS...DRIVE THE SPEED LIMIT, AND JUST BE SAFE.”**



*Edwin
Cardoso*

14 | SALT LAKE CITY

“THE DRIVER WAS LOOKING
FOR AN ADDRESS FOR WORK
WHEN HE HIT MY SON.”

LOSING A CHILD

“My Xavi,” as I liked to call to my son, was wanted even before he was born. Edwin was the younger of two children. His only brother, Luis, wanted to have a younger brother to play with. When Edwin was born, I was happy. I had my two sons, just as I always had desired.

Edwin was a restless child, playful, and naughty. He was the joy of the house. He made us laugh with his antics. He was responsible and independent. He always liked to look good (dress attractively and smell good).

He dreamed about being a professional chef. He had taken cooking classes since he was in 7th grade. At home, he used to help me cook and he did it very well. I knew he could achieve his dream...he was a warrior fighter.

Edwin was 14 years old and in 9th grade at West High School. He was very happy because he said he had grown and that he was already a young man. Edwin was very loved by his friends and classmates that he had known since preschool. Edwin died doing one of the things that he liked to do, walking. Walking was one of his ways to exercise, his workout to stay in shape.

It was a Wednesday morning about 7 a.m. on October 24, 2012, when he was walking to West High School. He was crossing the street when a commercial truck turned left and hit him, hitting his head and chest. The blow was so strong that my boy did not react. He died an hour after the crash.

The driver responsible for his death was a 19-year-old young man who needed to wear prescription glasses in order to legally drive. That morning, he did not have his glasses on. I do not understand why, especially since these were something that he needed to wear every day. The driver was looking for an address for work when he hit my son. The morning was dark and it was raining lightly. These are the reasons they gave me for the death of my son, Edwin. I do not understand these. I just know that my son is no longer with me and that I will never see him again.

Every day that passes I miss him more. Every night before we would brush our teeth and give each other a goodnight kiss, I would tease him and put toothpaste on his little face. On Sundays, the first thing I used to do was kiss him and tell him that this was the day of kisses. At night I would pretend to be asleep, just to see what he was going to do... he used to kiss me on the forehead and pull the blankets up on me.

My Xavi was fragile, sweet, and loving. I prefer to think that my boy is not dead but that he is on a trip and someday he will come back or that someday we will see each other again.

LOSING A BROTHER

He was my little brother, my baby brother, my one and only beloved brother. My earliest memories of him were from way before he was even born. I always pestered my parents for a sibling and it just HAD to be a little brother. He was going to be like me and we were going to do everything together and read the same books. I would of course be the cool older brother, teaching him how to play Pokémon or run after ducks in the park and catch them and push each other on the swings and play tag. Much to my surprise, when he was born it was me who was jealous of all the attention he got. When he grew more, he was almost the exact opposite of me. He wasn't interested in reading or sitting down and playing. He would rather be out and about, playing with the toy cars I so loathed. But still I loved him.

The morning of the accident I had to go to work early for a morning shift so I had to leave before him. As I walked out the door, I shouted to him that I would see him later, which he responded an OK. I got to work downtown and as I was doing my morning duties, I heard sirens. Then I saw an ambulance going by the street corner where I work. I watched that ambulance from the moment it passed by to the second it went out of my view, which was odd because not once did I ever pay attention to them before but for some reason, I couldn't take my eyes off of this one. Minutes later, I received a phone call from my mother saying that my brother was in an accident. When I asked what hospital Edwin was at, she was unable to tell me from the panic so she passed the phone to the officer who told me where to go. I arrived at the hospital before my parents. I got the news before they did and as they walked into the room minutes later, they saw their remaining child weeping for the loss of their youngest.

Edwin Xavier Cardoso was killed walking to school. He was hit by a truck. The driver was in a rush to get to a job site and was not wearing his prescription glasses.

The funeral was a blur of tears and waves of sadness and loneliness. I remember the bittersweet feeling of seeing all of Edwin's friends crying in sadness and the pride I felt in him for having an impact on every single one of them. Sometimes it doesn't feel like he is gone, more like he is out with his friends and will return shortly or that maybe he is in his room sleeping or playing video games quietly. His smile, his laugh, his magnetic personality, my best friend...gone forever.



Jesse Jessen

16 | CANNONVILLE

“I AM NOT SURE WHY BUT THIS TIME HE DIDN'T PUT ON HIS SEAT BELT. HE ALWAYS WORE IT.”

Someone just pulled into the driveway. I was sure it was Jesse. I was ready to cuss at him for being so late and making us worry. But it wasn't Jesse. It was two emergency responders telling us Jesse had been in an accident and it was bad and that we needed to come now.

Sunday, August 5th, 2012 was just a day like any other. The sky was clear. The sun was out. We had just gotten home from church and Jesse was heading up to the high school to shoot around before dinner. This was the same as any other Sunday. Jesse was in such a good mood. He had been working hard all summer, going to basketball camps and working at Ruby's Inn general store. He splurged and bought an Xbox 360. It was finally here and so were his new games. As he left he told his brothers he would be home soon and then they would play Xbox. Then a quick “I love you” was exchanged with his parents and he was off. His friends say it was a good day. Jesse had won a game of one-on-one and was very excited. We texted him to let him know dinner was ready. We teased him saying we were eating already and how good it was. He told his friends bye and even told them to hang onto his ball until the next game and left with a big smile on his face. I am not sure why but this time he didn't put on his seat belt. He always wore it. My guess is he was so excited by the events of the day he just wasn't paying attention.

The stretch of road between our house and the high school is about five miles. Jesse had driven this road a million times. He had driven it when it was covered in snow. He had driven it when it was covered in water. He had driven it late at night coming home from work. He knew this road. On this day, for some reason (possibly noticing his seat belt was not on and reaching for it), he went slightly off the road and overcorrected. He went into the other lane and then overcorrected again back to the shoulder, hitting a reflector post which sent the car rolling. Jesse was ejected. Someone was on the scene in minutes and he was awake and crying. He died 15 minutes away from the hospital. The death report said it was a broken neck. We believe he died of severe internal bleeding.

He was not texting! He was not speeding! The only part of the car that was not smashed was the driver's side.

There is never a day or a second that goes by that we don't think about our son. He had so much to live for. This has left a very big hole in our hearts.

Jessika's last few days were spent in a coma, in the ICU. I was with her nearly every moment possible. I was afraid to leave; afraid she would die without me there. I spent our time alone talking to her and telling her how much I loved her, how my life would be so empty without her.

Jessika was almost 20 when she died. She texted me about 9 p.m. to tell me she was going to her best friend's house for a few hours. I reminded her to stay the night if she was too tired to drive, or if she had any alcohol. I knew that she drank, but she had promised me that she would never drive after drinking.

We each said I love you. I asked her to text me when she got home and she said she would. That text conversation was the last conversation I ever had with her.

Around 6:00 the next morning, I got a call from a social worker at the hospital, saying Jess had been in a serious car accident several hours earlier and that she was in surgery. She didn't have any ID on her and her purse and phone were left in the car, so the hospital wasn't able to identify her right away. Finally, someone who worked in the ER recognized her colorful hair and piercings from previous visits for migraines. It took three hours before my name and number were found and I was notified.

The police met us at the hospital and said that Jessika had passed out while driving, crossed the road, and hit a telephone pole. Her blood alcohol was above the legal limit, and she had taken depression medication with the alcohol.

Jessika suffered severe brain trauma, a crushed pelvis, and multiple fractures in both her legs and feet. The swelling on her brain, in addition to the brain trauma, took her life 18 days later.

Jessika was my best friend. We talked every day to discuss work, the latest gossip, family, etc. We worked at the same place, so we knew a lot of the same people. She always stood up for the underdog. She was known among friends and family as someone who would always be there for a listening ear and comfort.

After 15 months, I still expect Jessika to walk in the front door. Or to catch her napping in my bed when I get home from work. And then in an instant, I remember that she's gone.

If only she had stayed the night or called me for a ride. A call for a ride home was always more important than why the ride was needed. Our family is forever changed and my heart is broken.

Jessika Swihart

19 | MURRAY

"IF ONLY SHE
HAD STAYED
THE NIGHT OR
CALLED ME FOR
A RIDE."



Madeline Marris

18 | SPRING, TEXAS

“TAYLOR DOZED OFF
JUST LONG ENOUGH
TO DRIVE THE SUV
OFF THE SIDE OF
THE ROAD.”



Madeline (“Madie”) Rose...our beautiful, smart, kind daughter, sister, and friend. Her smile was effortless, genuine, and beautiful. Madie had a quote in her bedroom that said, “Kindness is the essence of greatness,” and that’s exactly how she lived her life.

She was a very hard worker, especially when it came to school. In elementary school, she tested in the bottom quartile in reading for three years. Madie made a commitment to do her best and become one of the “smart kids.” She wanted so badly to go to college at Brigham Young University and had to work extremely hard to get in, but she did it! Madie was preparing to serve a mission for the LDS church and was so excited that she would be able to go when she turned 19. We know she is serving her mission now, just not on this earth.

Early in the morning hours of November 20, 2012, Madie, her older brother, Taylor, and his fiancée, Bailee, were driving to Arizona from Utah to celebrate Thanksgiving with Bailee’s family. Taylor was driving with Bailee in the passenger seat and Madie in the back seat behind him. No alcohol was involved. Everyone was properly wearing their seat belts. Taylor dozed off just long enough to drive the SUV off the side of the road.

Bailee was able to get out of the car and reach her cell phone to call for help. She propped Taylor up to drain the blood from his lungs while they waited for paramedics to arrive. He had broken his neck and back. Madie was killed instantly.

I remember the morning with preciseness, every detail leading up to the officer at our door...the piano lesson I taught, the room I was going to finish painting that day. I remember the things he said, the trauma of my world spinning uncontrollably around me. My head was screaming...how could you be lying in a morgue? How could Taylor be near death on his way to a hospital? Taylor would eventually make a full recovery. But our lives will never be the same.

One of the hardest things is the things that will never be. I find myself wishing that my life could be like someone else’s, that Madie could be leaving on her mission now as planned, and that she would return afterward, go back to college, eventually get married, and have children.

We believe God needed Madie for a bigger purpose than any of us can understand. However, it is still extremely difficult to understand why our sweet Madie had to return to her Heavenly home. This world was better because of her and now we are all left to try to fill the void that she left.

Malone Sheeran

16 | OAKLEY

Malone loved her job and her co-workers at South Fork Hardware. She worked hard to earn money and bought herself a car before she turned 16. She was a sophomore and loved all of her friends at South Summit High School. Malone was a member of FBLA, the debate team, Academic Decathlon, band, Interact Club, the South Summit swim team, and Girl Scouts. She also volunteered as a peer tutor, helping one of the fourth grade classes at the elementary school and as a mentor/leader with the local Brownie troop. In every instance, Malone touched lives and inspired others. She had a whimsical sense of humor and an infectious laugh. She was a truly caring person, and whenever she saw someone having a bad day she would do her best to make them feel better. She raised money to go on a trip to Mexico to help build homes for the less fortunate.

Malone's plans were to attend Louisiana State University (LSU) and study astrophysics. She loved conversations with her grandfather about how life began, the stars, the moon, and the heavens. Now she understands it all.

On April 23, 2012, Malone was on her way home from work and was in a single car rollover crash. Due to head trauma, her injuries were not survivable. Malone was taken off life support on April 24. Even in death she continued to give, as she chose to donate her organs to others.

Malone made the most out of life and did more in 16 years than most do in a lifetime. We are so blessed to have had her in our lives. Malone leaves behind her twin sister, Mason, her parents, her grandparents, uncles, aunts, cousins, and many, many friends who love and miss her very much.

We do not know why the accident occurred, but we do believe that if she had been wearing her seat belt she would have walked away with minor injuries.

The most important thing that we would like for people to learn from Malone's death is to always wear your seat belt. Even if Malone had been able to survive with her brain injury, she would have had a very low quality of life, which, to her, would have been a fate worse than death.

"...WE DO BELIEVE
THAT IF SHE HAD
BEEN WEARING
HER SEAT BELT
SHE WOULD HAVE
WALKED AWAY
WITH MINOR
INJURIES."





Thomas Clark

15 | VERNAL

“...NO PHONE CALL,
TEXT MESSAGE,
E-MAIL, ETC. IS
WORTH LOSING A
HUMAN LIFE.”

May 8, 1997 to Sept 3, 2012

Tommy was walking with a friend when a distracted driver hit him from behind. The driver was an adult distracted by a cell phone.

Tommy was doing nothing wrong and was even wearing a very bright yellow jacket. He was highly visible that night.

Tommy did not get the chance to drive. His life was taken two days before he was to get his permit. We will never know how excited he may have been to get to drive for the first time.

TLC. His initials will forever mean to us “the lost child!!!”

We will never get the chance to know what could have been. Our message would have to be that no phone call, text message, e-mail, etc. is worth losing a human life.

Trent was the youngest of 10 children, thus the spelling of his full name, Trenten. He was a loving son, brother, uncle, cousin, and friend. He had this quiet presence about him, but you always knew he was there because he was so goofy and funny. Trent was respectful to everyone and you knew you could trust him with anything.

Trent was an excellent mechanic and loved working on cars, regardless of what time of day it was or what time of the year. He was working for a car parts store in Tooele and driving to Salt Lake Community College, sometimes a couple of times a day, where he had been taking classes.

The winter of 2011–2012 had been relatively mild. On January 27, 2012, Trent, his nephew, and his nephew's wife had planned to go camping. Before Trent had left to meet them, his nephew called him and told him that their car was stuck in the mud, so Trent quickly gathered his gear to go help them. Since Trent and I lived together and took care of each other, he was worried about leaving me alone. I told him that I needed to learn to be okay on my own because it was only a matter of time before he would move out and start his new life. I just didn't know that it would be that very night.

The accident happened in the blink of an eye. The three of them couldn't get the car out of the mud so they were heading back to Tooele on S.R. 36 to borrow a truck. Trent was a diabetic, and because he had been working on that car for so long, his blood sugar levels had dropped. He bent down to grab something to eat and in that instant the road turned slightly and the car went off the road. When Trent tried to get it corrected, the car hit the road on the driver's side, rolled a few times, and threw Trent from the car.

I received a call just before midnight telling me that there had been an accident and that Trent had been taken by Life Flight to the University of Utah Hospital. The doctors and nurses worked on Trent for a couple of hours, but the trauma to his head was too much. At 1:21 a.m., Saturday, January 28, my baby was pronounced dead.

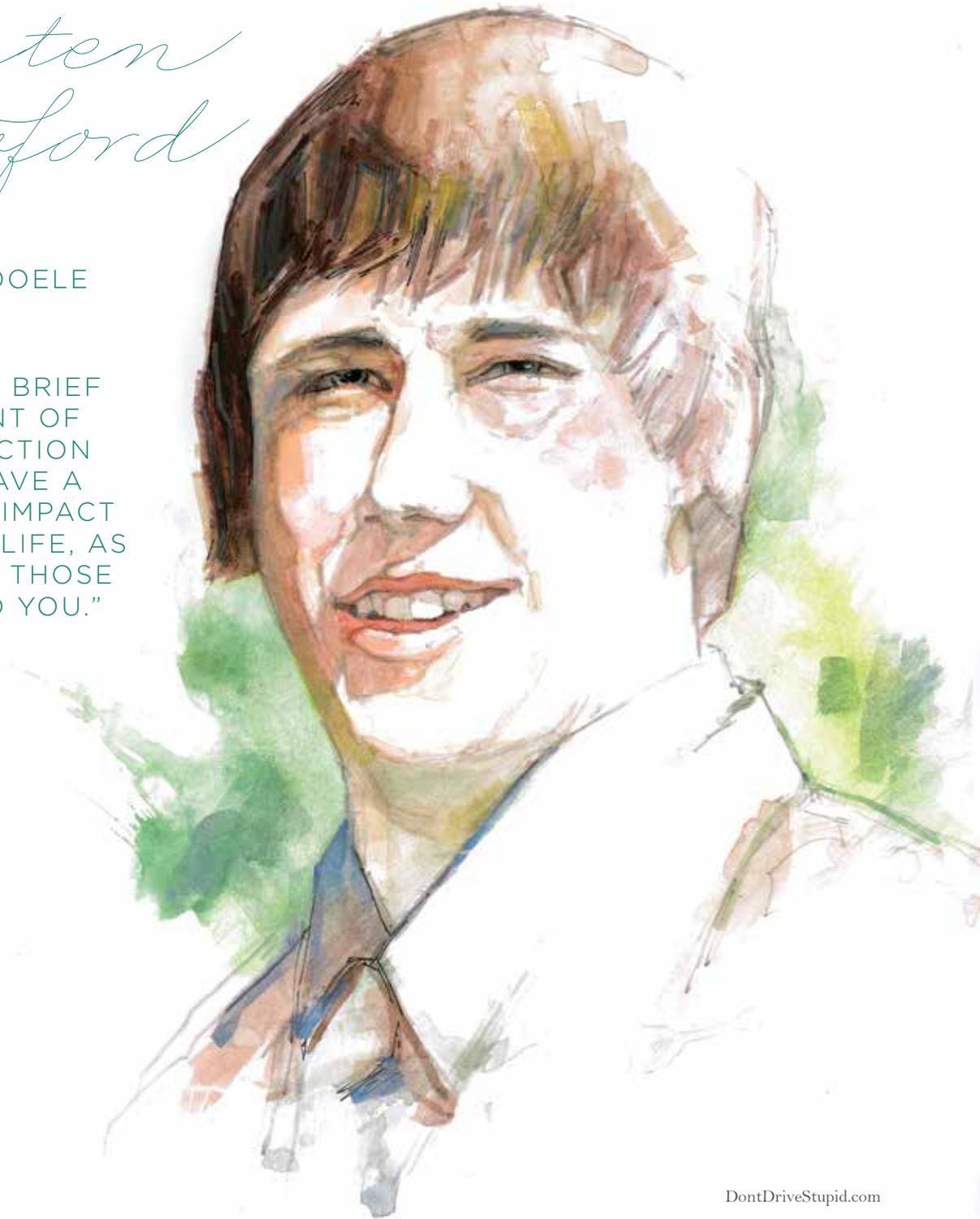
Trent was a constant source of happiness for everyone around him. Everyone who knew him adored him. His loss has created a permanent void in our lives.

My hope for anyone reading this story is for you to always remember how quickly and easily accidents happen, even if you take your eyes off the road for only a second. Even a brief moment of distraction can have a lasting impact on your life, as well as those around you.

Trenten Crawford

18 | TOOELE

“EVEN A BRIEF
MOMENT OF
DISTRACTION
CAN HAVE A
LASTING IMPACT
ON YOUR LIFE, AS
WELL AS THOSE
AROUND YOU.”





Zachery
Lindley

18 | WHITE CITY

“ZACH WOULD
STILL BE WITH
US HAD HE BEEN
WEARING HIS
HELMET.”

The excitement our entire family felt when we were told we were having twins was something only parents of multiple births can understand. We talked about it with everyone who asked, "How far along are you?" Everyone we met and talked with gave us the opportunity to tell this wonderful story of these new lives given to us by God. What an amazing thrill!

Zachery and his twin brother Adam were born 16 minutes apart, with Zachery entering this world first, the older brother, the leader in all things between them. These boys were inseparable day, night, feeding time, play time...they did everything together.

Each new adventure was generally led by Zach, then closely followed by Adam. The only exception was Zach's love of skateboarding. Adam was a little afraid of getting skinned up or bumped on the head. Zach would dive headfirst into the grass when he was trying new tricks on his board. He dreamt of getting a sponsorship as he grew in his talent and quest for perfection. Zachery took a backseat to no one.

Zach went through some very tough times as Mom and Dad's work took them around the country. Once we settled here in the Salt Lake Valley, Zach found great fun in the hills and mountains. He would skateboard everywhere we would allow him to. We even caught him hiding his helmet he was made to wear, neatly tucked in the bushes on the way to East Sandy Elementary in 5th grade.

As much as we punished him and withdrew his privileges to ride his skateboard, he ignored us and wanted the free flowing breeze through his hair. He loved the feeling of swooping about on the hills and dales of Sandy.

When he met Rachel, he fell head over heels for her. They went to Homecoming at Hillcrest High in late October of 2011. Young love bloomed. By the time they reached their three month anniversary of dating, Zach had scribed a letter to Rachel that he slipped into his back pocket after school on December 6, 2011.

He hopped on his skateboard at about 3:30 p.m. to head down the hill to her house and spend the evening watching TV, maybe going out to eat. It was 3:40 p.m. in the afternoon when he was turning the corner off of Sego Lilly Drive onto Poppy Lane when the fateful incident took place. Zach was in the shadows of the trees at the corner when a Jeep crossed the street and fatefully met Zach, leaving him lifeless on the ground. Many people at the scene helped and called 911. Life Flight was summoned to take Zach to Intermountain Medical Center just a few miles away. His condition was grave.

Our precious Zachy went through 10 brain surgeries and procedures and every kind of infection imaginable over the next nine months as he and the doctors valiantly fought for his life. It wasn't to be.

Our precious twin Zachery, brother, grandchild, and nephew was healed completely on September 12, 2012, but it wasn't the healing we had worked and prayed so hard for. At 8:07 p.m., on his oldest brother Rob's birthday, with all of his brothers and sister, mom, dad, and many friends holding him and saying goodbye, Zachery Taylor Lindley went home to be with the Lord. He is free from the burdens and pains of this most horrific event, and for that we thank our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

There are no words to describe the depth of our pain. We will never get over his passing, but we rejoice in the time and the memories God gave us with our Zachy.

We cry out to every parent and child to protect their heads at any speed faster than walking. Zach would still be with us had he been wearing his helmet. Our regret in this is unspeakable and we miss our boy with every fiber of our being. Don't let this happen in your family. You can never recover from losing a child. We miss you so much Zachy. We send kisses to Heaven for you. Our precious Zach, artist, athlete, strong, caring son, friend, and brother.

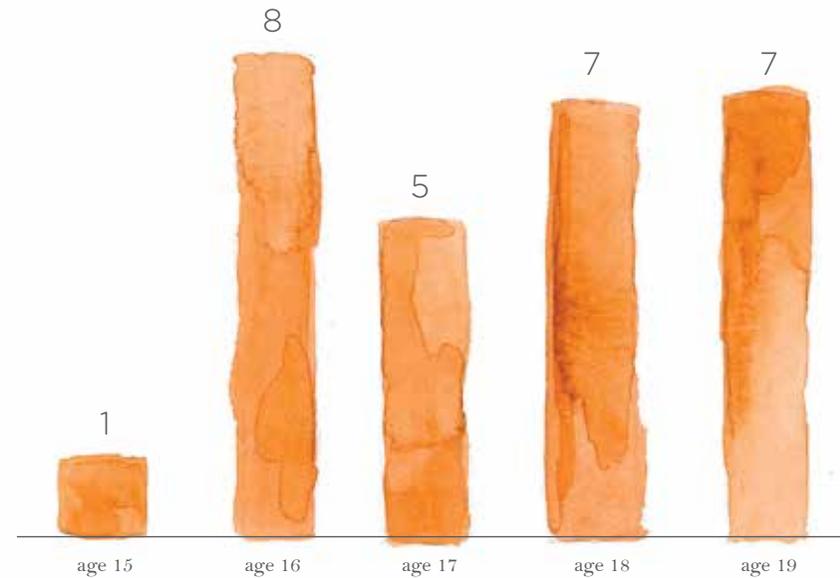
Robert, Tracie, Adam, Christian, Rob, Steven, Maureen and Shawn

Teen Driver Statistics

In 2012, 28 teen drivers were involved in a fatal crash. These crashes killed a total of 29 people, and nine of those were the teen drivers. In 2012, teen drivers were 1.3 times more likely to have a contributing factor in a fatal crash than drivers of other ages.

Contributing factors included: (Each crash may have more than one contributing factor.)

- 6 excessive speed
- 4 failed to keep in proper lane
- 4 overcorrected
- 3 distracted
- 3 failed to yield right of way
- 3 on wrong side of road
- 2 under the influence of alcohol/drugs
- 2 disregarded traffic signal/sign
- 2 followed too closely
- 2 improper lane change
- 2 reckless/aggressive driving
- 1 medical illness
- 1 fatigue/asleep
- 1 swerved or took evasive action
- 1 vehicle defect
- 1 vision obscured by moving vehicle
- 1 vision obscured by weather

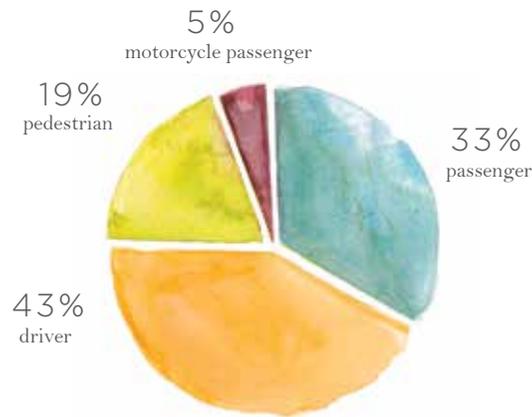


AGE OF TEEN DRIVERS
INVOLVED IN A FATAL CRASH

The fatal crash rate for drivers ages 16 – 19, based on miles driven, is four times higher than for drivers ages 25 – 69. Source: The Children's Hospital of Philadelphia Research Institute and State Farm Insurance Companies®. 2011.

2012 Teen Statistics

21 TEENS LOST THEIR LIVES ON UTAH ROADS



PERSON TYPE

Of the 21 teens killed in 2012:
 67% were male
 67% were on a weekday
 71% were in a single vehicle crash



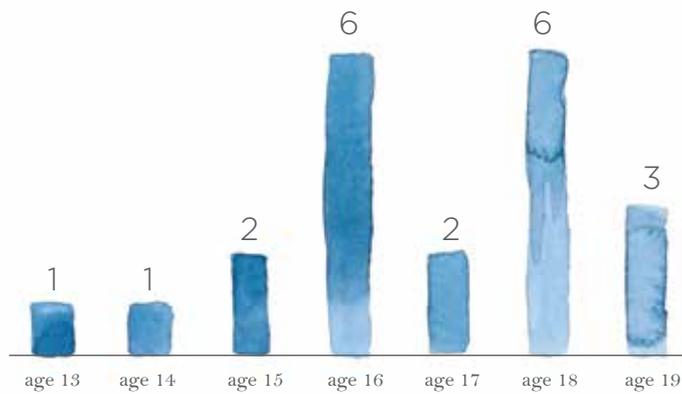
SEAT BELT USE

Half of all teen occupants killed were NOT buckled up.
 Teens have the lowest seat belt use of any age group.



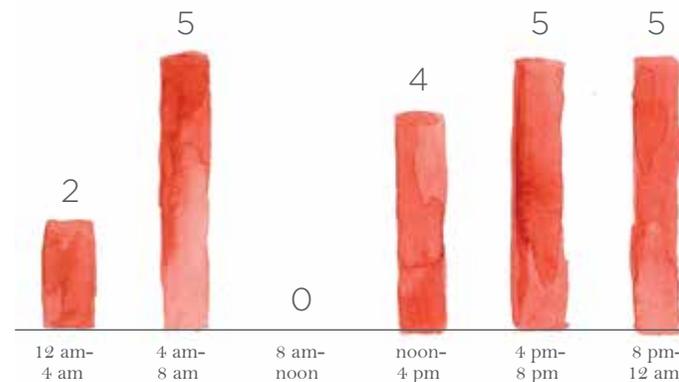
URBAN VS. RURAL

Statistic based on roadway location.



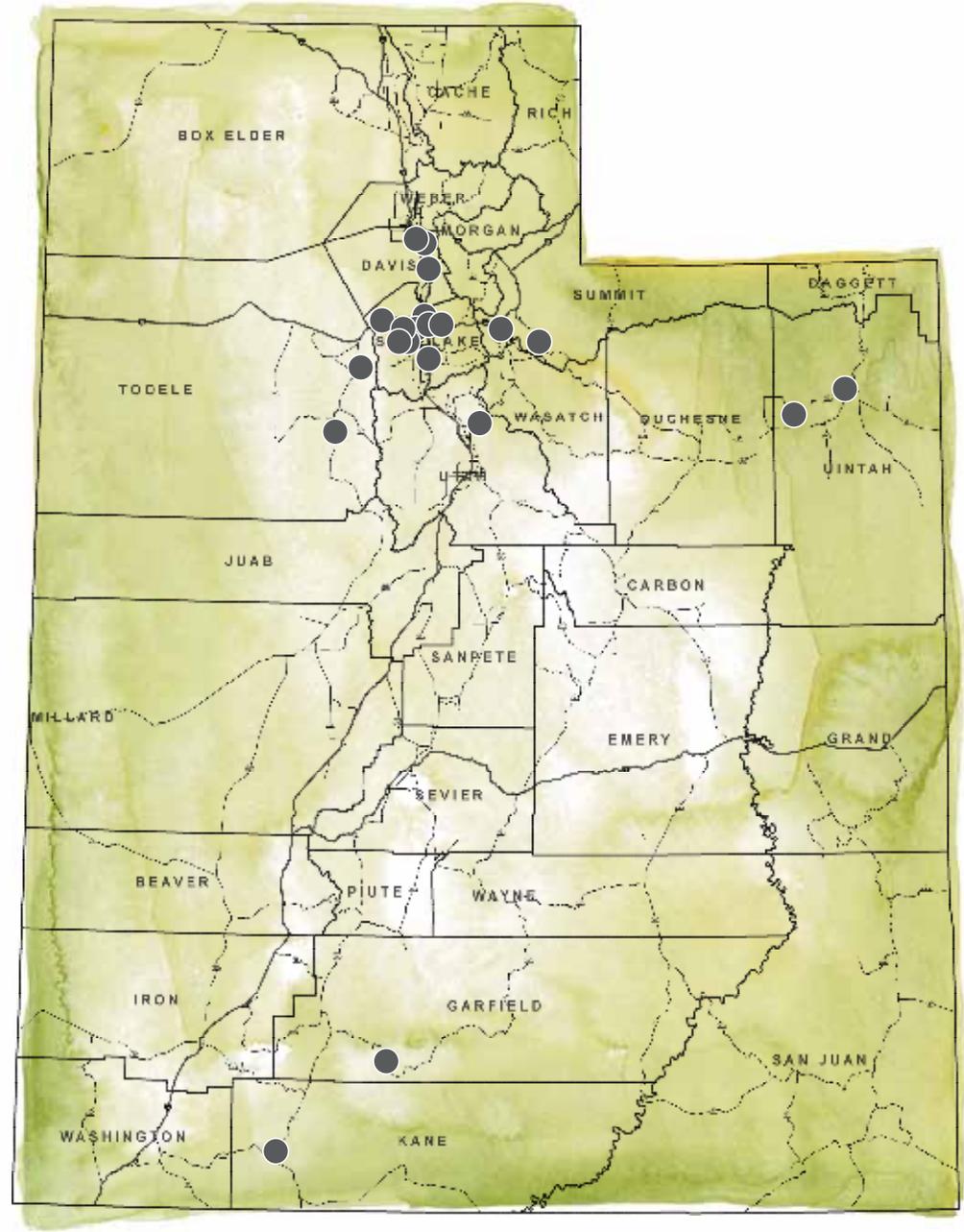
AGE OF TEEN DEATHS

43% of teens killed on Utah roads were 18 or 19 years of age.



TIME OF DAY

*2012 Utah
Teen Motor
Vehicle
Fatalities*



How to Use this Book to Save Lives

For the past five 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:

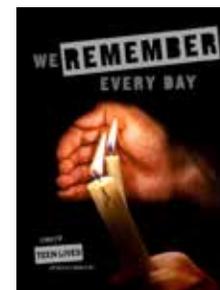
- What caused the crash?
- Could it have been prevented?
- What rules can you set while you are driving or riding in a car that can help avoid this type of car crash?

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 Violence and Injury Prevention Program
Utah Department of Transportation
Utah Department of Public Safety
Utah Teen Driving Task Force

To view Teen Memoriams from previous years
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