

One important part of our mission is the prevention of disabilities. Unfortunately, alcohol related, preventable incidents continue to result in many spinal cord injuries, traumatic brain injuries, and deaths. As of now, alcohol is involved in nearly 50% of all fatal car crashes involving young people. I hope that anyone who reads this will be inspired to never let anyone drive drunk. The following poem is quite gripping. We encourage you to share it with the youth in your area.



Moonlight Ride

- author unknown

Jenny was so happy about the house they had found,
For once in her life 'twas on the right side of town.
She unpacked her things with such great ease
As she watched her new curtains blow in the breeze.
How wonderful it was to have her own room.
School would be starting; she'd have friends over soon.
There'd be sleep-overs and parties; she was so happy.
It was just the way she wanted her life to be.
On the first day of school everything went great.
She made new friends and even got a date!
She thought, "I want to be popular and I'm going to be,
Because I just got a date with the star of the team!"
To be known in this school you had to have clout,
And dating this guy would sure help her out.
There was only one problem stopping her fate.
Her parents said she was too young to date.
"Well, I just won't tell them the entire truth.
They won't know the difference. What's there to lose?"
Jenny asked to stay with her friends that night.
Her parents frowned but said, "All right."
Excited she got ready for the big event.
But as she rushed around like she had no sense,
She began to feel guilty about the lies.
But what's a pizza, a party, and a moonlight ride?
Well, the pizza was good, and the party was great,
But the moonlight ride would have to wait,
For Jeff was half drunk by this time,
But he kissed her and said that he was just fine.

Then the room filled with smoke and Jeff took a puff.
Jenny couldn't believe he was smoking that stuff.
Now Jeff was ready to ride to the point,
But only after he'd smoked another joint.
They jumped in the car for the moonlight ride,
Not thinking that he was too young to drive.
They finally made it to the point at last,
And Jeff started trying to make a pass.
A pass was not what Jenny wanted at all
(And by a pass, I don't mean playing football).
"Perhaps my parents were right . . . maybe I am too young;
But how could I ever be so dumb?"
With all of her might she pushed Jeff away:
"Please take me home; I don't want to stay."
Jeff cranked up the engine and floored the gas.
In a matter of seconds they were going too fast.
As Jeff drove on in a fit of wild anger,
Jenny knew that her life was in great danger.
She begged and pleaded for him to slow down,
But he just got faster as they neared the town.
"Just let me get home! I'll confess that I lied.
I really went out for a moonlight ride."
Then all of a sudden she saw a big flash.
"Oh God, please help us! We're going to crash!"
She doesn't remember the force of the impact.
Just that everything all of a sudden went black.
She felt someone remove her from the twisted rubble,
And heard, "Call an ambulance! These kids are in trouble!"
Voices she heard . . . a few words at best;
But she knew that there were two cars involved in the wreck.
Then she wondered to herself if Jeff were all right,
And if the people in the other car were alive.
She awoke in the hospital to faces so sad.
"You've been in a wreck and it was pretty bad."
These voices echoed inside her head,
As they gently told her that Jeff was dead.
They said, "Jenny, we've done all we can do;
But it looks as if we'll lose you too."
"But the people in the other car!?" Jenny cried.
"We're sorry, Jenny, they also died."
Jenny prayed, "God, forgive me for what I've done.
I only wanted to have just one night of fun.
Tell those people's family I've made their lives dim,
And wish I could return their families to them.
Tell Mom and Dad, I'm sorry I lied,
And that it's my fault so many have died.

Oh nurse, won't you please tell them that for me?"
The nurse just stood there - she never agreed.
But took Jenny's hand with tears in her eyes,
And a few moments later, Jenny died.
A man asked the nurse, "Why didn't you do your best
To bid that girl her one last request?"
She looked at the man with eyes oh so sad,
"Because the people in the other car were her mom and dad."
This story is sad and unpleasant but true,
So young people take heed, it could have been you.



If anyone knows who wrote the above poem, please let us know so that we may give credit to the author.