



KFADD Newsletter

Kiwanis Family Against Drunk Driving
News from around the Barbourpole

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LOSING MY DAD

October 7, 2004

The evening of April 19, 2000 started out uneventful. I was reading a book when the telephone rang. I was a bit irritated that the call was for me because it was a good book. I never did finish the book, don't remember the title and have no idea where it is. That phone call changed my life. The person on the other end was a police officer and after confirming that yes, I was the daughter of Linda Macaulay, he recommended I go to her house as quickly as possible. His quiet words scared me. Mom and Dad lived on the beach about 20 minutes away but it was the longest drive I remember having to take. I was praying the entire way. As I approached the stairs leading down to their place I saw my two brother's trucks and my sister's car. I had been nervous on the drive out but now I was scared. What was so bad we all needed to be at Mom and Dad's house? What could it be?

When I opened the door I saw my sister crying. She was 8 ½ months pregnant with her third child. My brother, Andy, was staring at the ground, white as marble. He looked like a statue. My brother, Jerry, was patting my sister's arm methodically. Then I noticed movement out of the corner of my eye. My mother is a very beautiful woman. Tonight, as she walked with her arms stretched towards me, she looked like a crazy person, with puffy, haunted eyes and hair sticking every which way. I backed away in fright. But she kept coming towards me and as I watched in horror she said, "Honey, your Dad's been killed. He was hit by a drunk driver."

I did not know, until that moment, that grief hurts not only mentally but also physically and later I found spiritually as well. It was as if the cells in my body tried to change shape. I felt pain in my heart as if it was being shredded and my body ached in indescribable pain. I began shaking my Mom and screaming "No,no,no" over and over. As long as I screamed then my Dad was still alive. But when I took in a breath it meant he was gone and this nightmare was true. Mom tried to hold me and finally I just clutched her as she sagged into my arms. You see, that night we lost not only our Dad but our Mother as well.

The next few hours, then days and moving into weeks, we were faced with mind-numbing chores which almost drove us to our knees. We telephoned family and friends

before they heard it on the radio. It was a nightmare. We made sure Dad's brother, Uncle Bob, was with Dad's dad, Grandpa, when Mom called to give him the news. Grandpa has been a long-time Kiwanis's member on Bainbridge Island. I doubt I will forget their cries as Mom tried to explain what had happened. My sister and I were picked to tell Grandma, Dad's mom, that her son was killed. That was probably the hardest job we had. We wrote Dad's obituary, getting out the bible, looking up quotes, picking hymns to sing, meeting with the minister. I worked with the organ donator people and my sister signed Dad's death certificate. With my brothers and sister supporting me, I handed Mom the items Dad had on his body when he died: one of them was his wedding ring. A brother took over financial forms and the other focused on the law, what the troopers were doing, keeping up with the DA's office.

Mom had lost the only man she had ever held in her arms. She and Dad had married young, while still in high school, and he was only 56 when we lost him. Now we mother our Mom as best we can but there are times when she slips through our hands. Like when we forget to shovel her driveway and she tries to do it herself, slips and falls on the ice. Dad always shoveled. When she has to take the garbage out, knowing the bears are around looking for food. Dad always took care of that job. Everyday is a constant reminder that he's not with her. It was always them, not he and her.

Dad and his boss, Martin Richards, were killed on the Alaska Seward Highway as they were heading home from a working trip. Their friend and co-worker, Steve McGee survived with extensive leg damage. The men had been checking remote hatchery sites, Steve worked for the Dept of Fish and Game and Dad and Martin worked for the division of Investments.

Michael Glaser, the man who killed my Dad, was a father of three young girls. He had been working on the slope and after the plane ride home, decided to "have a few" because he'd had a bad day at work. After quite a few drinks in a bar, he was seen to stagger out of a liquor store with his purchased beer and whiskey. The investigators estimate Mr. Glaser was going 80 mph when his truck struck the small, rental car. His BAC was .297. He did not cooperate with the police until he had hired one of the best lawyers in the region. He appealed his sentence the day after court but told the media he was so remorseful he will willing to spend as much time as the Judge ordered because he felt so badly for our families. It was hard to understand his decisions and the acts of remorse seemed suspicious. It is important, however, that the reader know this: there is no doubt Mr. Glaser is a good man. I probably would have liked him if I had known him. He made a bad choice. Now he has to live with that choice. So do his three girls and his wife. We have to live with his choice as well. Someday he will get out of jail and be with his family again. Sadly, we will never see our Dad on this earth again. We never got to say goodbye. Dad will never hold the three grandchildren born after his death. Most of his grandchildren will forget the sound of his voice, the candy dish on his desk, the games he played with them. As adults, we are expected to have "gotten over it" by now. Our society gives us about one year to move on with our lives. My mom is expected to date and hopefully marry. She is to smile and not look sad. Relatives, friends and strangers feel comfortable and helpful giving us such advice. I will tell you

this: nobody knows what it's like to lose someone to drunk driving unless they go through it themselves. There is no getting over losing someone to murder.

We go on with our lives, we do the best we can, some days are better than others. Holidays aren't much fun, we do not like the 4th of July or Christmas but we only share that with ourselves and not others. We tell people we are doing fine and our mom is doing great, just really great, couldn't be happier. People don't want to hear about the sudden pain when a favorite shared song comes on the radio or an anniversary comes and goes. We understand why they want us to get over our loss because we used to agree with them- before we lost Dad. Know we know life doesn't work that way.

Dad was only 56 when we lost him; he had a lot of years to share with us and we lost that because someone chose to drink and drive. If you know someone who drink and drives, please stop them before it is too late.

Cindy (Macaulay) Cashen

MADD Juneau Chapter

My grandfather, Hugh Macaulay, is an active Bainbridge Island Kiwanis member.

I helped start a Mothers Against Drunk Driving chapter in our town within a year of Dad's death. MADD is in my heart.

Editors Note: Cindy, I could not, or would not, cut one word from your story. I know exactly how you feel.

As Vice President of Columbia County MADD, and an officer for many years, I hear stories like this way-way-way too often. I became a speaker at our MADD DUII & MIP classes to talk about the auto insurance results of the bad decision to drink and drive.

It brought back so vividly the loss of my best friend and work companion who was killed by a drunk driver in my presence. It brought tears to my eyes and horrible memories of what happened. That was over 50 years ago, and every time I hear or read a story like this, it hits my heart deeply.

That is why I got involved in MADD. And, that is why I want to do everything in my power as editor of KFADD Newsletter to try to impress on each and every Kiwanian what can and does happen.

Kiwanians—please don't take this article as just a sad story. This truly shows how Drunk Driving Deaths affect our family, relatives and friends now and forever. Remember, you can save a family member or friend from this.

Get Involved!!! Don't Drink & Drive.

WORK STILL TO DO

While MADD is hopeful that there were fewer deaths involving alcohol on the roadways last year, there are still 17,013 people killed and half a

million injuries each year. Each of those killed or injured has loved ones who are affected by a crash. MADD is here to help with more than 1,500 trained victim advocates across the United States. We help survivors of drunk driving crashes, and their families and friends, cope, heal and navigate the court system during one of the most challenging times of their lives.

There are two easy steps that you can take to help stop drunk driving and prevent underage drinking. Your action can lead to change for the better...lifesaving legislation or awareness in your community.

1. Go to MADD's Issue Briefs to learn about the issues.
http://support.madd.org/site/R?i=aT9TLw4ASX_thFVSgKRaqg..

2. Visit MADD's Action Center to make your voice heard on these issues.
<http://support.madd.org/site/R?i=qeVpD6bk15XthFVSgKRaqg..>

Also, we hope you will remember that MADD is here for you. If you or someone you know would like to talk with someone about a drunk driving crash, please call us at 1-800-GET-MADD.

(excerpt from MADD Newsletter of 9/2/04)



K-FADD and MADD make appearance at St. Helens Daybreakers Children's Fair

Saturday, October 30 was a great day for kids in Columbia County. For the thirteenth year, the St. Helens Daybreakers Kiwanis Club hosted the ever popular Children's Fair. Booths were set up for community groups to provide information for parents and treats for the kids. And K-FADD and MADD were there as well. As part of their booth, they gave out key rings, Frisbees, pencils and of course Red Ribbons. Also available were fact cards with eight different facts printed on them and a stick of wrapped gum. These "Facts To Chew On" were about under-age drinking and included some new facts on how alcohol affects our young people. Pamphlets on substance abuse were also available. And Face Painting was also provided free of charge at the booth.

Although most of the children were Elementary age and below, there were several teens present as well. The "Fact Cards" really opened a few eyes that day. The Builders Club and Key Club from the Middle and High School were an active part of making this such a huge success. The Noon Kiwanis Club also assisted. Although no count was taken of actual attendees, it is estimated that well over 5,000 people enjoyed this free event.

This booth was a cooperative effort of K-FADD, MADD, Columbia Community Mental Health, Commission on Children and Families, Local Alcohol and Drug Planning Committee, and the Drug Enforcement Agency. (Article by Lynn Chiotti)

TO ALL KFADD COMMITTEE MEMBERS AND ALL MADD CHAPTERS

UPCOMING EVENTS:

St. Helens Daybreakers Kiwanis and St. Helens Key Club will be distributing Red Ribbons at Emmert Motors in St. Helens in early December.

(Please advise any upcoming events you have scheduled for the next couple of months, and I will list them here in the next newsletter).

NEWS ITEMS:

(I need your help to put out an informative and interesting news letter. Please send me stories or news flashes that can be reproduced in the news letter. Your help will be greatly appreciated.)

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Thank you,
Roger Barbour
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