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or dismiss them.

Among those who spoke Thursday was Bill Rice, president of Lane County's Mothers Against Drunk Driving.

Rice told the crowd the story of his 26-year-old son, Michael, who was killed by a 16-year-old high school student in December 1986. The boy was racing from one party to another. Rice said, and was drunk when he smashed into Michael's

Michael had started a business, The Pizza Answer, in 1985 with his identical twin brother. Mark. Michael was out on a delivery near Agate Street when he was hit.

Rice, who was living in Tacoma at the time, tells the crowd about the call he got from Mark, the drive to Eugene with his wife, and the first time he set foot in Sacred Heart Hospital.

The nurse talked to us for a few minutes about what to expect when we went in there," Rice said, "but she could have talked for three or four days and it wouldn't have prepared us for what

Michael was hooked up to "every machine you could think of." He had been thrown from the car and suffered severe brain damage.

His mother, Carol, held his hand that day and thought she felt Michael squeeze it, Rice said. They hoped for the best, but it was not to be

Rice spent the next several days, including Christmas, in the hospital with Michael.

I had more conversations with Michael during those 10 days than I had ever had with him before," Rice said, as some audience members began to cry. "I remember Michael every day, and now that it's getting close to Christmas, it's hard again.

Michael remained in a coma for 11 days and died Dec. 30.

Rice now co-owns The Pizza Answer with Mark, who recorded an award-winning Public Service Announcement about the accident and the phone call he made to his parents telling them what had happened.

Above the office door is a picture of Michael

and his yellowing obituary.

Rice looks at the photo and talks about what it is that compels him to speak at high schools, at the University, at the panels and to so many other audiences

"It is hard," he said. "A lot of us get burned out and have to stop speaking for awhile.

'My motives, I feel, are worthy," Rice said. "Every once in a while I wonder if I try to keep Michael alive through this. I really don't want to forget him. Not a day goes by that I don't think of

'But the pain's not there like it was that first year. The first year was like someone tearing the inside of my stomach out every time I thought of

'Every once in a while I wonder if I try to keep Michael alive through this. I really don't want to forget him. Not a day goes by that I don't think of him.'

> Bill Rice. Lane County MADD president

him."

And Rice knows he's making a difference. Kids often thank him after a presentation and even Thursday's crowd told him how much they appreciated the efforts. The audience fills out comment cards after each panel and, with only two or three exceptions, the comments are overwhelmingly positive.

Tve opened my eyes to things that didn't seem important before," one person wrote. "Victims are real, not news stories, and I know now I could

be a victim or a killer.

"I feel lucky that I was the only one who will regret what I did," one wrote.

I understand that I was wrong, and I, too, have lost a loved one to a drunk driver," another wrote. "That is why I feel so low for what I've done. I don't think people realize the pain they can cause until they are in a program like this. I hope it affects others like it did me.

Several of the comments are directed specifically at thanking Donny Durrant, a speaker who began by telling the crowd, "When I look at you all, I'm looking at a reflection in a mirror. I was just

Durrant, who broke his neck when he crashed his car in 1976 when he was 22, has no feeling below his chest, cannot walk and has very limited use of his hands and arms.

Durrant started drinking at 15, dropped out of school, and soon became an alcoholic, he said. At that time, drinking and driving laws were not what they are now. He was often stopped and just told by police officers to pour out his beer and go home, Durrant said.

One Saturday night, after a lot of beer and whiskey at a party, Durrant headed home with a young passenger. His last memory of the night is leaving her house after dropping her off.

His crash left him with a broken neck and in the hospital for four and a half months. But the crash came after he had been stopped three times that night by officers, all of whom let him go with only minor citations.

"All those times the policemen made me pour my beer out, they didn't do my any favors," Durrant said. "The three times I was let go the night

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