



**STORIES OF MARIJUANA VICTIMS  
AND THEIR FAMILIES**

Dear reader

Here are the stories of people whose lives were lost due to marijuana. Some are beloved children whose lives ended tragically despite their families best attempts to save them. There are pictures of those lost so you can get to know them.

At end you will see the website for Moms Strong. They are a group of Moms who have seen marijuana severely damage their teenage and young adult children. While pot advocates promote stories of how marijuana is a safe, natural and fun activity, they have instead witnessed their children develop devastating mental health issues after using it. They have observed the side effects of anxiety, panic attacks, paranoia, depression and psychosis, and have even seen a final result of suicide. They have watched how these changes have occurred in some as a sudden psychotic break and in others gradually over a long period of addiction.

These are only a few of the great number of deaths being caused by this drug.

Here are their stories.







**I am a marijuana victim.** On March 1, 2014 I lost my son at the young age of 31 to Severe Cannabis Use Disorder induced suicide.

**My son is a marijuana victim.** Marijuana killed his soul and ruined his brain. His suicide note makes that very clear.

Andy Zorn was a happy, resourceful kid with big dreams. He realized some of them, working and saving and planning his future. He served in the U.S. Army as a paratrooper with 82<sup>nd</sup> Airborne. He earned an AA degree at community college after his discharge in 2004.

But Andy had experimented with marijuana and alcohol at age 14. Perhaps that is when a foundation was laid for his not being tolerant of the substance as an adult. By age 25 he was exhibiting signs of psychosis and fearing suicide.

The six years that followed were a nightmare of calls to suicide help lines resulting in involuntary stays in county behavioral health hospitals, court ordered mental health treatment, loss of his right to own a weapon due to the danger he was to himself. He lost his ability to hold a job, continue in school, to keep his home.

The Veterans Administration had also treated him and of course suspected PTSD but Andy never agreed with that. He had no symptoms of PTSD, mainly just severe depression and the diagnosed Severe Cannabis Use Disorder.

Andy was arrested in Arizona for marijuana possession, one of the best things that happened to him in those years because it afforded him the incentive to be clean and sober in a court diversion program that opened a window in his addicted mind and allowed him a shot at recovery and re-entry into a productive life. He reconnected with family and friends he had isolated from in his addiction.

Sadly though, when the drug testing stopped, the marijuana addiction took him right back. Andy easily obtained an Arizona medical marijuana card, claiming pain in a leg that had once been broken. That afforded him access to a regular supply of potent product that owned his mind.

I spoke with the marijuana dispensary manager about Andy's death and his severe addiction. I did that with the hope she would help the next person like Andy recognize the harms and risks of the product. But she said she would not because it is not addictive and Andy must have been using another substance. Andy was not. His toxicology report proves that.

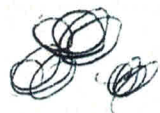
As long as this marijuana industry is allowed to operate in this reckless way, there will be more marijuana victims. I offer Andy's Story with the dream that his words in his suicide note will resonate with someone who cares enough to help save the next victims. Marijuana killed his soul plus ruined his brain.

Please help stop this insane rush to build this industry marketing a harmful and risky substance, promoting its use, misleading young people into believing it is harmless. We victims are being left in its wake.

Andy's Mom, Sally Schindel, Arizona MomsStrong.org

*Sally Schindel 11-10-2017*



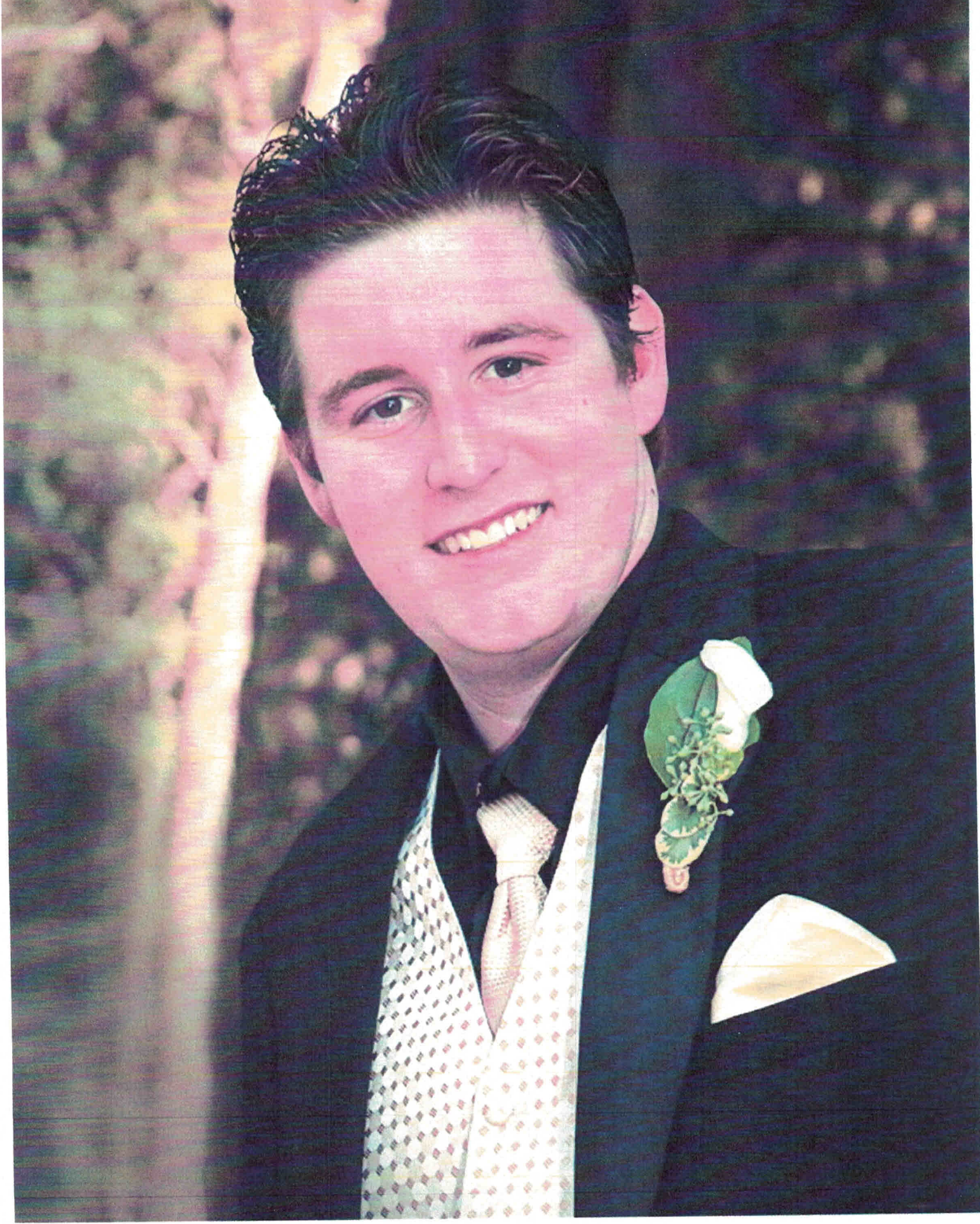


I barely even do what I want. I want to die. I am quitting while I am ahead. I don't want anyone to worry about me. I am setting my parents free. Otherwise I will only get worse. My soul is already dead. Marijuana killed my soul & ruined my brain. I am doing everyone a favor.

191  
200  
- 39  
161

- SUICIDE NOTE OF ANDY ZORN FOUND IN HIS BEDROOM IN PEORIA 3-1-2014
- PROVIDED BY HIS MOTHER, SALLY SCHINDEL 602-565-5360
- HELP STOP THIS MADNESS OF PROMOTING MARIJUANA USE! PLEASE







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## SHANE'S STORY

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Shane was my first-born son who grew into a handsome 6'4" young man. He always seemed larger than life and he had a big heart, infectious smile, and zest for life

He excelled at sports, especially water sports, from a young age. Shane was a very normal, healthy teen and even weathered a back injury and surgery which made high school team sports no longer possible—so he transferred his athletic skills to wakeboarding!



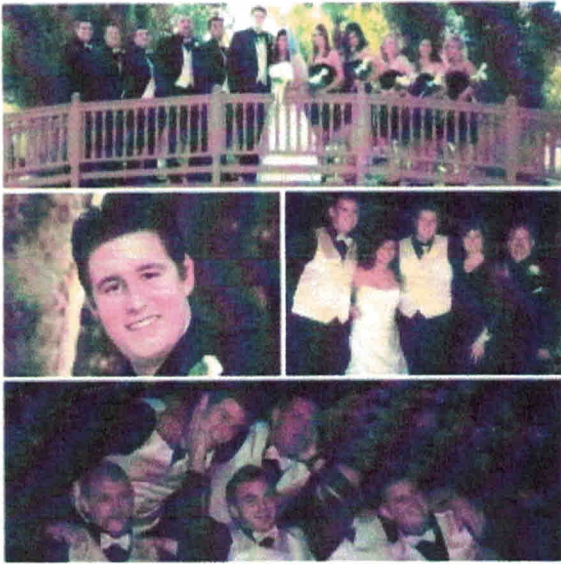
When Shane moved away from home at age 19, he began using recreational marijuana (unbeknownst to his family). At age 22, Shane endured prolonged physical rehab to his knee following a serious boating accident. It was later realized Shane had increased his use of pot as he was intolerant of the prescription pain medications.



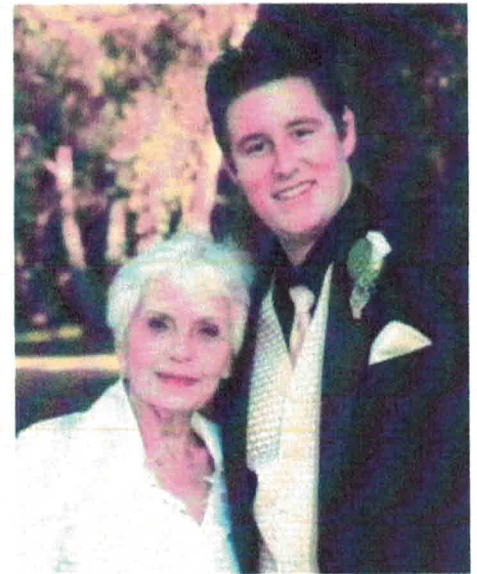
Shane was determined to proceed with his wedding to his longtime girlfriend, and a beautiful event was held on the campus of Cal Lutheran University on August 8, 2009.

Two months from this magical day, at age 23, Shane suffered a sudden, unforeseen, abrupt change in reality. Shane's parents found him in the middle of the night (after his bride called 911 on his



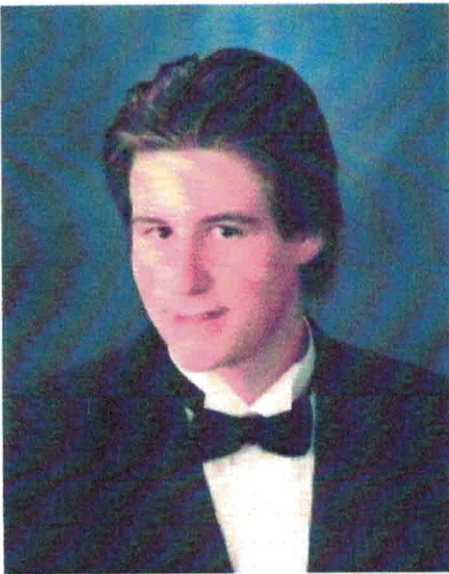


increasingly  
bizarre  
behavior).  
Shane  
admitted to  
having  
smoked pot  
but tried to



*Shane and his  
grandmother*

reassure us “don’t worry, it’s just a harmless herb” though he was suffering visual and auditory hallucinations asking us if we saw the bombed out buildings and believed he had to save Obama. I knew for my son’s twenty-three years of always normal, healthy behavior this drug was *anything but harmless!* Shane was hospitalized in a locked psych unit, massively drugged and he tested (+) and admitted to just one substance- (THC). **His use of marijuana was ignored by the psych facility.** Shane was diagnosed “psychosis NOS, rule out bipolar one” yet there is no family history of any severe mental health illnesses on either family line. In spite of the extensive scientific literature Shane’s mother found online about “psychosis and marijuana,” the out-patient psychiatrist denied her suggestion that Shane be sent into drug rehab “your son’s not some drug addict, he’s just smoked pot.”



Shane ultimately regained his normal mental health. He found work as a Certified Residential Electrician again and appeared to be back active, social and enjoying life. However, 18 months later Shane suffered a second psychotic break and admitted he had returned to using marijuana. Shane was re-hospitalized at a different psych facility but again, the correlation between his marijuana use and his altered reality was ignored. Upon release, his young life crumbled personally and professionally.

Shane moved away to “start anew” once psychosis abated, but he died by suicide 7 months later while in marijuana cessation—devastating his family and shocking his “band of brothers” and all their many peers. Although little is known about “cannabis-withdrawal-suicide” in this country, I strongly believe his unfathomable death is directly related to this disorder. Shane’s “goodbye” note included love for his family and the haunting words “there is nothing anyone could do to have saved me—my choices led me to this point. I can’t go on anymore.”





Shane's family deeply regrets a life taken so young. Shane's family knows a piece of their hearts is forever missing but each of us have to hold onto the incredible, loving, memorable life that he led as a son, brother, grandson, godson, nephew, cousin and friend to so many in his short-lived twenty-five years on earth.

I'm sharing my son's unimaginable fate to make others aware of the harms of marijuana in hopes of preventing more young lives being lost & parents the agony of losing a child.

– Lori Robinson (Shane's mom)- California



Please help us expose the truth of  
the marijuana industry...



Lori Robinson M.S.,R.D.

1246 Avenida Prada  
Thousand Oaks, CA 91360  
805-300-2417

Dave,

My husband & I are college educated professionals ( Greg grad UCLA & has worked for the same engineering company in an administrative position X 30 years). I have a master's degree in Nutrition Science & currently work as a nephrology dietitian. We have never used any illegal drug in our lives. Greg takes a RX for hypothyroidism, and I take no R.S. Our family has NO history of severe mental illness ( schizophrenia or bipolar disorders), Greg's parents lived into their eighties. My father just passed this year at age 90 & my amazing 92 y/o mother lives independently, still drives & thrives. Our youngest son (age 26) is a college grad, secured a wonderful job back in CA & looks like a wedding is in the plans with his precious girlfriend who like my son is college educated and also never used illegal drugs. Between all of us, including Shane, no one has been arrested- to the contrary we've all been good, upstanding citizens

In Oct, 2009 ~ 5 months after Shane's ACL knee injury & reconstruction he turned to using marijuana - daily- for medicinal pain relief ( unbeknownst to my family as Shane was recently married & living with his bride) & literally overnight suffered a psychotic break testing (+) & admitted to using pot believing "it's just a harmless herb". No one in the medical profession (2009) accepted MJ could trigger psychosis, but I accessed PubMed research & found ~ 900 scientific studies globally "marijuana & psychosis" ( look how many can be found in 2017!). A mother knows her children. IF there was even a remote hint of some mental illness in our families, I would have accepted the "psychosis NOS" ( Not Otherwise Specified) psych facility diagnosis, but the fact Shane had just admitted his use of DAILY marijuana following a terrible boating injury & surgery, I knew Shane's toxicology report with ONLY THC presence was the key to Shane's sudden, bizarre alteration in reality. Even armed with the science, I waved the PubMed research to the psychiatrists, psychologists...but even the physicians I work with unilaterally stated "pot can't trigger psychosis" etc...

At least in 2017, the ERs in CO ( also in the San Diego area at Scripps Mercy Hospital with Dr Romnet Lev- ER Medical Director)do assign an accurate diagnosis "cannabis-induced-psychosis" to any patient admitted with Shane's psychotic symptoms. Sadly, there's few MH facilities in America that have fully embraced the full acceptance of "cannabis-induced-disorders" because the myth pot can't cause psychosis (& all the other egregious mental health disorders it triggers) has been ingrained in the fabric of society since the days of Woodstock ( even "weak" THC pot caused people to "go crazy" in the hippie era, but few accepted the connection back then).

It's an irrational time in America because there is an insidious, ubiquitous culture of pot (& many other drugs) sweeping America. Greg & I thankfully grew up being told drugs were bad, unlike the drug-promoting times of today which I firmly attribute to the "medicalization" ( 1996 Compassionate Use Act in CA)& now "legalization" in 8 states.



Shane knew right from wrong. His brief "goodbye" note written 1-13-12 included love for his family, but these chilling words haunt me for life. Below is the suicide note we found in our vacation home near Yosemite, CA where Shane moved to summer of 2011 "to start anew" after all that happened in his young life. Shane's father was coming to visit for the weekend, but when I couldn't reach Shane that morning I left work & met Greg for the agonizing 4.5 hour ride to our family cabin. I believe the deepest sense of fear that overcame me that same morning was God allowing Shane to sever the maternal-child bond we shared by the foreboding feeling of dread I've never experienced before. God surely knew Shane was suffering in this horrific brain hell the last 27 months. It's taken me on a long journal to put Shane's puzzle pieces together. Shane paid the ultimate sacrifice for using marijuana for pain- it seems a mighty steep price to pay- with his life. I pray Attorney General Sessions & all the Federal agencies you're meeting with delve quickly & speak DIRECTLY to the ER physicians, and Ken Finn MD, in Colorado. Please tell them many, many more young people will die in such tragic ways as Shane, or will be left with debilitating severe mental illnesses all from THC marijuana unless they comprehend "the silent pot crisis" is already upon us.

Dad - before you enter the cabin you should know I have decided to hang myself. Jodie is in the upstairs bathroom. I am truly sorry for this. I can't go on anymore. I know this is a terrible way out of life; I have stayed up many nights thinking about what it will do to the family. I hope over time everyone will realize that there was nothing anyone could do to save me. My choices got me to this point. I love all of you. I hope you can find it in your hearts to forgive me.

I'm sorry







*KLB*

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December 1, 2017

Mrs. Karen L. Bailey  
2335 S.W. 80<sup>th</sup> St.  
Ocala, FL 34476

Dear President Trump,

Congratulations on your success as Commander-in-Chief. You and your family are making Americans proud once again and leading the way to a brighter and better future for many. Unfortunately, my children won't be around to experience that. On September 21, 2011, I lost my 24-year-old-son to a drug overdose. His name was Corey. Three and a half years later I lost my 25-year-old daughter to suicide. Her name was Alyssa. Corey and Alyssa were close and competitive with each other as most siblings tend to be. They shared such a strong bond that when one hurt the other hurt even more. I'm sharing my story with you to let you know that the single greatest gift you could give to America's children would be to uphold and enforce the laws on marijuana. I believe that there is no greater threat to our children than this new "medicine."

Marijuana was both the gateway drug and the relapse drug for Corey and Alyssa. Corey had shared with me before he died that his first experience with marijuana was in middle school. In high school, marijuana was shared with friends on weekends and at the lake in the summer. He was adamant that Colorado was a great example to follow for the rest of the country on marijuana legalization because marijuana was more helpful than harmful. He told me that today's marijuana was considered medicine for a wide range of health ailments from anxiety to sleeplessness. He viewed my position on marijuana as an outdated attitude that just needed to be changed. I'm pretty sure the states out west didn't see the hepatitis A outbreak coming as a result of the increase in the homelessness population. The governors of those states should have to go live in the tent cities for a week.

Alyssa was a straight A IB student. She left the program after the first year because she wanted to be at the same school with Corey. He was a popular football player and she felt that she was missing out on his senior year because she was at a different school. She graduated two years after Corey placing seventh in her class with high honors and full scholarships. She never completed her first semester at Florida State University and everything after that became a struggle for her. She texted her younger half-brother right before she died. She stated that she liked weed and she felt that it was harmless because it was all natural.

Corey and Alyssa had shared in their drug use the day that Corey died. As easily as they had shared marijuana together they had shared a lethal





combination of Xanax and methadone together. This happened at the height of Florida's pill mill days. We had buried nine other young people before September 21, 2011. We were shell-shocked as a community and paralyzed by grief. You are never the same after you bury a child.

I raised the kids as a single mom with no support financially or physically from their father. I ran a fairly strict home where drugs were never present or tolerated. I always drove the kids to school and picked them up from school to take them home. Those times became precious to me because it allowed us time to talk and catch up on each other's daily activities. Any help I needed juggling schedules came from my parents who lived next door. We spent our extra time in sports and church activities. Corey and Alyssa were Christians and were saved by the sacrifice at the Cross. That is the only reason I've survived this experience. God has lovingly carried me the whole way. Marijuana legalization will make a single parents job twice as hard if not impossible. There are a lot of single parents out there who can relate to this scenario.

I strongly feel that as a country we are allowing young brains to be compromised when we should be protecting them. It's not our best and our children deserve better from its leaders.

Marijuana is actively robbing our young people of their future. I believe that if the true facts about marijuana had been exposed before each state voted on marijuana then this legalization movement would not be happening. The



most important fact that needs to be known about marijuana is that the prefrontal cortex of a brain under twenty-five years of age will not develop the way God intended it to develop if a young person smokes, vapes, or eats marijuana. Marijuana changes your child first and it changes them forever. When addiction takes hold of your child and doesn't let go, believe me, it's a special kind of hell all on its own.

The one thing that I know for sure after going through this is that God's sweet love for me is greater and deeper than the grief that has overwhelmed me. He has loved me every step of the way. When you change the brain, you change the heart. We are witnessing in every aspect of American life, a changed heart due to changed brains. That change is not something to be envied but something we should all be ashamed of because we had laws on the books to prevent the damage. It is out of love, love for our children, we must respect and uphold our federal marijuana laws.

Thank you so much for your time and thank you for being our President. You are doing an incredible job. I'm very proud of you and the positive impact you've made not only in our beloved country but worldwide. Wholeheartedly, I want to thank you for standing up for Christians. As we've seen, when you take the Christian faith out of America, you pull the heart out of its people. Thank you for putting it back. May God continue to bless you and your beautiful family as he smiles from above.



*KLB*

Sincerely,

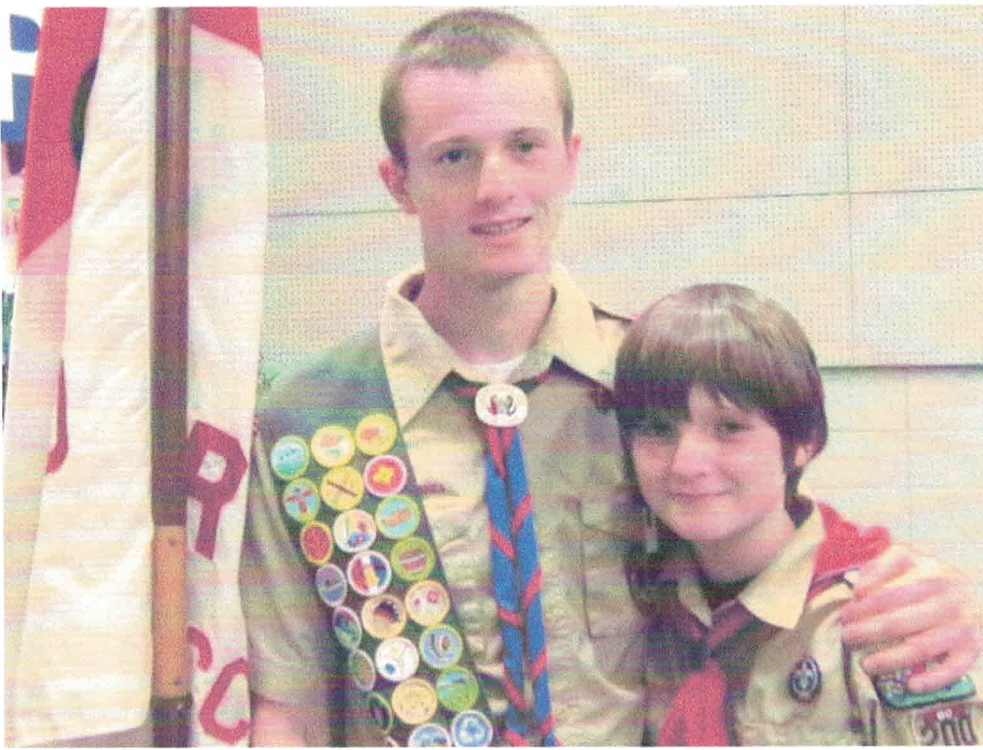
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352-875-5281



## A Life Half Lived–The Chase Rodgers Story

My wife, Kim, and I knew early on that our first son, Chase, was going to be a very active child. It seemed that he kicked, squirmed, and wiggled non-stop in Kim's belly.

Chase was small, but excelled at sports because of his great hand-eye coordination, speed, agility, endurance, and most of all, his desire to win.

Chase eventually gave up all of his other sports to pursue football.

It was during his junior year that Kim and I noticed a change in Chase. He had always been a good kid, but sometimes struggled with focus in the classroom. In spite of his focus issues, Chase had always been an average to slightly above average student.

We are Losing a Generation of Kids  
Medical Marijuana and my Daughter's Life, Collided

In Memorium Jon Daily

Psychologist Speaks of Legal Marijuana Downside

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Sally Schindel on Medical Marijuana and my Daughter's Life, Collided

Pat Berndt on In Memorium Jon Daily

Cindy on Marijuana stole my daughter from me

Sally Schindel on From Eagle Scout and Standout ^



Suddenly, in the 11th grade, Chase was failing Spanish, and his other grades were beginning to slip. He began to develop an attitude. He was sometimes disrespectful to Kim and me.

I felt that the discipline and structure of a military school would be good for Chase. Midway through his junior year, we transferred Chase to a military school a two-hour drive from our home. His grades did improve, and he was a standout on the military school football team his senior year.



*Chase Senior Football*

Chase accepted a football scholarship to a college in Illinois. Chase was experiencing freedom like he had never known before. It wasn't long before Chase was abusing alcohol and marijuana. Next, he experimented with the synthetic drug, Molly.

By his second semester, Chase was kicked out of college. He moved back in at home and immediately began to associate with a rough crowd. Chase stayed out late and would not call home to let us know of his plans. He eventually began to stay out for days at a time without letting us know where he was. We finally locked him out.

I kept up with Chase through his Facebook posts. He was losing weight rapidly and his skin was pale. The people that he was spending time with scared me even more than

Athlete to Drugs and  
Early Death

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his rapid weight loss. I was desperately seeking answers, when the word “intervention” popped into my head. I quickly set up an intervention for Chase and we were able to get him into treatment.

After treatment and several months in a halfway house, Chase returned home. He got a job, was staying away from the trouble-makers, and attended IOP (intensive outpatient) therapy sessions two nights per week. Chase seemed to look forward to the IOP sessions. I attended with him periodically, and we had one-on-one counseling sessions together per my request.

Over time, I sensed that Chase was beginning to relapse. He came to me one day and announced that he was going to move back to Florida, where he had gone to treatment. He said he wanted to get away from the people he was hanging out with again but were a bad influence on him. He had already taken a job transfer to Florida.

Chase promised Kim that he would come by and have a meal with us before leaving for Florida. The day came that he was supposed to leave, but Chase was nowhere to be found. We tried calling and texting him to no avail. Kim was beginning to get upset, thinking that Chase had left for Florida without saying goodbye.

In the midst of this, I got a cell phone call from a friend and went outside to take it. While I was out in the yard, a police cruiser pulled up to the curb in front of our house. I ended my phone conversation and met the officer in our

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driveway. It was there that he told me Chase had been killed in a wreck.



*The car where my son died.*

Chase had been a passenger in the front seat of his own car. Police found marijuana in the purse of the young lady who had been

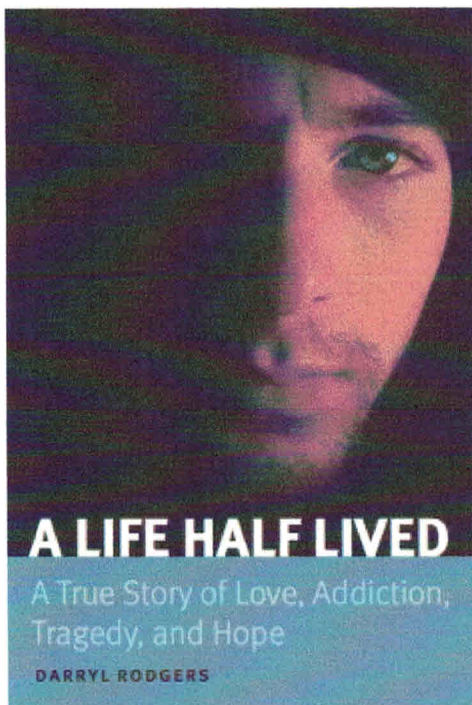
driving, and a THC metabolite in her bloodstream.

A few weeks prior to what would have been her first court appearance, the driver poured gasoline all over the floor of her apartment and ignited it. She left a suicide note. She died in the hospital the next day from her burns.

Chase had always been a good kid. He was quiet, easy-going, and funny. He was an Eagle Scout. Chase experimented with other drugs, but one of his "friends" told me, "Chase just wanted you and his mother to know that it was JUST marijuana that he mostly used." He went on to tell me about Chase's obsession with marijuana.

I had witnessed the lack of ambition that came with Chase's marijuana habit. I saw his attitude change. I firmly believe that marijuana served as a gateway drug that led Chase to experiment with other, harder drugs. On the day Chase died, he had smoked a bowl in a park with "friends" moments before getting into his car and allowing an 18-year-old who had never had a driver's license to get behind the wheel.





There are many more details to this tragic story, most of which point to my son's choice to use marijuana as being the main culprit that led to his demise. You can read those details in the book I wrote about Chase's life, A Life Half Lived.

If you live in the U.S. the book is FREE to download on Kindle by following this link. [https://www.amazon.com/dp/B018PWSKG0/ref=dp-kindle-redirect?\\_encoding=UTF8&btkr=1](https://www.amazon.com/dp/B018PWSKG0/ref=dp-kindle-redirect?_encoding=UTF8&btkr=1)

It has 100 reviews and a 4.3 rating. It was endorsed by College Football Hall of Fame Coach, Bobby Bowden, his son, Coach Tommy Bowden, and by the president of We Save Lives and founder of MADD, Candace Lightner.

Please do not be deceived by the people associated with the marijuana industry who only care about profits. Your child could be the next statistic.

Darryl Rodgers  
North Carolina



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## DR. PHIL CALLED ME A GREAT MOM

28 JULY

### DR. PHIL CALLED ME A GREAT MOM

 Kak  4 Comments  Stories


 addiction, death, marijuana, testimony

My two (and only) beautiful children started casually smoking marijuana in high school. Their use escalated to other drugs, finally leading to severe heroin and cocaine addictions. Several years, numerous rehabs and halfway houses later, my son Dillan lost his struggle at the age of

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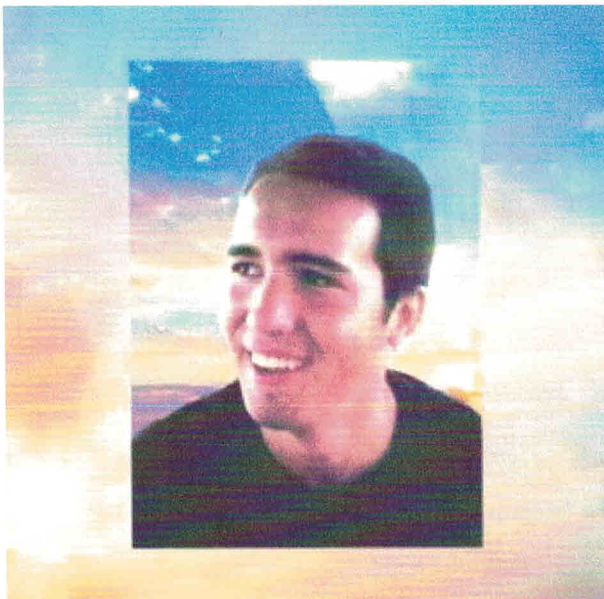
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Seattle Nurse Killed by Marijuana Impaired Driver

We are Losing Generation of 

19 years old. His older brother, Matthew, increased his drug use after the death of his younger brother and died February 3, 2016 at the age of 28.

The sad irony of my devastating loss is that I was a guest on the Dr. Phil show entitled "Nosy Parents". I made it well known I snooped on my kids all the time and they didn't have any privacy while in my home (the audience was appalled by this). However, Dr. Phil told me what he thought. HE said I was being a "damn good parent and more parents need to be dialed in and tuned in like me".



*Dillan*

In fact, my snooping had yielded results. One of my sons had stolen his father's truck in the middle of the night. We could tell because even though my son was fast asleep in his bed, the vehicle was not parked right

and the keys were missing. So, I went up to his room and slipped my hand into his pants pocket (he was sleeping with his clothes on) to locate the keys. To my surprise, I pulled out a bag of weed instead. I immediately called the police to have him face the consequences.

The police officer initially tried to

Medical Marijuana and my Daughter's Life, Collided

In Memorium Jon Daily

Psychologist Speaks of Legal Marijuana Downside

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Dale on Seattle Nurse Killed by Marijuana Impaired Driver

Sally Schindel on Medical Marijuana and my Daughter's Life, Collided

Pat Berndt on In Memorium Jon Daily  
Cindy on Marijuana stole my daughter from me





scare my son,  
putting handcuffs  
on him, etc, but  
finally pulled me  
and my husband  
aside and told us  
the amount of pot in  
question wasn't  
really a big deal and  
they dealt with  
much worse issues



Matthew

like crack cocaine and heroin and we shouldn't worry. He issued my son a "citation" which only caused me to miss work so that I could take my son down to an administrative person at the courthouse who simply admonished him further. Even my son said that the "citation" he received would be more trouble for me than him... and he was right.

The moral of my story is this: had the marijuana use not been treated as "not a big deal" by law enforcement, perhaps my boys would be here today. And, being told by Dr. Phil that I was being a damn good mother ..... well, that didn't turn out so well either ..

*Denise Roberts is supporting MomsStrong.org by sharing this story. We thank her for sharing. Denise's double tragedy is detailed in the 144 a Day story that was done about both her sons on April 16, 2017.*

Please help us expose the truth of the marijuana

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**Sally Schindel**

30 / JUL / 2017

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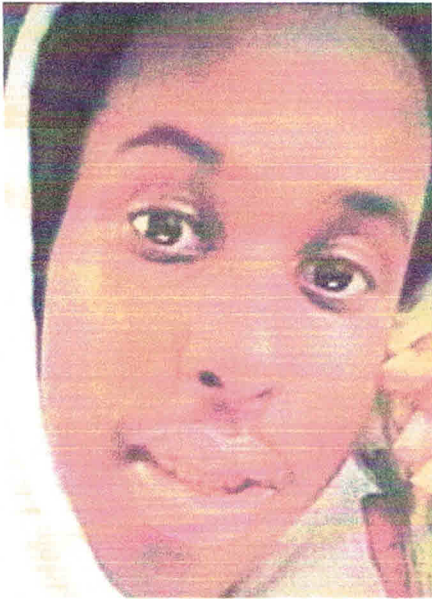




[WWW.POPPOT.ORG](http://WWW.POPPOT.ORG)

From Parents Opposed to Pot:

*When Hamza Warsame fell six floors to his death in December, 2015, the social media was abuzz with suggestions of a hate crime against the Muslim teen. Warsame, an immigrant from Somalia, was living in Seattle and had been invited to the 21-year-old classmate's apartment.*



*Hamza Warsame.*

*The 16-year-old killed himself after using only once, a reflection of the high potency of today's pot.*

*However, the news came out that Warsame had smoked marijuana for the first time and had a psychotic reaction. He may have tried to jump to the next building's roof. It wasn't legal for a 16-year-old to smoke marijuana. But Washington is a marijuana state, and his 21-year-old classmate had bought it legitimately at a dispensary. (Signs along the highways of Washington warn that it's illegal to buy or give alcohol to those under age 21. There should be similar warnings for marijuana.)*

*Warsame's [death was from smoking today's high potency ganja](#), not the edibles.*

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## MEDICAL MARIJUANA AND MY DAUGHTER'S LIFE, COLLIDED

26  
OCTOBER

### MEDICAL MARIJUANA AND MY DAUGHTER'S LIFE, COLLIDED

 Kak    2 Comments    Stories

It's criminal to legalize THC marijuana, a powerful and addictive drug, that is killing our youth in so

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many ways. The death of my innocent 22 year old daughter is another tragic example.

I must admit to you that it gets harder to keep retelling the tragic end of my daughter's life. I feel compelled not to use the word "story" because it makes it seem like this is fictional account, which this is not!

My daughter Jennifer Corinne H. was vibrant, intelligent, and so driven to be a productive and meaningful member of our society. She was tall, had the most beautiful hair and the brightest smile, with green eyes to match. Jen played lacrosse so well and earned herself a college scholarship to a small school in Northern Ohio where she blossomed into an incredible woman.

She graduated with honors in May of 2012 with a degree in Intelligence and Analysis Research. She now spoke Spanish and Arabic fluently and could translate both languages, which in the world of today is critical in her field.

My heart swelled with pride as she accepted her diploma and glided across the stage. Her goal was to work for the FBI or another intelligence organization. Her work as an intern for HIDTA (High Intensity Drug Trafficking of Ohio) earned her a plaque stating she

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made outstanding contributions to the program. But shortly before graduation, she attended a job fair where another company, which was out of her field of study, offered her a position as a district manager with high pay and many other benefits. She accepted with the understanding, which she voiced to me, that this was a stepping stone to her career.

After a cruise with a friend to celebrate her years of hard work, she began her new job. Not more than a couple of weeks into training, one of the store managers she oversaw called her at about 12:30 a.m. to say there was an alarm going off in her store. She asked Jennifer to meet her at the store, and my daughter, being the responsible person she was, got up, got dressed, and made her way to the location in her new Camry, given to her as one of the perks.

As she crossed an intersection not far from her home, a man came racing through the intersection at 82mph, speeding through the red light. He slammed into the side of my daughter's car, sending it over the embankment and straight into the front wall of a Lube Stop building, collapsing it on Jennifer's car.

Jennifer passed away at the scene from the severe injuries she sustained. The 26-year-old man who caused her death was not injured. He was high on

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“medical marijuana” given to him in his home state of Michigan. He was just passing through our state and decided he would break every law and kill my daughter.

After he took a plea and his charges were severely reduced to a felony 3, he spent a total of only 15 months in prison. This man had several previous OVI charges and run-ins with the law. He admitted he was smoking marijuana before the crash, and there was marijuana in the car. His life goes on with a slap on the wrist and our life is devastated forever. He obtained this marijuana legally which is another slap in the face for our family.

Every day of my life is difficult now. I see all of my daughter’s friends getting married and starting their families. These events were taken away from Jennifer and our family. The pain I live with is so intense that, as I write this account, tears of sadness and pain run down my cheeks. The world has lost a beautiful woman and one who would have made a difference.

My mission is to tell the account of what took her incredible life away so that others become aware of the dangers on our roads. It’s criminal to legalize this powerful and addictive drug that is killing our youth in so many ways. We need to wake up to what this is

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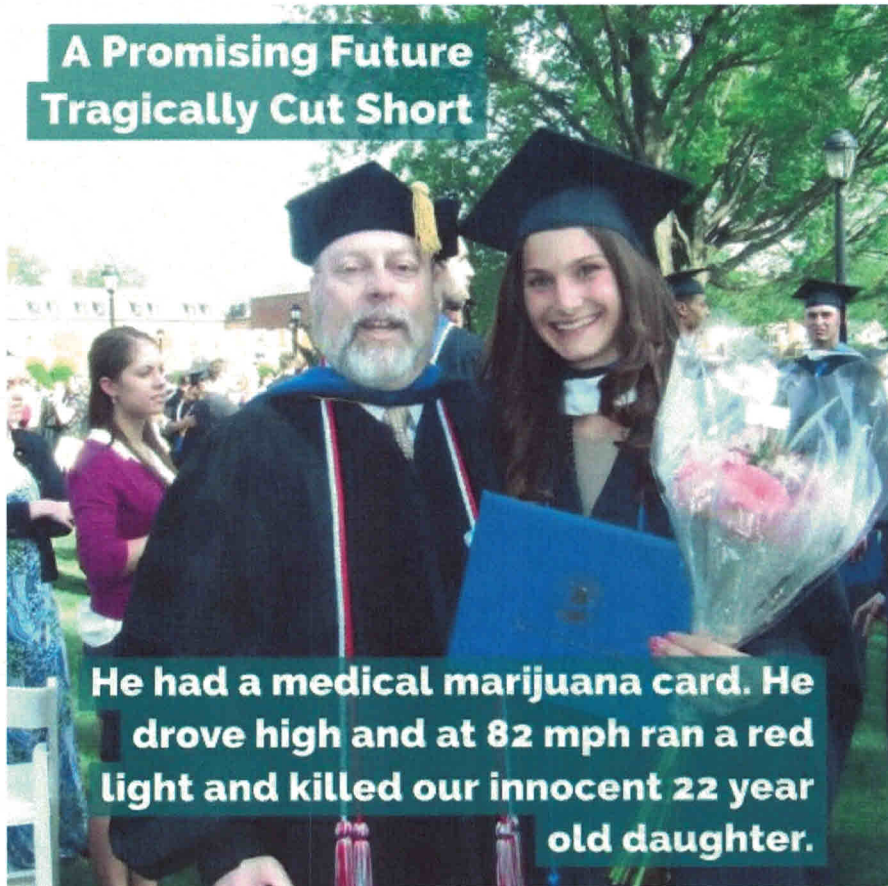
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really about and become aware of how we are just pawns in the game plan of the marijuana industry.

By: Jennifer's Mom, Corrine

Ohio



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## SEATTLE NURSE KILLED BY MARIJUANA IMPAIRED DRIVER

30  
NOVEMBER

### SEATTLE NURSE KILLED BY MARIJUANA IMPAIRED DRIVER

 Kak  1 Comment  Stories


 DUID, marijuana, sentencing, testimony, traffic fatality

Rosemary Tempel, RN, BSN, BC, CQIA was 56 years old at the time she was driving to work at Virginia Mason Hospital in downtown Seattle, WA. Speeding in the center turn lane, traveling in the opposite direction while under the influence of marijuana, Timothy Durden directed his

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Jeep directly into Rosemary's car. Durden's car catapulted over Rosemary's car – crushing her and breaking her neck, then lost the two front wheels and tumbled down the busy road resulting in an 8 car pile-up. Upon up righting Durden's vehicle, a Seattle police detective saw marijuana and multiple business cards to Seattle's Herbal Health Care Center marijuana dispensary fall from Durden's vehicle.

Durden volunteered to have his blood drawn 3 hours and 13 minutes after the incident. It was found to have 3.2 ng/ml THC (a psychoactive component of marijuana).

Although the crash occurred July 17, 2012, Durden wasn't arraigned until November 15, 2012, when King County Superior Judge Ronald Kessler reduced Durden's bail from \$100,000 to \$50,000.



*My Sister Rosemary*

During a pre-trial hearing on October 28, 2013, Judge Monica Benton threw out the marijuana blood evidence and thus the vehicular homicide (DUI) charge, stating she did not believe the Seattle PD Drug Recognition Expert's (DRE) testimony. That testimony was under oath and had written corroborating

evidence. Benton also suppressed evidence of Durden's two previous DUI charges which were both plea bargained to reckless driving within 1 year at the Evergreen District

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Courthouse – citing them as not relevant and prejudicial. His driving without auto insurance at the time of the incident, previous possession of controlled substances, and selling cocaine and marijuana to an undercover officer were all withheld from the jury. Judge Benton had previous experience with Durden. She had earlier permitted Durden to continue his use of marijuana while on probation for a domestic violence charge.

On December 13, 2013, Timothy Durden was sentenced to 4.5 years following a jury conviction of vehicular homicide (reckless) + vehicular assault.

He was released from jail in less than 3 years time spent on November 28, 2016 more than 1.5 years early due to “good behavior.”

*This story was previously published on DUID Victims Voices. It is written by Phil Drum, PharmD, who is the brother of the victim. Today, Phil is an activist against marijuana legalization and for tougher sentences for DUID drivers. He is actively doing research on drugged driving using national Fatality Analysis Reporting System (FARS) data. He seeks to warn the public and public servants about the perils of driving high.*

See Phillip Drum and Al Crancer’s latest report on FARS Data: 2016 FARS data Nov 2017

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## MARIJUANA, A PATH THAT LEADS TO CERTAIN DEATH

12  
july

### MARIJUANA, A PATH THAT LEADS TO CERTAIN DEATH

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*Raymond and Tammy Castro's son, Joey, died on July 12, 2013. On March 8, 2015, they testified about his life and death for a Senate hearing in Austin, Texas. Their testimony is reprinted here with their permission.*

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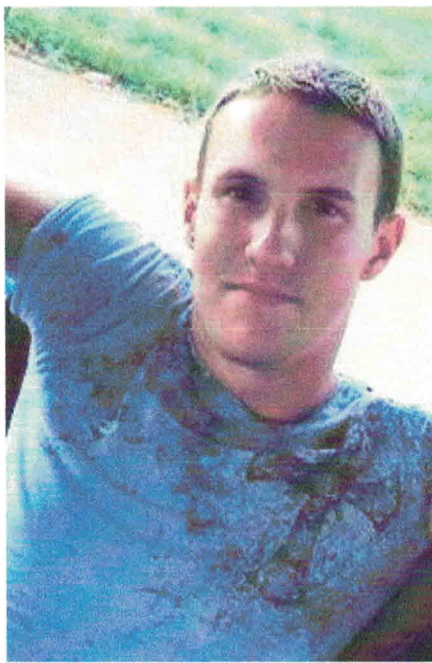
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"I still walk past his box in storage, Joey's belongings, all I have left of our wonderful, funny, intelligent, handsome baby boy. A large blue rubbermaid tub of his things. Everything that we did not give to loved ones is in there. Joey's notes and books ... Axe for men ... Old Spice ... and finer colognes ... hair brush ...



*The Castro's Son, Joey.*

contact lens case ... shoes, coat, jacket ... his favorite UT jersey ... clothes that I want to make quilts and teddy bears from but can't bring myself to cut up yet. It is a glaring reminder of who he was, and who he was on his way to becoming. The smell of him hits me when I lift that lid. If I were to close my eyes, I would almost guarantee you he was right there with me.

**"you are sentencing more youth to a path that leads to certain death."**

*Marijuana Use Begins a Downward Spiral and Can Lead to Death*

Today I am reminded of another smell. The smell of marijuana, the first illegal drug that Joey ever used. The drug that Joey was introduced to, not by the criminal element but an entrusted family member, probably not much different than many here tonight testifying in favor of this bill. Marijuana, the drug he was told would not hurt

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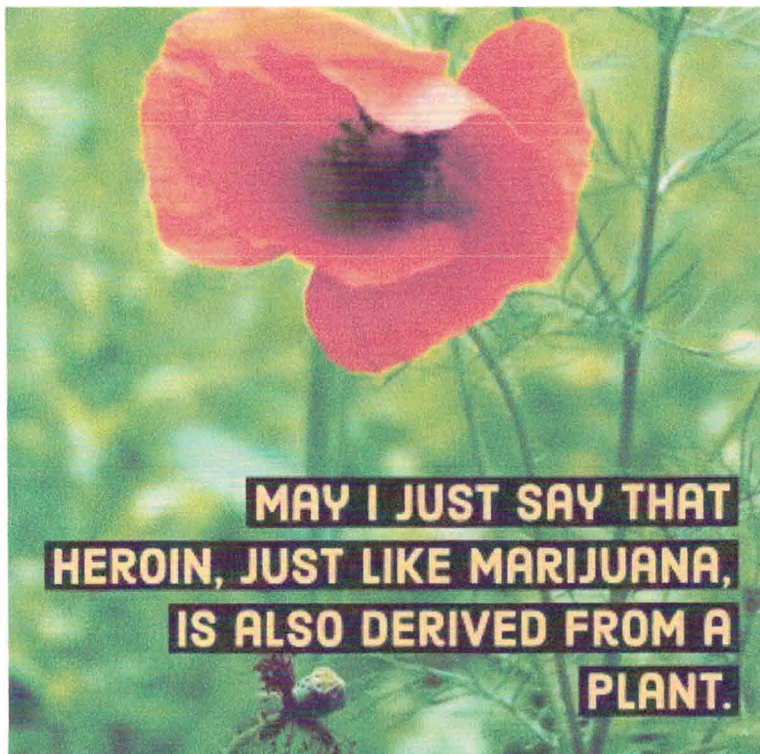
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him, yet affected his ability and even his desire to solve problems and make good decisions. The drug that in the beginning lessened his emotional hurts until he developed a tolerance, and so he began lacing it with synthetic drugs, and later on substituted it with harder drugs. We would end up in emergency rooms for laced marijuana and then the other drugs, not knowing if Joey was going to make it through the night, onto treatment because Joey's dream was to overcome his battle with drugs. Eventually he would go back to marijuana for the same reasons as the very first time, and the cycle would start over again, with the only common denominator each time being marijuana.

The last time, Joey was clean for a period of almost six months, with a great job, technical training, attending church, and even

singing in the choir, until I smelled marijuana again in June 2013. His life spiraled down, and on July 12, 2013, I received a phone call that our 20-year-old son had



*Heroin also comes from a plant, the opium poppy.*

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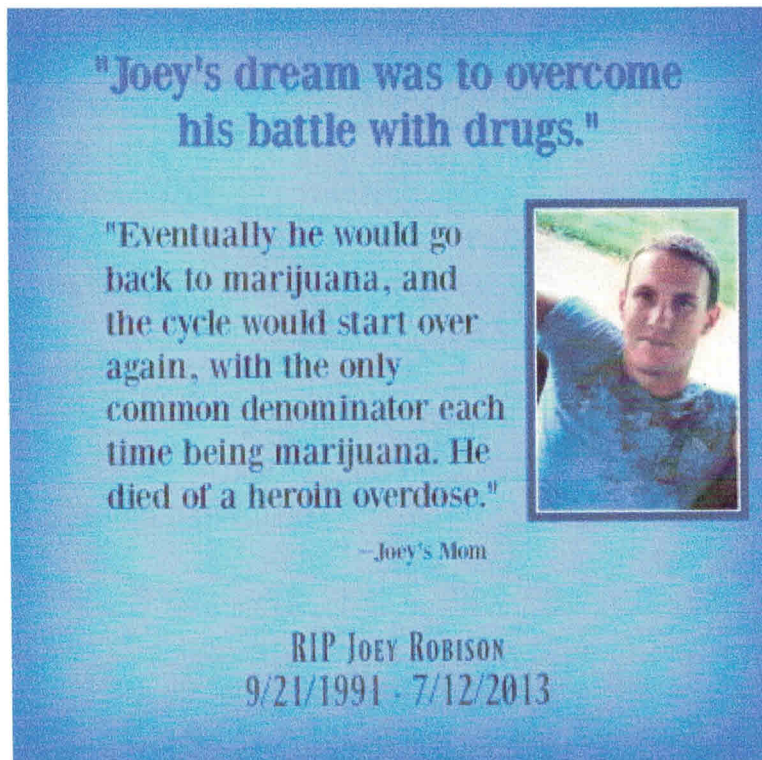




overdosed on heroin. May I just say that heroin, just like marijuana, is also derived from a plant. Since Joey has died, it breaks my heart to say that we have talked to so many other parents with similar stories. Making marijuana more accessible to our youth is not the answer. If you pass this bill, you are sentencing more youth to a path that leads to certain death."

—Raymond and Tammy Castro

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*Please share this meme and this story, to warn others of the dangers of marijuana.*

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