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# Reaching a Chain of People

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## Reaching a Chain of People

Nicole Davis

Imagine this: four boys, the stars of my high school football team, just graduated and preparing themselves for college, only trying to have a good time and enjoy the last month before they go their separate ways. They get in a car and go to a party in the town over. They drink a little too much and get back in the car to drive home. They drop one friend off, and then continue to drive. They are very tired, they are speeding, they get to an intersection, and instead of stopping they drive into a house on the corner. The friend in the back seat gets his arm torn so bad he almost loses it, guaranteeing he could never play football in college. The friend in the passenger seat is impacted so quickly he dies immediately, as his friends watch him take his last breath. The driver not only deals with the emotional punishment of killing his best friend, but also eventually learns he has to serve 5 years in jail. The friend that they dropped off first is put on suicide watch because of all the guilt he feels for not making them stay the night at his house safe and sound. And how does all of this affect me? Well, it shouldn't. I was a year younger than them, I hung out in a different crowd and I had never actually spoken one word to any of them. I had heard countless horror stories similar to this one in lectures for years. And yet, everywhere I go I am reminded of the incident. I had friends who loved them dearly; I had friends who had friends who were friends with one of them, or with one of their best friends. Everyone I knew had some sort of a connection to one of the boys in the car to the point that it engulfed my entire town. My school, consisting of about 2500 people, 2300 of which I had never spoken a word to, all seemed to have trouble coping with the fact that an accident like this actually happened in our own backyard. We all wished we could somehow change the inevitable and take the suffering away, if not from ourselves, from someone we deeply cared about. And in watching all the different ways in which the community dealt with the tragedy, I began to believe that everyone is interchangeably connected to each other, and in touching one life, you can actually touch hundreds. I was able to see, through a negative example, that making even the smallest positive impact on a life is well worth the effort, since that impact tends to transcend its power to many other lives. I want to live a life in which I can reach millions. I believe whole-heartedly in this possibility, and in the power certain actions have when spread through the interwoven chain of people that make up this world.