

*"It wasn't supposed to happen this way;*

## THE STORY OF



### *KORI HORNSTEIN-WILLIAMS*

***September 29, 1976 - December 6, 1996***



*"I had the opportunity to touch her hand, hug her tiny frame, and look into those eyes."*

My daughter, Kori, was killed when a drunk driver who ran a red light struck the car she was a passenger in. She was 20 years old at the time of the crash. The driver of the car she was riding in survived the serious injuries she received from the crash. I can't imagine what it must have been like for her at 19 years old to wake up in the hospital and be told that her friend was dead.

I do know how it feels, as a parent, to open your door to a police officer who asks you to sit down because he has something serious to speak with you about. So you sit, and the next thing you know you're on your knees in your kitchen. Your head feels like its going to explode, the pain is tremendous. With your arms wrapped around your head you suddenly become aware of a horrific screaming. It's then that you realize those screams are coming from you. You plead with that officer, telling him that he has the wrong person that it can't be her, but it is. You're shocked that you're still breathing and your heart still beats. It wasn't supposed to happen this way; you were supposed to die first. You were supposed to protect her; you were there when she was born. How could you not have been there when she took her last breath? It should have been you. As you pick yourself up off the floor, you leave behind the person who answered that door. You become a member of a club that you didn't apply to, and you are now on a roller coaster ride someone else bought the ticket for. Your life has been changed with the action of a stranger.

Kori's younger sister, Sally, was 14 years old when we buried their father. Nine short months later we were burying Kori. Sally carried the burden of believing she could have saved her sister if she had been there. The truth is, I would have lost them both. Sally grieved Kori not being by her side at her wedding and when her babies were born.

*"You don't have to be an evil person to kill someone. You just have to do two things: drink, then drive"...*

# I was supposed to die first."

Kori dreamed of being a mother and a pilot, and she loved animals. Kori stood at 4'11 but had a fiery personality. Left behind are the memories of her cheerleading; she was also an accomplished swimmer and ice-skater. She had the ability to master the butterfly stroke and a triple axel by observing others. I miss us dancing on the tables, her laughter and us singing, "It's in his kiss." I miss her. I am thankful and honored to have been given the gift of time with Kori. I had the opportunity to touch her hand, hug her tiny frame and look into those eyes. I can tell you the last meal we ate together, the last "I love you," the last hug, and that last kiss. The last time I saw her was just a few hours before she was killed. She was asleep on the sofa; I sat down next to her and kissed her. As I got to the door, I turned and looked at her one last time. Something told me to go back and give her one last kiss. I didn't because I didn't want to wake her. I missed that one last moment, that one last chance, for one last memory.

**Linda Hornstein**



The wreckage of Kori's car after it was struck by a drunk driver running a red light.



"Left are the memories of her cheerleading..."

## CRASH DETAILS

Victim:	Kori Hornstein-Williams
Date:	12-06-1996
Location:	Boniface & Tudor, Anchorage
Drunk Driver:	Roger James

*Kori at her younger sister's wedding*

"Even if you've lived an otherwise law-abiding life, you will still go to prison for a long time, if you kill someone while driving drunk." Superior Court Judge Eric Sanders, July 1997



# Anchorage Fire Department



Municipality of Anchorage, Alaska

## Anchorage Fire Department

Headquarters - 100 E. 4th Avenue, Anchorage, Alaska 99501



Dear Impaired Driver,

I wish you could have known the impact your decision to drink and drive was going to make on so many lives before you got behind the wheel that night.

At 2:30 a.m. on July 15, 2008 9-1-1 dispatch got a call for a vehicle accident with injuries. Police, fire and ambulance personnel were dispatched to the scene – I was the on-duty Battalion Chief so I got the page too.

I was just around the corner from the accident so I was the first to arrive on scene. It was an Alaskan summer night, so at 2:30 a.m., it was twilight, not quite dark and not quite light. As I pulled up I knew just looking at the wreckage that there was going to be significant injuries. Your white van turned the wrong way down a one-way three-lane highway right in the center of town and hit a small burgundy sedan head on. I went to the sedan first as it obviously got the brunt of the damage. The sedan was crumpled from the head on impact with your van and the sedan's driver had the steering wheel firmly planted in his chest as if he were impaled by it. He couldn't breathe – all I could hear was him making some gurgling sounds and I couldn't find his pulse. I spoke reassuringly to him, knowing there was nothing else I could do and hoping if he could hear me, I was able to provide some comfort to this dying man. In the meantime, the ambulance arrived and one of the crew checks on you. Another from the ambulance checks on the sedan's driver and I hear the paramedic say that the driver is 11-29 – code for deceased. I walk over to your van and the smell of alcohol is so strong it literally reels me back. I find out later that you were so drunk you were over two times the legal limit, you have two other drunken driving convictions and you are driving with a suspended license.

I have seen a lot in my twenty-year career as a firefighter, but the vision of this man virtually impaled on his steering wheel, the red blood dripping down his face and the sound of his gurgling last breaths haunt me to this day and will be with me for the rest of my life. A lot of people's lives changed at 2:30 a.m. on July 15, 2008 because you chose to drink and drive. How hard would it have been for you to have called a friend, taken a taxi or even walked home?

Sincerely,

Mark S. Hall  
Fire Chief



Shelly Maddux cried as she remembered the day her 5-year-old daughter died in her arms, killed in a February 2003 rollover in the Vienna Woods subdivision outside Wasilla. A Palmer Superior Court jury convicted her boyfriend, Bruce Tice, 36, of Wasilla, of manslaughter, assault, reckless endangerment, reckless drinking and driving...

# DUI Mini-Stories

## ***Palmer Police Department***



“Twelve million undergraduate students drink FIVE BILLION cans of beer each year on college campuses and we know all of them didn’t wait for college to start. Please don’t drink and drive.”

--**Commander Thomas Remaley**, Palmer Police

A drunk driver who tried to end her life by running a red light was sentenced to 5 years for killing Clara “Joyce” Hunter, 73, a great-grandmother passing through the intersection of Northern Lights and C St., as she was returning home from a night of bingo, on May 27, 1993. Christine Raphael, the impaired driver, was sentenced to an additional two years for seriously injuring Hazel Ballinger, the driver of the car in which Hunter was riding. “Raphael decided she didn’t want to live anymore,” Traffic Sgt. Greg Stewart said, “She ran the light deliberately.” Her BAC was at least 0.247 at the time of the crash. (*ADN: April 7, 1994*)

Gene Burch, 59, didn’t know that he’d never make it home as he was driving north on Boniface shortly after 11:30 p.m. after finishing his shift as a bus driver for People Mover, in July of 1996. Adam Milazzo, 27, was driving a Ford Probe and ran a red light at 80 mph and smashed into the pickup driven by Burch at the intersection of Northern Lights and Boniface Parkway. Burch’s pickup was shoved about 100 feet and Burch was pronounced dead at the hospital. Milazzo was convicted of second-degree murder, driving under the influence, felony eluding and assault. Toxicology screenings discovered that Milazzo, who was seriously injured, had a blood alcohol content of 0.19 as well as marijuana in his system. Burch drove school buses for the Anchorage School District before being hired at People Mover. He had driven buses his whole adult life. (*Court View*)

Ronald Isgrigg had no business getting behind the wheel of his Cadillac on December 17, 1993. With seven convictions for drunk driving, Isgrigg’s license had been revoked until 2014. He decided to drive anyway. He tried to pass another car on Spenard Road, lost control and smashed head-on into a Chevrolet driven by Stacey Hibdon. She was injured, as well as her passenger Mitchi McNabb, as he was thrown face first into the windshield and suffered injuries serious enough to warrant reconstructive surgery. Isgrigg’s blood alcohol level was measured at 0.265. This would lead to Isgrigg’s eighth conviction for drunken driving. Superior Court Judge Karen Hunt sentenced Isgrigg to five years in prison. (*ADN: April 15, 1995*)

while intoxicated. Tice will spend at least 15 years in prison for killing 5-year old Kristin. In a sentence five years over the maximum, Palmer Superior Court Judge Eric Smith sentenced Tice to 25 years in prison. The Wasilla man will be eligible for parole in 15 years. (*Court View*)



"I realized that my right foot was

## THE STORY OF



## REX SAN DIEGO

### CRASH DETAILS

<b>Victim:</b>	Rex San Diego
<b>Date:</b>	6-14-2008
<b>Location:</b>	Westchester Lagoon, Anchorage
<b>Drunk Driver:</b>	Mr. Correnti

My name is Rex San Diego and I am originally from the Philippines. I moved with my family to America twelve years ago and lived in Los Angeles for a time. I had a desire to try something different and traveled to Alaska, the Last Frontier, with only fifty dollars in my pocket.

I had the good fortune to find work at a fish cannery in King Cove, my first job in Alaska. After a few months I moved to Anchorage and found a job in a halfway house. Like other people, I want to work hard to get what I could not get in the Philippines. Sometimes I would work two or three jobs to save money so I could buy a house and after a couple of years I had enough money saved so I could buy one. It was the happiest moment of my life. Part of my happiness was being able to show my mother that I could do it and she was very proud of me. But then something very unexpected happened.

On my way to work one morning, at around 6:00 a.m., I saw a bright light coming toward me. I was on a one-way street, so I was very surprised and confused. Things happened so quickly that the next I remember is that I was trapped in my Expedition. My right wrist bone was broken and I could not move my leg. It took the EMTs an hour to get me out of my car and I realized that my right foot was injured, with the bone sticking out. I had been hit head-on by a drunk driver.

All I can think about now is how I can work again to make my house payment. I thank God for my wife, who at the time was only my girlfriend. Her family has helped me a lot. I am alone here, as most of my family is still in California. Her mom and dad have saved my life. I was so depressed that sometimes I would think maybe it would have been better if I had died in the crash. My wife and her family gave me the will to fight and I did.

We are having a hard time financially and my house is now in foreclosure because I was unable to work for three months. When I went back to work I could not work two jobs because of my injuries.

I just leave it all in God's hands. I hope I can see justice in this. I am still waiting for the case to finish so we can all move on. It is hard but I hope drunk drivers get harsher sentences for their crimes, even if they are in the military. They should be treated the same as civilians.

**Rex San Diego**

Mr. Correnti, the drunk driver who hit Rex, pleaded to Assault in the Second Degree and received 36 months with 24 suspended and 3 years of probation. He also pleaded to DUI and received 45 days with 42 suspended.



*injured, with the bone sticking out."*

### Overview of Mandatory Minimum Penalties

<b>First Offense</b>	<b>Misdemeanor</b>	
Minimum jail time	72 consec. Hours	
Minimum fine	\$1,500	
Ignition interlock device	12 months	
Cost of imprisonment**	\$330	
License revocation	90 days	
<b>Second Offense</b>	<b>Misdemeanor</b>	
Minimum jail time	20 days	
Minimum fine	\$3,000	
Ignition interlock device	24 months	
Cost of imprisonment**	\$1,467	
License revocation	1 year	
<b>Third Offense</b>	<b>Misdemeanor</b>	<b>Felony*</b>
Minimum jail time	60 days	120 days
Minimum fine	\$4,000	\$10,000
Ignition interlock device	36 months	Entire probation
Cost of imprisonment**	\$2,000	Not applicable
License revocation	3 years	For life
<b>Fourth Offense</b>	<b>Misdemeanor</b>	<b>Felony*</b>
Minimum jail time	120 days	240 days
Minimum fine	\$5,000	\$10,000
Ignition interlock device	Entire probation	Entire probation
Cost of imprisonment**	\$2,000	Not applicable
License revocation	5 years	For life
<b>Fifth Offense</b>	<b>Misdemeanor</b>	<b>Felony*</b>
Minimum jail time	240 days	360 days
Minimum fine	\$6,000	\$10,000
Ignition interlock device	Entire probation	Entire probation
Cost of imprisonment**	\$2,000	Not applicable
License revocation	5 years	For life
<b>Sixth Offense</b>	<b>Misdemeanor</b>	<b>Felony*</b>
Minimum jail time	360 days	360 days
Minimum fine	\$7,000	\$10,000
Ignition interlock device	Entire probation	Entire probation
Cost of imprisonment**	\$2,000	Not applicable
License revocation	5 years	For life

\* Third or subsequent DUI or Refusal convictions may be misdemeanors or felonies, depending on when the prior convictions took place.

\*\*This amount is subject to change by regulation. Defendant must pay surcharges too.

Source: Alaska Court System PUB-11

A single DUI can cost \$20,000 to \$25,000 by the time a person is finished paying court costs, attorneys' fees, and increased insurance fees.