

Face book note:

Hi guys,

This is the story of Friday night. This is Mrs. Dayton, Mr. Dayton and I wish we could sit down with all of you but we cant. This we think is the best way to share with you what happened to your friend Friday night. We insisted on being able to do this, Andrew didn't have a choice but to let us post it and tag you in the note.

Andrew survived this because he has a best friend and a sister who did what was right and called us. Here is what really happened. We ask that you read it with an open heart:

Mr. Dayton pulled into our driveway with Andrew in the front seat. He was unconscious, unresponsive and hardly breathing. We immediately rushed him to the hospital. We opened the windows and I prayed over his head. I yelled at him repeatedly to 'breathe' and he would part his lips and take a very small shallow breath. The paramedic that came to the car did a sternum punch and yelled his name. His eyes flashed open and then immediately closed. He was brought in on a stretcher with oxygen. His shirt and vest immediately cut off while 4 nurses stuck him on both arms with IV's while he screamed for me. They did other things to him as well, attempting to find out if there were other drugs in his system.

His pupils were fixed and small. He was completely unresponsive and cold. His breathing was shallow and his heart rate slowed. His body temperature was low and he was only moments away from hypothermia. They piled him with blankets but almost placed him in trauma unit to give him warm fluids. Hypothermia leads to shutting down of organs and swelling of the brain. Coma or death were very real. Two hours in the doctor did a CAT scan to make sure that he didn't have head trauma from a fall, thank God it was clear. At 12:30 the Doctor came in to see if he had a gag reflex and stuck a tongue depressor down his throat.

His eyes immediate opened. He looked me straight in the eyes, I put my hand on his head and said 'it's Mom, Dad's here. We're so glad to see your eyes open'. He cried and said 'so stupid'. It took 3 full bags of IV fluid before he woke up. He then spent the next hour throwing up and was put in the intensive care. We estimated that Andrew drank the equivalent to 10-11 shots of vodka in a 30-45 minute time frame. His blood alcohol level was .273, one point away from a coma. *(It is possible that he did 12-14 since BAC drops 20pts every half hour, he was probably up over .3)*

Andrew is not 'the man' a 'champ' or 'a crazy ass', he is lucky to be alive and home. We are lucky that we were not sent home with a bag of clothes and shoes and no Andrew. He is very blessed to have a friend that even when adults were yelling at him to take Andrew home, was brave enough to call Andrews sister to get us. His sister was strong enough after an adult put him in the front seat of the car passed out to call us even though the same adult was banging on the window for her to leave.

So why did we choose to do this instead of just letting it go? Are we crazy? Maybe, but that's better than silent. Andrew and those of you he was with did something stupid, you lied to your parents, you

took advantage of the people's home you were in while you drank. Most importantly you took a chance with your lives. We could be planning his funeral today if his best friend wasn't brave enough to make the right choice. And we don't want you kids to go to another one of your friends funerals, we have done that enough around here over the last three years.

Know something though, we aren't angry, we're sad. We love all of you kids and those of you who really know us know that we want you to be the best young people you can be so that you can grow into the best adults you can be. Life is about choices. Sometimes we choose well, sometimes we don't. One thing is very true, *we become who we spend our time with*. So I ask you, who do you choose to spend your time with? Who are your friends?

- There is a friend who will help you lie to your parents, and there is one who will stand next to you as you tell them truth.
- There is a friend who will take pictures of you while you throw up and pass out on a toilet, and there's a friend who will leave the bathroom to find an adult to help.
- There is a friend who will post those pictures on face book, and a friend who will delete them when your mother asks.
- There is a friend who will let you sleep over so your parents don't find out, and one who will call them so they can rush you to the hospital.
- There are friends who will comment that *you're crazy* on your page with it 'liked' by many, and then the friends who call you the next day to see if you're ok.

What will you choose after reading this. Maybe nothing will change, but we hope you choose to start making strides to be a person of character. Will you continue to sneak and drink? Stop and think, your choices mold you into the adult you will become. When something like this happens, what do you do with the consequences? At a cross roads, which way will you go? You are laying the foundation of your life now, do you choose to build on sand or rock?

Pass it along, print it out, give it to your parents and talk with them about it. Its time to make Manasquan HS kids even better than they already are.

Raise the bar, it's time to choose. What kind of friend will you be?