

Because of a distracted driver, this is all we have!



To whom it may concern:

I will always remember the day of June 5, 2024 at 2:30 that changed my life forever. I am here before you today a broken person, who has lost every sense of normality. No more morning coffee with just me and Josh sitting catching up on what he had going on for the day and what happened the day before. We supported each other, and gave advice. I got to hear about his accomplishments, his struggles, his direction and challenges. Hearing his plans for the future about his house he was going to build, his plans to expand his business to the islands will never become reality.

The 4th of July Josh would spend so much money on fireworks and invite friends and family over, he enjoyed setting the fireworks off to display for all. He didn't have many days he took off, but he loved to relax in Jackman. He was proud to have his work truck in the parade and he ensured he had enough candy to pass out. He was a family man, he enjoyed family gatherings, Sunday dinners. He truly loved when the whole family was together. He enjoyed a good meal and sitting around talking. He always made sure to take time to talk with everyone. On Mother's Day he would take me to breakfast and sometimes we would stay home and enjoy the day, but he made sure to take time to spend with me.

Christmas time, Josh always liked to have his train set around the tree. He always put the angel on top of the tree. He didn't care about gifts but really liked his stocking. He looked forward to unique things in his stocking.

He would tease that when we/his parents got old that he would put John in a hot climate and me in a cold one because I liked to be in the warm weather and John likes to be in the woods and doesn't mind the cold. I can still hear his chuckle.

I will miss watching him pack for a fishing or hunting trip. Since he worked so many hours, he would pull in at the last minute and needed help finding this or that.

When he would come home at night after a long day of work, he would always ask what did you have good for supper. Sometimes he would have already eaten.

On Friday nights he would often come home with pizza for John and him and bring me a salad.

Since his passing, every day feels empty inside. I struggle to find the motivation to do simple tasks, and the pain of his absences is a constant ache in my heart. I cry every day, I miss him so much. The realization that he will never walk through the door is more than I can bare. Life without him will never be the same.

Missing the morning talks with him, having coffee, discussing the day ahead. Each day I open my eyes and have to face the reality that Josh isn't going to be sitting at the table with me ever again makes it hard to get up and face the day. I have to go to work every day and pretend that everything is ok, it's hard.

He would often call during the day about something that happened. Looking for someone to listen, or laugh or just hear him out. He was a true Patriot, he loved his country. He was passionate about politics and would get into discussions about what was happening around the world, he was informed.

He loved watching movies all together. He took his dog every where, his dog Willy lived his best life, traveling to work, getting morning breakfast, no matter the meal the dog ate whatever Josh ate, even a good streak dinner.

He lived at home, but felt by now he should be out on his own so he did everything around the house to make things easier for John and I when he had time, which wasn't often as he was always working. He would fix the lawn. When Josh saw that it was hard for his dad to get up the stairs, he built a ramp. He did little things to help without being asked.

He loved to joke, he had a good sense of humor.

Thinking about not seeing him get married, or have a family is devastating. He would have been a really good dad. He will never get to live in the house he was working so hard for. He wanted to have enough room in a building for all his equipment, he wanted a u shaped driveway to make it easier to drive his work vehicles around easier. We will never get to see his home he probably would have started to build this year.

To see the hard work of his labor, the business was growing, he was expanding to building a barge to service the islands. He would have been a millionaire and we

will never get to see him be able to enjoy his blood, sweat and tears turn to success and comfort.

Josh's generosity had no bounds. He helped everyone and anyone. His friends could count on him day or night, If he thought someone didn't have money he would still do work for less. He would be part of search parties to find missing people. He would donate to the community. He truly gave more than he got.

Josh's work days were so long. He would be exhausted, so each night John or I would get up and put his boots on the heater to dry for the next day, or we knew he would be off to another long day with wet boots.

I never fell sound asleep until I heard his bedroom door close for the night. I still find myself listening, waiting for the sound of the click of his door that will never close.

When I received the call at 3:45 June 5th that Josh died in a car accident, the realization that I would never see my baby again still doesn't seem real. Upon arriving at the scene the police officers wouldn't allow me to see him or go and hug him. I will never forgive anyone for this. My insistence of needing to see my son one last time would not be possible. Again at the funeral home I insisted I needed closure of seeing my son one last time. The funeral home needed to describe that he was not in a condition to be seen, he was crushed. I was only allowed to hold his hand. Imagine as a mom that I couldn't see him or hold him. Parents shouldn't have to watch a child being put in a body bag and buried at 35 years old I needed more time, more hugs, more holidays, more mornings. I can't accept that there isn't more time with Joshua. I am heart broken. I miss my son!

Extremely devastated,

Donna Nelson, Joshua's mom

To all those concerned with this serious issue. There are distracted drivers everywhere. You know as well as I do. We see them every day. There's so much to pay attention to while driving and then add a cell phone. You say, "I'll just take a quick look." And that's as long as it takes. If you are just learning to drive, you don't have the experience to make good judgements. If you live in a rural area, there's not a lot of traffic. It's easy to be complacent and not really look well both ways. My friend, Josh Nelson, was driving a big dump truck. That's a lot of weight if you have to stop quick! So, a quick decision saved a life but cost him his own. He decided to turn away, go off the road instead of hitting the car that had pulled out in front of him. That's what most of us would do. Josh was a kindhearted, good man with a great sense of responsibility. His business was growing. He was going to build a home on land he had purchased. He loved fishing and hunting and loved the outdoors. This is why it hurts me so badly that while he lays in a grave, no one has said, "I'm sorry." Just two words. This person only had her permit and was driving alone at the time. She or her family has never acknowledged her poor judgements and irresponsibility that day. In fact, she went and got her license! She is free to drive and chat on her cell phone every day. If you are driving drunk or stoned you lose your license and if you kill someone, you can end up in jail. This girl didn't even have to face her mistake! Josh's parents can't close this awful chapter that ended his life. They live with it every day. This needs to be addressed as soon as possible. Distracted driving should receive the same consequences as drunk driving. Your privilege to drive should be revoked. It's common sense.

Thank you for reading my words in honor of Josh Nelson.

Donna Allen

It's with a heavy heart I'm writing to you concerning the wrongful death of my nephew, decedent, Joshua Nelson.

I'm Joshua's Aunt Debra Cloutier, residing at 62 Albee Road in Augusta Maine.

Hearing the words "Josh is dead" from my niece still sends shivers down my spine. It's hard to put into words, the emptiness and devastation this fatal crash has caused in my life.

June 5th of this past year. A fatality occurred on a routine work day for my nephew. His life was taken horrifically being crushed to death heading to his next job. Losing someone so unexpectedly, is extremely traumatic. Your whole being transformed forever.

His sudden death has made me feel vulnerable, unsafe, and anxious while driving. It has shaken my confidence to the point I'm considering a career change from my outside sales position.

How to move forward after such a senseless tragedy?

NO TIME TO PREPARE OR SAY GOODBYE.

The memory is so deeply etched in my mind. Helplessly watching his sheet covered body being moved from the pavement was gut wrenching.

There are so many unanswered questions on WHY?

We as a family remain hopeful and positive in his honor. You pray all day, that it's a nightmare and you wish you could just wake up. Light his pictured memory candle, sit quietly, reflect and recall memories of what was. While you keep trying to make sense of it all.

Joshua lived his short life by this motto. Leave the world a little better than you found it....

As he was a total GIVER. One of those most selfless individuals you could ever hope to meet.

As an example, his generosity towards the elderly and not charging them full price and waiving the cost of his labor for many others not so fortunate.

I feel your absence daily and wonder what I will miss?

Your next birthday, brief drop in visits, political banter, check-in texts about your day, your presence at family holiday gatherings. Watching you build your dream home, getting married, having and raising children and seeing your family and business grow.

The aspirations for his life have been severed and possibilities snuffed out.

He doesn't get to be old alongside us....

I often think about him, especially when my daughter and granddaughter call.

Miss him deeply.

Joshua was taken much too soon!

My name is Deanna, I am Joshua's aunt. I would like to say a few words to describe Josh. From a young age Josh always wanted to join the Military, when his physical abilities kept him from joining, due to one leg being slightly shorter than the other, it wasn't easy for him to accept. Josh was always a hard worker beginning at Pat Jackson's, the Railroad and Dube Environmental, he continued to learn along the way. He pushed through and spent a very cold winter out in the Dakota's, where he found a niche, of what he wanted to do. He returned to Maine and started his own business, JT Nelson Sewer/Drain LLC, he had a plan and a vision, and with his tremendous dedication he worked tirelessly to gain his business base and reputation. He expanded several times, he was known for his loyalty, his honesty and knowledge.

Josh's love of country and history was part of who he was. Everyone knew he was a proud republican. Josh was a good friend to all who needed him, didn't matter the situation, the day or the time, you could count on him showing up to help. The same was true for family, Josh never missed a family gathering. For 33 years I had Easter festivities at my house, little did I know when I hugged him this past Easter 2024 that it would be the last time I would see him.

Memorable things about him to me was his respect for elders. He always called me Aunt Dena. He would spend a ton of money on fireworks for the 4th of July and totally enjoyed setting them off and giving a show. I won't soon forget his hearty chuckle. He seemed so tough on the outside, but he was extremely sentimental, he treasured what people gave or shared with him. He had a really soft spot for anyone that couldn't afford much. He would offer to work for less, trade, or even work for free.

Josh didn't have much down time, but he loved to hunt and fish. He enjoyed his side by side and motorcycle rides.

June 5th was the day that changed our family forever. Receiving the call from his sister, Renee, that Josh died, I began shaking and couldn't believe this could be true. Josh was just working, a normal day going from one job to another. Having to tell my own son of Josh's passing was hard to get out. My son, Nathan, had never seen me so upset. My son now tells me all the time where is his going and makes sure that he says I love you, as the reminder that tomorrow is not promised is all too real.

The idea that we were heading to a crash site that involved Josh didn't seem real, however, reality smacked me in the face looking at his vehicle on its side all smashed. Then watching several people lifting, a body bag that had Josh in it. How can my sweet little nephew Josh be gone. He is such a good man, he is kind, he helps people, he follows the rules.

The day of Josh's celebration of life was very overwhelming. There were 500 or more people there. There were family, friends, people from the railroad, business partners, bikers from his motorcycling riding days. People with jeans to suites, everyone that spoke all said the same thing, that Josh gave the shirt off his back, was there for everyone at any time, that he was a good man! The community mourns his loss.

Since then, very often Josh crosses my mind. Was he scared? Did he feel being crushed? He was in such a terrible state, we were only allowed to hold his hand to say goodbye. Those feelings, memories bring me to tears. How can I help console his parents, my sister, bother-in-law and niece

when I can't get through my own grief, that Josh will not be at any more family gatherings. I won't here..."How's it going" as he walks through the door ever again. Occasionally, he would call in the morning with world happenings, ensuring, letting me know that he would watch out for me if need be.

Several times, my sewer backed up into my house, he was exhausted, but he still came, he wanted to fix the problem, got me help and he said I don't mind cleaning this up, its what I do. Of course he wouldn't take any money. Occasionally he would allow me to buy him a burger to say Happy Birthday or thank you! I will forever be waiting to see him.

I have since driven by an accident on the highway and started crying. I don't even know the people, but the vehicle was mangled. It brought me back to June 5th. That terrible day's reminder is tragic, not sure if those feelings will ever fade, it has affected me deeply.

While I am grateful for the years getting to watch him grow up. I want more time; I want to know he is ok. I will never get to see him enjoy/building his house he was working so hard for. I won't get to watch him find someone to spend his life with. I was looking forward to seeing him be a dad. He would have been a really good dad. I couldn't wait to see what he/she would be like. I couldn't wait to add another little person to my yearly Easter festivities. I always assumed that I would be the one to help him take care of his parents when they got older. His business was successful, watching him work such long days, he will never get to enjoy the comforts he deserved. We are left with memories and a picture on a candle.

Josh was one of a kind and will be missed to the end of my days.

Deanna Lefebre

****Why We Want to Change the Current Distracted Driving Law****

We aim to introduce consequences for fatalities caused by distracted driving. The current law does not adequately address accidents that result in death. It is important to address and identify both the legal ramifications and the implications for motor vehicles related to these incidents.

Uncle Ray Cloutier