

Fears grips young man after Christmas tragedy

Darryl Mallet



It was Christmas day, 2002. I'd been to church that morning with my wife, Clare. We got back home and she was busy cooking Christmas dinner for the family, who were coming over.

"I'm just going to ring Dad," I told her. I'd not heard anything from him and that wasn't like Dad. I rang, but no reply. Then my phone rang. It was my brother Karl on the other end, he burst into tears, 'Darryl, the hospital have just rung me, **Dad's been in a car accident**, and they want you to ring them.'

My mind went crazy; Where was he? How was he? What happened? I called them and begged them, "please, tell me is my Dad going to live?" He didn't tell me.

We left Lynn for a hospital in Leicester, where later that day, on Christmas day, my Dad died. Then, just a short while later my Step-Mum died too.

The bottom fell out of my world!

A drink driver who was 5 and a half times over the limit, turned his lights off when the police were pursuing him, and had ploughed head on into my Dad and Step-Mum's car, at speed. They never had a chance!

I loved my Dad to bits, and he was gone! I was a young 21 year old man, so broken by the whole thing, and I found **fear grabbed a hold of my life**. In the coming days, weeks and months, I became so fearful, that others around me were going to die too. When friends or family didn't turn up on time, I would fear that they'd been in a car crash too. Fear totally took over my life!

I remember one day, getting down on my knees and crying out "**God, I can't do this! Help me!**" That was the day everything changed! It was if God was right there. Close. Loving me. Healing me. Setting me free. God took a broken young man and put him back together. **He set me free from fear** and gave me such a sense of peace. Words can't even explain it! I just know, He changed my life, and I can't thank Him enough!