

Silent Love is a Christian story about a homeless deaf mute named Cicero who witnesses a murder. Who can he tell and how? A young freelance photographer happens upon this scared little fellow and she befriends him, seeking to help him through this ordeal. They struggle to find answers while helping to bring the real killer's spree to an end. It is a strong, Bible-based story that shows how faith gets us through.

Silent Love

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Silent Love

A Story of Faith, Love and Ministry



by Jeff Boldt

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CHAPTER 1

“Bill, I do wish you wouldn’t take the Lord’s name in vain! You know how I feel about that.”

“Kate, don’t start preaching at me again. That freak just killed another person. If your God is so good and has everything under control like you say He does, then why does He allow innocent people to be killed by a scum who should have never been born in the first place!”

Katrina bowed her head knowing it was the anger talking right now and not her brother, Bill. “Please calm down, Bill. Don’t try and blame God for

something you do not understand and is the work of the devil. Believe me; God does have everything under control. You just have to trust in Him.”

“Kate, sometimes I wish I could. But let’s face reality here. This is 1981 and one might think we could’ve evolved to a point where we wouldn’t prey on each other. Things are out of control. This...this maniac has killed four, now five people and we haven’t a clue to who he is. He kills for whatever he can get out of their wallets and pockets. Do you know how much he got off this last victim? The victim had an ATM withdrawal slip on him for twenty bucks. For twenty bucks this man was killed! No, this freak couldn’t just mug him so the uniform cops could handle it. No, he had to split the guy’s head open with a tire iron or something so I have to do the dirty work. You call this having everything under control?”

Bill threw down his napkin and walked to the men’s room. Katrina bowed her head and closed her eyes to stop the stream of tears running down her cheeks. She said a silent prayer for her brother. His Greek temper had the best of him now and only the Lord could calm that ugly beast. She had been praying for her brother for twelve years...even before they came to America...and she undauntedly persisted for she knew the power of prayer.

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“...and Lord, somehow through all of this, let him come to know Your saving grace.” She raised her head just as he was sitting down.

“I’m sorry. I had no right blowing up at you,” he said picking up his fork.

“You’re forgiven.” She gave him a sincere smile, just the thing he needed to whisk away the tension. He smiled back with his eyes. Katrina tried to remember the last time she saw him smile with his lips. It had to be their father’s funeral.

“I suppose the police chief is going to have a lot of questions for you tomorrow.”

“Yes,” he said the thought a painful one. “Questions that as of this moment I don’t have any answers too.” He paused between bites. “Kate, does your God work miracles even today?”

“If you let Him, He will.”

“Well right now I’m about ready to try anything.”

Praise God,” Katrina thought. “Lord, here’s your chance.”

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“Demetri,” Bill motioned to the balding man with the bushy moustache. “Check please.” He turned back to his sister. “What is on your agenda for this evening?”

“I’ve got some pictures to take over at the murder scene. Kevin Arts said he would buy a couple of pictures for the newspaper as long as they have bloodstains in them.”

“Tell you what, I’ll drive you over there and have another look around. Maybe there is something I missed earlier.”

“Great! Then you can come over to my place and we can read the Bible together,” she taunted knowing what his reaction would be.

“Don’t start in with me, Kate!” he bellowed.

“Was everything ‘endoxie’?” asked the portly, mustached man setting down a complementary glass of ouzo.

“Ney, kala, poli kala.” said Bill letting his Greek accent show. That was something he seldom did now that he was an American.

“Efcaresto,” said Katrina as their long time friend kissed the back of her hand.

The sun was starting to set so Katrina opened the shutter of her camera to allow in the proper amount of light. She looked at the dirty bloodstained cement through the viewfinder and thought of the words Jesus had said to Peter. “...all those who take up the sword shall perish by the sword.” She also wondered as she snapped from a couple of different angles if the victim had known Jesus Christ as his personal Lord and Savior. Katrina crouched down and closed her eyes.

“Heavenly Father,” she prayed, “Bestow your mercy upon the family of the man killed here today. Help ease the grief and pain, bring forgiveness and understanding to their hearts and through this Lord, draw them closer to You. Help them to find Your saving grace that comes through Jesus’ blood and help Bill come to know You also. To You be the glory, honor and praise, in Jesus’ name. Amen”

“Praying again, Kate?”

“You ought to try it sometime. There is power in prayer.”

“So you keep telling me. But I’ve yet to get a prayer answered.”

“Unbelief, my dear brother, unbelief.” Just then Katrina noticed something at the dumpster farther down the alley. Something or someone was climbing out of the large trash receptacle. She quickly focused and snapped a couple of pictures. Bill turned to see what had grabbed his sister’s attention.

A small man had jumped off the dumpster and was picking garbage off his clothes. The man had obviously been in the dumpster awhile to have accumulated that much debris all over him. Why would anyone wallow around on a pile of refuse? Why would anyone hide in a dumpster? HIDE! That was it! He was hiding!

“Hey you!” Bill screamed. The silhouetted figure just stood there with his back toward them continuing to pick off rotting lettuce leaves and dust balls from someone’s vacuum. “Hold it right there,” Bill reaffirmed as he walked to the individual.

The small framed man bent over to clean off his pant legs. As he did, he looked past his leg and noticed brown wing-tipped Florsheims coming his way. He quickly turned. He saw a gruff looking man and a girl in the background taking his picture. Faster than the

opening and closing of a shutter he was off. Bill took off right behind him with Katrina also giving chase. “Stop! Police!” Bill yelled.

“Bill what are you doing?”

The small man was fast, dodging up alleys and streets, in between buildings and over chain link fences. Katrina had fallen way behind. The scared man and her brother were now completely out of sight so she stopped and leaned up against a building. After gulping in a few breaths of fresh air she walked up the first alley she came to. Looking ahead she observed trash being hurled from the inside of a dumpster. She quickened her pace toward the huge metal glutton that was capable of eating whole garbage sacks of floor sweepings and month-old food from the back of the refrigerator.

“Hey you!” she yelled as she focused her camera at the top the dumpster. She netted a picture of fish heads coming unwrapped in mid-air before an angry head bobbed to the surface. She captured that shot also.

“What!” a gruff winded voice shouted. Bill was gasping for fresh air.

“Bill what are you doing?” she demanded.

“That man is wanted for...man does it stink in here! Whew!” He jumped out of the trash bin onto the ground. His slacks were soiled and stained and his Florsheims were coated with what looked like a mixture of barf and blue cream of wheat. “That man is wanted for questioning in a police investigation. And I’ll lay my money down he is the serial killer.”

“The killer? Why?”

“Why would anyone else hide in a dumpster... near a crime scene... run when they see the police?”

“But why were you in the dumpster?” she asked letting a couple of restrained giggles slip out.

“If that idiot was stupid enough to hide out in a dumpster before, what makes you think he wouldn’t do it again?”

“And was he in there?” she teased.

“No! Let’s go home.”

“Hold it a minute pal. I’m not going anywhere with you. You smell! I’ll tell you what...you give me your car keys and I will drive it to your place and walk home from there.”

“And how am I supposed to get home?”

“Hitch a ride on a garbage truck. They’ll never notice the smell,” she blurted out laughing.

“Very funny, Kate. Didn’t your God close the mouths of the loins for Daniel?”

“Yes,” she said puzzled.

“And didn’t He blind the eyes of the Syrian soldiers who were coming after Elijah?”

“Ah, yes,” she said wondering how he knew that.

“Then your God can surely plug your nose on our ride home.”

Katrina sat propped up in bed reading her Bible. Her women’s study group had been studying First Peter and Christian behavior under suffering but for some reason tonight she was drawn to the book of Mark. She had for no apparent reason started reading at the fifth chapter but wasn’t really digesting what she read. Her eyes were in Mark but her mind was on the evening. The stench filled ride home with her brother, the pictures she had taken for her editor friend, the

way that little man just stood there unaware when Bill shouted out to him. It wasn't until he saw Bill that he became frightened and ran. He was so scared...not what one would expect from a serial killer. Then, as if she had been slapped, it hit her. The thirty seventh verse of chapter seven struck her. "...He hath done all things well; He maketh both the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak." That's why the little man didn't react when Bill yelled at him; that's why he was so startled when he saw Bill. The man was deaf!

"Oh, that poor fellow," she whispered to herself. She threw off her covers, put on her pale yellow terrycloth bathrobe and went to the dining room table to get her camera. She entered the walk-in closet that Bill had helped her convert into a darkroom. She poured the chemicals into the trays and put the processing paper into the developer. She developed the few freelance shots of the murder scene first to get them out of the way. That way she could run them over to the newspaper first thing. Then came the negatives of the frightened little man. She pulled a print out of the solution and looked at it intently. The boyish framed man had just turned around after noticing Bill, right before he took off running. She had gotten a clear shot of his face; the only problem was he was some distance away. She enlarged the photo the best she could, trying to keep it as clear as possible. He

had no outstanding physical defects or scars, nothing out of the ordinary. His clothes were torn Salvation Army rejects. He was thin and his hair was shaggy. He looked to be mid-twenties Kate thought...and something about his face... it was so weathered yet so gentle. This frightened deaf soul was no killer; Katrina reckoned that in her mind. But how could she convince this hot headed, Greek tempered, most-of-the-time-obstinate police detective she knew?

Bill had given her a lot of logical reasons why the man he chased earlier was the "Wallet Killer." First, why was this guy hiding in a dumpster? He was definitely hiding. Secondly, why did he take off running when Bill identified himself as a police officer? Also, there were two sets of prints on the pipe murder weapon and one of the partial prints matched those found on the dumpster. What about the way the guy was dressed? He obviously had no visible means of support except perhaps preying on innocent people. But if the frightened little man was deaf that could answer a lot of those questions. He ran because he was scared and didn't understand what was going on. He probably dressed that way because he couldn't get a job being deaf.

The more Katrina thought about it the more uneasy she became about Bill's motives for wanting this

helpless young man. Bill needed to put this whole Wallet Killer thing to rest and he was desperate. Bill tried to assure Katrina he only wanted the guy for questioning, but she knew Bill had this frightened young man pegged for his next promotion.

“Catch the Wallet Killer and I’ll be chief of detectives in a year,” Bill told her on the ride home. Sometimes his tunnel vision really scared her. She needed answers, facts, proof to present to the veteran officer that he was wrong.

“I can’t give these pictures to Bill,” she whispered to herself. “Not just yet anyway.” She turned off the equipment in her darkroom and walked into the bedroom. The small night side lamp made the room seem very bright, but only for a couple of moments. She climbed into bed and studied the pictures once again. Something just kept gnawing at her. Something just wasn’t right; this man was no killer. She didn’t know why she believed that but she did. She had to find out the truth and possibly save an innocent man from being railroaded into a scapegoat.

“Lord, help me find him, please.” She turned off her light and spent a restless night trying to sleep.

“Mr. Arts, Katrina Bellakis is here to see you.”

“Yes, yes Cindi, send her right in,” came the booming voice over the intercom. Katrina reached for the doorknob but the door flew open. “Katrina, how are you? It’s always good to see you.”

“Good morning, Kevin. I got those pictures you wanted. Nothing spectacular...just some bloodstains.”

“Blood sells papers my dear girl,” announced the loud voiced gent glancing at the pictures. “How does forty sound for the lot of them.”

“Ah, fine, Kevin, fine.”

“Cindi, a forty dollar check for Miss Bellakis, please.” He ordered into the intercom.

“Yes sir,” came the response he just ignored.

“Do you have a release for me to sign?” asked Katrina picking up a pen off of Kevin’s desk.

“Oh, yes, here.” He handed her the standard form. She pressed down on the pen to sign the paper and instead got squirted on the cheek and shoulder with water.

“Kevin! What the heck is this?”

Kevin chuckled. “I’m sorry; that was never meant for you. I shouldn’t have left that pen lying around on my desk. I’m sorry.”

“What is that?”

“It’s a squirting ink pen. I get this catalog from this toy store in upper Michigan. It’s the largest toy store in the country and they have every kind of toy you could imagine. They also have all kinds of novelty items too. I couldn’t resist this one. I’m sorry; I didn’t mean it for you.”

Katrina chuckled. “You are something else, Kevin. I have to admit, I never know what to expect with you.” She sat back in the chair and stared off into space.

“You look like you got something on your mind, Katrina. Anything I can help with?”

Katrina pondered his offer. Yes he could help; he’d done a lot of investigative reporting. Perhaps he could help find this little man...but...he is a reporter. His first obligation is to the newspaper. Although this is possibly an incredible story, premature publishing could only upset things. Bill would have her head on a

platter if he knew she was talking to a reporter about his investigation. Not until she knew more about this frail little deaf man could she allow anything to be published. What if the press falsely accused him or in their zeal exploited him? No, she had to protect this man with the noiseless ears and gentle face even though there was a slight chance he could be a killer. But Katrina just couldn't believe he was.

"Kevin," she said hesitantly, "I know you have done a lot of investigative reporting in your days out on the streets. Let's say there was someone you needed to find. How would you go about it?"

"Well if I had a detective for a brother I'd let him..."

"No...ah...no...that's alright, Kevin. I can work this out for myself." She started to leave.

"Katrina, wait! I'm sorry, please sit down." Kevin looked Katrina straight in the eyes. "Your brother isn't in any kind of trouble is he?" his booming voice lower, softer and concerned.

"No...he...kind of is the trouble."

"You have some information that he needs?"

“Not really. I just want to find somebody before he does to get the truth.”

“I smell a story here.”

“Kevin, please...”

“Katrina, while it is true I am a reporter, I am first a friend. I’ll help you if I can and I’ll tell you what you want to know without any questions; okay?” Katrina smiled at him. “And knowing you’re my friend, I know when the time comes, you’ll let me in what’s going on. Right?”

“I promise,” she reassured. “I need to find somebody.”

“Well what do you have to go on? A name, a nickname, an address, a description?”

“How about a picture?”

“A picture? You have this one solved. That’s the best lead you could have. All you do is show the picture around until someone leads you to him. Do you know where the picture was taken?”

“Yes, I took it.”

“Then start in that same neighborhood, ask shopkeepers, residents, even little kids in the area if they have seen this person or know anything about him. Someone is bound to know him or have seen him.” Kevin thought for a moment. “Katrina, is this person wanted or dangerous?”

“Bill wants him for questioning or so he says. I believe there is more to this than Bill is willing to reason with. I just want to talk to this individual before I turn him over to Bill.”

“And if you’re wrong, this man could be dangerous?”

“I don’t believe that.”

“But Bill does,” Kevin reaffirmed. Katrina bowed her head. “Katrina, let me come with you.” She started to object. “Kate, listen to me. I’m not going to chance you getting hurt. You are someone special to me and not because you can get me pictures when others can’t. I tell you what; I will even leave my tape recorder and notebook behind. Besides, if you don’t let me come with you I will call Bill and tell him what you are doing. He’ll make sure nothing happens to you.”

“Kevin until I get some answers I can’t have anything published.”

“I promise.”

She smiled and shook her head yes. “Okay, Kevin you win.”

“Cindi!” bellowed Kevin into the intercom, “where is Miss Bellakis’ check? And I’m leaving for the day.”

“Well at least we are in the right neighborhood,” commented Kevin. “Twelve of the seventeen people we’ve talked to have at least seen him around.”

“Yes, but we are really no closer than when we started.”

“Don’t get discouraged, Katrina. I’ve worn out a lot of shoe leather doing this sort of thing. We just keep going until we get a break.”

“I’m not discouraged as much as I am concerned for him.”

“Concerned why?”

“I have reason to believe he is the prime candidate for becoming a scapegoat and I don’t believe he is in

any position to defend himself. Kevin, I think he is deaf.”

“You can tell that from a picture?”

“No, of course not,” she retorted sharply. “When I had shot the picture Bill had yelled a couple of times at the man who seemingly paid no attention. It wasn’t until he saw Bill coming at him that he took off running.”

“Maybe Bill was to far away when he yelled...”

“No, I assure you that is not the case.”

Kevin walked along side of Katrina wondering why she was taking such an interest in all of this. She didn’t know the guy and he was possibly dangerous. He glanced over at her. Her olive skin was taut, anxious, definitely not the carefree, happy girl that he had known for the past couple years. Her jet black hair blew in the breeze as they strolled the streets of this old Irish neighborhood. She clung to the manila envelope that contained the enlarged photo of the man she sought. He did know however that Katrina was someone he wanted to get to know a little bit better, beyond their professional realm. Maybe through all of this he could somehow let her know he was truly a friend and not just someone out to get a story.

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“Hey, smile; we’re going to find him. You needn’t look so down.” Katrina looked over and smiled at him. He smiled back. “Greece has given the world many beautiful things and you are one of them.”

“Efcaresto para poli,” she answered.

“What was that?” he quizzed smiling.

“Thank you very much.”

“You are welcome poli.”

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